**Harper's weekly.**
[New York : Harper's Magazine Co., etc.]

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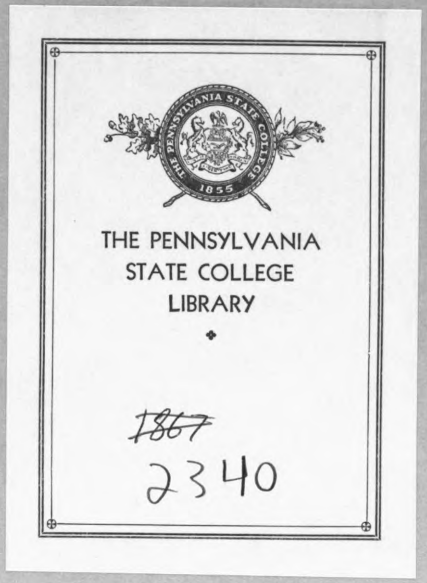
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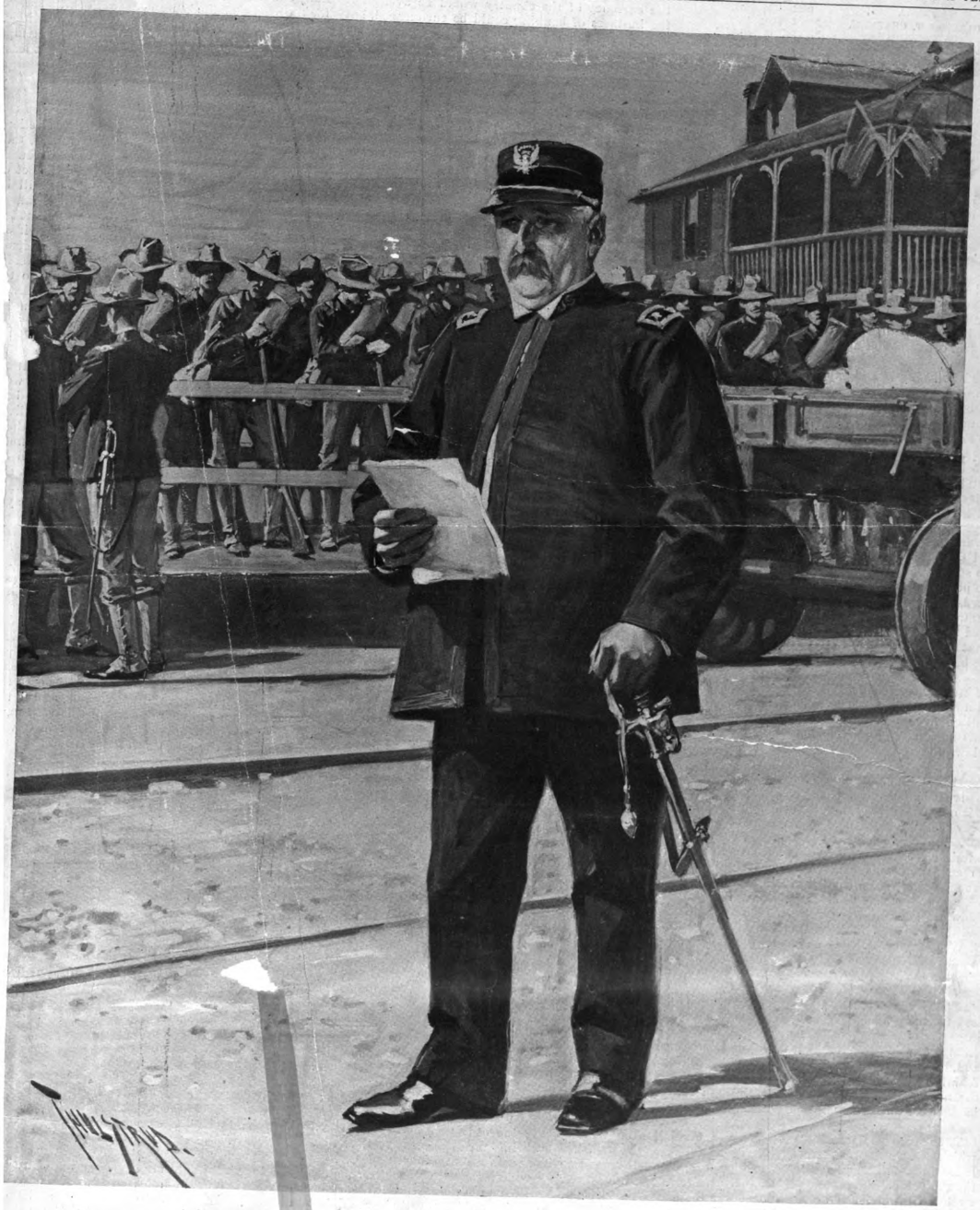
NEW SERIAL STORY BY FRANK R. STOCKTON BEGINS THIS WEEK.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2167.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1898.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U.S.V.,

COMMANDING 5TH ARMY CORPS, DIRECTING EMBARKATION OF TROOPS AT PORT TAMPA.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 2, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square


*This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.*

| ARTISTS. | CORRESPONDENTS. |
|---|---|
| CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. | JOHN FOX, JR. |
| RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM. | FRANK D. MILLET. |
| FREDERIC REMINGTON. | JOHN F. BASS. |
| T. DE THULSTRUP | O. K. DAVIS. |
| W. A. ROGERS | HAROLD MARTIN, |
| CLYDE D. V. HUNT. | AND OTHERS. |

MR. FOX *and* MR. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, MR. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* MR. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

AS some of the daily newspapers have said, there is no obligation in international law resting on the Spanish authorities to exchange HOBSON and his men for prisoners held by us. But there is an obligation in the code of ethics which governs the conduct of gentlemen, resulting from the promise made by Admiral CERVERA that he would arrange for their exchange as soon as possible. It is getting to be more and more certain that there is nothing in "Spanish honor" except a subject for boastful conversation among Spaniards.

IT is to be hoped and expected that the House of Representatives will pass the currency bill which has been reported by the Banking and Currency Committee, and which has been recommended by 140 Republicans. There are 203 Republican members of the House, and counting the remaining 63 as being opposed to the bill, there ought to be 39 sound-money Democrats who would make a majority for it in case of a full House. The bill does not go very far, but it takes some very important steps in the right direction, and especially it looks towards the retirement of government paper money and the substitution of banks for the Treasury as the source of demand notes. It also provides for the protection of the gold in the Treasury, and, in a word, starts the country off in the right direction towards a currency system of which we will not need to be ashamed, and which will not be a constant source of danger to the Treasury gold and to the business interests of the country.

THE navy personnel bill still remains to be acted upon, but there seems to be little doubt that it will go through before the session comes to an end. This or something much better should have become a law long ago. Promotion in the army and the navy should not be stagnant either in peace or war, but should flow along with sufficient rapidity to give to both services young commanding officers. It is not invidious to note that the admirals of the navy are taking no part whatever in the present war. Captain SAMPSON is an acting admiral, and Admiral DEWEY has been promoted to that rank on account of his achievement at Manila. All the men who are on the list of admirals are in the background, although it is only just to say that there are good and energetic men among them, and that one man on the retired list, Admiral JOHN G. WALKER, is probably as good a man for command rank to-day as there is in any navy in the world. But, as a rule, our commanding officers are all too old, and when the war broke out there was hardly a captain in our service who should not, for his proper training, have been commanding squadrons long ago. The present bill will not do much in this direction, but it will do something, and, like the currency bill, it is a good beginning. At all events, it will enable the department to rid the navy of some useless lumber, through retirements, and that is something.

THERE are some features of the war tax bill which Mr. THOMAS SHEARMAN has discussed in a letter to a daily newspaper, and they are worth thoughtful consideration, for they illustrate the wretchedly unscientific character of our methods of taxation. We have returned to the direct taxes of the last war. Mr. SHEARMAN says that about thirty branches of manufacturing were killed at that time by such taxes. This statement is absolutely true, and is based upon the thorough and able investigation and report made by DAVID A. WELLS when he was connected with the Treasury Department. Some day, perhaps, our Congressmen and State legislators will realize that production and enterprise ought not to be taxed. Another tax imposed by Congress creates an additional difficulty in the way of the effort to reform our currency system. It is thoroughly well understood that the real evil from which remote agricultural communities suffer is the lack of banking facilities. In the farming communities of the more thickly populated Middle West, where small banks abound, the unsound-money cause cut a very slight figure in 1896. Its main strength was manifested in the more remote regions where banks are unknown. It has been generally believed by experts that the threatened danger to the currency of the country would be averted if the business of banking could be encouraged, but now, on the verge of a Congressional election, Congress passes a law taxing bank checks and discouraging banking. Thus, on further examination of the bill, and more careful consideration of its provisions, we find some evils that ought to have been avoided, but which are doubtless inevitable on account of the peculiar habit of thought which almost all of our law-makers have fallen into concerning the whole question of taxation.

THE referendum vote on Australian federation has resulted thus far in the adoption of the constitution by three out of the four colonies that have voted. Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia ratify the scheme; New South Wales, though giving a majority in its favor, failed in the number of votes required by the conditions of the referendum. The vote stood over 70,000 for, and 65,000 against; but 80,000 was the limit to be reached. Western Australia does not vote until about the end of the year, and Queensland has not as yet made any provision for applying the referendum. The adoption of the constitution by any three of the colonies insures the establishment of federation so far as the three are concerned. With New South Wales left out the start will be somewhat discouraging; but, as far as that colony is concerned, the issue will be simplified by the knowledge that only 10,000 votes will need to be won over. Mr. REID and some factious labor-leaders are believed to be responsible for the adverse stand temporarily taken by New South Wales. On the whole, results are encouraging. The federation of that continent is bound to come in the near future. It is instructive to recall the parallels between the centralizing and sectional forces at work in our own constitution-building of over a century ago and those which are now noticeable in Australia. The conditions precedent were of course different, as our own federation came into being under the stress of the war of independence, while the calm of unforced development has been the lot of Australia. But as it took a long time for the framers of our Constitution to agree upon a system, and as the difficulty of its ratification by the States was even greater, so in Australia there has been a similar experience. The local and parochial spirit has antagonized the feeling for nationalism; the paltry acts of the demagogue have been set against the constructive statesman. For twelve years discussion was carried on before a constitution was agreed upon, and there are yet three colonies which have to be educated to its acceptance, not counting New Zealand, which has refused to join the rest. It has been a slow process, but the forces which make for its success are natural and inevitable.

APPARENTLY Governor BLACK and Senator PLATT are really out with one another. This indicates not only that PLATT has ceased to be the government of New York, but that BLACK is a better politician than he is, and much more capable of reading the signs of the times. It was reasonably certain, three months after Governor BLACK'S election, that the people were disgusted with the Republican government, which was then PLATT, and that the Democrats, if the next election had taken place then, would have been able to elect even EDWARD MURPHY as Governor of the State, or, indeed, any man whom they might select. Politics were in a state that is usual in this country at this time. It was not a question as to how bad the "outs" were, but as to how bad the "ins" were, the "ins" being the only politicians who could be punished by being turned out. At that time there were evidences of a contract between CROKER and PLATT, by which the two were to rule the State and the city for their own profit. The inevitable result of this would naturally be the defeat of the Republican party at the next election. Governor BLACK saw this more clearly than PLATT, and has somewhat violently broken up the partnership and relieved himself of the odium association. It is true that he has shown to be very far from an ideal character, and be a very old man before he lives down the tation that he acquired by the appointm "LOU" PAYN as the head of the Insuran partment. The condition of politics in the of New York just now is curious. In the lican party we have BLACK representing the effective opposition to PLATT and his machin in the Democratic party we have HILL as the vigorous opponent of Tammany. Whether is to capture the Republican convention remains to be seen. As to HILL, he is sho some of his old-time political skill, and "am Hall is very much alarmed lest it sho'd already, and in the absence of CROKER at lish races, lost its chance of controlling State convention. Perhaps it does not arg for the virtue of the State of New York that two represent the virtuous element in its but their antagonism to bosses, and their to stand for decent public sentiment, show that there is something in virtue.

## SEIZURE BY RESOLUTION.

IT is probable that the issue of the coming elec for Congress is to be imperialism—that is, all domestic questions are at least to be o by the overshadowing and engrossing st territorial expansion. Such a campaign interesting, and it will certainly excite th nations of the voters. That it is probable country is at the parting of the ways is from the enormous majority by which the of Representatives passed the NEWLANDS tion "for annexing the Hawaiian Island United States," the vote being 209 to 91, the tive vote being mainly Republican and th tive mainly Democratic, although the that the cleavage on this issue goes thro parties may possibly be sustained by the three Republicans voted against the re Speaker REED, who was ill at home, send that he also would have voted no if he present, while 27 Democrats, Populists, an ites voted for it. It is reasonably certain fore, that there is great danger that the is to enter upon a colonial policy—that is judgment, it is to abandon the independent tude which it has generally maintained tow the rest of the world, and is to adopt what ma briefly characterized as a simian policy or a icy imitative of that which has created European frontiers in Africa and Asia has loaded the workers and producers with the burdens of militarism.

As to what we may be about to do in Hawaii thing so monstrous has been proposed to a try since BUCHANAN, SOULÉ, and MASON is aed famous Ostend manifesto concerning C Ev American who believes in the funda d I ciple of his government, that gove e by the consent of the governed, wi e t if we are to have colonial possessions, o r the European military powers in this ct, new policy could not be inaugurated a w way than by the adoption of the NEW NDS r lution.

What is the character of this effort acr the territorial possessions of the Unite Po As formulated in this resolution it i rigar pure and simple, and thus far in i history United States Supreme Court has no found Congress has the power to seize the t tory distant peoples. We propose to take the sla simply because we want them, by means a j resolution. Chief-Justice MARSHALL held that power of Congress to acquire territory was from the power to make war and the power to treaties. These powers being conferred by the C stitution, there are implied the power t take curity for the future from the country with wh we may be at war, and the power to receive sessions from the country with which we b ar But it will be difficult to find in the Constitutio grant of power to Congress to seize with its le lative grasp a foreign people's domain. We not at war with Hawaii, and therefore we can take the territory as security from a hostile pow It is true that we might take the islands by tre and this would be the proper Constitutional meth but the annexationists cannot secure the necess number of votes in the Senate for the ratifica of the treaty which is pending. In other wo if Congress should strictly obey the Constitu annexation could not take place. Therefore annexationists resort to a short-cut, and they pose to turn their backs upon the Constitution, they disregard the facts that this question of quiring Hawaii has never yet been presented

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the people of the [illegible]s for their votes, and that not a party pla[illegible] the last Presidential campaign suggested the annexation of the islands. At that time, only two years ago, it was admitted by the political managers of both parties that annexation would not be a winning issue. So keenly was this realized that the treaty, still before the Senate, lost so much of the support which it at first commanded that Senator DAVIS has practically abandoned it. In a word, this effort is, as we have said, to take a snap-judgment against the people, and it is probably resorted to because the politicians are now, as they were two years ago, afraid to put the question to the test of a popular vote.

The NEWLANDS resolution is, moreover, a legislative assault upon Hawaii, and is contrary to the essential character of our own government. If our republic means anything, it is that the people of every country have the right to govern themselves. They have the right to determine the form of government under which they will live. We have insisted upon this right for ourselves; we have fought for it, and we have won it. Under what system of logic, then, can we reach the conclusion that we may deny to the Hawaiians what we have asserted for ourselves, under the general principle that every people in the world have the right "to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them?" We have set up our own government for our own affairs, and we have neither had the intention to govern others, nor have the machinery to carry such an intention into effect. Our government has been self-government in good faith; but in the NEWLANDS resolution it is proposed that we shall annex another people's country, and that, until Congress shall provide another government, the President, whose powers over his own countrymen are limited by the Constitution and by statutes, shall exercise absolute despotic powers over the inhabitants of Hawaii. Strange as this may seem to those who think that we have a republican form of government, and that it stands for the right of the people to govern themselves, this despotism is proposed by Congress in the NEWLANDS resolution in the following words: "Until Congress shall provide for the government of such islands all the civil, judicial, and military powers exercised by the officers of the existing government in said islands shall be vested in such person or persons, and shall be exercised in such manner, as the President of the United States shall direct; and the President shall have power to remove such officers, and fill the vacancies so occasioned. Congress, in other words, enacts that the lands of the Hawaiians shall belong to this country, and that the President shall have the power to remove the officers of the Hawaiian government, and, for a time at least, to exercise despotic powers over the people. Was there ever such a perversion of the principle on which the republic was founded?

The excuse for this proposed democratic excursion into absolutism is that the government of Hawaii consented to it. But neither have the people of Hawaii consented to the pretended cession, which has really never been made, nor have the people of this country consented to accept it. In the first place, the government of Hawaii is a self-constituted power. It does not represent the free and expressed will of the people of the islands. So fearful were the men who seized upon the powers that is the Constitution, which is wholly the work of themselves and their friends, they inserted the savage provision that SANDFORD B. DOLE should be the first President of the republic, and they provided that his successor should not be chosen until 1900. We have no criticism to make on this oligarchy. We are willing to admit that its government of the islands has been and will be better for the people than that of the monarchy was; that, in brief, it is the best possible form of government for the islands, and very much better than could be that of a distant and despotic American President or Congress. But when it comes to the question of annexation, this republic is bound, we think, to refuse a country offered to us by an oligarchy which not only does not represent the people, but which is acting, or attempting to act, against the expressed will of the people. There are in Hawaii 31,019 natives, 24,407 Japanese, and 21,616 Chinese, and most of these are opposed to the rule of the 3086 Americans and to their effort to transfer them to this country. Believe and say what we will against black and brown and yellow men, it has never before been contended that it is in accordance with the spirit of our institutions to seize their lands and to put them under the rule of our President or our Congress.

## POEM.

BY E. S. MARTIN.

Read before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, June 30, 1898.

WHEN forth the shepherd boy in Elah's vale
To meet Goliath fared, no coat of mail
Nor sword nor spear he took, nor anything
Except one little penny-dreadful sling.
His pebble sped; the big Philistine's fall
Gave humble means a license once for all,
And helps your bard a warrant to construe
To launch light verse at learned men like you.

. . . . . .

Masters of erudition, chosen sirs
Whose knowledge close with all that's known concurs,
Who taste all fruits on wisdom's tree that grow—
After all's said, what do we need to know?
Knowledge is power. What knowledge? Power for what?
To do, or not to do? To have, or not?
Shall learning make our hearts or pockets stout?
Bring things, or teach us how to go without?
Prompt us to spare, or qualify to spend?
Is it a means, or shall it be an end?

All day the Hindoo sits and contemplates
His navel. Earth spins onward while he waits.
No loss of time his brooding hope concerns;
His concentrated thought serves all his turns—
His food, the least that soul and body joins;
His raiment, but the clout about his loins.
To think is all he asks; indeed, it's more—
He only seeks to keep an open door
Whereinto may perhaps in time be turned
A consciousness transcending all things learned.
Heedless of force, oblivious to fact,
Broken of every wish or power to act,
Under his bo-tree, rapt, behold him sit,
A patient mark for wisdom's darts to hit.

In violent, prodigious contrast, view
Our devotee who lives to put things through!
Intense in aim, tremendous in attempt,
He dares such feats as genies might have dreamt.
Prompt from a bed too briefly kept he springs
To giant struggles with material things.
He wrests from earth her treasuries and her fruits,
Stays time, and grubs up distance by the roots.
Titanic in his hands' resourceful play,
He fits to needs a thousand leagues away
Supplies extorted by his conjuring brain
From mine and factory, forest, sea, and plain.
As nature's secrets, yielded one by one
To searching science, meet the revealing sun,
His hail exultant glorifies the hour
That still extends the boundaries of his power.
To have, to hold, to shift, to give and take,
And from each transfer still a profit make—
That is his life: we watch him and admire,
Yet envy not his toil nor grudge his hire.

To each his task: our civilization's need
Includes things as diverse as love and greed,
As brooding thought and bustling energy,
As abstract truth and prompt utility.
His right to earth is best who best can use it;
His birthright man must justify or lose it.
This we should learn, then, and to this end strive,
Living to keep continuously alive,
And daily meet the debt we owe the day—
That irksome wholesome debt to make it pay.
Call us utilitarian those who will,
A warrant for our Yankee impulse still
Stands in the immemorial decree
That linked with labor human life shall be.
For liberty and progress hand in hand
With pushing thrift have gone in many a land,
And mastery of earth and nature brings
The key to endless stores of precious things.
Full purses foster art; letters have flourished
In times when even poets were well nourished.
Wealth earned, not filched, power not usurped, but based
On freemen's choice, are mighty tools that, placed
In fitting hands, spread civilization's sway,
And speed the dawning of millennium's day.

Be honor, then, to him who makes the field
To wiser tillage fuller harvests yield;
Who harnesses the lightning, and constrains
Indocile steel to save the fingers' pains;
Who teaches us new wants, and, turn about,
Supplies these things we cannot do without,
And makes us hope, so much do wares abound,
There'll some time be enough to go around.
To those devoted souls be honor too
Who steadfastly the quest for truth pursue;
Who, rifling history's treasure-house, forecast
The future's hopes and perils from the past;
Who seek creation's darkest depths to plumb.
What man has been, and is, and may become,
Whence brought, and by what trail, and whither bound.
Asking, they wrest its secrets from the ground.
The depths of earth and sea, the celestial vault,
They dredge and sift and span in an assault
So fierce and steady that the hosts of night
Fall ever back before its fervent might,
And Sol each morning rises with a shout,
Surprised at what those fellows have found out.

But honor more be his whose instincts own
The truth, "Man cannot live by bread alone";
Who sees in righteousness, far more than wealth,
The prime essential to a nation's health;
Whom neither ease nor quest, sublime or base,
Makes inconsiderate of his brother's case;
Whose effort is, come plenty or come dearth,
God's will to learn, and see it done on earth.
A lack of sturdy men whose aims are high
No surging tide of plenty can supply.
Doomed is the state, whatever its avails,
Where probity falls down and conscience fails.
Not gold nor iron, grain nor ships nor coal,
Can make a nation great that lacks a soul.
This above all, then, brethren, we should know,
How by our growth to make our country grow
In that true glory whose foundations lie
In justice, freedom, and integrity—
Our country whose we are, and in whose fate
Our stake is so immeasurably great,
Whose honor ours involves, her fame our fame,
Her misdirection our remorse and shame.
Manila's guns, reverberating still,
Witness how well her sons can do her will.
Beleaguered Cuba's marching hosts attest
How swells the love of freedom in her breast.
Whate'er befall, God grant her flag may fly
In sign of righteousness and liberty,
Ne'er at ambition's beck to be unfurled
In triumph o'er the weaklings of the world,
Ne'er borne in battle save in mercy's cause
To spread the realm of peace and honest laws!
May Heaven, who gave us strength, give wisdom too,
Our duty teach us, and what not to do;
And so on force may moderation wait—
So match our men of war, our chiefs of state,
That the chief fame our victories shall produce
May be the high renown of victory's use;
So be our arms, our flag, our future blest—
God save the Great Republic of the West!

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Saturday, June 18.*—A report that the insurgents of the Philippines have determined to form a republic is much commented upon at Washington, London, and Madrid. It is not regarded as probable that the inhabitants of the various islands forming the archipelago, who differ widely in race, language, religion, and customs, can establish a stable native government; but the suggestion is made that this intention or disposition of the insurgents to act independently may give rise to new complications. At Old Cavité, on June 12, the insurgents proclaimed a provisional government. The islands were declared independent of Spanish authority. Aguinaldo was elected President.

*Sunday, June 19.*—A despatch from Hong-kong states that the steamer *Yuen Sang*, which arrived at that port to-day, sighted the American transport *City of Peking* on June 15. The latter vessel, having on board the First Regiment of California volunteers, was then only one day's sail from Manila.

From Guantanamo and Santiago de Cuba the news received shows steady improvement in the situation of our marines up to the end of the week. The camp has been strengthened with more trenches. The Spanish attacks have been less vigorous. One hundred more Cubans have arrived. Camp McCalla, now called "Fort" McCalla, is healthy. The support of our vessels continues to be most effective, the *Texas*, *Oregon*, *Marblehead*, *St. Paul*, *Dolphin*, and *Suwanee* shelling the forts and town, and using their guns to prevent the enemy from massing at any point on or near the outer bay—which may therefore be regarded as now practically in our possession. West of Santiago five hundred Cubans, encamped near the shore, are in regular communication with Admiral Sampson's fleet. Supplies of arms, ammunition, and medicine have been sent to the Cuban allies from time to time.

Consul Sprague cabled from Gibraltar to the State Department that Camara's war-ships (the "Cadiz Reserve Squadron") were at Cartagena.

A manifesto in favor of peace, issued by a number of influential associations in Catalonia, the industrial province of Spain, includes the following statements: "It would be better to consent to amputation [loss of colonies] than to continue a war that must be fertile in disasters.... Peace alone can prevent the utter annihilation of the Spanish nation."

*Monday, June 20.*—The following despatch was received at Washington from Commodore Watson, commanding the vessels blockading the northern coast of Cuba: "Captain-General states Spanish government refuses to exchange prisoners." This message relates to the negotiations for the exchange of Lieutenant Hobson and his companions who fell into the hands of the Spaniards after sinking the *Merrimac*. After their capture they were imprisoned in Morro Castle, at the entrance of Santiago Harbor, and were kept there (a despatch to the *Herald* from the British consul at Santiago, Mr. F. W. Ramsden, says) while lodgings for them were being prepared in the barracks, which are in the city. Accordingly they were locked in the Morro during the bombardment by our fleet on June 6. On June 7 they were moved to the barracks.

The President's nominations of Adelbert Ames, of Massachusetts, and Joseph W. Plume, of New Jersey, to be Brigadier-Generals, were taken to the Senate.

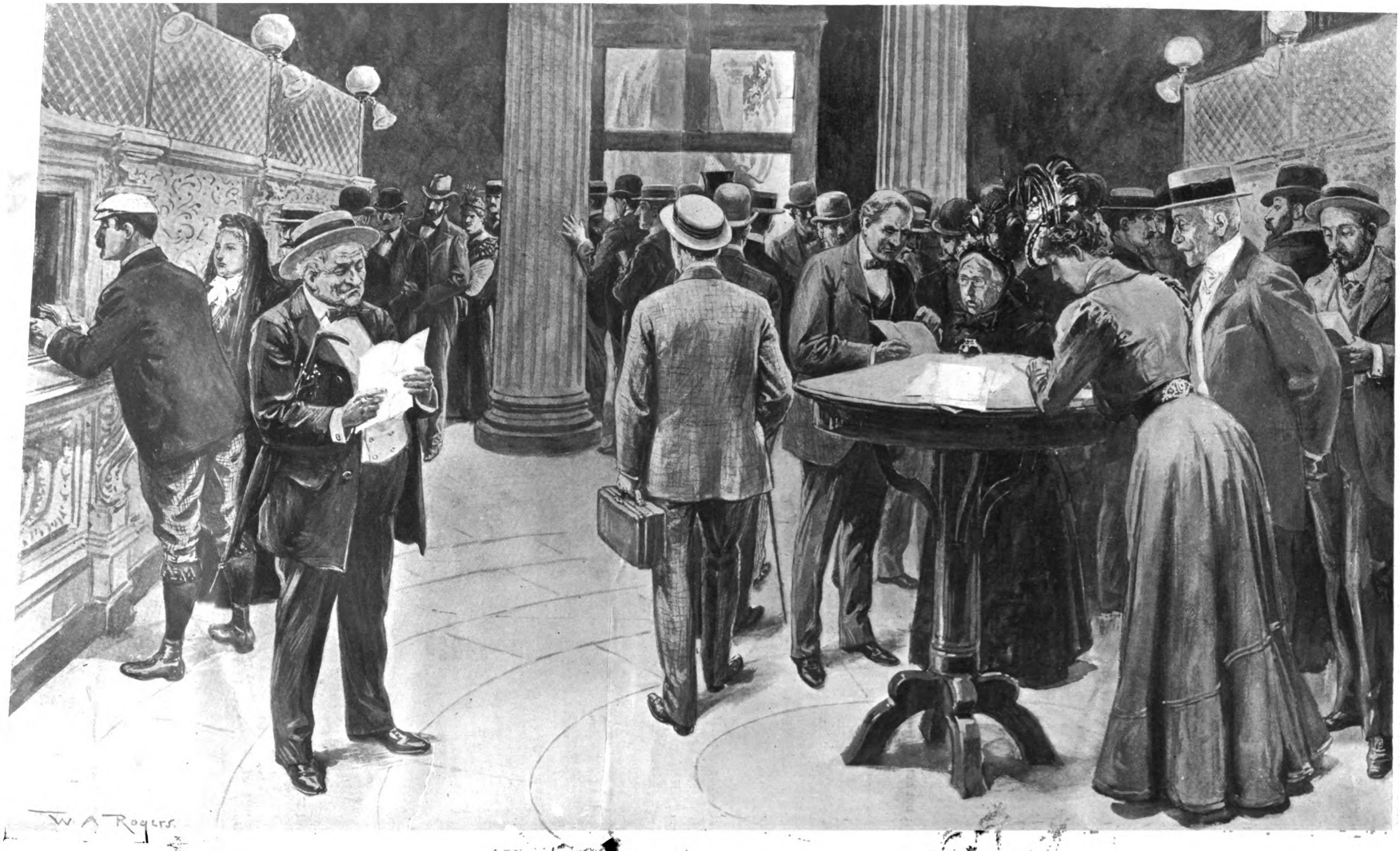
It is reported, *viâ* Hong-kong, that General Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader in the Philippines, has informed United States Consul Williams of the formation of a provisional government, merely for cohesive purposes, and has notified him of the desire of the insurgents that the Philippine Islands become an American colony.

The transports carrying the first division of the army of invasion, commanded by General Shafter, arrived off Santiago de Cuba at noon to-day. Ranged in a line that stretched out over eight miles, with the battle-ship *Indiana* on the extreme right, and the other men-of-war on guard, the entire fleet advanced from the southeast, wheeling into single file to pass the flag-ship with salutes, and then withdrawing to a distance of twelve to fifteen miles from Sampson's squadron, where it was hove to by advice of the Admiral. General Shafter went forward on the *Seguranca* to a conference on the flag-ship. Admiral Sampson returning with him later to the *Seguranca*, the transport proceeded westward almost immediately to Aserradero, which lies on the coast about twenty-five miles from the city of Santiago, or about eighteen from the mouth of the harbor. At Aserradero General Calixto García, with about four thousand Cuban soldiers, had arrived—not "coincidentally," as some despatches state, but in accordance with an agreement entered into with our government, and plans for co-operation discussed when Lieutenant Rowan visited the old General at Bayamo, May 1, as related on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY. Accordingly General Shafter, Admiral Sampson, and General García held a long conference "under the palm leaf roof of an open hut" at Aserradero in the afternoon. The two American commanders returned to the fleet in the evening.

(Continued on page 652)

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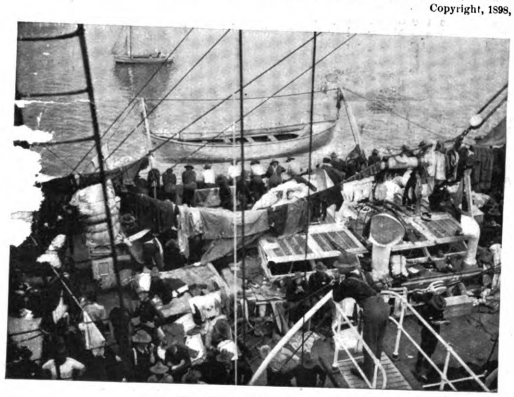

BUYING WAR [illegible] SUB-TREASURY, NEW Y[illegible]—DRAWN B[illegible] ROGERS.

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET, IN THE CABINET-ROOM, EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

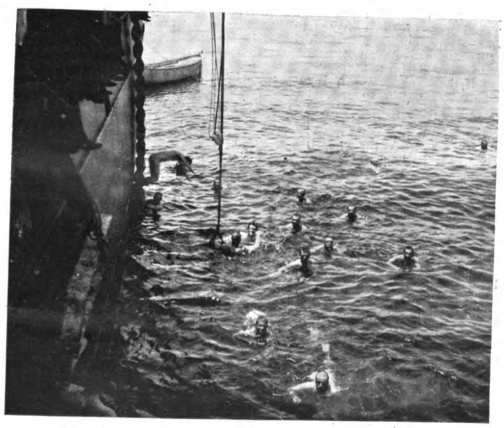
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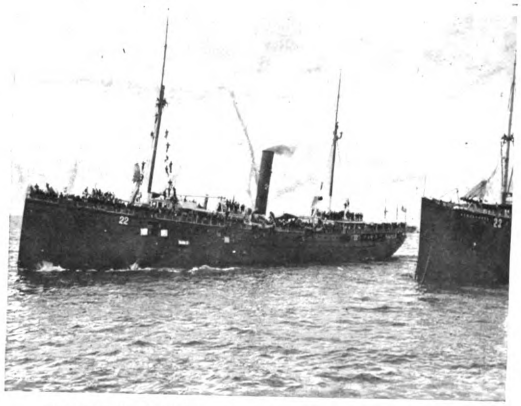
ON THE DECK OF A TROOP-SHIP.



MEN OF THE 71ST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS CHEERING TROOPS ON ANOTHER TRANSPORT.



THE MORNING BATH—SOLDIERS SWIMMING BY THE SIDE OF A TROOP-SHIP.



THE "RIO GRANDE," WITH GENERAL SUMNER AND STAFF AND 8TH AND 6TH U. S. CAVALRY.

OFF FOR CUBA WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S TROOPS—LIFE ON THE TRANSPORTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

THE unfavorable impression formed by Mr. R. H. Davis of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's reports of the recent condition of things at Tampa is not shared by all observers. A Florida correspondent, who writes under date of June 8, says of Mr. Bigelow:

Every word he has said is true, and he has by no means told the whole story. His letter in HARPER'S WEEKLY is mild compared with the statement made to me by an officer just returned from Tampa.... When the time comes to preach a sermon on the remedy, the text must be, "A permanent tenure of staff positions is fatal to military efficiency." That is the source of all our woes.

In a letter dated June 9, from Cambridge, England, Dr. Merrill E. Gates resigned the presidency of Amherst College. He points out that the financial condition of the college has greatly improved during the eight years of his presidency; that the number of students is greater, the equipment better, and that the prospects of the institution are very bright. His own health, he says, has improved since he went abroad, but he asks to be relieved of the burden which he has borne for eight years, and desires that his resignation may take effect at the close of his year's leave of absence, now in progress.

Dr. Gates's letter is dignified, and without suggestion of complaint. No doubt his resignation is wise, and as much for his own interest as for that of Amherst College. It remains for the future to determine whether some other gentleman will be able to govern Amherst more to the satisfaction of the governed than Dr. Gates has done. To go to Amherst he resigned the presidency of Rutgers College and declined the presidency of Oberlin College. His resignation in a measure leaves Amherst on trial. It will be necessary for her to demonstrate now that she is not an aggregation of warring elements which no college president can reconcile.

There is a rumor that Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews is likely to resign the presidency of Brown University in order to become superintendent of the public schools of Chicago. If that should happen, there will be another New England college presidency to fill. As an educator Dr. Andrews has been decidedly successful. In Chicago he would find a great and important field of professional labor, as well as probably an atmosphere somewhat more congenial than that of Providence to a statesman of his fiscal and political preferences.

In the *Columbia University Bulletin* Mr. H. G. Paine has something interesting to tell about distinguished sons of Columbia who matriculated but did not stay to finish their course. Chief among them was Alexander Hamilton, who left King's College in 1776 to be a captain of artillery in the Continental army. In more recent years the list includes a score of captains of the civil war, among them General John Watts de Peyster, General Henry M. Judah, Colonel Augustus Van Horn Ellis (killed at Gettysburg), and Lieutenant-Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, who founded the New York Trade-School. Captain Mahan was a Columbia man for a year, and left the class of '58 to enter the Naval Academy. Captain Charles King, too, began at Columbia, but veered off to West Point, where he was graduated in 1865. Another author, John Fox, Jr., was a member of the Columbia class of '89. Other names which are in Columbia's books, though not in her catalogue of alumni, are those of Judge George C. Barrett, '55, Abram J. Dittenhoefer, '55, Bishop John Hobart Brown, '52 (of Fond du Lac), Lockwood de Forest, '72 (artist), John Johnson, '79 (artist), William O. Partridge, '85 (sculptor), Professor George Benton Newcomb, '56, Worthington C. Ford, '79, William H. Vanderbilt, '41, John A. Stewart, '42, and Frederick Newbold Lawrence, '54.

Four officers of the college (including Mr. McKinley's Assistant Secretary of State) are doing work for the government in connection with the present war, and this year's class poet had to get leave of absence from the naval reserves to read his poem on class day.

The picture of Major-General Lee and his staff which appears in this issue of the WEEKLY was taken at Camp Cuba Libre, at Jacksonville. General Lee commands the Seventh Corps of our volunteer army, one division of which, the Second, was at Jacksonville when the picture was taken. The other two divisions were expected there, and may have joined the Second before now. The Second Division includes three brigades of three regiments each, hailing from Illinois (2), New Jersey, North Carolina, Iowa (2), Wisconsin, and Virginia (2), and numbering in all about ten thousand men. The corps has its Hospital Corps; under Lieutenant-Colonel Maus, Chief Surgeon, which divides into three division hospitals, and employs about one thousand men, besides several hundred mules, horses, ambulances, and the like.

Camp Cuba Libre (so named by General Lee) is about a mile from the centre of Jacksonville, is well shaded, and gets some of the salt breezes from the ocean, twenty miles away. It is reported that the Northern and Western soldiers there have been agreeably disappointed in the summer climate of Florida. They expected to find it seething hot all the time, whereas, so far, the heat has rarely been extreme, even at mid-day, and there have been cooling showers, and the nights have been usually comfortable. Among the troops gathered from many different States in such a camp as Cuba Libre are all sorts and conditions of men, accustomed to very different work and standards of living, and doubtless qualified to profit by the new ideas which their novel war experiences and associations will bring them.

Among the officers of General Lee's staff are Lieutenant-Colonel Maus, Chief Surgeon, Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, Chief Commissary, Major von Schroeder, Chief Quartermaster, and Major Livermore, Chief Engineer, all of whom are officers of the regular army. Lieutenant-Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., Inspector-General, is the publisher of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, and has had military experience in the National Guard of Massachusetts. Major Russell B. Harrison, Assistant Inspector-General, has had twelve years' experience in the National Guard of three States. Major Hobart, Assistant Adjutant-General, is a nephew of the Vice-President. Lieutenant Sartoris is a grandson of General Grant. Lieutenant Carbonell is a Cuban, who speaks Spanish fluently. He is the officer who lately married Miss Evangelina Cisneros. Major Gary Evans, lately appointed Assistant Inspector-General, was formerly Governor of South Carolina. Neither he nor Colonel Maus appears in the picture.

An incident of Commencement at Cornell, to which the WEEKLY's attention has been directed, was the gift to the university of a portrait of the late Professor Herbert Tuttle, the historian of Prussia. It hangs in the university library, in the seminary room for European history, where Professor Tuttle did his most satisfying work as a teacher. The portrait was painted by Professor Tuttle's widow, who has given it to the university. It is highly praised, both as a painting and as a likeness.



OFF FOR MANILA—A GROUP OF OFFICERS ON THE DECK OF THE TRANSPORT "CHINA."

The Merchants' Association expects its out-of-town members to visit New York in September, and has arranged with the railroads to bring them from points as far west as Chicago and St. Louis and take them home again for a fare and one-third. The association has 27,000 out-of-town members, and enough of them will come here in September to make it seem at times as if the city's summer exiles had begun to return.

The George Washington Memorial Association (of women), which lately held its semi-annual convention at Cambridge Springs in Pennsylvania, is the invention of Mrs. Ellen M. Richardson, of Boston, and has for its purpose the establishment at Washington of a national university, chiefly, it would seem, for postgraduate study. George Washington left a bequest of $25,000 for a school for higher education, but the money was lost. This memorial association proposes to carry out his purpose — or something as nearly like it as contemporary demands call for — and its immediate desire is to get together $250,000 to build in Washington an administration building wherein the new university may find its first home. There is a committee of one hundred (men), of the executive committee of which Chief-Justice Fuller is chairman, which has been organized to promote the same intention. Next year comes the hundredth anniversary of Washington's death, and it is hoped that by that time the work will be provided for.

A friend of the WEEKLY writes that most people know the marks of military rank in the army, but that the marks of naval rank are not so well known, and may be worth stating for the public benefit.



BRIG.-GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE TRANSPORT "CHINA."

The marks are the same now in both branches of the service. The eagle on the shoulder-strap means colonel in the army or captain in the navy; the silver leaf means lieutenant-colonel in the army or commander in the navy; the gold leaf means major in the army or lieutenant-commander in the navy; two silver bars mean captain in the army or lieutenant in the navy; one silver bar means first lieutenant in the army or lieutenant (junior grade) in the navy; second lieutenant in the army corresponds to ensign in the navy, and both wear the plain shoulder-strap. The special badge of the navy is the anchor on the coat collar.

In the higher grades, commodore, rear-admiral, and vice-admiral correspond respectively to brigadier-general, major-general, and lieutenant-general, and are respectively indicated by one star, two stars, and three stars.

The Bangkok (Siam) *Times* of April 7 pays a profuse and eloquent tribute to the "splendid abilities" and general efficiency and devotion of the Hon. John Barrett, the late American minister to Siam, as shown in his management of the general affairs of his legation, and in particular of the Cheek case, which through his efforts was brought, after years of dispute, to arbitration, and settled in favor of the estate of the plaintiff. It was the suit of an American citizen, deceased, against the government of Siam. Nearly the whole number of the *Times* is given up to praises of Mr. Barrett, who at the date of issue was about leaving for Hong-kong to meet his successor. He certainly went out in a blaze of glory, and must have reached Hong-kong about the time that Admiral Dewey left there for Manila.

A reader of the WEEKLY who was in Havana in 1889 tells of being an amused spectator at the morning inspections of the Havana Volunteers. He says: "The first morning, I noticed that after the officers had inspected the front rank of one company and had gone on to the next, a good many of the men who had first been inspected changed places with their mates in the rear rank, and were inspected again on the return of the officers by the rear. I found this shifting of places happened every morning, and the conclusion was unavoidable that the most presentable Volunteers always lined up first in the front rank, and then swapped places with companions of the rear who were less fit to bear scrutiny."

There is a prospect, it seems, that Princeton graduates may have something to say about the management of Princeton University. They have wanted a voice in university affairs these many years, and at Commencement this year it was announced that the Board of Trustees had voted to empower them to choose a council of fifteen, which should be authorized to make suggestions to the trustees, and should serve as a medium of communication between the authorities of the institution and the alumni. It is not evident as yet that the council is to have any actual authority; but even if that is so, it will still be useful, since it gives the graduates a chance for the expression of their sentiments, and the sentiments of the graduates, officially expressed, must have great weight in the management of almost any institution that is merely educational, and not penal or corrective. The new Princeton council will, apparently, be something like the Harvard Board of Overseers, a body whereof the legal power is supposed to be very limited, though its influence is amply sufficient to justify its existence.

The late Colonel Rufus King Case, U.S.A., chief clerk of the Quartermaster's Department of the East, seems to have lost his life as clearly in the service of the country as though he had fallen in battle. He died, it appears, from pneumonia, a result really of many weeks of overwork. What the stress of labor in the Quartermaster's Department of our army must have been during the last three months is easily conceived by any imaginative person. In this instance it has brought a fatal result.

Colonel Case, who was fifty-eight years old, was a veteran of the civil war, and had been for over thirty years in the Quartermaster's Department.

Unusual things continue to happen to Sir Henry Irving. Three years ago he was knighted; the other day Cambridge University (England) made him an LL.D. He

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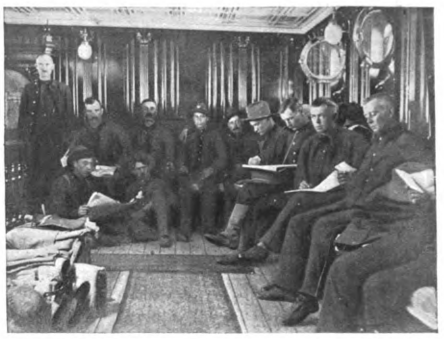
had been appointed Rede lecturer to the university, and the degree was conferred upon him after his first lecture. This new honor, like his knighthood, is pointed to as a mark of recognition of the place that the stage has lately won in English life. Perhaps so; but an equally reasonable opinion seems to be that it is a recognition of the unusual quality of Sir Henry's mind. A good actor might be made a Jubilee knight because he was a good actor and deserved promotion, but that would hardly warrant making him an LL.D. Sir Henry's intellectuality, his accomplishments, and his ability to say things out of his own head which it is profitable to hear, are warrant enough for his doctorate.

The University of Rochester has announced its willingness to admit woman to all its privileges, but says she must bring with her a dowry. The new policy will be put into effect, say the trustees in their resolution, "when the women of Rochester shall raise the necessary funds for the use of the university, estimated at $100,000." The women of Rochester who want coeducation in their local college have taken note of the trustees' condition, and propose to satisfy it. Whether this is a good time to raise money or not doubtless depends largely on what the money is for. It is a good enough time to raise funds for Red Cross Relief, and it has lately been demonstrated that there is plenty of money available to buy government bonds, but some givers may feel that it will be time enough after the war to provide for more higher education for women. Nevertheless, the women of Rochester propose to find out forthwith whether money can be raised in war-times for anything but soldiering or not.

public-houses to be closed all day on Sundays; that she is insufficiently strict in her demands against selling intoxicants to minors; that she does not favor prohibition; and that she receives revenue from two or three beer-houses on her own estates.

It is explained that she allowed wine to appear on her table so long as her son continued to live with her, because he wished it, and that the beer-houses on her estates hold underground leases which she cannot control. But it is also explained that she does not consider drinking to be sinful in itself, that she does not believe in making tectotalers by act of Parliament, and that she does not believe it would be just to close all public-houses all day on Sunday while clubs are left open. This last expedient, she thinks, would be class legislation.

These latter explanations explain too much. They demonstrate that Lady Henry's convictions vary in important particulars from those of the majority of the members of the W. C. T. U. in this country, and that she will not be a suitable person to be president of an organization which includes the American W. C. T. U. until the rank and file of the American society are able to amend their views. Lady Henry's opinions, as they are explained, seem very sensible. It seems a pity that the Temperance Union in America is so far from sharing them.



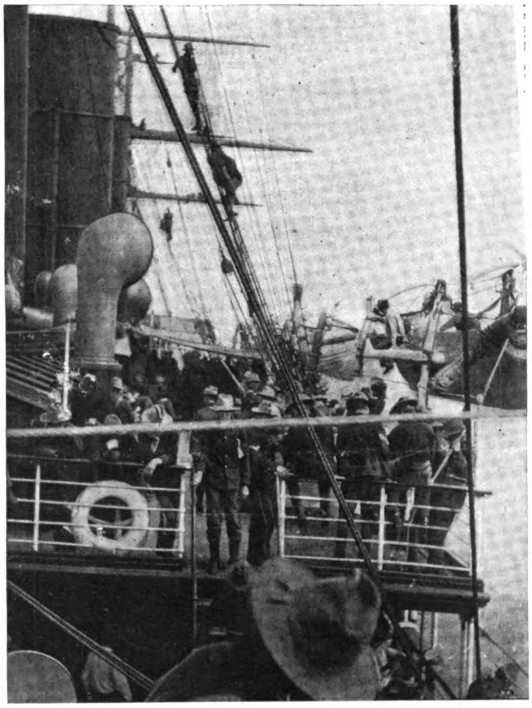
THE LAST LETTERS FROM HOME.

Bishop Huntington's address at the opening of the Central New York Diocesan Convention (Episcopal) on June 14 contains one short paragraph about the war, observing that, in so far as its motive is humane, it presents a spectacle of national altruism wellnigh unprecedented in history. The Bishop says:

> Nobody but fools can expect it to be ended till the Spanish despotism is broken. Nobody but fiends can wish it to be prolonged. Nobody but atheists can doubt that it will be overruled by Almighty God. Nobody but traitors can refuse to share patriotically in its sacrifices.

These, on the whole, are comforting sentiments, especially the one which counts so confidently on an overruling Providence. We seem to have good reason to think that, in so far as fighting goes, we can manage the Spaniard without special direction, for that seems a job for which orders have already been issued and arrangements made. But what is to follow is very hard guessing, and there must be a great many thousand Americans whose meditations are such that their peace of mind may be promoted by the venerable bishop's confidence that the Lord's hand will appear in the settlement.

E. S. MARTIN.



OFF FOR MANILA—ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "CHINA"—THE LAST VIEW OF HOME.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, has not found the times unpropitious for raising educational funds. A few weeks ago he sent out notice that his schools at Northfield needed money, and his circular was hardly distributed before he received $100,000 from a single supporter, whose name has been withheld.

Whether the Seventh Regiment of New York gets into the national service or not, it ought to feel that its position has been improved. The reason given for not yielding to its desire to be included in the last lot of troops furnished by the State of New York to the national government was that it was needed at home, and should not be sent out of a State with an Atlantic coast line and with great cities to be protected, both from possible invasion and from internal disorder. New York has sent out so large a proportion of her home grown and home-trained soldiers that her desire to retain some of the most efficient of those that are left is reasonable, and must be easily understood by any thinking person. However reluctant the Seventh may be to stay at home, it is a compliment to it this time not to be sent away.

There is a party in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union which does not consider Lady Henry Somerset a suitable person for president of the organization. At present she is its vice-president at large, and, since Miss Willard's death, has been the acting president. To defeat her election as president next fall a documentary campaign has been begun, wherein it is pointed out that Lady Henry, though personally an abstainer, until the beginning of the present year allowed wine to appear on her table; that she does not consider it necessary for all persons to become abstainers; that she does not wish all drinking-places to be closed; that she does not wish the bars of

## OFF FOR MANILA.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "CHINA" IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY. SENT BACK BY PILOT-BOAT. *June 14.*

MARKET STREET is packed with pushing, eager spectators. 'Way up above the people, on the sky-pointing *Call* Building, a little cannon pounds its monotonous salute to the troops who are marching down from Camp Merritt to embark on their long journey to the Philippines. On opposite corners of the street two noisy bands, proudly testifying to the patriotism of advertising agents, drown each other in a hurly-burly of chaotic dissonance. The street cars, blocked, begin to stretch out in a broken line of yellow, green, and red. Now the crowd opens in the middle of the street and crushes back to the sidewalks. With guidon flying, the Utah Light Battery comes swinging around the corner, in the lead. The people cheer, and push out again close to the marching line. A tall girl flaps a highly scented handkerchief close to the soldiers' faces in odoriferous farewell.

The boys have already marched some miles under the hot sun; their brown manly faces are streaked with dirt. They are heavily loaded with knapsacks and ammunition, and over the shoulder is strapped in hot bulk the blue-gray blanket. Some men have engaged the willing services of the street arabs to carry extra rifles, bags, and other impedimenta. These small citizens, proud to help the nation's warriors, stretch their short legs in a vain endeavor to keep step. The spectators press so closely about the marching troops that one soldier shouts out, "Give us more air!"

About the docks those who cannot get inside stand around envying the more fortunate personal friends of the soldiers who are allowed to pass inside of the cordon. The regiments are stretched along the dock, seated on their unrolled blankets, while good angels from the Red Cross, with bright-colored dress and dishevelled hair, hurry about, pitcher and basket in hand, administering to the soldiers' wants. There is a decided smell of bread and butter about the place. Friends squat around the volunteers in groups. The good-looking soldier has a girl on each side, and is weighted down with flowers and good things.

All day the ships are loading. Cannon swing in the air, bump against the ship's side, and finally land on the deck. At last every man is on board, and amidst great shouting and blowing of whistles the boats move into the bay and anchor.

The night is very warm, and every one is uncomfortable, but happy in the thought that he is among those chosen to start. The men have not been assigned to their bunks yet, and they are packed about like sardines on the deck. A concert is organized, and all join boisterously in the chorus. At last taps are sounded and lights are out, and the men try to find a soft place on the smooth boards. On the deck above, the officers pace up and down, smoking and telling yarns, while the ship swings lazily in the tide.

*June 15.*

Next morning. The ships woke up with the first gray of dawning. "Jimmy Green" drinks his coffee and chews his hardtack. The sun comes up, and soon the decks are sweltering hot, with no wind blowing. The soldier throws off his coat, and seeks every convenient shelter to write his farewell letter home.

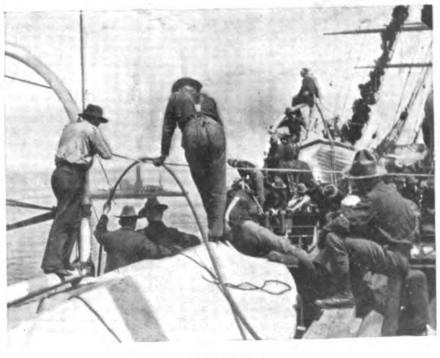
At noon a great tugboat comes puffing up alongside, bringing a crowd of enthusiastic Red Cross girls waving flags and throwing flowers. The quizzical old captain at my side whispers in my ear, "The women are having the time of their life, but they have done lots of good."

The soldiers run up in the rigging and crowd to the edge of the boat as the tug bumps up against our side. The girls throw flowers and packages of good things among us. Other tugs and pleasure-boats come out and surround us, until we are the centre of a little fleet. On board the various boats the bands play the "Star-spangled Banner" and "Marching Through Georgia." The excitement grows, and amid waving flags the crowd on board the Red Cross tug break out into old familiar airs. The high voices of the women float over to us in soft melancholy good-by. It is a sight not to be forgotten.

We are to stop at Honolulu, where we will stay some days, awaiting orders which are to come to us from the *Belgic*, sailing from San Francisco on Saturday, the 18th. There is no cable to Honolulu. Rumor has it that our delay there means that we will be expected to take possession of Hawaii in the name of Uncle Sam. If we see the annexation *de facto* it will be a glorious sight.

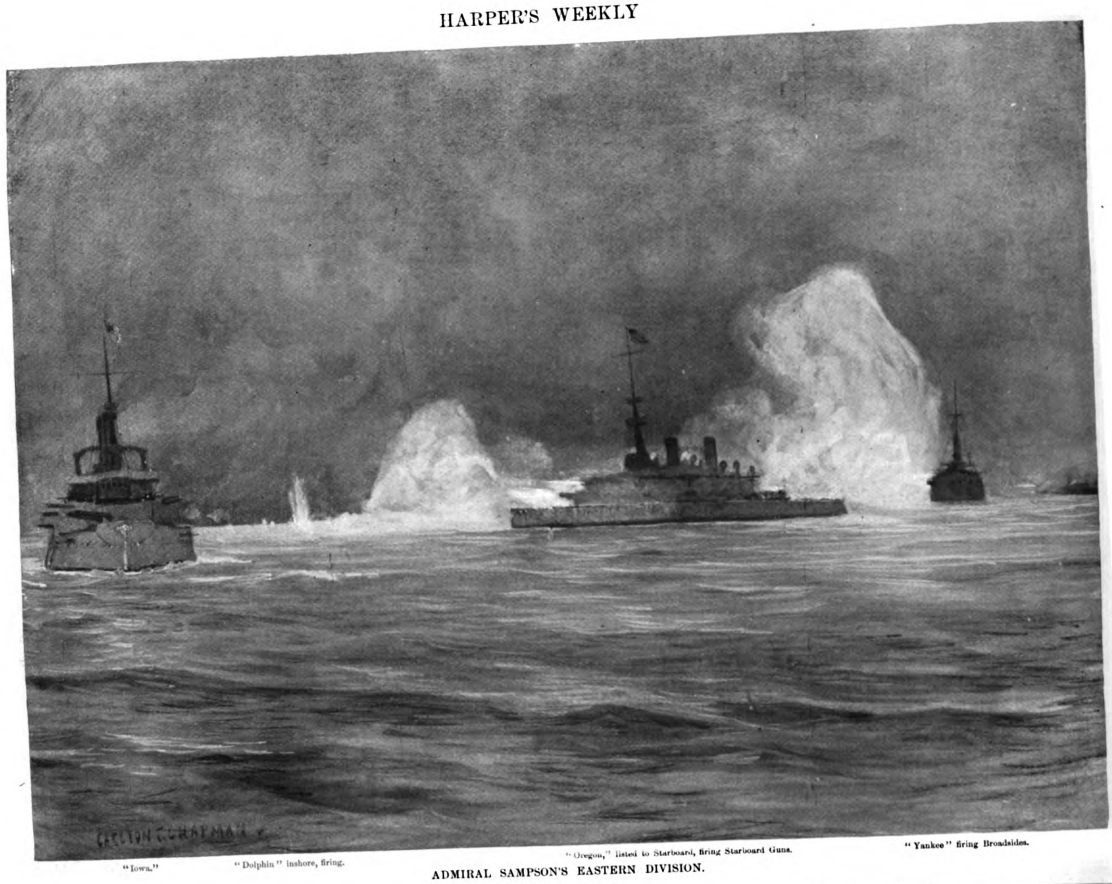
Brigadier-General Greene comes on board with his orders. The ship shouts him an enthusiastic welcome. The signal is given, and at last we start, the *China* leading, followed by the *Zelandia*, *Senator*, and *Colon*. I count fifty excursion-boats, all blowing whistles and flying flags. Crowds line the docks, and the forts give us the brigadier salute. We are off for Manila.

JOHN F. BASS.



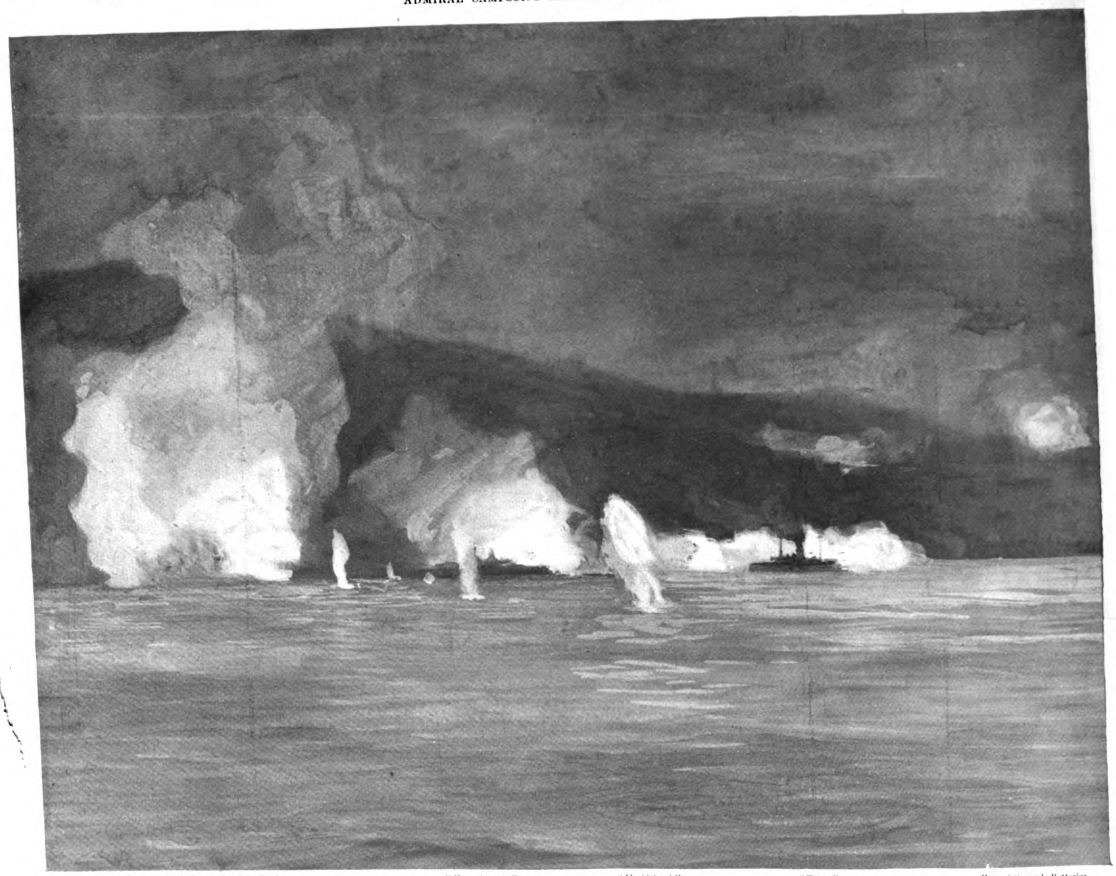
GOOD BY!

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"Iowa." "Dolphin" inshore, firing. "Oregon," listed to Starboard, firing Starboard Guns. "Yankee" firing Broadsides.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S EASTERN DIVISION.

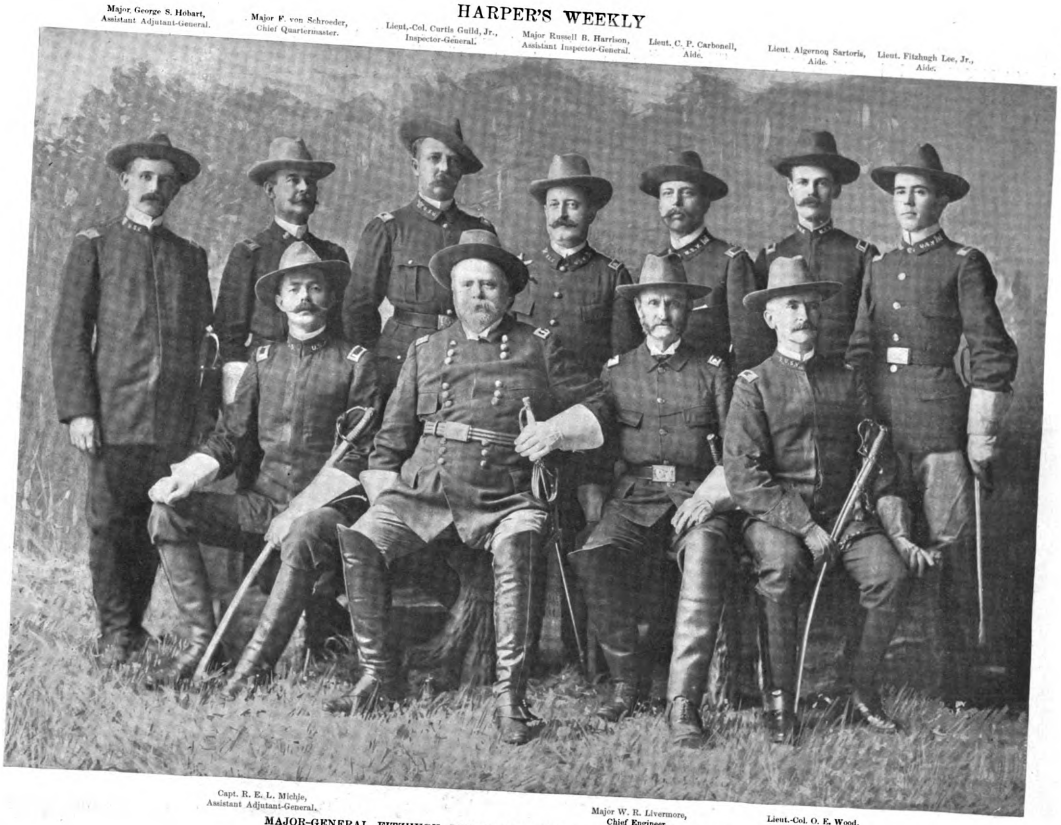


"Brooklyn" completely enveloped in Smoke. "Massachusetts." "Marblehead." "Texas." Fire of Spanish Batteries.

COMMODORE SCHLEY'S DIVISION FIRING AT A DISTANCE OF 2800 YARDS—RAIN AND MIST OBSCURING EVERYTHING.

BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, 7.45 TO 10.30 A.M., MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1898.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

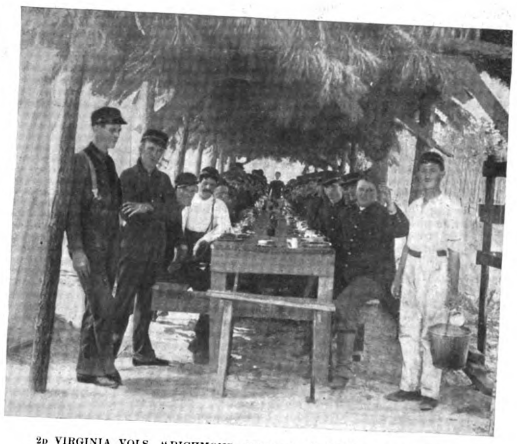
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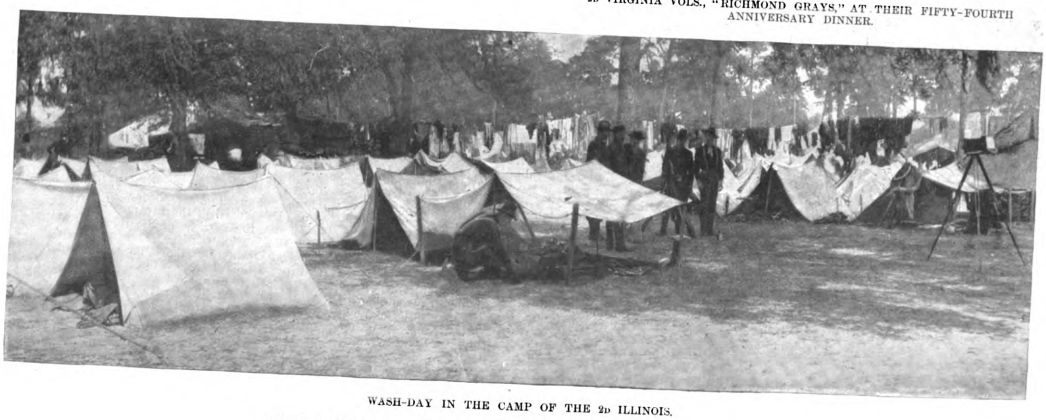

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, COMMANDING 7TH ARMY CORPS, AND STAFF.
From a Photograph, Copyright, 1898, by O. P. Havens.



CLEANING UP AFTER DRILL.



2D VIRGINIA VOLS., "RICHMOND GRAYS," AT THEIR FIFTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER.



WASH-DAY IN THE CAMP OF THE 2D ILLINOIS.

WITH THE VOLUNTEER TROOPS AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

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# A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

## VIII.—EMILIO CASTELAR, THE UNCROWNED KING.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE most interesting, perhaps the most important, man in Madrid is Emilio Castelar, the statesman who liberated the slaves of Porto Rico, who conducted the delicate negotiations growing out of the *Virginius* filibustering expedition of 1873, and who, as President of the Republic in Spain, commanded at once the respect of friendly nations and the enthusiastic support of Liberals at home.

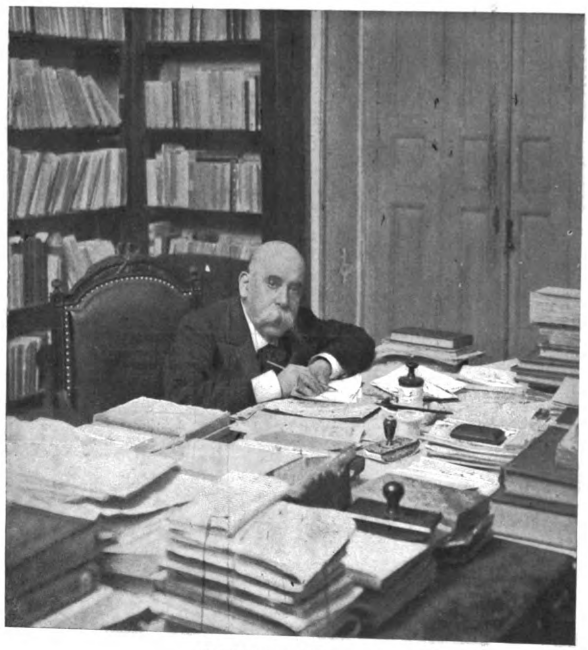
Mr. Castelar to-day unites about his table all that is most interesting in the Spanish capital, excepting the immediate court circle, which of course could not openly appear to countenance an avowed republican. It is worth noting in parenthesis that socially Spain enjoys more political liberty than Germany, in the sense that a man in Madrid who avows sentiments in opposition to the government does not on that account necessarily fall under a boycott so severe as to forbid all people loyal to the government from frequenting his house. I have in mind several instances of notable Germans who, in consequence of voting against a measure of the government, have been wholly ostracized by not merely the court, but by the army, the officials, the learned professions, and even the members of the diplomatic corps in Berlin.

It is safe to say that if Castelar were a German he would in Berlin be forced to live as much out of the world as if he had been smitten with the plague.

His house is on the beautiful Avenue Serrano, in the upper part of the town, near to the French Embassy and the present residence of General Woodford. I first had the pleasure of meeting this grand old republican through the mediation of a common friend and member of the Cobden Club. I was shown into an antechamber so filled with treasures of curious and beautiful bric-à-brac that I was lost in pleasant admiration while the maid carried my card to her busy master.

Soon he appeared—a sight I shall not readily forget: a frank, strong face, with brilliant penetrating eyes that seemed always dancing with a disposition to smile. His nose is such as I usually find on strong men—not so large as the striking one of Paul Kruger, but reminding me somewhat of that on the great Baron Stein. Anywhere on a public thoroughfare I should have stopped to look twice at Castelar, for his very carriage suggests an uncrowned king. He has been a Cromwell of Spain—for a brief period, it is true, but still a period long enough to stamp his name in history as the first to make his country great without cruelty and strong without the destruction of personal liberty.

It is now thirty-four years ago that Castelar thundered against the abuses of the monarchy in his famous paper called *The Democracy*. He was then but thirty-two years of age, having been born in 1832. His devotion to popular rights cost him dearly, for the government punished him by turning him out of a professorship he then held at the Madrid University. Undeterred by this, the young politician seized the first opportunity that offered itself for proving the sincerity of his republican principles, and in 1866 he was condemned to death for having taken part in fights on the barricades against the government. Fortunately for us, he escaped across the frontier in time. The fear of death has no place in Castelar's philosophy, and when therefore such a man openly preaches the doctrines of the Cobden Club, "Peace, good-will, free trade among nations," no one can accuse him of shirking war from fear of shouldering a musket.



CASTELAR IN HIS STUDY.

Mr. Castelar, when I first met him last year, regarded a war between the United States and Spain as an absurdity—a monstrosity. The very idea he scouted as unworthy the serious thought of educated people. He deplored at that time the Jingo spirit that was being cultivated by a certain section of the Spanish press, but assured me that the great bulk of the educated people wanted peace, and home-rule for Cuba.

Castelar's drawing-room is, if possible, more richly furnished than the one into which I was at first ushered. Here are precious paintings by old masters, vases, bits of armor, carvings, tapestries from the far East, as well as Europe; not a single thing that does not indicate selection by a connoisseur with ample means to gratify his tastes. Of course his study was the most interesting room in the house to me, and he took me in to see the pile of manuscript with which he is at present occupied. The walls of his work-room are lined with books from floor to ceiling—not the books of a mere collector, but the working library of a political student. The great and crowning work of Mr. Castelar's life promises to be the universal history on which he is at present occupied, and which bids fair to fill many volumes, and an indefinite number of years.

Mr. Castelar is a bachelor. He does not smoke or gamble, or indulge in those many so-called recreations which ultimately disturb the balance between our physical and intellectual forces—a balance necessary to the exercise of sound judgment. He has therefore a beautiful harmony of faculties, which manifests itself in his oratory, his splendid mastery of composition, his choice of ornaments, and, most strikingly of all, in his preparation of a dinner.

When he asked me to dine with him, he most kindly asked after my tastes in matters culinary, to which I answered that, as a stranger in Spain, the most interesting food to me would naturally be that which had a peculiarly national character. And what a dinner that was, to be sure! There were two cabinet ministers present, and half a dozen other friends connected with public life. My host no doubt wished me to see that people of all parties could unite at his board, and that an American even then was well received if he came on an errand of peace.

It was hard to talk politics at such a meal. Every dish was strange and delicious; every wine was of the choicest, and selected with especial reference to the food that was to form its companion piece. Our learned host could give historical and botanical foot-notes to every dish. I have known but one such masterful epicure in my life—the late Charles A. Dana, who was at the same time, like Mr. Castelar, an artist in a large variety of directions.

When I again saw Mr. Castelar, after an interval of twelve months, the political horizon had blackened considerably. The kindly statesman welcomed me cordially as ever, and reasserted his horror of war, and belief in a more Christian solution of the difficulties. At the same time he was less of an optimist than when I had seen him last, and was particularly bitter at the unscrupulous correspondents of American papers who had pretended to interview him and had put words into his mouth which were fabrications, and wholly at variance with his views. He now had no relations with any members of the American Legation, in spite of the high regard he was prepared to entertain personally for General Woodford. He had been in the past so frequently betrayed by men who pretended to be friends that now he preferred to wait in silence until he could see clearly ahead either peace or war. A great change had come over Mr. Castelar, which his intimates attributed to ill health, and also largely to the Jingoism in the United States, which deeply undermined his proverbial enthusiasm for the great republic.

I subsequently asked Mr. Woodford about his relations with Mr. Castelar, and got practically a confirmation of what I had already heard—that the Jingoes had in both countries done so much mischief that social intercourse between so excellent an American as General Woodford and so eminent a Spanish republican as Mr. Castelar had in this year 1898 become impossible.

# SAN FRANCISCO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

*June 13, 1898.*

General Merritt thinks that he is likely to have less trouble in the Philippines with the Spaniards than with the insurgents. Once give the latter power, and allow them to take Manila, their attitude is likely to change. Their chiefs, although at present only too willing to take our help and submit to our wishes, may be pushed by awakening ambition to turn the forces now organizing for the attack on Manila against us. This view of the case seems thoroughly sound. The devil is sick, the devil an American would be; the devil is well, the devil an American can be. The civilized world ought to realize by this time that insular insurgents are a very troublesome lot. The combined statesmanship of Europe has so far found it impossible to give the Cretan patriots a satisfactory form of government. It is to be hoped, however, that, unhampered by foreign diplomacy, we will do better in Cuba and the Philippines.

The policy we adopt towards the insurgents in the Philippines will depend in a great measure on what we intend to do with the islands, and the present uncertainty of our government on this question will place General Merritt in a very difficult position. The rebel leaders will want to know what is to become of them; and when they see that no decision has been reached, they will make up their minds to have a voice in the matter. After making use of the insurgents' help to fight our battles, it would hardly be fair to turn them over to Spain to be shot as rebels, or to submit to Spanish colonial tyranny. On the other hand, if we decide not to keep the islands, what can we do with them? Are the people sufficiently enlightened to govern themselves? Absolutely in the dark in regard to the enormous disadvantages of foreign colonies, popular opinion here is strongly in favor of keeping the islands. It is perhaps suggestive of the tendencies in the direction of annexation that officers leaving for the Philippines are preparing to stay away two years.

In view of the increasing strength of the insurgents, General Merritt is very impatient at the enforced delay in the transportation of his forces. So strong is the general's feeling in this matter, and so sure is he that it is a mistake to allow the insurgents to get a thoroughly organized fighting force, that General Greene, who is to command the second expedition, starting next Tuesday, expects to take the field immediately on arriving. He will have with him over 2500 men—the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, two battalions of the Eighteenth and Twenty-third United States Regulars, the First Colorado Volunteers, the Utah Light Battery, and detachments of Company A of the Engineer Corps.

To-day your correspondent went over the transports, which are nearly ready to start, and found them excellently arranged. Whatever adverse criticism may with justice be made of the management of the home camp, the organization of the expedition itself deserves the highest praise. All the bunks and mattresses are new, and, although of necessity the berths are close together, they are so arranged that the soldiers will get fresh air—a very important item on a long voyage in tropical seas. There are new kitchens, and stalls for cattle to supply fresh meat to the troops throughout the journey. In fact, the ships have been remodelled to suit the emergency, and the work has been carefully done.

Many of the men were down looking over their new home. They seemed well pleased; but they are so eager to get away that I doubt if they would have complained had they been stalled in a cattle-boat. The Utah battery were on the dock shipping their guns. They are nearly all men over six feet high. Indeed, I have not seen in any European army such a lot of tall men as those making up General Merritt's small army. They would have delighted the heart of Frederick the Great.

"Jimmy Green," if one may so dub the American private, is a tall, thin-faced, long-legged fellow, with gray eyes and a long reach. In his leisure moments he is apt to chew tobacco. He is pleasant with strangers, but not confidential. It is only after he knows you pretty well that he will tell you "all about it"; giving his opinion with measured impartiality. He never bubbles over, and looks and acts as if he would make a cool fighter.

Certain interesting facts come to light from the stories told by Captain Loud and his companions about the battle of Manila. When the American fleet first arrived off the Philippines they were sighted by the telegraph station at Point Balinao, and the news was sent to Manila. The Spaniards, therefore, were informed that the American fleet was at hand, and yet no measures were taken to protect the entrance of Manila Bay. The forts on each side of the channel were on rocky elevations, so that their modern guns would command the deck of any man-of-war attempting to enter the strait by daylight. The only opportunity was to go through during the night, and even this would have been next to impossible without the loss of one or more ships had the Spaniards been vigilant. This negligence of the Spaniards contributed greatly to our success. Admiral Dewey must have known that he was running great risks when he made up his mind to sail past these forts, torpedoes or no torpedoes, come what would. No one seems to know whether any torpedoes had been placed at the entrance of the bay or in front of Cavité. At any rate, they did no damage to our fleet, and it is doubtful if any were exploded.

The commander of the forts at the entrance of the bay subsequently surrendered, saying that all his garrison had run away. It is not known whether these were native or Spanish troops.

After the serious fighting at Cavité began the Spaniards fought bravely, without producing any result. Our ships were repeatedly struck, but the shells were solid armor-piercing shells, used under the mistaken idea that our ships were heavily armored.

When Admiral Dewey withdrew after three hours' fighting it was not simply for breakfast, but because the extreme nervous strain of fighting a modern iron-clad made it imperative to give the men a rest. It is a well-known fact in modern navies that no crew can be expected to do good work in a serious fight for longer than three or four hours without a rest. The first attack was made on the fleet, the second on the forts at Cavité.

The Spanish Governor-General had issued his well-known blood-curdling proposition, in which he threatened to shoot any Spanish officer who surrendered his position. Frightened at the prospect of what awaited them in Manila, the garrison of the forts at Cavité attempted, after the battle, to give themselves up as prisoners to Admiral Dewey, but the latter would not receive them, and forced them to return to Manila.

People here are at a loss where to get reliable news. All the papers are filled with false reports, which they do not even take the trouble to contradict. Truth finds no shelter in the rain of meaningless adjectives which drown the daily press. The possibilities of exaggeration have surely been reached, and one wonders what is left to be said, by way of description, if a really great battle should take place.

John F. Bass.

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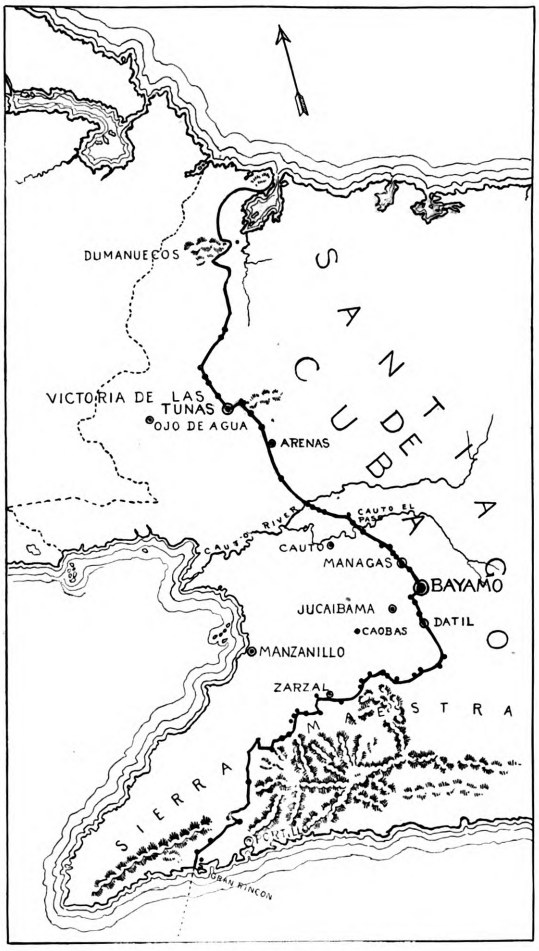
# LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROWAN'S EXPLOIT.

## THE AMERICAN DELEGATE'S VISIT TO GARCÍA.

I.

WHEN every day brings important news of our war, it would seem to be inviting contradiction and opposition for one to pick out a single item and to say, "This is the most important of all." But as to the most important item of news in the week ending June 18 there should be no dispute. During that week our little force of six hundred marines was making the most gallant efforts to maintain from day to day the position it had taken up at Camp McCalla, on the eastern shore of Guantanamo Bay. At first the position appeared to be untenable. The Spaniards, in greatly superior numbers, surrounded the camp, and carried on a species of guerilla warfare, incessant, harassing to the last degree, as familiar to them as it was strange and exhausting to our men. The difficulties of a summer campaign in Cuba, with all the beating of thickets for a concealed enemy that it involves, was thus realized at the very outset. The peril was of the gravest nature; men less determined or less bravely led would have been withdrawn, and the Spaniards would have received all the encouragement that an initial success can bring. At this critical time a number of Cuban insurgents, as was stated in the "Diary of the War" in the last issue of the WEEKLY, rendered valuable assistance. It is not necessary to believe that the better fighting on Tuesday and the succeeding days was due to their co-operation, or to the suggestions they were able to offer, with their knowledge of the difficult country and the peculiar methods of the enemy. But the facts that stand out quite plainly are, first, that they fought cleverly and fiercely beside our men; second, that the enemy was driven from cover with considerable loss; third, that the position of our marines became tolerably secure. On Thursday our force was further strengthened by the arrival of a number of insurgents led by General Perez, who, we are told, has a larger body of men in the neighborhood, ready to be of service as occasion shall arise. On Friday, June 17, supplies of medicine, arms, and ammunition were taken on the *Dolphin* to Sigua, midway between Santiago de Cuba and Guantanamo, and delivered to General Castillo, who has about three hundred insurgents armed with Lee-Metford rifles at that point. Perez and Castillo are, it will of course be understood, subordinates of General Calixto García, the white-haired Cuban leader, whose strong and rather handsome face, with the peculiar mark in the forehead (a bullet wound self-inflicted years ago, when the cause he has always fought for seemed lost), is so familiar to readers of American illustrated periodicals. General García is commander-in-chief of the Cuban forces in the entire eastern half of the island—that is, wherever they may be gathered in little bands, from the Jucaro-Moron Trocha to Cape Maysi. With the body of insurgents under his immediate control, in the neighborhood of Bayamo, he is now endeavoring to stop the Spanish troops from Havana and other western points on their way to Santiago and Guantanamo.

What has now been said may serve to show why especial importance is attached to reports that the Cubans are proving themselves valuable allies in Santiago Province. But the full significance of the news lies in the fact that, through this activity of his officers, García is proving his disposition to carry out the spirit and letter of his agreement made with our government on May 1, when he was visited by Lieutenant Rowan.




LIEUTENANT ROWAN'S ROUTE ACROSS CUBA.
Dotted Line is the Boundary between Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREW S. ROWAN, U.S. VOLS.
Photograph by Davis & Sanford.

II.

Andrew Summers Rowan, Lieutenant in the Nineteenth United States Infantry, left Washington April 9 on a secret mission to General García. He took the Atlas Line steamship *Adirondack* to Kingston, Jamaica, and there awaited instructions by cable. After completing arrangements for the trip, to which end he placed himself unreservedly in the hands of agents of the Cuban Junta in Jamaica, he got his orders and left Kingston on April 23—the day, it will be remembered, on which President McKinley signed the proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers, and two days before the formal declaration of war.

Leaving Kingston at two o'clock, Rowan crossed the island in a northwesterly direction to St. Anns, where he got a little sailing-boat, whose captain he calls a pirate (and heartily admires—that is evident). Then one hundred miles from St. Anns to the coast-line of Santiago Province, near that jutting point where the Sierra Maestra lifts its peaks out of the sea—one of them, a bit nearer Santiago, to a height of eight thousand four hundred feet, while another, by Portillo, is a mate for any mountain we have between the Mississippi and the Atlantic. Rowan's "pirate" knew of the movements of the Spanish patrol boats along that majestic shore as though he himself controlled them. He would not land "el delegado Americano" immediately, but waited until the coast was clear. Then, running in by a place called Gran Rincon, west of Portillo, he successfully discharged his duty to the Junta and to his passenger. The latter found himself on shore in the care of other friends of free Cuba.

From the coast the first day's march took Rowan's party well into the mountains. There the next day was passed in collecting provisions for the trip to Calixto García's camp, and in securing information, too, as to the general's whereabouts—for they supposed he was still moving from place to place, in the manner of insurgents.

"We did not know where he was. We got our knowledge as we went," Rowan says.

On the 28th of April the Spaniards abandoned Bayamo. García entered and established himself comfortably in that famous old town. A day earlier (April 27) Rowan's party set out across the Sierra Maestra; on the 28th, pressing on towards the northeast, they got among the foot-hills; the last day of the month found them nearing the goal, but marching along a trail so rough that they were glad to camp on the river Buey, "to swim, and sleep in hammocks."

(On the other side of the world Dewey's fleet entered Manila Bay that night.)

Only about twenty miles further to Bayamo; and so, at noon on "Manila day," May 1, Rowan and his companions reached the outskirts of Bayamo. They saw the people who had been exiled from the city, three years before, rushing in to claim their own again, now that the insurgents were established there. Bayamo had formerly about thirty thousand inhabitants; now perhaps two thousand. It is easy to realize the full force of Rowan's statement, in regard to this remnant, that the present inhabitants are "all insurgents at heart."

The Spanish forts, when he arrived, were smouldering ruins, the life of the city beginning again, under changed conditions. In the Bayamo River, a third of a mile wide here, women were standing in the shallows to wash their clothing on the bowlders.

The horses of the party were tied opposite a Cuban flag that distinguished García's headquarters. Rowan was received in an agreeable office, where he

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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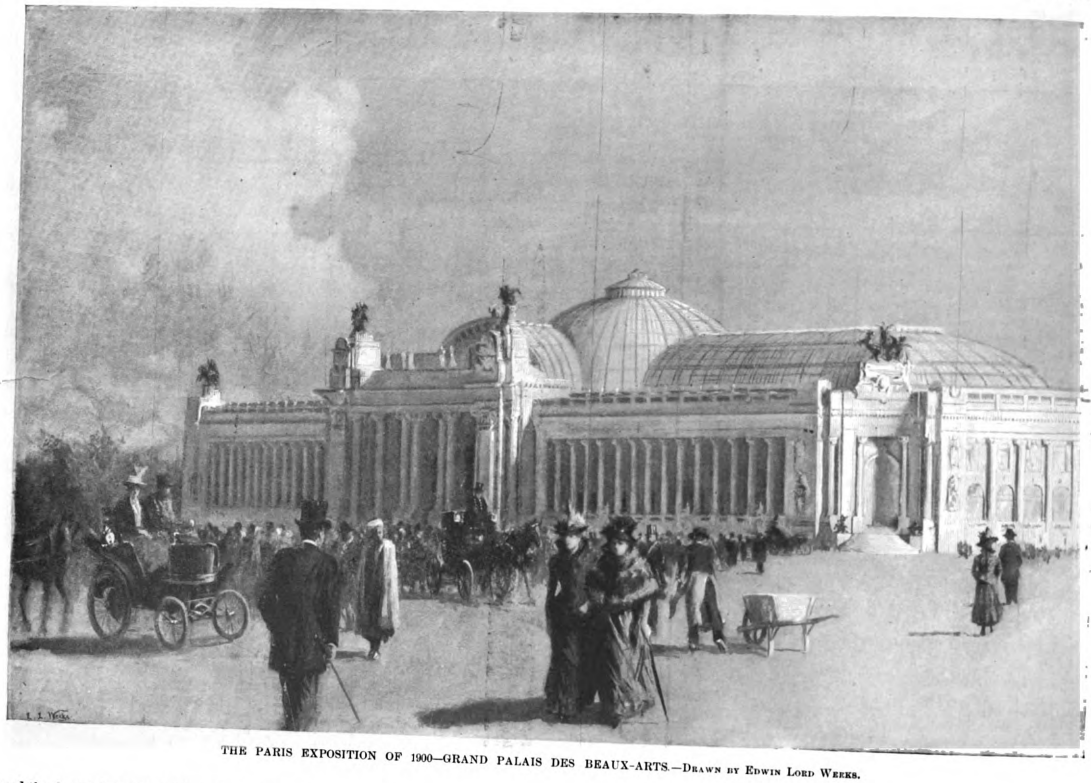



"Castine." "New York."

DESPATCHES FOR THE ADMIRAL.

Drawn while on the Flag-Ship by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

Original from PENN STATE



THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS.—Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.

delivered the despatches that had been intrusted to him. It is a pleasure to be able to add that he was promptly invited to breakfast with the general, in this especially wasted and harried portion of poor Cuba. There was a "long talk," says Rowan, "and despatches passed between us. At five o'clock he announced that he had his despatches all ready, and asked me if I could start north, as he wished to get his replies to the United States government as soon as possible. He detailed Callazo, Colonel Hernandez, and Dr. Bieta, an expert on the diseases of that section, to accompany me."

With these companions Rowan started away that evening, crossing Bayamo River, and camping near the Cauto River before midnight. At sunrise the next morning they took up the march again, crossed the Cauto (the largest river of Cuba) at Cauto el Paso, and then made their way through tropical jungle and over meadow-land, until, at Las Arenas, they went into camp for the night. Near Arenas is a fortification constructed during the ten years' war. Next morning they started at sunrise, and reached Victoria de las Tunas, outside of which ruined town they met a force of Cubans, four or five hundred men, encamped near a place called Piedras. Rowan inspected the fortifications, and studied the plan of the siege by which García captured the town in August, 1897, and on passing through this singularly misnamed Victoria de las Tunas, discovered that not a single building was habitable now—"the whole thing razed to the ground"; and this he speaks of as a striking illustration of the insurgent plan, which is to destroy the towns. The Spanish plan is not less definite—to destroy the country!

A long ride—about fifty-one miles, according to Callazo's computations—brought Rowan and his party to a hill called Damanuecos, at the foot of which they camped. And now, being within striking distance of the north coast, they devoted a day to preparations for the voyage, making sails out of the canopies of their hammocks, etc. Climbing to the top of the peak early the following day, they were rewarded with a beautiful view, not the least characteristic feature in the landscape being an enormous palm forest stretching northward. For hours their course lay through this stately growth—through brush, where the poisonous guao-tree gave lasting proof of its presence; then a fortress with walls of coral rock was passed; and finally they came to the coast and to the *salinas* (salt-works). The work of collecting the sea-water in kettles and evaporating it to obtain a supply of salt for the Cuban forces is carried on by offenders in the army; and a very good form of punishment it is.

Breakers outside the capes were thundering in a way that seemed decidedly unpleasant when one listened to them, with the little boat much too small to hold all the party in full view. Even when the weather grew calm enough for embarking, it was necessary to send Dr. Bieta and others back to General García, while only six embarked,—Lieutenant Rowan, General Callazo, Hernandez, his chief of staff, and three sailors. After passing out and laying the course due north (this brings us now to May 5) they met Admiral Sampson's fleet on its way to Porto Rico. By a piece of good luck the party in the little life-boat overhauled a sponging-steamer with a crew of thirteen negroes, who carried them into Nassau. There the American consul made arrangements for sending Rowan by the schooner *Fearless* to Key West, at which place he arrived four days later.

III.

While crossing the island from south to north our lieutenant (or, to give him the title to which he has been advanced, lieutenant-colonel) felt as safe, he says, as though he had been going up town from Franklin Square to his hotel. Unfortunately we cannot place this sense of security to the credit of the harmless natives, for these were few and far between in the portion of Cuba that he visited. In fact, that whole district in western Santiago which on the latest map appears to be peppered with towns, is really to-day almost a wilderness. The names that make such a showing may designate a single plantation; perhaps a deserted farmstead or a ruin.

The impression he received of García and his men was distinctly favorable. He speaks of García as a man of honor, who will keep his agreement made with this government to the extent of his ability, and it is plain that his ability to render valuable assistance in our campaign is not accurately measured by any one of the various estimates of the number of men, trained and inured to Cuban warfare, that he commands.

Marrion Wilcox.

## OUR BATTLE-CRY.

Not for Revenge—albeit Spain
Destroyed the *Maine*—
Not for her islands, near or far,
Wage we this war.
Nor solely for poor Cuba's need
Do our sons bleed;
But to solve questions which were gray
Ere to the day
She opened her sad eyes! For we,
Who scarce yet see
Wisely to rule ourselves, are set
Where ways have met,
To lead the waiting nations on!
Not for our own
Land now are battle-flags unfurled,
But for the World.

Henrietta R. Eliot.

## THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

Few events of late years have moved the Parisian public, the public of fêtes and exhibitions, of the Concours Hippique and the Vernissage, more than the long-threatened and as often deferred demolition of the Palais d'Industrie. It was not alone the art world, but the world of fashion and of high bohemia, and of many other coteries which touch their borders, that looked forward to the dawn of the Vernissage, that annual fête which was the beginning of a career to so many, or the resurrection of long-buried and half-forgotten reputations, and which was quite as often the occasion of bitter disappointment and chagrin to others whose sun had not yet risen or had irrevocably set. Those who are familiar only with the varnishing-days or private views of other art centres can hardly realize the pomp and circumstance of this event in Paris, where, in spite of the never-failing regularity of its recurrence and the deadly similarity of one Vernissage to another, it has become as much of a national institution as the Fourteenth of July or the Grand Prix. Whoever has lived through a long succession of them, although they all have a tendency to recede and merge one into the other as the years go by, will not easily forget how much the weather had to do with his or her impressions on the fateful day, when driven down or across the Champs Élysées to the crowded portal; for if the morning dawned cold and gray or stormy, the pictures looked their very worst under the bleak unsparing light, the spring toilets and the marvellous creations of modistes were hidden under furs and wraps, and those who had engaged tables in the open air at Le Doyen's for lunch were fain to envy the more prudent who had secured places at the buffet in the Sculpture Court, where, although they were compelled to fight for each dish, and the distracted waiters were often intercepted and robbed by hungry privateers from other tables, they were at least sheltered from the inclemency of the weather. With all its imperfections and shortcomings, what could have been more impressive than the vastness of the great court, where the white sculpture gleamed among palm fronds lifted high above the insolent competition of violet and orange and scarlet hats and sleeves and flowers, and the fresh tints of living faces? For no one but a novice or an æsthetic enthusiast could fix his attention on painted canvas or graven image when seen across a foreground like a restless kaleidoscope of life and color, where æsthetic clowns in eccentric costumes had their brief hour of success, as well as the reigning beauties of either world, and other celebrities of the day, who all held court at the Vernissage of the old Salon. These and many other memories—reminiscences of the grand pageants of the last exposition, and of the gala-days of the Concours Hippique—clustered about the Palais d'Industrie; and when it was realized that the neighboring "Garden of Paris" was also doomed to destruction, and its chestnut bowers uprooted, not even the promise of a more sumptuous and enduring palace of art—not only one, but two of them—and a spectacular bridge besides, added to the prospect of a still more seductive Garden of Eden in some vague "elsewhere," could console the æsthetic and the more frivolous coteries of Paris for their present deprivations. The gradual dismantling and destruction of the vast extent of glass roof as it went on during the bleak winter months were not a cheerful sight, and people were fain to hurry past or to look the other way. Now all that remains is the great entrance arch, boarded up to its apex, where so many joyous crowds have gathered, and a small section of the adjoining walls.

For months past the entire enclosure, reaching from the solitary portal on the Champs Élysées down to the Seine, has been surrounded by a high board wall, tinted pale green, and panelled off by arches of trellis-work, which is far from unsightly when half hidden by flickering tree shadows. Behind this barrier all the work on the new palaces, and the broad avenue which will separate them, has been going on, and at the present moment the stone columns of the greater edifice have begun to overtop the wall. But the whole enclosed space is still a wilderness of stone, like a vast quarry interspersed with shanties, and bisected by the tracks of a light railway, along which the material is carried. The forlorn remnant of the old palace, which, like the curtain of a theatre, masks the scene of action, together with its flanking walls, will disappear at once when the new spectacle is ready for the impatient public. A new avenue will extend from the Champs Élysées, but not quite at right angles with it, between the two new palaces, terminating at the magnificent bridge Alexander III., the corner-stone of which was laid by the Russian Emperor during his visit to Paris, and which will connect this section with the Esplanade des Invalides—in short, an entire new quarter is now under construction. The Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts will take up nearly all the

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right side of the avenue, from one end nearly to the other. Three different architects—M. Deglane, M. Thomas, and M. Louvet—have each been commissioned to design a wing of the building, all working under the general direction of M. Girault. In the portion designed by M. Thomas, the rear of the edifice, which will be in a measure complete in itself, with a grand entrance on the Avenue d'Antin, the individual talent of the architect will be allowed full play, although his conception, like those of his confrères, must harmonize with the general plan. He has been for many years the official architect of the Palais d'Industrie, and it is said that a certain likeness to the old landmark will be perpetuated in this part of the new building, which will be known as the Palais Thomas. The central porch, facing the Avenue d'Antin, will resemble in some measure, although on a smaller scale, the principal entrance of the Palais d'Industrie. As on the front of the palace facing the new avenue, arcades of twin Ionic columns will extend on either side the entrance, and this rear portion will reach from the Quai de la Conférence to the prolongation of the Rue Jean Goujon. Above the central portal the sky-line is broken by the central dome, and the ranges of twin columns on each side will support the projection of the roof, which will form a broad strip of "bandeau"—to use the technical term employed here—thus giving a logical reason for the presence of the colonnade. This upper bandeau will be surmounted by a light balustrade, and the somewhat level outline will be relieved by a series of sculptural vases placed at intervals, which, together with the occasional statues or bronze groups, will sufficiently vary its monotony. Upon entering the building from the Avenue d'Antin, we shall find ourselves in a vast elliptical hall, beneath the flattened dome seen from without, and this spacious rotunda will, it is expected, be flooded with light, as one great object of the director-in-chief has been to get as much sunshine as possible into the building, and to allow as many openings as are consistent with its architectural beauty when viewed from the outside. The decorations of this inner court will be sober and subdued in color, after the style of those in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, as it is felt that too violent oppositions of color might have a crude effect when seen under such intense light. This entrance hall will be surrounded by stairways giving access to the two long exhibition galleries on either side. The interior of the Palais Thomas will be decorated in the style which prevailed in France at the end of the last century, which is now considered simpler and in better taste than the style which immediately preceded it. At each end of the Palais Thomas there will be a low entrance under the basement, by which horses and other animals to be exhibited in the different competitions may enter, and the stables placed on the ground-floor will be so contrived as to be perfectly free from dampness; a thick platform or construction of cement will be laid under the flooring; for, as heretofore, the Concours Hippique and the cattle shows will take place immediately before the Salon. All the exterior decoration of this rear portion of the edifice will be quiet and sober in general effect, in order that it may not compete in magnificence with the principal façade opening on the new avenue.

The great square portico of the grand entrance, deeply recessed behind its Ionic columns, will open into a hall of vast dimensions, extending from the inner arch of the entrance back to the division fronting on the Avenue d'Antin (or Palais Thomas), reaching upward to the summit of the broad central dome. This will be one of the most striking features of the edifice, and, it is hoped, will be decorated in a style worthy of its noble proportions. A broad gallery ten metres in width will surround this space, which may be utilized as a "promenoir" or for special exhibitions when needed, or, again, for tribunes or boxes during the Concours Hippique and on similar occasions. A monumental stairway, of exceptional size and sumptuously decorated, will lead to a great tribune or balcony which will command a view of the whole interior, and this stairway, it is expected, will be one of the chief points of interest. As in the old Palais d'Industrie, a long gallery will unite exteriorly the whole series of exhibition-rooms, so that one may walk from one end of the series to the other without entering the rooms. The chief feature in that portion of the building designed by M. Louvet will be the great hall where the opening ceremony of the exposition of 1900 will take place, and which will be used for the reception of sovereigns, the distribution of recompenses, and on other state occasions. After the close of the exposition it will be utilized for festivals and concerts. It would be impossible at present to give any further or more authentic details in regard to the interior decorations of the edifice, as nothing definite beyond their general character has yet been decided. The frieze of this "modern Parthenon" is to be a work of art of the most modern character, and the motive is to be the "History of Art through all the Ages," after the cartoon of M. Joseph Blanc, of the Institute. The material will be a new kind of "ceramic," known as "grès cérame," to be cast at the national manufactory of Sèvres, under the direction of M. Baumgart.

An oversight frequently committed by architects is to design a building without taking into consideration the site it will occupy and its relation to surrounding buildings or other objects, which may modify its effect in some measure. It is believed, however, that the group of buildings forming the new quarter, as it is now called, has been so thoroughly studied that there can be no doubt as to the ultimate harmony of the whole conception.

The smaller palace of fine arts, known as the Palais Girault, after the name of its architect, will face the larger one across the avenue, but will be so different in its style and character as to suggest no comparison with it. The central dome, surmounted by a bronze figure, will be higher in proportion than that of the greater edifice; the pavilions at either end of the principal façade will be terminated by semicircular bays, which will harmonize in form with the two circular pavilions on the rear elevation; and the front on the avenue will present a row of single columns on each side of the entrance porch which, almost or quite in contact with the wall, offer only the suggestion of a colonnade. Although the ground plan of this edifice is an irregular polygon, thus presenting greater difficulties in obtaining an agreeable result, it is said that M. Girault's design—which obtained the first prize at the Concours—has scarcely been modified, even in its slightest details, contrary to the general rule in regard to public monuments.

Less majestic and imposing than the greater palace across the avenue, it will form a valuable pendant by reason of its somewhat gayer and lighter aspect. On entering the central portal by a series of twenty steps, we come at once into a spacious vestibule, circular in form, and immediately under the dome. On either hand extend two long exhibition-halls, lighted by windows placed between the exterior columns, and by occasional sky-lights.

An inner series of galleries will be lighted only from above, while the centre of the building will be treated as a garden, bordered by a semicircular colonnade which will do duty as a covered promenade. It the Palais Girault shall be dedicated, du exposition, to retrospective art, while its will be reserved for art in its more moder

Careful attention has been paid to the galleries, by the architect, who has visit museums and galleries of Europe, and the treasures of art which will be gathe seen under the most favorable condition tended that this building shall contain m by modern artists which are annually municipal council, and which, for want have often been stored in unsuitable pla to deteriorate.

The bridge which is to unite the ne the old, and connect the avenue with the Invalides, will traverse the Seine at a s a single arch, and is to be a little ove metres in length by forty in width. Th Resal and M. Alby, whose task it has be the technical and scientific part of the worked in concert with the architects, M nard and Cousin, who have been occupied decorative and architectural features of t and who have labored to harmonize the ge judicious use of stone and bronze, with the bining grace and beauty with its strength.

During the early stages of the work crow gaze down at the mysterious rows of caisson which resembled nothing so much as iron b on end. Inside these chambers, which affo nication with the tunnel beneath the river constructing the foundations was carried tem, new here, was first employed in the and is therefore more familiar at home than have since been removed, as the sub-fluvia enterprise is now nearly completed.

The four tall monuments, or "pylones," each side of the entrances at either end of th add much to its originality as a landmark. T be seventeen metres in height, or twenty-two bronze groups representing the Arts, Science and Industry placed on their summits. Su shafts, or semipyramidal obelisks of stone, br and tall clusters of lamps wrought in m grouped near their bases. A double line of or lanterns will be carried across the bridge verity of its lines will be further modified sculpture placed in the middle, or highest curve, and by the light balustrades. It wa necessary to treat the steel frame-work of th such a way as to soften, as far as possible, it rigid lines, and these decorative accessories to fulfil this mission.

However much the disappearance of the d'Industrie, with all its associations, may b there can be little doubt that the new grou ments, when completed, will more than com its loss.

The two stately palaces are intended not for tion only, but to stand for all time—the bri between them, the bridge flanked by its tower ments with their triumphal bronze groups, and dome of the Invalides, and, indeed, the whole yond the Esplanade, which has never before value as an architectural feature of the city, will close in the distance, will together constit unsurpassed in Paris, and perhaps in all Euro

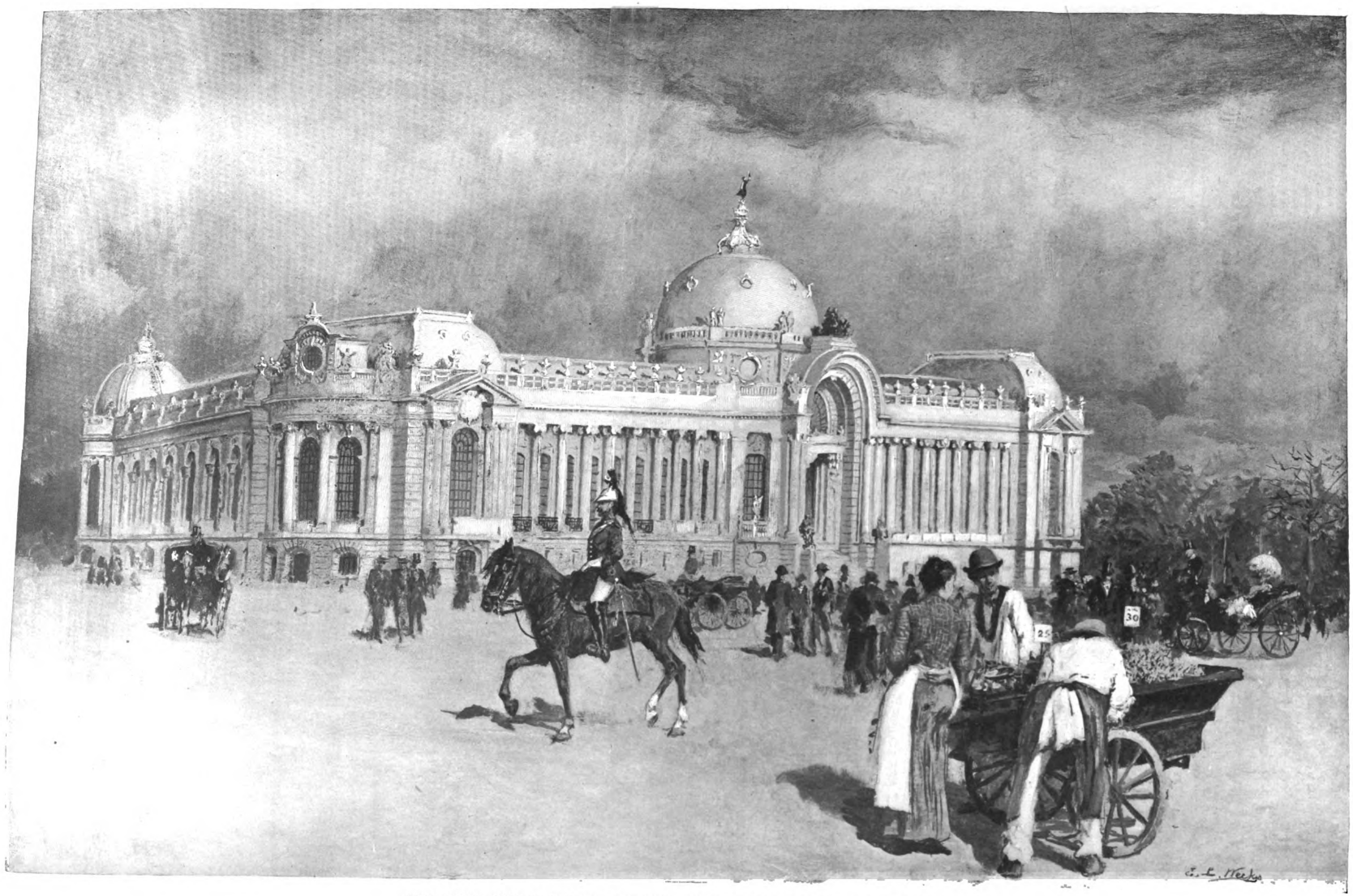


THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—BRIDGE ALEXANDER III.—DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

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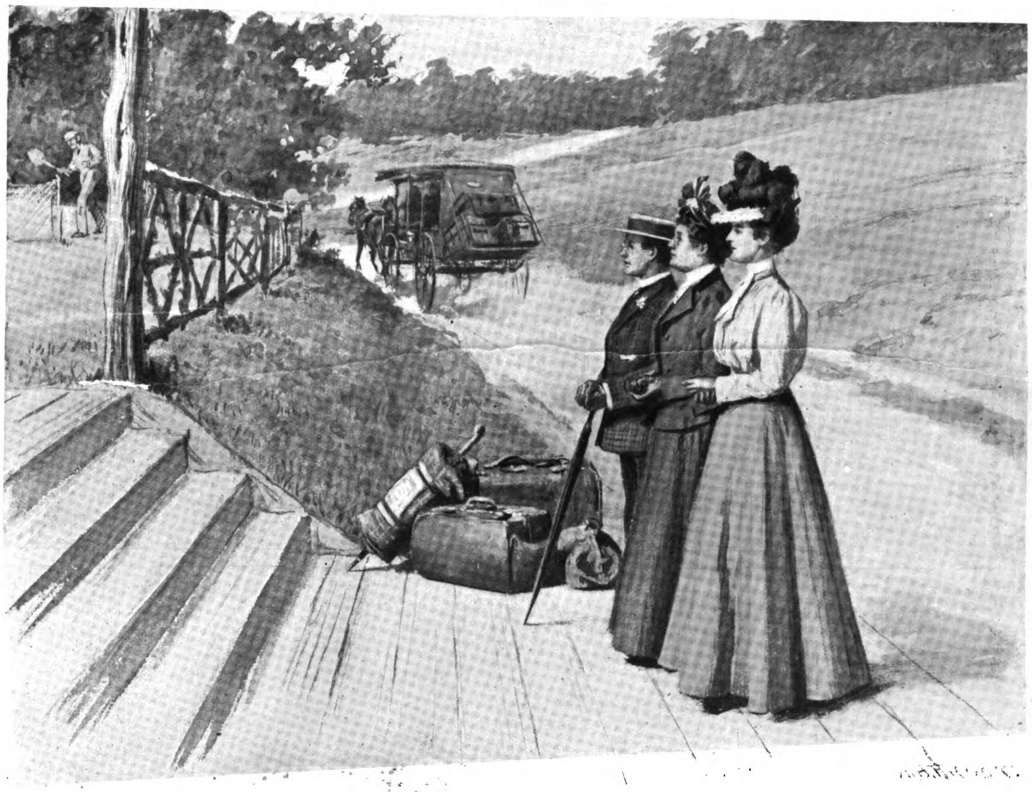
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THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—THE SMALLER PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS
DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS —[SEE PAGE 646.]

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

### I.—THE DAWN OF A WEDDING-JOURNEY.

MR. and Mrs. Hector Archibald were prosperous and happy dwellers in a suburb of one of our large towns. Fortune had favored them in many ways—in health and in a good average happiness. They had reached early middle age, and their daughter Kate, their only child, had grown up to be a beautiful and good young woman, and was on the point of marrying a young lawyer—Rodney Bringhurst by name—in every way worthy of her.

Hector Archibald was a little man, with small bright eyes, and hair slightly touched with gray and very much inclined to curl. His disposition was lively. He had a strong liking for cheerful occurrences, and was always willing to do his part in the bringing about of such events. Novelty had a charm for him. He was not bound by precedence and tradition, and if he had found himself at a dinner which began with coffee and ended with oysters on the half-shell, he would have given the unusual meal a most animated consideration, although he might have utterly withheld any subsequent approbation. As a general thing, he revolved in an orbit where one might always be able to find him, were the proper calculations made. But if any one drew a tangent for him, and its direction seemed suitable and interesting, he was perfectly willing to fly off upon it.

The disposition of Mrs. Hector Archibald was different. She was born to be guided by customs, fashions, and forms. She believed it was the duty of a married woman to make her home happy, and she did it. But she also believed that in the best domestic circles there were rules and usages for domestic happiness which would apply to every domestic condition and contingency. It frequently troubled her, however, to find that certain customs, forms, or usages of domestic society had changed, and being of a conservative turn of mind, it was difficult for her to adapt herself to these changes. But, thoroughly loyal to the idea that what was done by people she loved and people she respected ought also to be done by her, she earnestly strove to fit herself to new conditions, especially when she saw that by not doing so she would be out of touch with her family and her friends.

Now of course the wedding of their daughter was the only thing in the world that seemed of real importance to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, and for this all preparations and plans had been agreed upon and made with great good-will and harmony, excepting one thing, and that was the wedding-trip. Strange to say, the young people did not wish to take a wedding-trip. They believed that this old-fashioned custom was unnecessary, troublesome, commonplace, and stupid. In the gardens and grounds of the Archibald mansion, and in the beautiful surrounding country, they had loved each other as lovers, and among these scenes they wished to begin to love each other as a married couple. Why should such distasteful and unpleasant ingredients as railroad cars, steamboats, and hotels be dashed into the pleasing mixture of their new lives? It had been arranged that for a year or two, at least, they should live in Kate's dear old home, and why should they not immediately begin that life there?

Mr. Archibald did not favor this plan, and his wife was strongly opposed to it. A wedding without a wedding-trip ought not to be thought of.

"During the honey-moon a young couple should live for each other, with each other, apart from the rest of the world. It is a beautiful custom, which should not be rudely trampled upon," said Mrs. Archibald.

As Mrs. Archibald cherished a belief that she ought to conform her ideas to the domestic customs of the day, her daughter Kate cherished the belief that the domestic customs of the day ought to conform themselves to her ideas.

"Of course we should like to be alone in the honey-moon," she exclaimed. "We don't object to that; and if there must be a wedding-journey, you and father can take it and we will stay here. Here are servants, books, things to eat, and everything our hearts can desire, and here we would really feel as if we were beginning life as man and wife. As for you two, you both need a vacation, and nothing could be more perfectly appropriate and more delightful to everybody than that you should take our wedding-trip. We don't want it; we will make it a present to you. Go, take it and be happy, and leave us here to be happy. People have done this sort of thing before, so that it is not absolutely wild and unheard of."

Mr. Archibald welcomed this plan with open arms, and hugged it and his daughter to his breast. It suited him admirably, and he declared that all business and engagements of every kind should be set aside, and that he would be ready to start on the wedding-journey with Mrs. Archibald the moment the ceremony should be completed.

"You will wait until the reception is over, father?" said Kate, laughing.

"Yes," said he, "I will wait for that."

But this novel proposition sent a chill through every fibre of Mrs. Archibald's physical organism. At first she did not exactly comprehend it, but when she did, the chills increased. When she had recovered herself a little she began to make objections. This was easy enough, for they crowded into her mind like sheep into a pen; but every objection, as she brought it forth, was ruthlessly set aside or crushed to earth by her daughter or her husband, assisted by her expectant son-in-law, of whom she declared she never would have believed such a thing had she been told it.

The discussion ended, of course, by Mrs. Archibald agreeing to go on this absurd wedding-journey. But the good lady's mental troubles were not over when she had given her consent. As this scheme had been devised by those dearest to her on earth, and as it was certain, these dearest persons assured her, to meet with the approbation of all people of advanced thought—at least of those whose thought had advanced far enough to make it worthy of consideration—she felt that in taking part in this scheme she ought to do it honestly and with her whole heart; and at her time of life, to act as a proxy for a young bride by taking a wedding-journey in that young bride's place was a very difficult thing for Mrs. Archibald to do honestly and with her whole heart. But she would try to do it. Whatever else happened, her family must be kept happy, and it should never be said of her that she hung like a millstone around the combined neck of that family when it was unitedly climbing toward altitudes of felicity, which, although she was not able to discern them, must exist, since that fact had been so earnestly insisted upon by Mr. Archibald, Kate, and Rodney Bringhurst.

Thus was this exceptional hymeneal performance decided upon. At eleven o'clock on Wednesday, the 6th of June, the marriage service was performed. At noon the guests sat down to breakfast, and at two o'clock that afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hector Archibald departed on the wedding-trip, leaving behind Mr. and Mrs. Bringhurst at home with each other, and "not at home" to the world.

### II.—ENTER MARGERY.

AT four o'clock on the afternoon of June 6 Mr. and Mrs. Hector Archibald arrived at a family hotel in the capital of their State. Where they should go from there had not been decided upon. Nothing in regard to their wedding-journey had been decided upon except that they were to return to their home on the 6th of July of that year, and not before. It would have been impossible, with their minds filled with bridal arrangements, for them to make plans for their journey. But at this first stopping-place, where they were free from all responsibility and interruptions, they could, at their leisure, decide where they should go, how they should go, and what they should do when they got there.

After the unrest and turmoil of their own home during the past few weeks, the quiet and repose of this city hotel were delightful. That evening they went to the theatre, and after the performance they had a little supper at a restaurant.

"People may not think we are a newly married pair,"

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said Mr. Archibald, as he poured out a glass of wine for his wife, "but it is not impossible that they may see we know how to enjoy ourselves quite as much as if we were."

The next morning Mr. Archibald procured a number of railroad maps, time-tables, circulars of steamboat excursions, advertisements of mountain retreats and seaside resorts, and he and his wife sat down to study these, and to decide upon a destination and a route. After an hour or two of indeterminate examination Mr. Archibald declared himself a little tired, and proposed that they should take a recess from their labors and go and call upon their old friends the Stanley Dearborns.

"People on wedding-tours do not make calls," said Mrs. Archibald.

"That may be true," said her husband, "in ordinary cases; and although I do not care to announce to everybody the peculiarities of the expedition which we have undertaken, I do not mind in the least telling the Stanley Dearborns all about it. Stanley himself would not appreciate it; he would consider it absurd; but then he is not at home at this time of day, and Mrs. Dearborn is just the woman to enjoy a reform movement of this sort. Besides, she is full of ideas about everything, and she may propose some good place for us to go to."

Mrs. Dearborn was at home, and very glad to see the Archibalds. She was a woman whose soul was in touch with the higher education of women—with female suffrage, the emancipation of the enslaved mind wherever it might be found, and of progress generally. She was a member of many societies, belonged to committees without end, wrote reports and minutes by day and by night, and was one of that ever-increasing class of good people who continually walk forward in order that their weight may help the world to turn over.

In spite of her principles and the advanced position of her thought, Mrs. Dearborn actually leaned back in her chair and laughed heartily when she learned what sort of a journey the Archibalds were taking. In this merriment Mr. Archibald joined with great glee.

"Ever since I left home," he said, "I have wanted to have a chance for a good laugh at this trip of ours. It is the most delightful joke I have ever known."

Mrs. Archibald could not help smiling, but her brow was clouded. "If this expedition is merely a joke," she said, "I do not think we should have undertaken it; but if it is an earnest assertion of our belief that there should be a change in the customs of society, then I think we should take it seriously, and I see nothing to laugh at."

"My dear Harriet," said Mrs. Dearborn, "we can be good and glad at the same time; and that is what I am, I am sure. What you are doing is the initiation of one of the most worthy reforms of the day, and if it should have an effect in breaking up that wretched custom of the bridal tramp, which is considered so necessary in this country, society should rise up and call you blessed. But it is funny, for all that. I am sure that the woman who dared to go without crinoline was very funny, and when I heard of a hospital for cats I could not help laughing; but I believed in it, and worked for it. And now where are you going?"

"That is what we want to talk to you about," said Mr. Archibald; and for half an hour they talked about it.

At the end of that time it was decided that the mountains were better than the sea or than a quiet lowland nook; and Mrs. Dearborn strongly recommended Sadler's, where she and her husband had spent a part of a summer a few years before.

"We camped out," said she, "and had a fine time. You can camp out at Sadler's more easily and satisfactorily than anywhere else in the world."

Camping suited Mr. Archibald admirably, and, to his surprise, his wife said she might like it very well.

"If people are going to laugh at us," she said, "when they find out we are on a wedding-journey—and they will be sure to find it out in some way or other—I think the fewer people we mingle with the better. I do not think I shall like camping altogether, but I know it is healthful, and I suppose I ought to get used to it. It would be dreadfully lonely for just Mr. Archibald and me, but I suppose we can take some one with us to guide and cook."

"My dear Harriet," said Mrs. Dearborn, "if you are at Sadler's, you can go into any sort of camp you please. I will tell you all about Sadler's. Sadler is a man of progress. His hotel or inn is on the very edge of the forest country, and away from all the centres of resort. He calls his place the terminal link of public travel in that direction. When you leave him you travel privately in any way you like. He has established what he has named a bureau of camping, and he furnishes his patrons with any sort of a camp they may desire. If the party is few in number and of a timid disposition, they can have a camp within shouting distance of his house. If they are brave and adventurous, he will send them out into the depths of the forest. If they like water, he locates them by the shores of a lake. If climbing is their passion, he puts them at the foot of a mountain. Those who want to hunt can do so, and those who dislike fire-arms are placed in a camp where the popping of guns is never heard. He provides tents, guides, provisions, and even dangers and sensations."

"Safety is what I want," interrupted Mrs. Archibald.

"And that he furnishes," said the other, "for those who desire it."

"Sadler is the man for me!" cried Mr. Archibald. "We will go to him, look over his list of camps, and select one to suit us."

"By-the-way," said Mrs. Dearborn, "a thought has struck me. How would you like to take Margery with you?"

"Margery!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald. "That delightful little girl whom I taught to ride a tricycle when you were visiting us? I would like it ever so much."

It struck Mrs. Archibald that people on bridal trips did not generally take children or young girls with them, but it also struck her that if they were going into camp it might be pleasant and in many ways advantageous to her to have some one of her own sex with her; but she had no time to formulate these advantages in her mind before Mrs. Dearborn explained herself in full.

"Since Mr. Dearborn and I came home from Sadler's," she said, "Margery has been perfectly wild to go there, and as soon as the leaves began to bud in the squares she began to talk about it. We saw no possible chance of her going there, for her father is too busy to leave home for any length of time this season, and I cannot go to the mountains this year, for I must visit my sister, who is not well, and there are three summer conventions that I am obliged to attend. But if you could take her with you, I do not believe she would trouble you in the least, and you would give her the greatest of pleasures; and, to speak practically, which I think we always ought to do, it would not be a bad thing on the score of economy, for things are always proportionately cheaper for three people in a camp than for two."

A great many advantages of female companionship now began to creep into Mrs. Archibald's mind: if her husband should take it into his head to go out and hunt at night by the light of a torch; if there should be thunderstorms, and he away with the guide; if he should want to go off and talk to Indians or trappers, and he always did want to go off and talk to people of every class—it would be very pleasant to have even Margery Dearborn with her. So she consented with great good-will to her friend's proposition, and Mrs. Dearborn was much pleased and thankful.

"Margery is a true creature of impulse," she said; "that is really her predominating characteristic, and she will want to bound to the ceiling when she hears she is to go to Sadler's. She is not at home now, but she will be in very soon. You must take luncheon with us."

About a quarter of an hour after that Margery Dearborn came home. She was very glad indeed to see the Archibalds, whom she remembered as the kindest of people; and when she heard they were going to take her to Sadler's, she gave a scream of delight and threw herself upon Mrs. Archibald's neck.

"You are an angel," she cried, "an angel of blessedness, my dear Aunt Harriet! Don't you remember, I used to call you that? Won't you let me call you so still?" And without waiting for an answer, she rushed to Mr. Archibald, with outstretched hands. "Dear Uncle Archibald, you are just as good as ever, I see. You know, I wouldn't call you Uncle Hector, because hectoring meant scolding, which never had anything to do with you. Sadler's! Oh, when do we start?"

"To-morrow is Saturday," replied Mr. Archibald, "and we must get together some things we will need for camp life, and we can start on Monday."

When the visitors were left to themselves for a few moments, Mr. Archibald said to his wife: "Harriet, I am astounded. This girl who used to ride bareback and jump over fences is a young lady now, and a handsome one, too. She is quite a different person from the girl I agreed to take with us."

"Mr. Archibald," said his wife, "you never can remember that in this world people of all ages grow older. She was fourteen when she was visiting us, and that was four years ago, so of course she is a young lady."

"No," he answered, "I don't feel that I am growing any older, and I don't see that you are, and so I totally forget that proclivity in other people. But what do you think now? Can we take this young woman with us to camp? Won't she be a dreadful drag?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Archibald, "I much prefer the young lady to the girl. I don't want to be the only woman in camp, and the nearer the other woman is to my age the better."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald; "if you are satisfied, I am, and if she will agree to it, we will add our ages for the time being and divide by three, and then we will all stand on a level."

### III.—SADLER'S.

It was in the afternoon of Monday, the 11th of June, when Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, accompanied by Miss Margery Dearborn, arrived at Sadler's, and with feelings of relief alighted from the cramped stage-coach which had brought them eight miles from the railroad station.

"Can this be Sadler's?" said Mr. Archibald, in a tone of surprise.

"Of course it must be," said his wife, "since they brought us here."

"It certainly is the place," said Margery, "for there is the name over that door."

"How do you feel about it?" said Mr. Archibald to his wife.

"I feel very well about it," said she. "Why shouldn't I?"

"How do you feel about it?" he asked of the younger lady.

"Well," she answered, "I don't exactly understand it. I had visions of forests and wilds and tumbling mountain streams and a general air of primevalism, and I am surprised to see this fine hotel with piazzas, and croquet-grounds, and tennis-courts, and gravelled walks, and babies in their carriages, and elderly ladies carrying sunshades."

"But it seems to me that there is a forest behind it," said Mr. Archibald.

"Yes," replied Margery, a little dolefully, "it has that to back it up."

"Don't let us stand here at the bottom of the steps talking," said Mrs. Archibald. "I must say I am very agreeably surprised."

In the wide hall which ran through the middle of the hotel, and not far from the clerk's desk, there sat a large handsome man, a little past middle age, who, in a hearty voice, greeted the visitors as they entered, but without rising from his chair. This was Peter Sadler, the owner of the hotel, the legal owner of a great deal of the neighboring country, and the actual ruler of more of said country than could be easily marked out upon a map or stated in surveyors' terms.

In fact, Peter Sadler was king of that portion of the vast district of mountain and forest which could be reached in a day's journey in any direction. If he had wished to extend his domain to points at a greater distance than this he would have done so, but so far he was satisfied with the rights he had asserted. He ruled supreme in that region because he had lived longer in the vicinity than any other white man, because he had a powerful will which did not brook opposition, and because there was no one to oppose him.

On the arable land which lay outside of the forest, and which really belonged to him, there were the houses of the men who farmed his fields, and on the outskirts of the woods were scattered here and there the cabins of the hunters and guides he employed, and these men knew no law but his will. Of course the laws of the State covered the district, but such promulgation and enforcement of these as he might consider necessary were generally left to Peter Sadler, and as to his own laws, he was always there to see that these were observed.

His guests submitted themselves to his will, or they left his hotel very soon. To people of discernment and judgment it was not difficult to submit to the will of this full-bearded, broad-chested man, who knew so much better than they did what they ought to do if they wanted to get all the good out of Sadler's which they were capable of assimilating.

This man, who sat all day in a big rolling-chair, and who knew everything that was going on in the hotel, the farm, and the forest about him, had been a hunter and a guide in his youth, an Indian-fighter in later years, and when he had been wounded in both legs, so that it was impossible for him ever to walk again, he came back to the scenes of his youth and established an inn for sportsmen—a poor little house at first, which grew and grew and grew, until it was the large well-kept hotel so widely known by his name.

After dinner, at which meal they were waited upon by women, and not by men in evening dress as Margery had begun to fear, Mr. Archibald sought Peter Sadler and made known to him the surprise of his party at finding themselves in this fine hotel.

"What did you expect?" asked Peter, eying him from head to foot.

"From what we had heard," replied the other, "we supposed we should find some sort of a preparatory camping-ground in the woods, from which we could go out and have a camp of our own."

"That's just what you have found," said Sadler. "In this house you prepare to camp, if you need preparation. If any man, woman, or child comes here and wants to go out to camp, and I see that they are sickly or weak or in any way not fit to live in the woods, I don't let them go one step until they are fit for it. The air and the food and the water they get here will make them fit, if anything will do it, and if these three things don't set them up they simply have to go back where they came from. They can't go into camp from this house. But if they fancy this hotel—and there isn't any reason why anybody shouldn't fancy it—they can stay here as long as they like, and I'll take care of them. Now, sir, if you want to go into camp, the first thing for you to do is to bring your family here and let me take a look at them. I've seen them, of course, but I haven't made up my mind yet whether they are the right sort for camp life. As for you, I think you will do. There isn't much of you, but you look tough."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "That's good rough talk," he said, "and smacks more of camp life than anything I have noticed here. I will go and bring my wife and Miss Dearborn."

"There is another reason why I want to see them," said the bluff Peter; "as you are bent on camping, you'll like to choose a camp, and when anything of that kind is on hand I want to talk to the whole party. I don't care to settle the business with one of them, and then have him come back and say that what has been agreed upon don't suit the others. I want a full meeting or no session."

When Mr. Archibald returned with his wife and Margery he found Peter Sadler had rolled his chair up to a large circular table at the back of the hall, on which was spread a map of the forest. He greeted the ladies in a loud voice and with a cheery smile.

"And so you want to go camping, do you?" said he. "Sit down and let us talk it over. I think the young lady is all right. She looks spry enough, and I expect she could eat pine cones like a squirrel if she were hungry and had nothing else. As for you, madam, you don't appear as if anything in particular was the matter with you, and I should think you could stand a Number Three camp well enough, and be all the better for a week or two of it."

"What is a Number Three camp?" asked Margery, before the astonished Mrs. Archibald could speak.

"Well," said Sadler, "it is a camp with a good deal of comfort in it. Our Number One camps are pretty rough. They are for hunters and scientific people. We give them game enough in season, and some bare places where they can make fires and stretch a bit of canvas. That is all they want, to have a truly good time. That is the best camp of all, I think. Number Two camps are generally for fishermen. They always want a chance for pretty good living when they are out in the woods. They stay in camp in the evenings, and like to sit around and have a good time. Number Threes are the best camps we put families into, so you see, madam, I'm rating you pretty high. There's always a log cabin in these camps, with cots and straw mattresses and plenty of traps for cooking. And, more than that, there is a chance for people who don't tramp or fish to do things, such as walking or boating, according to circumstances. There's one of our camps has a croquet-ground."

"Oh, we don't want that!" cried Margery; "it would simply ruin every illusion that is left to me."

"Glad to hear that," said Peter. "If you want to play croquet, stay at the hotel; that's what I say. Now, then, here are the camps, and there's plenty of them to choose from. You've come in a good time, for the season isn't fairly begun yet. Next month every camp will be full, with the hotel crowded with people waiting for their turns."

"What we want," said Margery, rising and looking over the map, "is the wildest Number Three you have."

"Oh, ho!" said Peter. "Not so fast, miss; perhaps we'll wait and see what this lady has to say first. If I'm not mistaken, madam, I think you're inclined the other way, and I don't put people into camps that they will be wanting to leave after the first rainy day. Now let me show you what I've got. Here is one, four hours' walk, horses for women, with a rocky stream through the middle of it!"

"That is grand!" cried Margery. "And really in the woods?"

"Now let me do the talking," said Peter. "They are all in the woods; we don't make camps in pasture-fields. Even the Number Sevens, where the meals are sent to the campers from the hotel and they have bath-tubs, are in the woods. Now here is another one, about three miles west from the one I just showed you, but the same distance from here. This, you see, is on the shore of a

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se, with fishing, boating, and bathing if ou can stand cold water."

"Glorious!" cried Margery. "That is exctly what we want. A lake will be simply avenly!"

"Everything seems to suit you, miss," id Peter, "just as soon as you hear of it. it suppose we consider more of them beore you choose. Some two miles north of re, in the thickest of the forest, in a clearg that I had made, there is a small camp at strikes the fancy of some people. There a little stream there, and it's got fish in it o, and it runs through one corner of the g cabin, so there are seven or eight feet the stream inside the house; and on rainy ys you can sit there and fish; and some ople like to go to sleep with the running ter gurgling close to them where they n hear it when they are in bed. Then ere's an owl to this camp. The men heard m there when they were making the clearg, and he's never left the spot. Some peoe who have been out there said they never lt as much away from the world as they d listening to that little stream gurgling d that owl hooting."

"I believe," exclaimed Margery, "that in place like that I could write poetry!"

"It would give me the rheumatism and e blues," said Mrs. Archibald, upon which ter Sadler exclaimed:

"That settles that. Now then, here is other."

Several other camps were considered, but was the general conclusion that the one the lake was the most desirable. It had good cabin with three rooms, with plenty open space near by for the tents of the ides; there was a boat which belonged to e camp, and in every way it seemed so itable that Mr. Archibald secured it. He ought the price was rather high, but as it cluded guides, provisions, fishing-tackle, d in fact everything needed, he considered at although it might cost as much as dgings in a city hotel, they would get ore good out of it.

"Has this camp any name?" asked the thusiastic Margery, in the course of the nference.

"That's about your twenty-seventh quesn, miss," said Peter, "but it's one I can swer. Yes, it's got a name. It's called amp Rob."

"Oh!" ejaculated Margery, in a disappinted tone. "What a name!"

"Yes," said Peter, "it isn't much of a me. The first people who went out there med it that, and it stuck to it, and it's all s got. Camps are like horses—we've got tell them apart, and so we give them mes, and that's Camp Rob."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A PAINTER OF SYMBOLISM.

It seems strange to associate the work and rsonality of the late Sir Edward Coley urne-Jones with the busy, practical nineenth century, to which he seemed foreign every way. His compositions, his technque, and the life of the man himself were r removed from the times in which he ved, while his thoughts, inspirations, and ethods were quite apart from those which tuated his contemporaries. He was somew a survival, or perhaps a resurrection, of a bygone age, and he belonged back four hundred years. Not that Burne-Jones was behind his times, or that his work was lacking. On the contrary, he was in the front rank of his profession; he stood the test of the most severe criticism; he lived to down opposition to his work, and he died appreciated as few of his countrymen have been; and throughout his career, even when the general public had little comprehension of his aims and ambitions, he never for a moment lacked for practical approbation, holding always a faithful *clientèle* which secured his work not only willingly, but gratefully, at large prices.

As if further to accentuate the incongruity of this fifteenth-century dreamer appearing in nineteenth-century times, Burne-Jones was born in 1833, in Birmingham—most mercantile, busiest, and most modern of all English cities. Destined for the Church, he found himself reading theology at Exeter College in 1856, when Rossetti, Morris, and Princeps were painting the Arthurian frescoes on the walls of the Oxford Union debating-room. He had previously worked at sketching, and in his odd moments had found time to give artistic expression to a mind that was teeming with poetic thoughts. He was attracted by the personality and the painting of Rossetti, and to him he submitted his work. The latter approving, Burne-Jones then and there gave up his university course, and henceforth devoted himself to art. He was practically self-taught, though his intimacy with Rossetti resulted in his receiving many criticisms. In connection with other pictorial work, he began almost at once making designs for stained glass, and here his feeling for beauty, symbolism, and the intellectual rendering of legend, religious subject, and poetry found sympathetic outlet, and ever since these have been the themes that have actuated his labors.

He found himself at once in sympathy with the primitive Italians, and he was drawn most of all to Botticelli, who, though he never copied, was his evident inspiration. The types of femininity, the draperies, and the general sentiment of the works of the great Florentine attracted him and held him fascinated. But his men and women were his own, after all. The arrangements were original, and the color, less alluring, it must be admitted, was personal, and, in a way, all

(*Continued on page 652.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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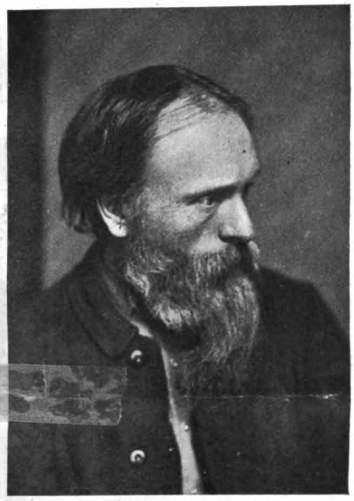
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SIR EDWARD COLEY BURNE-JONES.

(*Continued from page 651.*)

were filtered through the sturdier temperament of the Anglo-Saxon. Elected to the Royal Academy, he later resigned because he deplored the unfairness that excluded many capable men from membership, and for years he held aloof from exhibitions, reappearing only when Sir Coutts Lindsay opened the famous Grosvenor Gallery. His work at once provoked criticism, favorable and otherwise, and the public came in droves to see it. There came to be a Burne-Jones vogue, his disciples came in for sarcasm, and the pictures for ridicule. Mr. Gilbert's lines in "Patience,"

A greenery, yallery, Grosvenor Gallery, foot-in-the-grave young man,

were on everybody's tongue.

But he survived the ridicule, and he became the most appreciated English artist of his time. Only within a few weeks "The Mirror of Venus," an important example of his work, sold at public auction in London for $27,850, a substantial evidence of his popularity. The Queen made him a baronet in 1894, and for years he was associated with the house of William Morris, the decorator and printer, making illustrations for some of the books that came from the Kelmscott Press. In France he was thoroughly appreciated, and many of the symbolist painters there have adopted his ideas, though his technique was less appealing to the Frenchmen. He lived quietly and unostentatiously in West Kensington in a house once occupied by Samuel Richardson, and he painted with little regard for aught save his art. Living, he embodied within his art the charms of scholarship, temperament, and poetry; dying, he has left behind many beautiful and intellectually wrought canvases that add lustre and renown to the nineteenth-century output of English art.

ARTHUR HOEBER.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 635.*)

Direct cable communication has been established between the United States and Guantanamo Bay, where our marines and war-ships are now in control of land and water.

*Wednesday, June 22.*—Two memorable despatches, sent from Playa del Este, the new station on the Cuban coast, midway between Santiago and Guantanamo, reached Washington. The first, addressed to the Secretary of War, was received this afternoon. It reads:

OFF BAIQUIRI, CUBA, *June 22.*

Landing at Baiquiri this afternoon successful. Very little, if any resistance.

SHAFTER.

The second, to the Secretary of the Navy, came in the evening, and is as follows:

PLAYA DEL ESTE, *June 22, 1898—6.50 P. M.*

Landing army progressing favorably at Baiquiri. There was very little resistance. The *New Orleans, Detroit, Castine, Wasp,* and *Suwanee* shelled vicinity before landing. Made a demonstration at Cabañas to engage attention of the enemy. The *Texas* engaged west battery for some hours. She had one man killed. Ten submarine mines have been recovered from the channel of Guantanamo. Communication by telegraph has been established at Guantanamo.

SAMPSON.

Baiquiri is an anchorage sixteen miles in a direct line from the city of Santiago de Cuba.

A full report from the surgeon who, as medical officer attached to the *Solace,* with Admiral Sampson's fleet, speaks with authority of the nature of the wounds received in the four days' fight between our marines at Camp McCalla and the Spaniards, has been forwarded to Surgeon-General Van Reypen of the navy. This report includes a definite statement that the corpses were not mutilated. Severe wounds made by Mauser rifle-balls were supposed to have had another cause; and this misjudgment found its way both into reports from Camp McCalla and into Admiral Sampson's despatch—as recorded in the "Diary" last week.

General Duffield and four battalions of his brigade left Camp Alger for Santiago de Cuba. The forwarding of re-enforcements to Shafter has begun.

*Thursday, June 23.*—The Monitor *Monadnock* and the collier *Nero* sailed for Manila to re-enforce Dewey.

Re-enforcement for Augustin is also well under way, if reliance may be placed upon despatches from Madrid, London, Algiers, and Gibraltar—all of which assert that Admiral Camara's squadron (transports carrying troops, convoyed by war-ships) is proceeding eastward towards Suez. In the Chamber of Deputies at Madrid, Prime-Minister Sagasta declared to-day that this squadron was bound for the Philippines. Our State Department has been informed that the squadron was sighted off the island of Pantellaria.

(*Continued on page 654.*)


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# AT NEW LONDON AGAIN.

## WITH A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE OF COLLEGE BOATING.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

FEW boat-races have owed less to fortune than that of 1898 at New London. Since the last race, at Poughkeepsie, we had discovered that, however gallant the navies of our colleges, our fighting navy is capable of putting up contests which are no less sportsmanlike and are much more engrossing. The statement causes a shock to university pride, but it is well to come out with it honestly. Even in the obsolete whaling-town at the mouth of the American Thames the effects of warfare were manifest. The harbor, it seems, is thoroughly mined, and there was an official whose duty it was to anchor collegiate yachts beyond the sphere of the explosives. The nutmeg towns-people whispered that he got fifty dollars a day for the job; and he was a greater man in consequence than the chairman of the New London Board of Trade, though not as great as the hotel-keepers who charged ten dollars a day for rooms. Because of these mines, and because of the state of war that occasioned them, the fleet of yachts was a mere handful, and grave fears were expressed for the success of the day. We had counted without our hosts. Three great universities, fountains of eternal youths, poured their streams into that quiet corner of Connecticut. The oldest living graduate, bathing in those streams, would have felt the weight of responsibility slipping from his shoulders. To be on the scene of so many conflicts, in the pleasant old town at the mouth of our Thames, after years of exile at Poughkeepsie, was like an excursion to the land of one's youth. Be it known that the "Pequot Sewer" is still the cup that cheers. At least, the undergraduates cheered. And when at midnight the graduates conveyed their years and dignity to those same old Pequot bedrooms, the cheering kept on and banished sleep, or made it tardy in coming. That was not the worst of it. Morning had scarcely dawned when the eternal youths bubbled forth with vigor unimpaired. A pair of blinds was banged open, and the graduates were aroused by a raucous cry of "Wake up, fellows, wake up! Here's a bright new day that hasn't been *touched* yet!"

It was a bright new day, but its promise was false. A wreck on the railroad delayed the special trains from New York, and, to say nothing of the agony of belated graduates from New York, the event proved an irremediable blow to the industrious reporter who had already despatched a "picturesque story" of their arrival on time. The lateness of the trains delayed the race until a thunder-storm arrived; and—to say nothing of a drenched observation train, the tragedy of ruined costumes, and the fidgeting of anxious oarsmen—the industrious reporter on the press-boat was unable to get ashore to arrest his picturesque story of a fair day and the crews well off. At seven o'clock, when the conditions were perfect except for a spatter of rain, the race could not be rowed because the buoys marking the course had been blown over, and darkness fell before they could be righted. For the first time in the memory of the oldest living graduate, the race was postponed a day.

Yet the fountain of eternal youths bubbled on. Their gayety was caught up even by the brand-new waiters at the brand-new Mohican Hotel. "Two table-d'hôte *diners* for t'ree dollairs," they repeated glibly to every new diner; "and you can have all you get, eef you can eat eet." This was of course a badly twisted version of the gibe of some eternal youth, for the main question was whether you could get it. At least, the few who were able to get it seemed able to eat it. That night at the Crocker House bar the eternal youths became a torrent. The Yale men in the Connecticut Naval Reserve brought on a party of their comrades from New Haven, and the fighting navy cheered the navy of peace. There were also what on a first glance you would have thought the crew of a New London whaler—sou'-westers and tarpaulings scattered everywhere. A second glance revealed duck trousers beneath the tarpauling greatcoat, or a straw hat with brilliant hat-band above it, and between the sou'wester jacket and hat a pair of academic eye-glasses and a cigarette. The drenched masses from the observation train, after exhausting the umbrellas of the town, had sacked the shops of the nautical outfitters on Bank Street. The mingling of college yells was as bewildering as the mingling of costumes. A cheer that began as a good straight frog chorus from New Haven would end up with a long C-o-r-n-e-l-l; and three long Harvards would end with a mighty Y-a-l-e. A solitary Princeton man, who gave a tiger for old Nassau all by himself in a corner, was soon surrounded by a throng of diverse partisans, who mixed a Princeton cheer with Cornell, Yale, and Harvard. Finally a Yale football guard, in a spasm of magnanimity, commanded "Nine long Harvards, with nothing t'hell at the end but Harvard." That finished things for the ancient graduates, and they slunk away from the students that cheered, with a very sober realization of their antiquity. They had suspected all along that New London was a better place to go to than Poughkeepsie, but they had not really known it until they saw how those eternal youths touched a new day in all the old resorts, in spite of its false promise of brightness.

The story of the race is sufficiently plain in the official times:

| | Cornell. | Yale. | Harvard. |
|---|---|---|---|
| One-half mile | 2.43 | 2.44 | 2.48 |
| One mile | 5.39 | 5.45 | 5.54 |
| One and one-half miles | 8.41 | 8.45 | 9.01 |
| Two miles | 11.37 | 11.45 | 12.02 |
| Two and one-half miles | 14.43 | 14.55 | 15.15 |
| Three miles | 17.43 | 17.59 | 18.23 |
| Three and one-half miles | 20.32 | 20.42 | 21.12 |
| Four miles | 23.48 | 24.02 | 24.35 |

Harvard was behind at the start, and in spite of one or two attempts to rally, gradually lost ground. Her position, so far as the stream is concerned, was the best of the three; but it was obvious from the press-boat that she was handicapped by the wind and water, both of which she felt most severely, especially in the third mile. The eight stopped rowing before the finish, some ten lengths behind Yale, and drifted over the line. The position of the crew at the finish is a fair index of its performance. The course rowed was a series of arabesques, and the coxswain lost badly at the stakes marking the turns. The oarsmanship was by no means finished, and the rowing lacked power. Of course there are explanations. Kernan, at No. 2, had been substituted in the last fortnight of practice, and never really got together with the rest. And the material, though carefully sifted from the class crews, was far beneath the average of previous years. Before the race Mr. Lehmann told me that all the men in the boat, except Perkins, who was too heavy, were ideal bow oars. After the race I think he might have omitted the "ideal."

The work of the Yale crew would, in any previous year at New London, have been called superb. The only thing the matter with it was that it was matched against rowing in which the most expert critic could scarcely find a fault. Its position between Harvard and Cornell was the second choice, so far as the stream was concerned, and the heavy wind and rough water were fitted to a crew averaging 170 pounds, and were precisely what Yale men had been hoping for. It rowed the stroke it had been taught, rowed it well, and with the courage in adversity which has always characterized Yale teams; and the strength and physical condition of the crew were such that, with the exception of bow, whose head dropped for a moment on his oar after the finish, none of the men showed signs of distress. If they were inferior to Cornell in oarsmanship, the difference was perceptible, for the most part, only to old oarsmen. The leading crews rowed thirty-two strokes to the minute—and Harvard too, for that matter—except on a spurt, when the stroke went up a peg or two. As Yale and Cornell rowed almost equally well, the difference between the two crews was probably in the power that went into each stroke. It was merely a matter of vitality. The Yale men, five of whom were from the Freshmen crew of last season, averaged nineteen and five-eighths years old—two years less than Cornell. They had not the same nervous energy to put into the stroke, and they were not so well able to stand the strain of the race. The defect is one that time may remedy, and all the best men in the boat have a year or two more to row, whereas four of the Cornell men are to graduate this year, and three of them next.

The Cornell crew had third choice of positions, and was forced to begin the race in shallow water. According to an interview published in a New York newspaper, the crew considered that this cost it the equivalent of several boat-lengths. Yet from the press-boat it was manifest that in both wind and water it had a great advantage, and in view of the fact that the men averaged nine and a half pounds less than Yale, this advantage must have made considerable difference. The Harvard crew, which was of about the same weight as Cornell, must have suffered far more from the weather conditions than it gained from its first choice of course. Yet no permutation of positions could have affected the order in which the crews finished, or detracted from the splendid achievement of the Cornell crew. Old oarsmen from Yale and from Harvard spoke with unqualified praise, and an old Oxford oarsmen told me that, so far as he could see, there was no single fault to find. Both in form and in dash the race was such as can be rowed only by men who have pulled together two and three years, who are at one with their coach, and who are inspired by loyalty and by love of their *alma mater*. There is no reason why such a crew, properly acclimatized, should not bring home the Grand Challenge Cup from Henley.

A notable feature of this very notable race is the fact that to accommodate three crews the old straightaway course was abandoned for a wider course which follows the bending of the ship channel. The straightaway course was narrow even for two crews, and in the very ancient days when Harvard used to get the lion's share of victory the Yale crew attributed defeat to the fact that it had been forced to row in the eel-grass of the shallows. On such occasions the leader of the Harvard Glee Club used to ask his men why the Harvard crew never got into the eel-grass, and they answered, in chorus, "There's only room for one!"—a refrain which was used with equal success to explain why the New Haven girls had only one foot in the grave. Those were rude times, unchivalrous and ungallant. It was to be hoped that the broad new course would obliterate the memory of them; but I tremble to think what might happen if an ambitious crew were beaten in the western path.

Perhaps the most interesting development of the season's rowing was with regard to the stroke. In times past the newspapers have been filled with criticisms and comparisons of various styles, crammed full of technical terms and considerations that filled a reader's soul with admiration. A few days of reporting at New London made me suspect that the sagacious critics had really done little more than rehash a mess of ill-assorted phrases, which it does credit to any man's intelligence not to understand. In the present season, at any rate, such discussions have little or no value. Mr. Cook, the Yale coach, told me that all three crews were rowing the same stroke. There had been a great deal of talk, he said, about an American stroke and an English stroke, and Cornell's victory last year was hailed as a product of home industry; but, in point of fact, the Cornell stroke differed only in minor details from the traditional Yale stroke, which was a close adaptation of the stroke Mr. Cook had observed, in the late seventies, during a study of English boating. The main differences between the English stroke and that rowed by Cornell and Yale were due to the different rigging of American shells—seats that all slide above the keelson instead of alternately on the opposite side of the boat from the outriggers, and swivel oarlocks instead of stationary thole pins. This stroke Cornell had learned at Henley and from watching the Yale crews. Mr. Cook was at one time inclined toward the traditional Courtney stroke, with its rapid leg-drive and absence of body-swing; but he soon returned to his first love. It is to be noted that in proportion as Mr. Courtney slowed down his time and lengthened the swing, the record time of his crews improved. Mr. Courtney stated to me that, so far as he had been able, he had kept this year's crew to the last year's stroke, and he makes no claim of originating its essential principles. Mr. Lehmann said that there were really only two ways to row, a good way and a bad way, and that the crews at New London were all rowing the good way. In a word, the intercourse between America and England during the last twenty-odd years has convinced our leading oarsmen that the principles of the English stroke are the correct ones, and they are agreed that it is best to stick to the English principles as far as the rigging of our boats will allow. The question of rigging, finally, I referred to Mr. Chase Mellen, who rowed four years on the excellent Brasenose crew at Oxford, and has since rowed, coached, and observed a decade or more in America. In his opinion, the differences in rigging were immaterial, so long as a crew kept to the long leg-drive and the long body-swing. The English stroke, whether adopted as at Harvard or adapted as at Cornell and Yale, is now generally approved, and is not likely soon to be forgotten. Certain variations, it is true, were to be observed in the Cornell boat. The men swung farther back than last year, and their recover began with more of a jerk than is usual in England, but I could not find that any one qualified to judge thought these features more than variations depending on the individuality of the coach. Mr. Courtney told me that he had not been aware of the fact that the stroke had varied from its last year's form until the fact was pointed out by returning graduates.

With the happy establishment of a uniform style at New London, there bid fair to be radical changes in the personnel of the coaches, at least at Yale and Harvard. During Mr. Cook's long and very successful leadership a school of young oarsmen has grown up that is more closely in sympathy with present undergraduate aims and intentions. For some years past there has been an effort to give these men a controlling voice in crew management. This year, I understand, the movement is reaching a head, and it is not unlikely that next spring will see a new man in charge of the crew. As far as I could make out, the choice is likely to lie between Mr. Alfred Cowles, of Chicago, and Dr. J. A. Hartwell, of New York. Dr. Hartwell is widely known as a football-player and a crew captain, and is, besides, a scholar of mark. If he undertakes the coaching, as Yale men think the more likely, the crew will have a man of strong personal popularity and strong power of leadership; and there is every reason to think that he will preserve all that is best in Yale rowing traditions.

At Harvard it is understood that Mr. Lehmann will not return. During his stay of two years, however, he has taught or has been the means of teaching scores of oarsmen the principles of good rowing, and there should be a number of men capable of carrying on his task. Mr. J. J. Storrow, captain of the winning crew of '85, has been his constant aide, and is not unlikely to be given command next year. It seems probable that he will be assisted by Mr. E. C. Storrow, '89, who had charge of this year's Freshman crew, and succeeded so well that his men, in spite of a recent fit of tonsillitis that visited the entire crew, came in only half a length behind the Yale, and well ahead of the Cornell Freshmen. In the past the vice of Harvard oarsmanship has been the absence of a settled style. An old oar who had rowed excellently in four defeated crews lately told me that he had learned four different strokes. Now that there is but one style at New London, and that a good one, a similar lack of consistency would be little short of maniacal. Whether Harvard accepts Lehmann's lieutenants, and whether she adheres to the English rigging, are matters of indifference compared with the fact that a stroke has been established which there is every reason to stick to. In spite of two years of sore defeat, Harvard men have seldom had more reason to hope the crews in the future will give a good account of the university.

The plans of Cornell for another year are in doubt only as regards the question of whether she will compete at New London. From her own point of view there are excellent reasons why she should not. In order to compete with Yale and Harvard at their natural and traditional meeting-place, she has to make a tedious and expensive journey—a journey which in time and in money is prohibitive to a vast majority of undergraduates. Then, too, in order to meet neighboring universities, that in other sports than rowing and in geographical position are her natural rivals, she has to row two hard races under the most trying circumstances. It is not strange that she should have been the champion of an American Henley at Poughkeepsie or at Saratoga; and the objection raised against the western course at New London has a smack of the old preference for a meeting in New York State.

That Yale and Harvard will consent to row again at Poughkeepsie or at Saratoga seems far from likely. The journey is almost as trying as that from Ithaca to New London, and the place lacks all the charm of tradition and atmosphere that cluster about the historic course. If the oarsmen I talked with at the recent race are at all representative of the feeling of their universities, the question of breaking with Cornell is merely a question of expediency. Each college seemed actually more eager that Cornell should be beaten than that its own boat should win. Apparently it was thought that a victory would make it easier to say good-by to the third crew.

The propriety of this feeling is open to question. The point at stake is not whether Cornell is a worthy opponent—of that there has been no doubt for years. It is whether the triple arrangement at New London is for the best interests of sportsmanship at Yale, Harvard, and Cornell. If it is not, and the best sense of all three universities seems to be that it is not, it is far better for Yale and Harvard to end relationships, now that Cornell has reached a top notch in her fortunes, than to take advantage of the failure of an off year. It seems more manly to say, You have shown yourself better in every race, and we covet the glory of a possible victory, but we have found that we care more about each other, and wish to

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eliminate every element that detracts from the spirit of our natural and traditional rivalry.

The experience of the past decade has shown that no one college is physically able to give its best dates to the worthiest opponents in all contests, and at the same time meet its traditional and natural rivals on even terms. For half a dozen years past the wisest advisers at both Yale and Harvard have favored a dual league. The trend of athletic development of late has made the dual league a virtual fact. Next fall, for the first time, Harvard is to be given the advantage over Princeton in the football dates, and it is possible that the athletic team will withdraw from the inter-collegiate games. It is not to be assumed that the parties to a dual league are to hold aloof from other colleges. The case is rather that games with other colleges are to be regarded as incidental and in a measure preparatory to the final game. A college will play all comers, so far as it is possible to do so without endangering the contest with a natural rival. In the same way, Oxford and Cambridge have always met all possible teams in cricket and the two games of football—many of them teams of distinct superiority—and have yet made such matches tributary to the inter-'varsity match.

This tendency toward concentrating athletic interests is by no means incompatible with the adoption of the Henley idea. At Poughkeepsie or Saratoga the thing that makes Henley Henley is physically impossible for most of the colleges that are expected to compete there. From Yale or Harvard the journey is expensive in both time and money; and once there, it is necessary to stay or to go back for good. In England it is possible to run up daily from London or Oxford, and, at a pinch, from Cambridge, and yet see all the races. For three or four pounds an English undergraduate can be at all three days of Henley and share all its pleasures. The first requisite for a regatta like Henley is that it shall draw its support from a small area. At Harvard and at Yale a movement is afoot that seems likely to end in augmenting the programme of races at New London, so that there will be several races a day during several days. At both colleges the class crews are becoming more and more prominent, and at both there are boat clubs that are putting forth lay crews of increasing excellence. Under Mr. Lehmann's influence the Weld Boat Club of Harvard has become very active, and has won notable races against outside boat clubs. A few years more of development and a slight rearrangement of fixtures will give scope to a number of interesting races at New London appealing to the colleges, schools, and clubs of New England. A similar regatta might be held in any other geographical section of the country—for instance, at Poughkeepsie, Saratoga, Detroit, or on the Mississippi.

Any one who is inclined to commiserate with Mr. Lehmann on the result of his mission would do well to consider what he has accomplished for Harvard, and through Harvard for American boating, along the lines of general development. He found a university that had passed only a step beyond the conditions that have dominated boating in all American universities. The aquatic interest existed for the purpose of getting out winning crews; all races were aimed solely at this result, and the so-called sport of boating was about as much fun as galley slavery. Taking advantage of the Weld Boat Club and the class races, he broadened and developed boating as a sport, and by doing so established a school for the teaching of the true principles of rowing. In a paper printed a few months ago in these pages I described the long and delightful course of the Oxonian who makes his way to a 'varsity boat, and pointed out how perfectly the system was adapted to maintaining and perfecting oarsmanship. Such a system Mr. Lehmann has started at Harvard. Its full development cannot be reached until the social life of the place is divided into definite units, as in the English colleges, but it is a long stride in advance that the notion of it has become fixed. It will be interesting to watch the development of the ideas he has bequeathed to us. It should be the duty of some graduate, not too old, to burst open his blinds on the morning of the next boat-race, and wake up the undergraduates with the tidings that a bright new day has dawned at New London that has not yet been touched.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 652.*)

*Friday, June 24.*—The Cortes was dissolved by decree of the Queen-Regent. Martial law was proclaimed in Madrid. It is asserted that the Sagasta cabinet will resign to make way for a new government which will not be so positively committed to the policy of continuing the war.

"In pushing out to occupy a good position near Sevilla to wait and intrench until supplies and artillery could be landed, the Fourteenth [should read *First*] and Tenth Cavalry and Wood's regiment had a skirmish. The enemy was driven from his position, and General Wheeler reports he now occupies the ground." . . . . "Further news from General Wheeler places our loss in this morning's firing at about ten killed and forty wounded." . . . . "The Spaniards occupied a very strong and intrenched position on a high hill. The firing lasted about an hour, and the enemy was driven from his position, which is now occupied by our troops, about a mile and a half from Sevilla. The enemy has retired toward Santiago de Cuba." General Shafter's despatches to the War Department, from which the foregoing sentences are taken, refer to an engagement that will always be remembered, not only as the first serious action after the landing of our army of invasion, but also because our dismounted cavalry, in a most difficult position and after severe losses, gave proof of superb fighting quality by their determined and ultimately victorious advance. Briefly told, the story is that the enemy, having withdrawn from the immediate neighborhood of Baiquiri when our forces landed there, retreated towards Santiago; but at a point near Sevilla, which lies southeast of Santiago, two thousand Spaniards took up a strong position to bar the way. When news of this stand was brought by our scouts, General Young's brigade marched directly to the attack, while the dismounted "Rough Riders," under Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, took another route to the same point. The latter walked into an ambush in a narrow trail that led upward between hill-sides covered with brush. This brush, jungle, chaparral—whatever word seems densest—hid the enemy. From three sides at once a heavy fire at short range was opened upon our men. Sergeant Hamilton Fish was the first American soldier to fall; soon afterward Captain A. K. Capron was mortally wounded. A perfect list of our losses cannot be made at this time, and the number of men slain in this encounter on the Spanish side is not known. Fierce and yet accurate firing by this extraordinary regiment of cowboys and clubmen, dead-shots in the main, directed by a colonel who at that particular moment could suggest, "Don't swear, or you'll catch no fish," proved to be at least sufficient to hold their terribly exposed position until reenforcements came up; then a dash carried hills, thickets, and an iron building in which the Spaniards had fortified themselves. And so General Shafter, from headquarters on the *Segurança*, is able to say in his despatch that "General Wheeler [who commands on shore] reports he now occupies the ground."

## A DIGEST OF THE WAR REVENUE BILL.

The Act "*To provide ways and means to meet war expenditures, and for other purposes,*" makes the following provisions:

The tax on beer manufactured or sold or stored in warehouses, or removed for consumption or sale, within the United States, is increased from one dollar to two dollars on every barrel containing not more than thirty-one gallons, and at a like rate for fractional parts of a barrel.

A discount of 7½ per cent. is to be allowed by collectors to brewers on sales of stamps.

### SPECIAL TAXES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bankers: with capital not exceeding $25,000 | $ 50.00 |
| Same: with capital above $25,000, for each additional $1000 | 2.00 |
| (Note.—Saving-banks with no capital stock are exempted.) | |
| Brokers | 50.00 |
| Pawnbrokers | 20.00 |
| Commercial brokers | 20.00 |
| Custom-house brokers | 10.00 |
| Proprietors of places of amusement in places of more than 25,000 population | 100.00 |
| Circuses | 100.00 |
| Proprietors or agents of all other shows | 10.00 |
| (Note.—Tax must be paid once in every State or Territory where exhibitions are held.) | |
| Bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms—each alley or table | 5.00 |
| Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes, and Snuff. | |
| All tobacco and snuff, per pound | .12 |
| Cigars and cigarettes weighing more than three pounds per thousand, per 1000 | 3.60 |
| Cigars weighing not more than three pounds per thousand, per 1000 | 1.00 |
| Cigarettes weighing not more than three pounds per thousand, per 1000 | 1.50 |
| Dealers in leaf tobacco and tobacco: annual sales not exceeding 50,000 lbs. | 6.00 |
| Same: annual sales exceeding 50,000 and not more than 100,000 lbs. | 12.00 |
| Same: annual sales exceeding 100,000 lbs. | 24.00 |
| Manufacturers of tobacco: annual sales not exceeding 50,000 lbs. | 6.00 |
| Same: annual sales exceeding 50,000 and not exceeding 100,000 lbs. | 12.00 |
| Same: annual sales exceeding 100,000 lbs. | 24.00 |
| Manufacturers of cigars: annual sales not exceeding 100,000 cigars | 6.00 |
| Same: annual sales exceeding 100,000 but not 200,000 cigars | 12.00 |
| Same: annual sales exceeding 200,000 cigars | 24.00 |

(Note.—Any person liable to these taxes who shall not have paid them shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall pay a fine of not more than $500, or be imprisoned not more than six months, or both, at the discretion of the court.)

### ADHESIVE STAMPS.

After the 1st of July, 1898, there shall be paid the following stamp taxes. The penalty for not paying them shall be a fine of not more than $100, and the unstamped instruments shall not be competent evidence in any court. Proper provisions are made against forgery and evasion of the law, while a penalty is provided for non-cancellation of the stamps. Public bonds, debentures, and certificates of indebtedness are exempted from the payment of the tax.

This exemption includes stocks and bonds issued by co-operative building and loan associations, capital stock not exceeding $10,000, and building and loan associations making loans only to their members.

Foreign bonds are required to pay the same taxes as domestic bonds when sold in the United States.

### SCHEDULE A.

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|---|---|
| Bonds, debentures, or certificates of indebtedness issued after the first day of July, 1898, by any association, company, or corporation, on each $100 of face value or fraction thereof | .05 |
| And on each original issue of certificates of stock, on each $100 of face value, or fraction thereof | .05 |
| On all sales, or agreements to sell, or memoranda of sales, or deliveries or transfers of shares or certificates of stock, on each $100 or fraction thereof | .02 |
| On each sale, agreement of sale, or agreement to sell any products or merchandise at any exchange or board of trade, or other similar place, either for present or future delivery, for each $100 in value of said sale, or agreement of sale, or agreement to sell | .01 |
| And for each additional $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100 | .01 |
| On checks, drafts, or certificates of deposit not drawing interest, or order for the payment of any sum of money drawn upon or issued by any bank, trust company, or any person or persons, companies, or corporations, at sight or on demand | .02 |
| Inland bills of exchange, drafts, or certificates of deposit drawing interest, or order for the payment of any sum of money otherwise than at sight or on demand, or any promissory note, except bank-notes issued for circulation, and for each renewal of the same, for a sum not exceeding $100 | .02 |
| And for each additional $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100 | .02 |
| (Note.—This applies to domestic money-orders issued by the United States.) | |
| Foreign bills of exchange and letters of credit, including orders issued by express or other companies, drawn in but payable out of the United States, not exceeding $100 | .04 |
| And for each $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100 | .04 |
| If drawn in sets of two or more, for every bill of each set not exceeding $100 | .02 |
| And for each $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100 | .02 |
| Bills of lading or receipts, other than charter party, for merchandise to be exported from the United States to any foreign port | .10 |
| Common carriers must issue bills of lading for goods shipped to the consignor or his agent, and on the original and each duplicate of these | .01 |
| (Note.—But one bill of lading shall be required on bundles or packages of newspapers when enclosed in one general bundle at the time of shipment. Failure to issue these bills of lading entails a penalty of $50 on carrier for each offence.) | |
| Telephone messages for which a charge of fifteen cents or more is imposed | .1 |
| Telegraphic despatches | .1 |
| (Note.—Tax on telephone and telegraphic messages is not to be levied on messages dealing with the business of the telephone or telegraph company or railroad company sending them.) | |
| Indemnity bonds | |
| Certificates of profits, or any certificate or memorandum showing an interest in the property or accumulations of any association, and all transfers thereof, on each $100 of value or fractional part thereof | |
| Certificates of damage issued by port-wardens, etc. | |
| Certificates of any legal description not otherwise specified | |
| Charter party, vessel not exceeding 300 tons | 3. |
| Same, vessel exceeding 300 and not exceeding 600 tons | 5. |
| Same, vessel exceeding 600 tons | 10. |
| Broker's contract or memorandum of sale | |
| Conveyances of real estate, consideration value exceeding $100 and less than $500 | |
| For each additional $500 or fractional part thereof | |
| Custom-house entry of goods, not exceeding $100 in value | |
| Same, exceeding $100 and not exceeding $500 | |
| Same, exceeding $500 | 1. |
| Entry for withdrawal of any merchandise in custom-house bonded warehouses | |
| Life-insurance policies: each $100 or fractional part thereof of amount insured | |
| Provided, that on insurance policies issued on the industrial or weekly payment plan, of the amount of the first weekly premium | .40 per ce |
| (Note.—Provisions do not apply to fraternal or beneficiary societies or orders, or farmers' purely local co-operative companies or associations, or employés' relief associations, operated on the lodge system, local co-operation plan, organized and conducted solely by the members thereof for the benefit of themselves, and not for profit.) | |
| Marine, inland, and fire insurance: on each dollar or fractional part thereof | ½ of 1 per ce |
| (Note.—Purely co-operative or mutual fire-insurance companies exempted.) | |
| Casualty, fidelity, and guaranty insurance: upon premium charged on each dollar or fractional part thereof | ½ of 1 per ce |
| Leases, not exceeding one year | |
| Same, exceeding one year but not three | |
| Same, exceeding three years | 1. |
| Custom-house manifests of entry or clearance, tonnage of vessel not exceeding 300 tons | 1. |
| Same, exceeding 300 and not exceeding 600 tons | 3. |
| Same, exceeding 600 tons | 5. |
| Real estate and personal mortgages or pledges for securing payment of any definite or certain sum, also conveyances in trust intended only as security, exceeding $1000 and not exceeding $1500 | |
| For each $500 or fractional part thereof in excess of $1500 | |
| Passage tickets to foreign ports, costing not exceeding $30 | 1. |
| Same, costing more than $30 and not exceeding $60 | 3. |
| Same, costing more than $60 | 5. |
| Power of attorney for voting at elections of incorporated companies, other than religious, charitable, or literary societies, or public cemeteries | |
| Power to sell or rent real estate, to sell or transfer stock, bonds, scrip, or to collect dividends or interest thereon, or to perform any and all other acts not above specified | |
| Protest | |
| Warehouse receipts | |

### SCHEDULE B.

| | |
|---|---|
| Medicinal proprietary articles and preparations: each packet, box, bottle, pot, vial, or other enclosure, with its contents, selling at retail, | |
| For 5 cents | ½ of 1 ce |
| Above 5 cents and less than 10 | ¾ of 1 ce |
| " 10 cents and less than 15 | ⅞ of 1 ce |
| " 15 cents and less than 25 | ⅛ of 1 ce |
| For each additional 25 cents of the retail price or value, or fractional part thereof in excess of 25 cents | ⅛ of 1 ce |
| Druggists' prescriptions are not taxable. | |
| Perfumery and cosmetics, and other similar articles: same taxes as proprietary articles. | |
| Chewing-gum or substitutes: each box, etc., value not more than $1 at retail | |
| Above $1, for each additional dollar or fractional part thereof | |
| Sparkling or other wines bottled for sale: on each bottle containing one pint or less | |
| On each bottle containing more than one pint | |

### EXCISE TAXES ON THOSE ENGAGED IN REFINING PETROLEUM AND SUGAR.

| | |
|---|---|
| On every person engaged in refining petroleum or sugar, or owning or controlling any pipe-line for transporting oil or other products, gross annual receipts exceeding $250,000, on the gross receipts of such persons, etc., exceeding $250,000 | ⅛ of 1 per ce |
| (Note.—Penalty: not less than $1000 and not exceeding $10,000 each failure or refusal to make return, and for each and every false or fraudulent return.) | |
| On every seat sold in palace or parlor cars, and every berth sold in sleeping-cars | |

### LEGACIES AND DISTRIBUTIVE SHARES OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Amount exceeding $10,000 and not exceeding $25,000, passing either by will or by law, or transferred by deed, grant, bargain, sale, or gift, to take effect after the death of the grantor or bargainor, to any person or persons, in trust or otherwise, the following taxes: | |
| Lineal issue or lineal ancestor, or brother or sister of decedent, on each and every $100 of value | 1. |
| Descendants of brothers and sisters, on every $100 | 1. |
| Brother or sister of father or mother, or descendant of brother or sister of father or mother of deceased, on every $100 | 3. |
| Brother or sister of grandfather or grandmother, or descendant of brother or sister of grandfather or grandmother, on every $100 | 4. |
| Persons in other degrees of collateral consanguinity, or a stranger in blood, on every $100 | 5. |
| On property above $25,000 and not above $100,000, the above rates to be multiplied by one and one-half. | |
| Exceeding $100,000 but not exceeding $500,000, the above rates to be multiplied by two. | |
| Exceeding $500,000, and not exceeding $1,000,000, the rates to be multiplied by two and one-half. | |
| Exceeding $1,000,000, the rates to be multiplied by three. | |
| The tax or duty shall be a lien or charge on property for twenty years, or until the same shall be within that period fully paid to and discharged by the United States. | |
| Mixed Flour.—Every person, etc., engaged in making, packing, or repacking mixed flour, per annum | 1 |
| Tea.—Duty per pound | |
| (Note.—Internal-revenue collectors are to sell stamps in quantities of not less than $100, face value, with a discount of one per cent. except as otherwise provided in this act.) | |

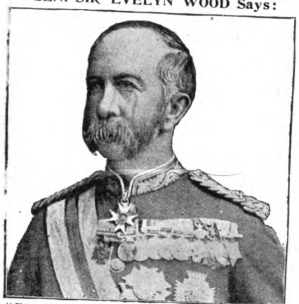
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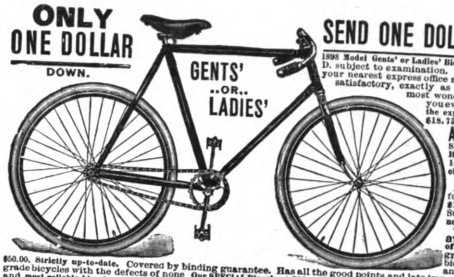
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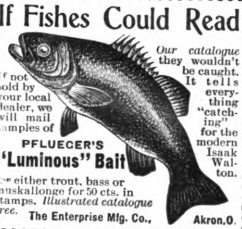
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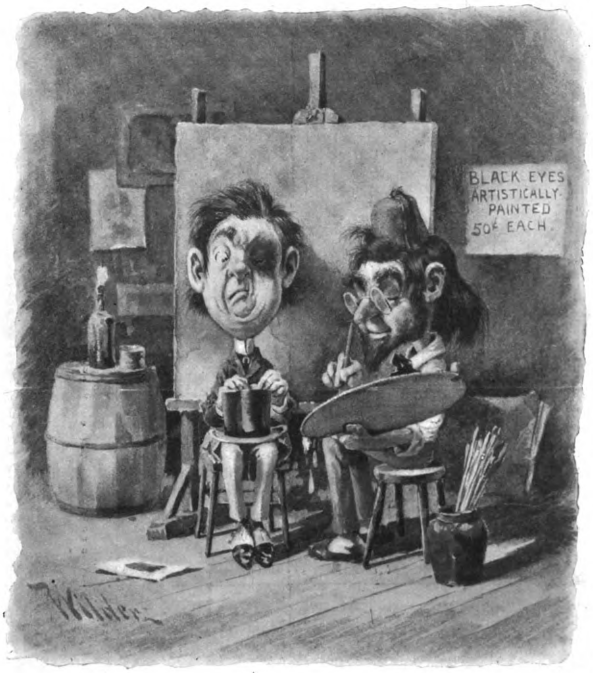
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

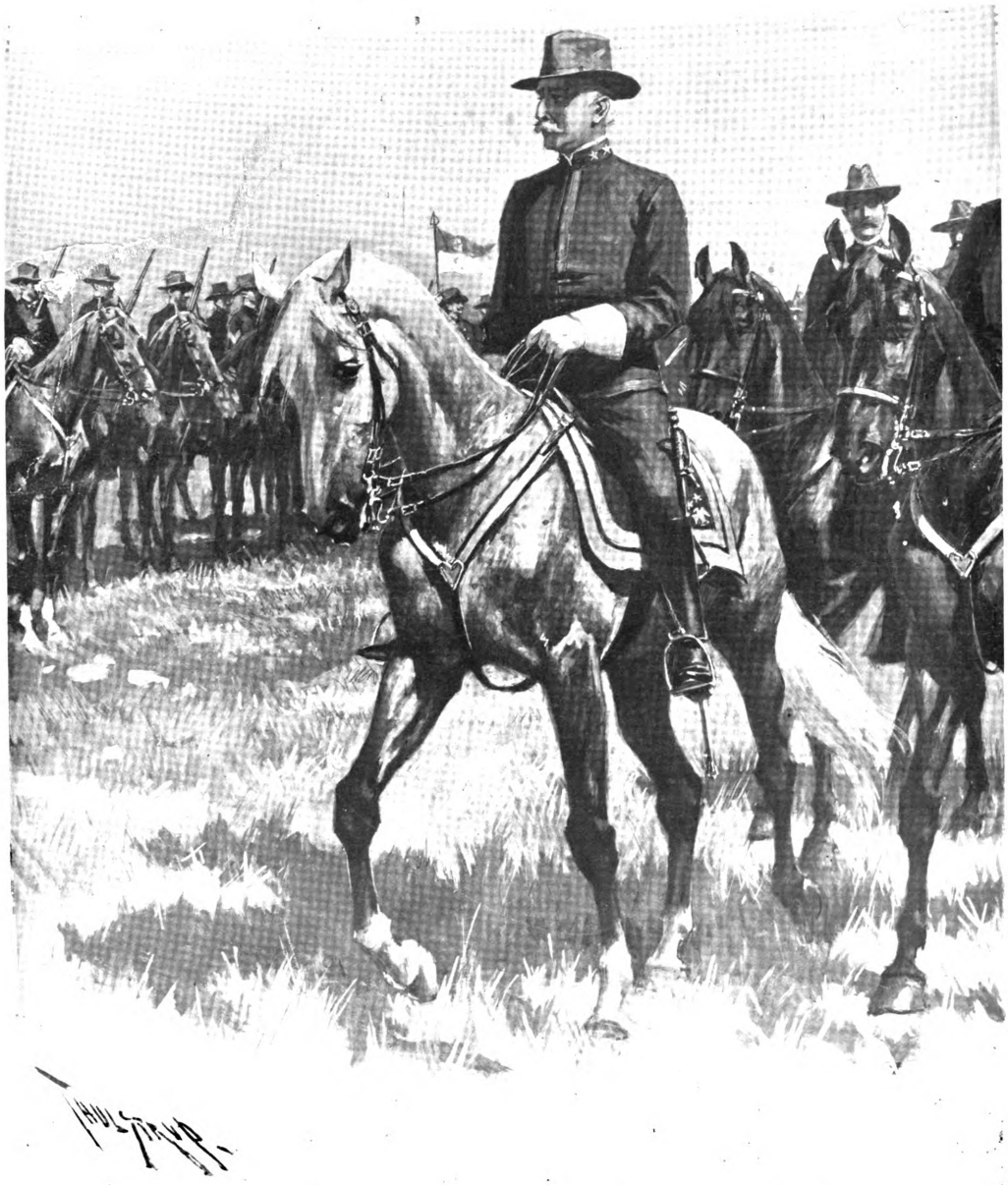
VOL. XLII.—NO. 2168.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898.

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



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MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A., COMMANDING THE ARMY.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 9, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square


*This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.*

| ARTISTS. | CORRESPONDENTS. |
|---|---|
| CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. | JOHN FOX, JR. |
| RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM. | FRANK D. MILLET. |
| FREDERIC REMINGTON. | JOHN F. BASS. |
| T. DE THULSTRUP. | O. K. DAVIS. |
| W. A. ROGERS | HAROLD MARTIN, |
| CLYDE D. V. HUNT. | AND OTHERS. |

MR. FOX *and* MR. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, MR. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* MR. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

WE are very much afraid that the action of the Senate Appropriations Committee, in refusing to insert an item appropriating $50,000 to defray the expenses of the joint commission to be appointed for the settlement of questions at issue between the United States and Canada, is significant. We believe that the people of the United States are eager to meet half-way the friendly manifestations of Great Britain towards this country, and that they favor the settlement of our issues with Canada, but we fear that pressure must once more be brought to bear upon the Senate, in order that it may not disgrace us by placing the country in the position of repelling the advances of the one power in Europe which has been our friend in our present trouble. In the mean time the British commissioners have been appointed, and they are among the most distinguished men in the empire. They are Lord-High-Chancellor HERSCHELL, Sir WILFRID LAURIER, Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, Sir LOUIS HENRY DAVIES, and Mr. JOHN CHARLTON.

WE ought to be thankful to the violent and abusive newspapers of Germany, which have insulted us with the vehemence and the vituperations of Spaniards, for they have called forth a noble letter from Mr. CARL SCHURZ to *Die Nation*, of Berlin, which is another of that eminent German-American's contributions to the welfare of his adopted country. MR. SCHURZ, we have no doubt, expresses the sentiments of the Germans who are citizens of this country, and who have already rendered it most excellent service, in sounding a note of warning to the Jingoes of their native land, who apparently are under the absurd impression that the German-American is not a patriotic American. This is what Mr. SCHURZ says, however, and MR. SCHURZ knows whereof he speaks better, probably, than any other living man:

> German-Americans are proud of their new father land, and know how to appreciate its advantages and great qualities. Now that war is going on, they stand with their new country. Its friends are their friends, and its enemies their enemies.

NOTWITHSTANDING the occasional outbursts of theatrical heroics in Spain, when men of politics seek to placate the Carlists and other hotheads by declaring that Spain will fight to the death, there is evidently a movement there for peace. And this movement is strongest in that part of Spain which is most modern—that is, that part which is industrious. The Chamber of Commerce of Barcelona is in accord with the friends of peace in the same city in wishing an end to the war. Not only are many thousands of working-men out of employment on account of the suspension of industry, but commerce is paralyzed. In other words, the elements of superiority which Cataluña possesses over the rest of the Spanish peninsula are sorely wounded, and either there must be a speedy peace or the thriving people of the eastern coast must become what other Spaniards are. There is no more active enemy of war than commerce, whose peaceful ends increase the brotherhood of nations, because those ends depend upon international friendship, and are destroyed by international enmities. The industrials of the eastern provinces find strong allies in the indifference of the people of most of the other provinces, and especially in the hardships that are now beginning to be felt cruelly throughout the kingdom. War might have been prevented if Europe would have guaranteed the dynasty. This means, of course, that the politicians who compose the government, and those who composed the last government, and those who will compose the succeeding one, know that war with this country means ruin to Spain, and they are continuing it, as they entered upon it, merely through fear of a revolution at home if they do not uphold that ephemeral thing known as "Spanish honor." Therefore if the politicians can now persuade the army to do what the powers refused to do, to guaranty the Queen-Regent and her son, or the latter alone, there may be an application for peace at any time.

THERE is no desire on our part to lessen in the smallest degree the great credit that is due the volunteer soldiers, and which is always theirs whenever the country engages in war, for our citizens make good soldiers quickly. Crying injustice, however, is done to the regular army by the press and the war correspondents, as well as by the politicians. The country has received splendid service from the regular army in every war, and our officers who have won the greatest distinction have, in most instances, been the graduates of West Point. These instructed soldiers show their education at the very outset of the war, and while the volunteers are learning the wisdom of prudence by hard experience, the regulars are practising it. To read the accounts of the battle on the heights of Sevilla, one would think that none but the "Rough Riders" had been engaged in it, but the regulars were doing just as effective work, and doing it in a more businesslike and prudent way. We would not for a moment wish that any word which has been said in praise of the volunteers had been left unsaid, but if those who are writing of this war could only know the bitter discouragement of the regular officers, who devote their whole lives to the service of their country, due to the manner in which they are treated by the newspapers and the politicians, we think they would dwell a little more on the deeds of the regulars. It is not in human nature to remain content under such injustice as is habitually done to the regular army. We know, of course, why politicians and their favorites succeed in securing commissions for themselves and their civilian relatives and friends in preference to deserving soldiers, but why is it that the newspapers and their correspondents refuse to give credit to the regulars? It will not cause the volunteers any grief, we know, if their professional brethren receive what they earn. Why not be just to the American soldier whether he be serving the country permanently or temporarily?

THE letter which Governor BLACK has written explaining his reasons for not calling into the field the Seventh, Twenty-third, and Seventy-fourth regiments of the National Guard of this State is most excellent. It is a pity that it could not have been written before the first call was responded to, because it is absolutely true that many men went to the front under that call who should not have gone. They were influenced generally by the fear of what would be said of them by their comrades in the militia if they staid at home. Now it is true that the militia is not organized for the purpose of going to war in foreign parts, and the men who join militia regiments do not contemplate such service when they enlist. They know that they are liable for service for the Federal government within the country, and for the suppression of domestic insurrection within the State. Beyond that the terms of their service do not extend, and there was no more obligation to volunteer resting upon a militia-man, under the first or second call, than rested upon any private citizen within the required ages. Under the circumstances of the call, however, great pressure was brought to bear upon the members of the various regiments, which some of the weaker among them did not have the courage to resist. Therefore some men have gone off leaving their families unprovided for, while others have endangered their own future prosperity by throwing up business engagements which gave them their whole substance. If this were a war in which the life of the nation was involved, the question would be different; but as it is not, Governor BLACK is right in saying that he will not issue a call which may force into the service men who ought to remain at home, and who would therefore go unwillingly. Nothing more demoralizing to the service itself can be conceived than the presence of a large number of men in the ranks who ought to be at home, and who feel that they are violating personal and domestic obligations simply under the influence of a weak regard for a sentiment within their organizations which—if it really exists, which we somewhat doubt—is very unjust.

ONE of the most effective speeches against the annexation of Hawaii was made by that veteran Republican, Senator MORRILL of Vermont. It is worthy of careful study, and if the question of annexation is to come into the practical politics of the year it will doubtless be widely distributed throughout the country. Let us not make any mistake about the meaning of this movement. If we enter into it, let us enter into it with our eyes open, and with a complete understanding of all that it signifies. By annexing Hawaii we are adopting a colonial policy, and are making almost necessary, at least almost inevitable, the retention of the Philippine Islands and Puerto Rico, while our retention of Cuba will only be prevented by our solemn promise that the Cubans should establish their own government. Even that promise may not be kept, in the intensity of the feeling in favor of increasing our territory that will follow the inauguration of that policy. As Senator MORRILL points out, this will end the MONROE doctrine. We have insisted, and our insistence has been accepted by Great Britain as within the proper sphere of our action, that European governments shall not interfere with any people on this hemisphere who are governing themselves. If now we ourselves interfere with distant peoples in the Pacific, preventing them from establishing their own governments, and taking over, as we do in the NEWLANDS resolution, the full government of a foreign people, a majority of whom are unwilling to come within our jurisdiction, with what logic and with what consistency can we warn Europe from interference in the affairs of this hemisphere? If we have the right to govern other people against their will, why has not every other nation the right to exercise whatever power it may possess in that direction? Let us not imagine, either, that we are about to establish self-governing colonies after the manner of the great English colonies. We are simply contemplating the deliberate adoption of the colonial policy which was England's until we taught her to abandon it, which is that of France and Germany, and which is, moreover, that which has roused our indignation and led us into a war with Spain. Our annexationists are for governing other people, not for permitting other people to free themselves from Spanish rule to govern themselves. This colonial policy which we overthrew, and in overthrowing which we laid the foundation of the greatness of England's colonies of to-day, not only costs the governments of France and Germany immense sums of money, but leads to no amelioration of the human race, and does not even provide a home for emigrating Frenchmen or Germans. So far as Spain is concerned, the effect of this colonial policy is seen in the war which we are now waging against her. We are contemplating the taking up of this old and discredited colonial policy, not, as is pretended, for the purpose of increasing and enlarging and ennobling our national life, but for purely commercial ends—for trade, and all the corruption which is implied in the intimate association of trade and government. We do not believe for a moment that the people of this country would deliberately vote for such a policy.

## AMERICAN PATRIOTISM IN WAR.

WHATEVER Spain may think as to her honor, whether it be satisfied or not, it is clear that neither in courage nor in intelligence are her navy and army capable of coping successfully with the sailors and soldiers of the United States. These have added new names to the list of our national heroes, and new glories to our constellation of victories. It has been the fashion to say that long years of peace and commercialism have sapped the spiritual virtues of our people, and that so engrossed have we been in the arts of money-making, so corrupted have we become in consequence of the partnership which interested persons have succeeded in establishing between the government and private business interests, that the war spirit and the war courage have gone out of our blood. It was the habit of the superficial diplomats which the Continental nations of Europe are accustomed to send to Washington to sneer at us, as the French have sneered at the English, as a nation of "shopkeepers," and immediately before the breaking out of the present war these gentlemen filled the drawing-rooms of the capital with the prediction that there would be no war, because the Yankees were too fond of money to fight. But the prophets of cowardice are now seeing their mistake, just as the French ought to have recognized their mistake long ago on the field of Waterloo.

The American people in arms are fighting as they have always fought, and as they will probably continue to fight whenever they make or accept war. In this war they have already given abundant evidence of a wonderful morale, a steadi-

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ness of heart, a coolness of head, and, above all, of a fervid patriotism. On sea and land these men of arms of ours have gone into action with the dash, the discipline, and the cautiousness of old campaigners. Only once has there been a question raised as to the self-possession or self-restraint of any of our men who have met the enemy, and that in the battle of Sevilla Heights, where there may have been a little recklessness and a too eager push forward, not at all surprising when we consider the freshness of the command and the eagerness shown by both officers and men to fight. But, on the other hand, there was so much glory won in that hard struggle by and for those who were in it, for the American name, for all of us, that the excess of enthusiasm, if there was any, is worthy of mention only to forestall a criticism that might be invited by what would appear as too liberal praise to such minds as often miss the splendor of a perfect night in their analysis of the revelations of a spectroscope. We owe this explanation to the "Rough Riders" who fought in those fearful woods where bullets rushed from mysterious shadows, because we would not by any apparent minuteness of ignorance on our part have their demerits discussed by critics who might be silent were they warned in advance that slight spots on a glorious life are invisible not only to the generous but to the truly appreciative eye. From Manila to Guantanamo and Sevilla Heights our sailors and soldiers have done their duty in obedience to skilful and altogether worthy officers. DEWEY'S entrance into the harbor of Manila was itself one of those splendid examples of intelligent and brave temerity that mark the men capable of them as the geniuses of war. The deed of courage which was performed by HOBSON and his men is but a conspicuous example of the conduct of our sea and land forces on every occasion that has been presented to them. The cable-cutting at Cardenas and elsewhere, the reconnoissances under fire, the eagerness manifested by every one of our fighting souls—all these, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, make the sinking of the *Merrimac* part of a great drama which lifts up the heart and head of every American citizen.

For, believe as we may have done concerning the wisdom of the war, this eager courage to carry the flag into the heart of an enemy's country, to plant it above his sinking ships and his crumbling forts, this rush after the colors to the very death, this recklessness of life, this wonderful enthusiasm and joy in battle, are the phenomena of a deep and abiding patriotism, of a love of country as strong and as hot as that which ever possessed any people in this nineteen-century-old world. We will go further than this, for our belief is that this love of country is more generally felt, more widely distributed, here than in any other land in the modern world. The American citizen, whether he be born of English forebears or not, whether he be born here or elsewhere, is defending his own political power, is vindicating his own right to exercise political power, when he arms himself for the defence of his government. This heterogeneous race of what our delightful and courteous foes call "Yankee pigs" is not so heterogeneous when the real meaning and character of the republic are considered. We may not be men of one blood, but we are men of one mind. We may have been born under despotisms or constitutional monarchies or pretended republics, but we live in a true republic, we possess a democracy, and it is as certain as that men will continue to be governed that our democracy will remain regnant, because both those who are the offspring of the men who established it on the basis of the English democracy, and those who have come under its benignant power, who grow in grace by means of its kindly developing force, will always insist on its maintenance.

These people of different origins have a common purpose and a common destiny, and each man thinking himself worthy of the company of kings is not only more self-respectful and more self-confident than subject people, even when these have the most glorious traditions for the nourishment of their national pride, but necessarily has also more respect and love for the government of which he is part, which has been so rich in performance for him, and is so rich in promise for his descendants. This nation does not receive its character from the parents of its citizens, but from the institutions which have filled the world with the glory of English-speaking peoples; which have brought liberty into the cottage, and have applied the limitations and restraints of the golden rule to the palace; which have put the people's happiness above the prince's profit; which have established a common justice for the ruler and the ruled; and which have prospered humanity by unshackling the genius of the individual. These institutions and the aspirations that are born of them make America and Americans; and when the government, which is the creature and defender of these institutions, demands the service of its people, it addresses the patriotism of men who love it as they love themselves and their families. The old world never made a greater mistake than in supposing that the republic does not have the love of its own rulers because the grandfathers of many of the rulers were not born here. Its cynics and its false prophets are learning the truth now—learning that the patriotism of America is such that, when the direful occasion comes, the citizen becomes an energetic, courageous, and intelligent soldier, the like of whose associated qualities cannot be found in European armies. This is the great truth shown by the war as it has thus far progressed, a revelation which may work wonders in a world ready for almost any teaching of democracy. And all who love America for the virtues which are hers, and for the virtues which she breeds, will never wish her less of patriotism in war, but always more of the patriotism resting on the broad foundations of her peaceful and habitual achievements.

## THE "NEW POLICY."

THOSE were weighty and well-chosen words in which Mr. CLEVELAND, in addressing a school in New Jersey, deprecated what it appears that General MERRITT was erroneously reported as calling the "new policy" of the United States. It is not against extension and annexation, it is against "foreign conquest and unnatural extension or annexation" that the ex-President protests as "dangerous perversions of our national mission." That expression may be taken to mean that we cannot safely assume control of any communities which we cannot assimilate, or of any in which we cannot discern the promise and potency at least of self-government. We have been employed in assimilating an amount of foreign immigration the like of which no other nation has undertaken to absorb in the history of the world. Our success has, upon the whole, been wonderful. If not in the first generation, then in the second, European immigration has been really assimilated into American citizenship. We have had our troubles even with this. With immigration not European we have not succeeded. Asiatic immigration we have excluded, in spite of solemn treaties. African immigration we have encouraged avowedly as that of an inferior and subject race, not meant to be assimilated, not held fit for citizenship. The negro problem is with us yet. He would be a man more bold than wise who should pretend that he even foresaw its solution. And now an increasing party is demanding that we should add to the chronic negro question a chronic Philippine question and a chronic Hawaiian question.

The increase of the German fleet in Manila Bay until it outclasses our own is an indication of the troubles which this party is inviting with European powers by taking a hand in the European game of grab. The spectacle of France cowed by its huge army into acquiescing in a perversion of justice which constitutes a national disgrace is an indication of the troubles we are preparing for ourselves at home, and the danger we are inviting for our own institutions if we prepare the huge armaments that are needed to defend distant possessions. Our best friends abroad urge us not to abandon the path which we have found to be that of peace and of unexampled prosperity for a vague dream of empire. Mr. BRYCE months ago contributed his share to that full and fair discussion of the annexation of Hawaii in consequence of which the project was beaten and abandoned. He wisely and temperately pointed out to us what grave risks we incurred, and what inadequate and trivial compensations we should receive for those risks. Only the other day JOHN MORLEY, at Leeds, expressed in earnest words the hope of our best friends in England, that we would not, by insisting upon gaining what Spain should lose, voluntarily subject ourselves to the burdens and perils of that militarism to which the nations of Europe are condemned. The men who are recognized as the representatives of the sober sense of the United States, such men as ex-President CLEVELAND in one party, and Speaker REED in the other, warn us against "unnatural" extensions to which our system of government cannot be applied. They point us to the fact that our national honor is involved, that we have solemnly pledged ourselves that this war is not to be, on our part, a war of conquest and aggrandizement, and that it would be a pitiful quibble, worthy of a Spanish theologian, to pretend that the pledge did not include the Philippines as well as the Antilles. All these things go for nothing simply because the Spanish fleet in the Pacific was destroyed in Manila Bay and not in the open sea. A Senator of the United States declares, amid applause, that, notwithstanding all these things, the American flag shall not be lowered in any place in which it has once floated "by the consent of the governed or the right of conquest," and the convention of the President's party in the President's State undertakes to make this sentiment an article of party faith.

Where have all the qualities gone upon which we have been wont to pride ourselves as Americans—good sense, good faith, love of justice, love of peace? Can a single naval victory destroy the national character of the victors? We have been for months deriding German imperialism, which is, in fact, a pinchbeck imitation "made in Germany" of the genuine British article. But it is good sense itself in comparison with American imperialism. It is true that the population of Germany cannot expand to the extent of its requirements within its own territory, and that there is a constant outflow of emigration which it may be desirable, if it be possible, to divert to German possessions, though in that Germany has as yet had no success. It is true also, that the trade of Germany even more conspicuously needs room for expansion. New fields would be opened for it by a colonial expansion upon the seventeenth-century basis of exclusive trade, which England alone has entirely abandoned, and to which Spain alone has fully adhered, with the results, in each case, that we see. But what have these considerations to do with us?

> No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is ours.

Instead of having to dispose of a surplus population, we are still the favorite field for emigrants from the overcrowded countries of Europe. Why should a nation possessing a half-filled and half-tilled continent be reaching out for colonial possessions, in imitation of an overcrowded island which must import two-thirds of its food-supply to keep alive, or of a military empire which yearly loses hundreds of thousands of its people by emigration? Why should we burden ourselves with a huge army and a tremendous navy, and not merely a consular but a proconsular system, in emulation of less favored lands? It is true that our trade would need and find new markets, if it were allowed by law to do so, and that the present war gives us an opportunity to take order that we shall be admitted to many new markets on equal terms with other nations. But to expand our trade abroad, the first step is to strike the shackles from it at home. With what face can we demand an "open door" in Asia and Polynesia while on both coasts we are slamming the doors in the face of the foreigner? What basis in reason or in righteousness is there, in a word, for the "new policy" of colonial expansion or imperialism? That is the question which it behooves every American to ask himself in view of the new adjustment of parties which is coming over the new issue. Upon the answer to it will depend the future of the republic. Such answers to it as have thus far been returned indicate that in the new political alignment most of the sober, conscientious, patriotic American citizens will be upon one side, and all the boys and all the blatherskites on the other.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Saturday, June 25.*—After yesterday's engagement at La Guasima, near Sevilla, the Spanish forces retreated towards Santiago; the "Rough Riders" and their companions of the regular cavalry (volunteers and regulars both dismounted, as already mentioned in the "Diary") rested, and buried their dead at the crest of the hill so gallantly won; Sevilla, abandoned by the enemy, was occupied by General Chaffee's command, and our outposts were still further advanced, as the following despatches show:

*To General Shafter:*

I have just seen two negro boys who left Santiago this morning (Saturday). They report that the soldiers and citizens are very short of food. The soldiers and officers have seized all the food in the shops. They are killing young horses for food, and in the hospitals are subsisting on bread made of rice flour. Three Spanish generals took part in the fight at Sevilla yesterday. Five wagon-loads of wounded were carried into Santiago, and many other wounded got there on horses or afoot. We can see Morro Castle and the flag very distinctly from our position. The Cubans confirm the reports as to the fine character of the fortifications around the city. Seven lines of barbed wire are stretched around the trenches. The Spaniards have recently dug deep trenches around the entire city, connecting a series of small forts.

WHEELER.

*To General Shafter:*

We can plainly see Santiago, less than seven miles away. The country is level for six miles this side of the city, except for hills on the south, which extend to within a mile of Santiago. These hills now appear deserted. The country is fairly open, and it will not be difficult to move troops over it. General Chaffee occupies Sevilla to-day.

(Dated Saturday evening.) YOUNG.

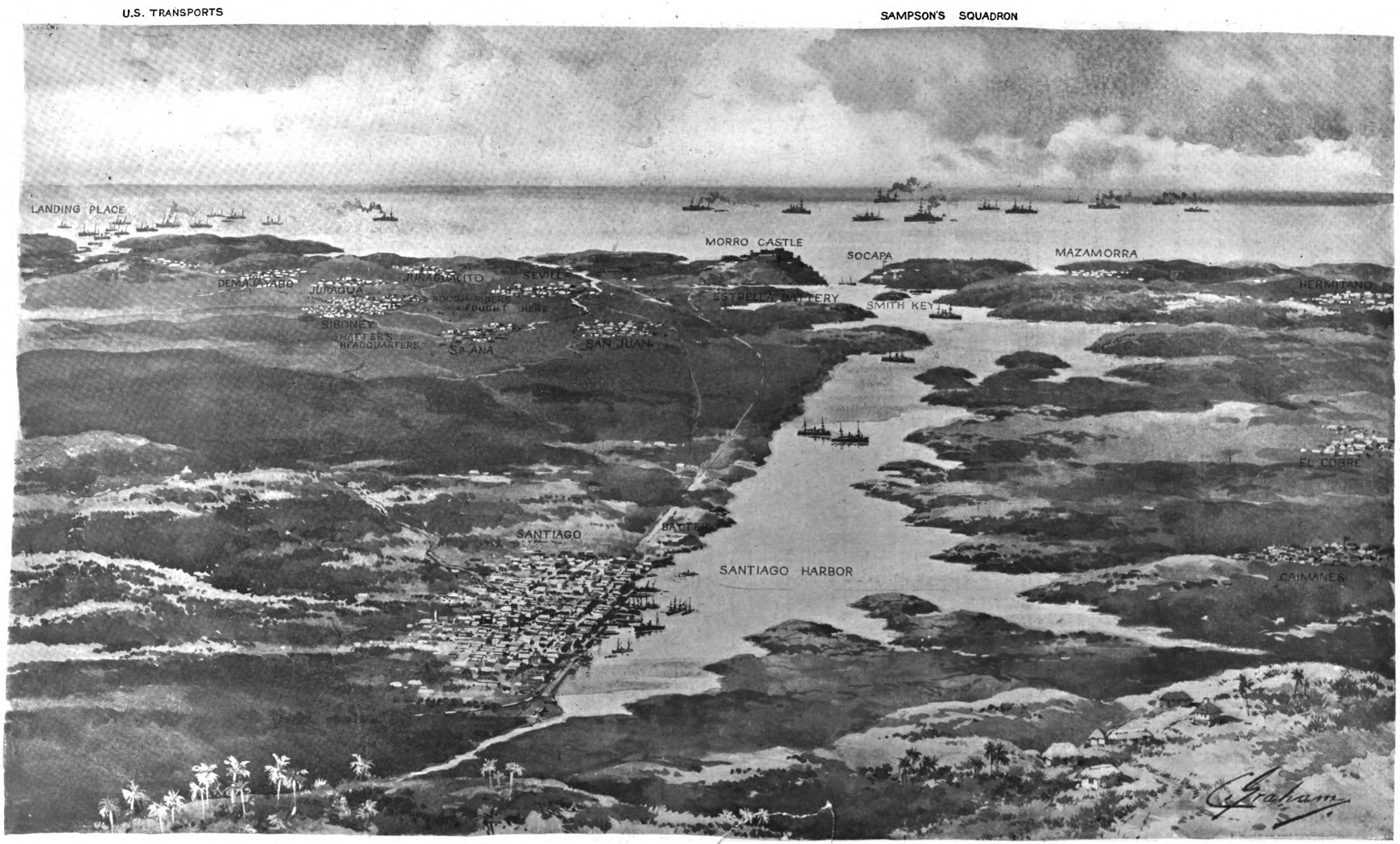
*Sunday, June 26.*—Beyond Sevilla, on the way to Santiago, and distant not more than four miles from that city, is San Juan. There our advance-guard, the Seventh Regular Infantry, halted this morning; and later in the day the entire First Brigade, General Wheeler commanding, came up. Still further in advance—almost within rifle-

(Continued on page 666.)

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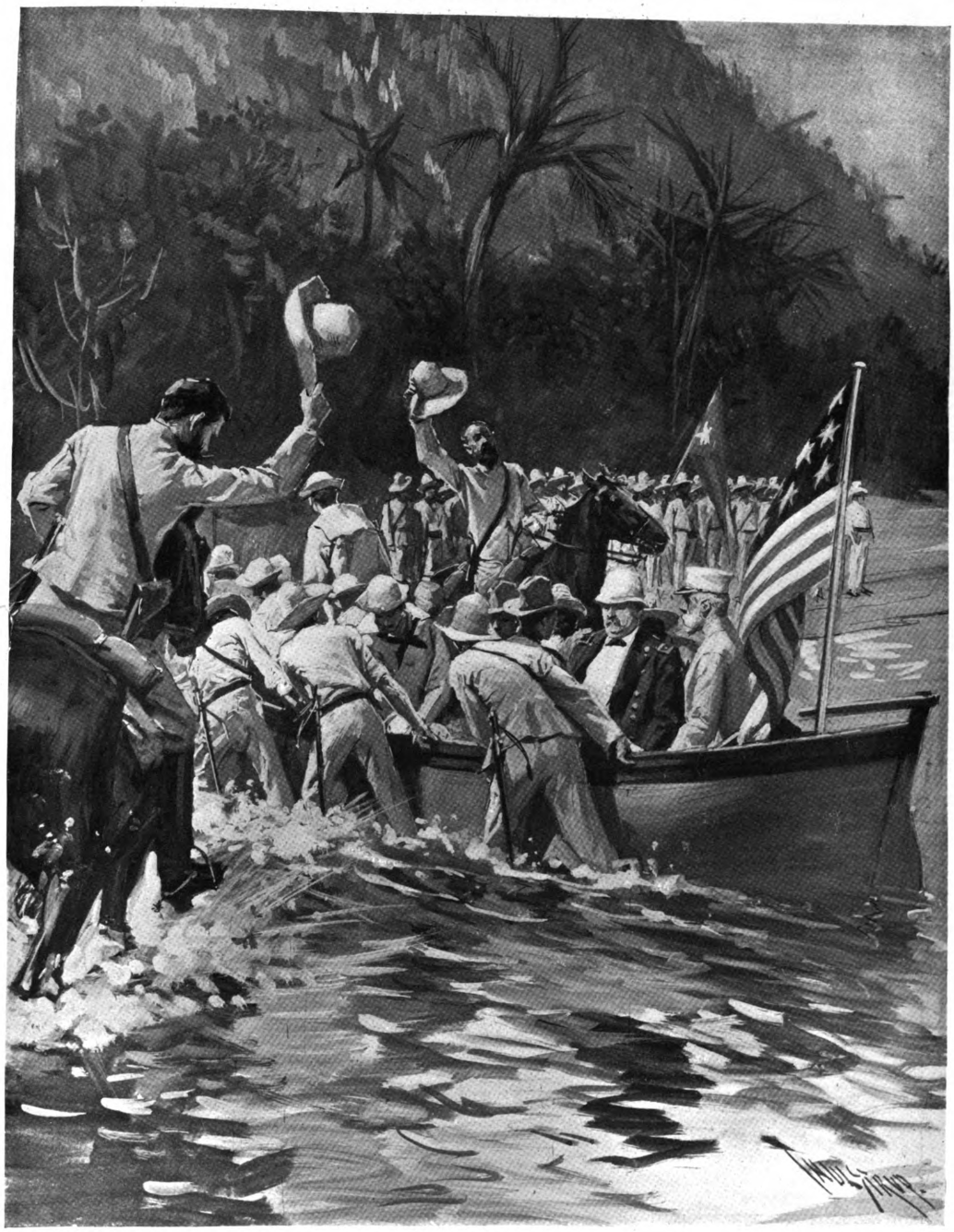



THE SEAT OF WAR—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE ARMY OF INVASION UNDER GENERAL SHAFTER.

Drawn by Charles Graham.

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DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.



GENERAL SHAFTER AND ADMIRAL SAMPSON LANDING ON THE BEACH AT ASERRADERO, JUNE 20, TO CONFER WITH GENERAL GARCÍA.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, FROM MATERIALS RECEIVED.

## CONFERENCE AT ASERRADERO.

[The following interesting description of the meeting between the Cuban and American commanders is from a private letter by Mr. Caspar Whitney.—ED. WEEKLY.]

THE entire meeting was exceedingly interesting and picturesque in setting. We left the transport fleet off Santiago and steamed west twelve miles, where we hove to about three miles off shore; then, in three small boats, General Shafter and the important members of his staff, and Davis, Bonsal, Remington, and I, rowed to the shore, the general's boat leading, and ours next. As we approached we discovered about one hundred Cubans on the beach; and as the general's boat got into shallow water, two Cuban officers rode out on horseback to greet him, while a score of Cubans waded in, and catching hold of the general's boat, hauled it on shore. The balance of us waded up to our middle.

As we reached dry land the Cubans gathered around; some shouted "Cuba libre! Viva Americanos!" and all seemed eager to show their appreciation of our efforts in their behalf. After a short audience given to the crowds which pressed upon us, we took up our march towards García's camp. For a mile we followed a narrow winding trail, going up grade always, and at times steeply. The Cubans had fallen in behind us and acted as escort, and all along on the trail other Cubans stood here and there at present arms, or gravely saluted us as we went past.

Finally we reached the foot of a small eminence which crowned the mountains running down to the sea. From the foot to the top two lines of Cuban soldiers stretched, perhaps three hundred in all; and as we began the climb to the top, on which was García's camp, or, rather, the hut in which a rendezvous had been agreed upon, they all presented arms, and a tiny bugle gave forth a most plaintive welcome.

The conference lasted an hour or thereabouts, and during it the Cubans filed past several times, evidently in an attempt to impress us—as on the stage twenty soldiers will parade in front and pass around behind the scenes to the front again, to give the appearance of a regiment.

They were all armed with rifles, some had machetes also, and all looked well nourished. None of the soldiers had shoes, and their clothes were ragged, but certainly seventy-five per cent. of them never had worn a shoe, and never would. General García is a good-looking man of much dignity.

After the conference the Cubans formed a hollow square, and once again the plaintive squeak of the bugle heralded our approach; we passed through the square under an escort of twenty men, and all the square fell in behind us.

To-day (June 22) the troops are landing—have about all landed by now (6 P.M.). At daylight this morning we began our approach on the town (Baiquiri). The *New Orleans*, *Detroit*, *Castine*, and *Wasp* were directly in front of the harbor, and back and very near came our ship. Two miles back were the remainder of transports. About 2000 troops were got into small boats towed by launches, and when they started towards shore the gunboats opened fire—and such a fire! they simply riddled the town, setting fire to what the Spaniards had not had time to fire before running, and the marksmanship was splendid. It was great—the excitement of stealing up to shore under fire, and the prospect of a fight made the blood course. The Spaniards cut and run, and gave no fight.

Simultaneously with the bombarding at this point, other points five and eight miles west of here were shelled, and the settlements fired.

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

The Prison Association of New York (135 East Fifteenth Street), through Mr. W. M. F. Round, its corresponding secretary, asks for money to buy a farm, not far from New York, on which some men who come out of prison can find a home and employment. Mr. Round says:

> It is for those whose spirits are broken by long imprisonment, who come out downcast, physical and spiritual wrecks, to be cared for till they die, or till hope revives. And during the period of shepherding they should have a place where self-respect would "come to its own again" by the ability to earn at least a part of a living by some light industry.

This work speaks for itself. The expediency of it is not less obvious than its mercifulness.

The evidence of the gallantry of the Rough Riders at La Guasima is somewhat more convincing than that of their discretion. About their gallantry there is no shadow of a doubt, and it seems to have been effective to pull the command out of an exceedingly dangerous situation with comparatively small loss.

One comfort that comes with reading of active soldiering on land in Cuba is the prospect which it encourages that better acquaintance with the Cubans as fighting-men will raise them in our estimation, increase our respect for them, and extend the belief that they and their cause were worth helping. All accounts, so far, of their work in co-operation with our men, are very creditable to them and satisfactory to us.

Here is the latest portrait of Mark Twain, reduced from a black and white sketch made in Vienna. For an American who is busy writing books Vienna must be just now a pretty good place to be in. Nothing goes in these parts




except war and war news, and in London, so far as appears, fights and fighting interests engross attention almost as completely as in New York. Although Austria is the country whose government seems closest to Spain in its sympathies, we have not heard of any such discourtesies towards Americans in Vienna as have been reported from Paris. Certainly in Mr. Clemens's portrait, which was dated "May 24," there is no indication that the relationship between the Austrian Emperor and the Queen-Regent of Spain has caused him personal embarrassment or disturbed his ease of mind.

If vanity is pardonable in any species of man, it is in a soldier. A vain clergyman seems a very imperfect reflection of God's image; a vain doctor may give the impression that he is thinking of himself when he should be thinking of you; a lawyer ought to be too shrewd and worldly-wise to admit of more personal vanity than just enough to be useful in his business. But it is different with fighting-men. Why do we deck them out in gay raiment if not for looks? Why provide them with fine feathers if they are not to feel an interest in being fine birds? A reasonable degree of vanity seems almost a part of a complete soldier's necessary outfit, and if it is a blemish it is a soldierly blemish, at any rate.

True, the absence of it is not a sure sign of inefficiency. There were Grant and Lee, men judged to be successful in their calling, and yet both of them persons of incorrigible modesty. And there was Von Moltke, who, in his pictures at least, does not betray any noticeable solicitude about his looks. Doubtless soldiers may be shamefaced and yet proficient in their business, especially in the intellectual end of it, but they may also be reasonably vain without giving good reason to doubt their military capacity. War is such a painfully foolish business at the best that a little personal foolishness in its professors seems to fit into the general economy of the institution. It is the duty of soldiers, when actually working at their trade, to seem, at least, to like soldiering, and how can they do that unless they look proud of being soldiers?

Somewhat ominous is the photographic reproduction given here of the first pension check paid on account of our present war. It is for $14 40, and records the first payment made to Elsie A. Monfort, of Council Bluffs, on account of her pension of $12 a month for the death of her son, William F. Monfort, twenty-five years old, who lost his life by the sinking of the *Maine*. No consideration forbids us to hope that pension checks originating in casualties of the present war may continue to be rare enough to be interesting as curiosities.

Congress has passed a bill to pay $379 56 to Moses Pendergrass, of Libertyville, Missouri. The story of the reason for this liberality is pathetically interesting, and is valuable as an illustration of the sort of pickle that an honest man may get into who undertakes to do an honest job of work for Uncle Sam. In 1886 Moses Pendergrass put in a bid for the contract to carry the mail on the route from Knob Lick to Libertyville and Coffman, thirty miles a day, from July 1, 1887, for one year. He got the postmaster at Knob Lick to write the letter for him; and while Moses intended that bid should be $400, his scribe carelessly made it $4. Moses got the contract, and did not find out about the mistake until the end of the first quarter, when he got his first pay. When he found at what rate he was working he was sorely cast down, and opened communication with the Post Office Department. The department informed him that he must either carry out his contract or throw it up, and that if he threw it up his bondsmen would have to pay the government $1459 85 damages; so Moses carried out his contract, walked thirty miles every week-day for a year and carried the mail, and received for his labor $4—or, to be accurate, $6 84; for the route being extended after his bid was accepted, the pay was proportionately increased. Now, after ten years, a bill has finally been passed to pay to Moses the difference between what he earned in that unlucky year and what he received.



BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM LUDLOW, U. S. V.

The *Sun*, which tells this story, says that bills have been introduced in three or four Congresses for Moses's relief, and that committees have repeatedly investigated his claim. It must have cost the government thousands of dollars in labor to pay that poor man his just dues.

Well, that is the way that governments have to do things. Isn't it appalling? Is it surprising that when a government gets into a fight it should take it some time to roll up its sleeves?

At Commencement (May 26) at Tuskegee Institute, Mississippi, this year, Principal Booker T. Washington, A.M., reported an enrolment during the year of 712 boys and 335 girls. The income of the year was $114,469, of which $52,000 was expended on the permanent plant. The pupils paid in work towards their personal expenses $52,000. The institute has many departments, in which are taught agriculture, truck-gardening, and various trades and industries, besides which it carries on the general business of education. Its deserts are widely known and appreciated. It needs an endowment of half a million dollars, and should have it. In its aims, scope, and methods it has proved itself one of the best machines that exist for promoting self-help and intelligent industry among the colored population of the South. It is starting on its eighteenth year. Its pupils last year came from twenty-four States and two foreign countries. Three thousand of its former pupils are at work.

Any one who has ever tried to get to the bottom of any piece of college vandalism will be particularly interested in the strange case of Professor George H. Stephens, late of Lafayette College, at Easton, Pennsylvania, who has confessed to various outrages committed upon that institution, including the burning of one wing of the handsome Pardee Hall. Stephens's confession is a very extraordinary and tragical story of degeneration and perverted intelligence. He was graduated with high distinction at Princeton in the class of 1891, winning the Chancellor Green fellowship in mental philosophy. The income of this fellowship maintained him for another year at Princeton, and after taking his master's degree he spent still another year in the Princeton Theological Seminary. He was called to Lafayette in 1895 to be Associate Professor of Ethics and Logic. His engagement at Lafayette was for two years. President Warfield, who seems to have taken very kindly to him at first, concluded, before the term of his engagement had expired, that he was not a satisfactory instructor, and not a person whom it was expedient to retain. On what grounds he based this opinion has not yet come out, but he told Stephens that he would not be re-engaged. Stephens objected so strongly to being dropped that President Warfield kept him on for another year. Then Stephens, finding that he was not to be retained, made an open fight in the newspapers and elsewhere against President Warfield, but the trustees of the college unanimously sustained their president, and Stephens's connection with the institution closed.

Then, it seems, having developed a violent hatred of President Warfield, he determined upon a policy of retaliation, by which he hoped to undermine the president's influence. To that end he began a series of depredations and outrages, which, he thought, being attributed to students, might indicate bad discipline, and operate in various ways to Dr. Warfield's injury. He broke into the college chapel and crippled the organ so that it wouldn't work; he cut the ivy that grew on various of the college buildings; he stole the hymns and Bibles out of the chapel and threw them into a cistern; and another time he put tar on the college benches, carpet, organ, pulpit, and Bible, causing great damage. His most serious crime, of setting fire to Pardee Hall, he has confessed in detail. One wing of the building was destroyed, but, to his disappointment, the fire was believed to have been of accidental origin. A watch was finally set in the chapel, and when Stephens came there at night with a basket of bad eggs to do more mischief, he was attacked and driven off. He dropped his eggs and a key, and the key led to his detection.

Stephens is not obviously insane, though the easiest explanation of his conduct is to say that he must be a monomaniac. Besides his intellectual ability, he had a remarkable physique and unusual strength, and might have won distinction in athletics. But athletics did not interest him. He was active in religious work, and yet it is evident that there was something about him that was noticeably wrong and that excited Dr. Warfield's distrust. His pitiful story will be long remembered in colleges, and is pretty sure to be cited by future commentators who are puzzled to account for particularly atrocious acts of college vandalism.

The sentiment in and about Harvard College against the war must be pretty strong. A class-day orator is more likely to reflect the opinions prevalent about him than to defy them, and this year's incumbent, Mr. Grilk of Davenport, Iowa, did doubtless express opinions which have been and are held by many of his mates when he found it impossible to escape the conviction that in going to war with Spain "our government acted hastily, without thought, without the dignity becoming a great republic." How his deliverances in this strain were received by his audience does not appear, but it is recorded that the brief announcement following the oration that there would be no poem read because the class poet, Mr. Scull of Boston, had gone to the war, "was all that was needed for the enthusiasm of the entire assemblage to break loose in a prolonged cheering and applause."

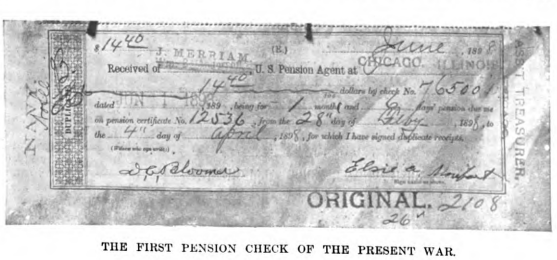


PRIVATE GOODE TAUMAN, U. S. MARINE CORPS.
Killed, June 11, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

Mr. Scull is one of Colonel Wood's Roosevelt Rough Riders. No doubt he is a good and intrepid gentleman, but it may perhaps be doubted if he is a bolder man than Orator Grilk, who had the hardihood to tell a class-day audience in Sanders Theatre that our war can't be justified, and that our new "imperial policy" lacks commonsense. It is not necessary to share all of Mr. Grilk's views in order to recognize his self-renunciation in so shaping his remarks that even his nearest sympathizers could hardly feel like giving him more than silent support.

A great many friends and admirers of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, the Harvard coach, have been glad to read of his engagement to marry an American lady—Miss Davis of Worcester. Mr. Lehmann has worked hard and persistently during the last two years in the interest of American sport, and has had twice to bear the disappointment of seeing his pupils badly beaten. It is pleasant to know that he had something better to take home with him than the mere memory of two defeats. It is pleasant to know also that his relations with this country are to be strengthened by a new tie. Whatever ailed his crews, he has helped us at a point where we needed help in promoting among our college athletes a better conception of the amenities and purposes of true sport.

Admiral Dewey has been made an LL.D. of Princeton, and it is currently reported (with how much truth cannot be discovered) that Constructor Hobson has been honored by the venerable and renowned Med. Fac. of Harvard College, which has conferred upon him the dis-




THE FIRST PENSION CHECK OF THE PRESENT WAR.

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tinction of honorary membership. The report is credible enough, though (such is the obscurity which veils the venerable society's operations) we may never know positively whether it is true or not.

In the WEEKLY of June 25 it was mentioned that 15 out of 121 members of the graduating class of the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven had enlisted, making the largest number of enlistments in proportion to the size of the class at that time reported from any institution. Word has since come that the graduating class of 30 at the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, has sent 8 men to the war (more than one-quarter of the class), and that out of 44 Seniors of the University of Maine, at Orono, 14 (nearly one-third of the class) enlisted, and were, at the time of writing, with the First Maine Regiment at Chickamauga.

These last reports will be hard to beat, though other colleges are likely to be heard from. Out of a total attendance of 300 at the University of Maine, 40 have enlisted—a proportion that recalls the days of the civil war.

The college men in the volunteer armies of whom we, in this part of the country, have heard the most, have been those who joined the regiment of "Rough Riders." There are hundreds of others who are quite as notable. A correspondent of the *Church Economist*, who has been at Camp Alger, and has made it his special concern to look into the state of religion in that camp, takes note of the influence of college men in various regiments, and especially in regiments in which whole companies are made up of college men, who work together for good. He tells us that Company H of the Twenty-second Kansas Regiment is entirely made up of college men, and that in that one regiment there are 354 "teachers, preachers, and active young churchmen," who have organized a Sunday-school and a Christian Endeavor society, and who keep the tone of the regiment at a high level. Another such regiment, it seems, is the 159th Indiana, where the superior character of the men in one or two companies rejoices the chaplain, and gives effect to his labors. Religion at Camp Alger seems to have risen quite above sectarian jealousies. We read of a service Episcopal in form but conducted by a Presbyterian clergyman from Indiana, and of another which was conducted by the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Seventh Illinois while the Universalist chaplain of the Sixth Massachusetts preached the sermon.

One of the notable chaplains of the volunteer army is the Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, of the Fourth Missouri, who will be remembered as the oldest son of General Sherman.

The laws of the trades unions hold, it seems, even in war-time, and to the detriment of the interests of the state. The newspapers record that on Saturday, June 25, in New York, the men engaged in installing the electrical plants on two ships chartered by the government stopped work at noon, according to union rules, notwithstanding that their refusal to go on with the work meant a delay of two days in starting the ships for Newport News.

Great interest is felt in the exploits of the dynamite-cruiser *Vesuvius*, which has demonstrated her ability not only to keep high explosives on her stomach in heavy weather, but to expel them shoreward at the proper time, and with due force and a fair degree of accuracy. How effective the work of the *Vesuvius* can be has not at this writing been clearly shown, but she has demonstrated abilities enough to secure close observation for her performances. She can certainly persuade her earthquakes to go a mile or two away before they operate, and she has made it certain that wherever one of them happens to light it is sure to be remembered. In the absence of the Holland torpedo-boat, she ranks as the leading novelty of the war.

E. S. MARTIN.

## THE FOULING OF THE BEACHES.

*The Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

I HAVE received your letter concerning the condition of the beaches in the Rockaway district, with photographs showing actual conditions, which are substantially the same as I saw last summer at Long Beach and farther east. The illustrations are in no wise exaggerated, and they show, as nothing else could, the intolerable littering of these resorts. I am told that large numbers of persons pay from $50 to $100 per season for bath-houses, and are unable to make the least use of them for weeks together, because of these accumulations of rubbish.

The same conditions, aggravated by the presence of putrefying garbage, have been the subject of great complaint for years concerning the beaches of both Long Island and New Jersey. The first serious effort for relief was made in the summer of 1894, when it was arranged to deposit all refuse behind a bulkhead enclosing the shoal on the west side of Rikers Island in the East River. This relieved the beaches, but it made a much more grievous annoyance nearer home. All of the collections of the city were dumped there, including an average of about five hundred tons of *garbage* per day. This garbage, putrefying under water, sent forth such an all-pervading stench that the people of Westchester County, and as far away as Flushing on Long Island, as well as those on the Sound steamers, raised a loud cry of protest.



GENERAL VIEW OF BEACH NEAR ROCKAWAY.

The Legislature passed a law making it a penal offence to deposit anywhere within the metropolitan area, on land or under water, any refuse containing garbage. It therefore became necessary to resort again to sea-dumping, all of the scows being, during the summer season, towed out to the light-ship, ten miles beyond Sandy Hook. This was practically as bad as the previous dumping closer inshore, for, while it led to the drifting of floating matters to more remote points, there was always a sufficient supply of the various wastes (about 2,800,000 cubic yards yearly) to defile the added miles of beach to an intolerable degree. This was the condition when I became Commissioner of Street Cleaning in January, 1895. Mayor Gilroy's commission had investigated the matter thoroughly and had thrown much light upon it, but when practical work was to be done the whole subject had to be studied anew and in detail. Considerable progress had been made when the administration of Mayor Strong ended. The first step of the process was to cause a separation of the wastes. Thus far everything from houses had been set out in the same receptacles and removed by the same carts and scows to the same point of deposit. It was found necessary to separate garbage, ashes, and paper and rubbish from one another, the ashes to be removed in the same carts with the street sweepings and dumped on the department scows; the light refuse to be collected in "P-R" carts, and culled for the sale of their valuable parts; and the garbage to be delivered to the boats of the Sanitary Utilization Company for transportation to its reduction-works at Barren Island. This separate disposal of garbage has been completed since January, 1897, and the source of offensive odors from the deposits on the beaches has been eliminated. Since the latter part of 1895 paper and refuse have been collected by themselves, but most of this material has been thus far dumped on the sea-going scows, awaiting the completion of yards for its picking over. Most of this material, such as mattresses, barrels, boxes, straw, old furniture, etc., is still borne by wind and wave to be deposited along miles of beach, to the greatest discomfort and disadvantage of those who use them or who live near them.

It would have been impossible to do away with this annoyance completely for the present summer, but the amount of refuse so deposited might have been very largely reduced, and by next spring it might have been entirely done away with.

That it has not been greatly mitigated by this time is one of the effects of Croker's debt-limit bugaboo. I had hired, and the city is now paying rent for, four yards in which to deposit the paper and rubbish of as many large districts of the city. Other yards had been negotiated for for the remaining territory.

The first yard taken in hand, in East Eighteenth Street near Avenue C, was equipped with the necessary appliances, and had been in active operation since early in 1897. This yard disposes of the collections of 14 of the 150 "P-R" carts of the department. The process is as follows: The old furniture, boxes, barrels, etc., are burned in an iron-enclosed open-air fire. Wire mattresses and other worthless metals, etc., and the ashes of this fire and of the furnace are hauled to the sea-going scows. Other matters are opened out and spread on a table 50 feet long (an endless belt, four feet wide, passing over rollers). This belt passes between two rows of pickers, who select out, each his own kind, seven grades of paper, five kinds of rags, carpet, shoes, hats, rubber, cork, strings, bottles, metals, glass, etc. These are baled or otherwise prepared for market, and are stored under sheds or in bins until sold. The worthless parts of the wastes—such as dirty paper, straw, and excelsior—are burned in a separate furnace, incidentally producing the steam by which the machinery is driven. These wastes amount to about 15 per cent. of the whole. The remainder, 85 per cent., is sold by the contractor, who pays the entire cost of running the works, and pays the department something over $5000 per year for this privilege.

This is only a small experimental plant. The result with the improved plants in contemplation will be very much better; for example, the appliances contracted for in the yard in East Forty-eighth Street will have four times the capacity of this one, while they will cost only about 50 per cent. more to construct and to operate. The extension of the same system throughout the city would bring a large net income to the treasury, aside from the saving of over $30,000 per annum in the cost of sending this portion of the city's wastes out to the light-ship and on to the beaches. There is also to be considered the heavy cost to the riparian owners of clearing their beaches, and of the intolerable annoyance to which they are subjected.

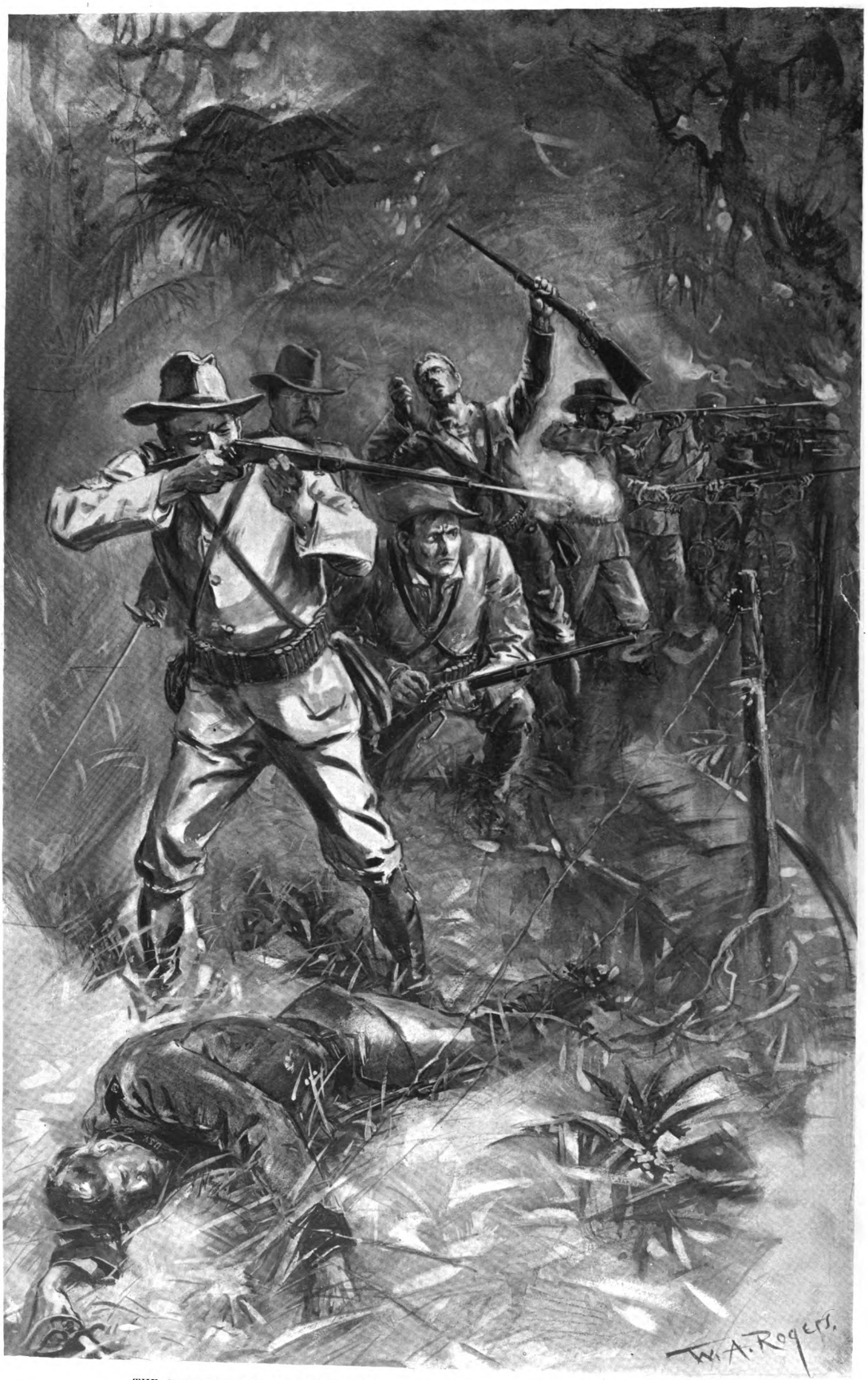
All of this work was under full headway when I was removed from office. My successor, Commissioner McCartney, was fully satisfied of its importance, as well as of the importance of depositing the street sweepings and ashes at Rikers Island, and was desirous of carrying out the whole scheme; but the present remarkable administration "turned it down." It would obviously like to go back to all of the old Tammany methods and conditions, were this possible. Fortunately the garbage contract will last nearly through this term of office, and is likely to be renewed. In short, the garbage problem seems to have been solved for all time. There is, however, little reason to hope that the present fouling of the beaches will be lessened so long as Croker remains Mayor.

GEORGE E. WARING, JR.



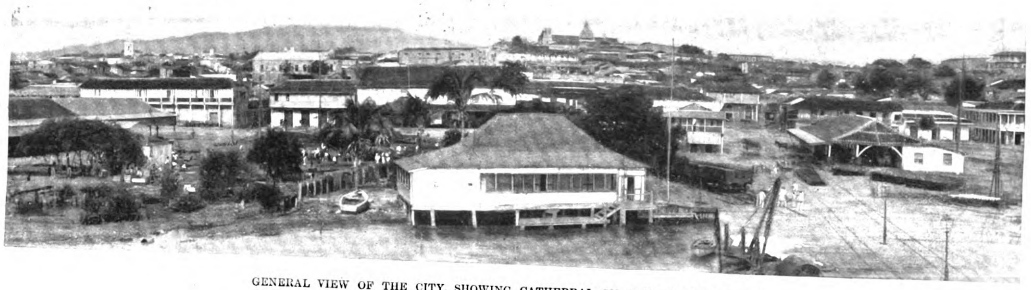
NEW YORK'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF SUBURBAN SEASIDE RESORTS—TYPICAL GROUPS OF FLOTSAM FROM THE CITY'S DUMPING-SCOWS CAST ASHORE IN THE ROCKAWAY DISTRICT.

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THE BATTLE OF LA GUASIMA, JUNE 24—THE HEROIC STAND OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.
Drawn by W. A. Rogers, from Descriptions received.

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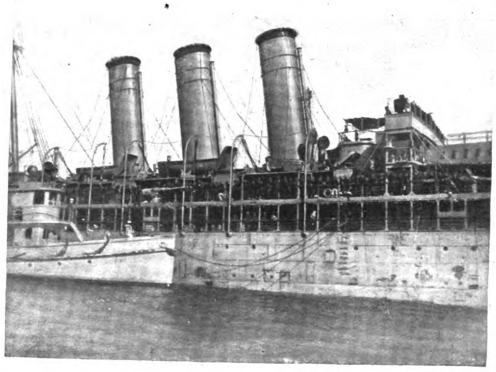


GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY, SHOWING CATHEDRAL ON THE TOP OF THE HILL.

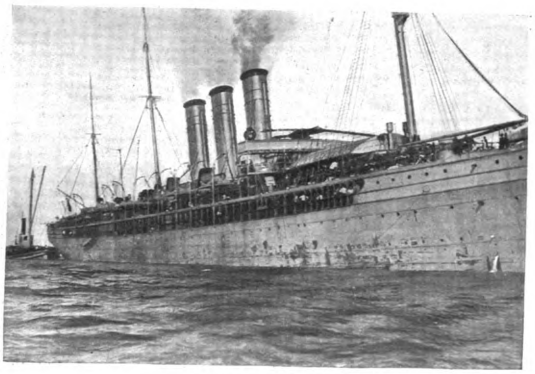


THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM THE RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH CONSUL.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



GOING ABOARD.



UNDER WAY.

DEPARTURE OF MICHIGAN TROOPS, ON AUXILIARY CRUISER "YALE," FROM HAMPTON ROADS FOR SANTIAGO, JUNE 23, 1898.

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# LONDON.

*June 11, 1898*

PARLIAMENT is again sitting, and wrangling, but nobody heeds. The riots at Belfast which have broken out this week in honor of the centenary of the Irish rebellion give point to Emerson's well-known remarks on the fluidity of politics. Just as the riots of 1886 were claimed by the one side as evidence of Ireland's unfitness for autonomy, so the bloodshed now reported as having occurred in the Orange stronghold is regarded by sanguine Nationalists as proof positive that imperial rule should cease. If Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy collapsed when he retired from public life, no certificate of death could be given to Gladstonian home-rule so long as he lived. Now that he is gone, the groups of politicians who form the Liberal party cannot indefinitely postpone a decision as to what is to be done with Ireland. Unionists whose unionism has not stifled their Liberalism, and who adhere to the body of doctrine preached by Mr. Gladstone in his prime, are watching the tactics of the Liberal leaders with eager interest. If Mr. Gladstone's death has really killed the three forms of home-rule associated with his name, the renunciation of the Irish alliance by his political successors, and the death of Liberal Unionism itself, would seem to be the natural sequel. The possibility of disbanding the Unionist party, however, is a problem now complicated by other considerations than those bearing upon Ireland. The alliance formed to defeat Mr. Gladstone continued to exist mainly to prevent the loss of markets and the disintegration of empire. The centre of political gravity is changed by Mr. Gladstone's death. Public interest has passed from domestic to foreign affairs. The mind of the man in the street is indifferent to constitutional change. He is bored with constitutional tinkerings. What the average citizen longs for is that Britain may peacefully retain and enlarge the prosperity she now enjoys, or, at the worst, triumphantly defend it

Although the tie between Mr. Dillon's party and the official Liberals is at present relaxed, there is, nevertheless, nothing to show that the Irish alliance may not be revived at any moment convenient to Liberal strategists. Nobody knows what the bickering syndicate of Liberal leaders really think about home-rule. It is improbable that any one of them sincerely believes that, where Mr. Gladstone failed, a second-rate politician will succeed. Until, therefore, a certificate of the death of home-rule be issued by responsible Liberal spokesmen, invested with plenary powers to bind the party, the Unionist alliance will be maintained intact. There is, however, another point of importance which tends to show that no material change in the existing composition of parties is immediately to be looked for. The deliberate efforts of Mr. Dillon and Mr. John Redmond, the leaders of the two Nationalist parties in Parliament, to poison the mind of America against Britain is a matter upon which the Liberal party probably has as definite an opinion as that of the followers of the government. Still, no Liberal leader—certainly not Mr. John Morley, the late Irish Secretary—has yet found it convenient to repudiate or denounce the conduct of the Irish Nationalists. If they were to do so, they would bar the door to a renewal of the entangling alliance which is the real source of the diseases of the Liberal party. Unionists, on the other hand, are unable to contemplate common action with politicians openly hostile to a friendly understanding with our American kinsmen. Among the friends of such enemies of an Anglo-American *entente* are to be found Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Asquith, Mr. John Morley, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, and Mr. Fowler. These gentlemen and their followers are suspect not only on account of the political company they have kept, but because of their silence in regard to the conduct of their Irish friends in denouncing Anglo-American friendship. Mr. Chamberlain's statement that war itself would not be too great a price to pay for an Anglo-American alliance is seriously accepted by the large majority of the English electors. The doctrine, however, is anathema maranatha to the Irish Nationalists. In this connection it is worth noting that personal dislike to Mr. Chamberlain, whose rising star begins to enlighten even the darker portions of the political firmament, constitutes the creed of as many extreme Radicals as extreme Tories.

General conviction begins to prevail that new problems and new developments will require new men to deal with them. Old shibboleths have lost their significance, and are mere tags, of which every one is weary. Enthusiasts desire to inscribe upon Mr. Gladstone's grave the words "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," and to adopt those words as the motto of the future Liberal party. Common-sense, however, tells the electors that peace is a matter determined more by the conduct of other nations than by their own, which has no higher interest; that retrenchment is impossible with a growing population and an era of universal armament; and that projects for constitutional reform simply nauseate the country. With a diminished export trade, and the visible menace to Anglo-Saxon freedom exhibited by certain powers, it is recognized that the policy of destructive reform, which has now lasted for nearly three parts of a century, has had its day. England is Liberal through and through, has been Liberal throughout the home-rule controversy, and became reactionary only when Liberal ministries began to confuse change with progress, and preferred the day-dreams of industrious visionaries—who chatter the dialect of reform or the idiom of local veto—to grappling with the evolution of Anglo-Saxon destiny. The present Liberal leaders have placed themselves in a cleft stick. At no distant day they will be compelled to acknowledge failure by retirement from nominal leadership which nobody acknowledges, or they will be compelled by circumstances to nail the green flag to the mast.

British reforms of the future are not to be found on the lines of constitutional change, but in the reorganization and improvement of existing institutions. As the debate last night showed, the country as a whole perceives as clearly as the Radicals that the Tory management of foreign affairs is neither businesslike nor successful. The reason is clear. The Foreign Office is a close corporation. Unlike the foreign offices of Russia, of Germany, or of France, it does not primarily exist for the nation. Downing Street is sufficient unto itself—contented in ignorance, it resents criticism, despises commerce, and is, therefore, out of touch with the business world. Great merchants tell me that neglect of British interests by the Foreign Office is organized into a system. So long as our budding diplomatists merely pass through the establishment of Mr. Scoonces, a well-known "coach," possess a minimum private income of $2000 a year, and are fairly well born, they are considered as suitable to cope with the best business men on the Continent. The interests of trade and of labor are, not unnaturally, neglected, when the chief of the Foreign Office is too preoccupied to make the acquaintance of his own subordinates, and when his immediate assistants are men who look down on trade with the same sense of compassion as that felt by the governing classes in the days when England was ostensibly governed in the interests of men of family. If anything approaching an Anglo-American alliance should ever be seriously contemplated, the democratization of the English Foreign Office is an essential preliminary. I have reason to know that these views are not confined to the opposition, or even to private members of Parliament.

Conflicting accounts reach this country on the subject of the United States army, and though the most trustworthy of these accounts do not paint the picture in *couleur de rose*, the inevitable effects of a long peace on military efficiency are by no means the monopoly of republics. In the forty years that elapsed between the battle of Waterloo and the fighting in the Crimea, the British army attained a maximum of inefficiency. It is only now, when the chief actors in the great drama of the struggle with Russia are dead, that the public is beginning to learn the extent of the incapacity and inefficiency of the men responsible for the equipment and training of the British army. But for the courage of the British private the Crimean campaign would have been a disastrous failure. Indeed, but for the accident of a fog on the morning of the battle of Inkerman, which enabled a handful of British troops to impress forty thousand Russian soldiers with the idea that they were more numerous and better supported than they really were, the English army would have been driven into the Black Sea, and the subsequent history of Europe altered beyond recognition. It was not until political and social influences were partly eliminated that our standing army began to prosper. Even now the efficiency of the Indian army and of the force under Sir Herbert Kitchener is attributed by capable critics to the fact that neither body of troops is under the control of the headquarters staff in London. The mismanagement, incompetence, and waste of the civilian staff of the War Office have not been materially reduced since the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge. The country does not get value for its money, while the officials interested in the maintenance of the present costly and inefficient administration naturally do their best to prevent the organization of the army passing into the hands of capable men. The influence of society is almost as paramount at the War Office as in the Department of Foreign Affairs. The task of purging the military stall in the Augean stable of maladministration is one that awaits the constructive statesman of the future. Mr. Chamberlain is the only man capable of such Herculean labor, and it is to him that the more thoughtful and energetic Tories are beginning to turn.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, who is now in Paris, is reported to have held a conversation with Monsieur Henri des Houx, in which he has expressed his views on the delicate question of an Anglo-American alliance. Mr. Depew is reported to have said that for more than a century the relations between the United States of America and the British government have been strained, and that although the States can come to an excellent understanding with England on certain clearly determined points, there is an abyss between the two countries which will prevent forever the formation of an alliance with England. "Our hearts are not drawn to that side," says Mr. Depew. Some remarkable utterances of the same speaker during the early days of the Venezuelan difficulty are not forgotten, but full allowance is made for Mr. Depew's position in the French capital, where the preparations for the United States section of the exhibition are understood to have fallen into arrears. It is only fair to Mr. Depew to say that his alleged statements are not yet corroborated.

Students of history, who hold that the friendship of France to the United States in the Revolutionary days was dictated less by love for the Americans than by hatred for England, will accept one of Mr. Depew's alleged statements as to the common aspirations of the French and American republics with a grain of salt. I have just returned from a short visit to France, where I have conversed with people of all classes. Without a single exception, the antipathy to America and the sympathy with Spain were most marked, especially among the propertied class in the country. France has invested $500,000,000 in Spain. The war, therefore, hits France almost as hardly as if she were a belligerent. For obvious reasons, the Paris shopkeepers can scarcely be taken as representative of the French nation. The burden of sustaining Spanish credit virtually falls upon French capitalists, and as Spain is bleeding to death, the task of sustaining her is becoming intolerable. There can be no true friendship between a decadent and a rising and triumphant race. That the French, notwithstanding their delightful qualities, are the decadent is a truth that any one with eyes in his head and the capacity for observation may see for himself. The ever-increasing use of alcohol in its most fiery and dangerous forms is felt by well-wishers to France to be ominous for the future of the race.

The fall of the great speculator Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley is exciting a good deal of interest. It is estimated that since March, 1896, the cash consideration received by Mr. Hooley from the companies he has floated amounted to close upon $35,000,000, and this without reckoning share holdings, some of which went to a high premium. The fact that he was on the verge of insolvency was not a secret to the initiated few. More than a month ago he accepted a judgment against him for a debt of $35,000, of which he was to pay $10,000 down, and $5000 a week for five weeks. For a reputed multi-millionaire to adopt this method of discharging a debt is tantamount to a confession of failure. Eight of Mr. Hooley's promotions have undergone a depreciation of more than $18,000,000. From the Dunlop Company alone he made a cash profit of $10,000,000. He was shrewd enough to take the public at the psychological moment, and his triumphant success proved his ruin. He never established an office in London, but conducted his business at a hotel. I am given to understand, on the highest authority, that some extremely interesting revelations may be looked for, humiliating to this country and to civilization. Mr. Gladstone was in the habit of saying that the greatest evil affecting our age was not bloated armaments, nor predatory socialism, nor bad legislation, but the growing love of money and the unconscientiousness of some rich men. The system of speculative finance which affords a man of the Hooley type opportunities for making millions out of the silly section of the public is obtaining a notoriety that is not without its menace to legitimate enterprise. The attempt of Monsieur Jaurés to bring about organic unity among the existing organizations of the socialistic party all over Europe is significant of much behind. Mr. Leiter's wheat deal helps M. Jaurés. It is much talked of among the poorer classes over here. The failure of Mr. Hooley recalls to mind his recent present of gold plate to St. Paul's Cathedral. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are considered as lacking in judgment in accepting such a gift from a man who induced the public to give millions more for his various companies than they are worth. The plate in question is irreverently known as vessels of the "Hooley Communion Service."

Mr. John Morley has dealt with the Anglo-American alliance in a speech at Leeds, pitched in the same key as Sir William Harcourt's sneer at the "new Birmingham foreign policy." If he does not condemn outright Mr. Chamberlain's conception of an English-speaking alliance, he damns it with faint praise, and thus suggests to the American people a British coldness that does not exist. The form of Mr. John Morley's speech is perfect; his literary instinct safeguards him from lapsing into the slipshod style of the ordinary politician; but none the less is his meaning unintelligible, except on the theory that he reluctantly recognizes the fact that most sensible people in England and the States are bent on the establishment of closer relations—whatever he and his Irish masters may do or say. Pledged as he is to Irish autonomy, Mr. Morley is in a dilemma. Open approval of an Anglo-American alliance would place him under the ban of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond, who are busily occupied in poisoning the wells of international good feeling. If, on the other hand, the late Irish Secretary were frankly to condemn Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, he would alienate that portion of the Liberal party which recognizes that home-rule was buried in Mr. Gladstone's grave. Mr. Morley is a philosopher, bookish, industrious, sedate, but he is devoid of the saving grace of humor—the salt of public life. Perspective has no more meaning to Mr. Morley than to a Chinese artist. He suffers from an obsession of the revolutionary idea of the eighteenth century. Consequently, every speech which he delivers, while admirable in form and delightful to hear or to read, is saturated with the spirit of an age as obsolete as that of Augustus. Search will be made in vain throughout all Mr. John Morley's utterances for any indication that he understands old things to have passed away, or that constructive statesmanship and the conservation of the liberties England now enjoys are the proper tasks of her rulers, present and to come.

From conversations with politicians of all shades of opinion, excepting the Irish, I gather that anxiety is felt, not least in government circles, as to the composition of the Anglo-American commission for the arrangement of the difficulties between the United States and Canada. I may perhaps record the conviction entertained here that unless the commissioners appointed on both sides are qualified by their antecedents and opinions to come to an early arrangement, a favorable issue is scarcely to be expected. The names of the American commissioners are looked for with much interest.

The Wagner cycle, which was heralded with a flourish of trumpets, is now in full swing at Covent Garden. Disciples of the master are divided as to the merits of the rendering of the "Rheingold," the "Walküre," and "Siegfried." Every one admits that under Herr Mottl the orchestration has been superb. On the other hand, the stage-management is criticised as inadequate. The abbreviation of the score is denounced as ruthless, and many of the performers are regarded as inappropriate. Many thousands of pounds have been collected by the management on the understanding that the well-known Baireuth tradition was to be followed, and that we were to have in London a cycle represented under the Wagnerian method. These proposals, however, have been seriously interfered with by the despotism of the London dinner hour. Dinner is incompatible with an unmutilated score, and as subscribers to the cycle prefer food to music, the score has been ruthlessly cut. Furthermore, it has been found difficult or impossible to engage actors competent not only to sing, but willing to act Wagnerian drama in the manner laid down by the master himself. The stage-management of "Siegfried" is denounced as inferior to the standard of a musical German provincial town. Evidence exists already of all the elements for a great musical controversy, the echo of which will doubtless reach the other side of the Atlantic.

Amid wars and rumors of wars it is pleasant to turn aside to the giant struggle for the championship in the open golf competition. This year it has been won by a professional, Harry Varden, of Scarborough, on the Prestwich Links, which are described by Mr. Horace Hutchinson in his delightful *Golfing Pilgrim*. Prestwich is not St. Andrews, but the course, which contains a mighty range of sand hills with the awesome name of Himalayas, is not an easy one. Over this course, Himalayas, Alps, and all, Varden played four rounds in 307 strokes, an average of four and a quarter strokes a hole, with a crowd, a close competition, and some bad weather. This achievement implies a delicacy of touch, nervous strength, and steady eye which may fairly be looked on as matchless. I believe Varden was once a Jersey caddie, a fact that should inspire the whole caddie fraternity with a desire to live up to the reputation of their great representative.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

IV.—A CATARACT OF INFORMATION.

PETER SADLER would have been glad to have the Archibald party stay at his hotel for a few days, and Mrs. Archibald would have been perfectly satisfied to remain there until they were ready to return to their own house, but her husband and Margery were impatient to be in the woods, and it was therefore decided to start for the camp the next day. Peter Sadler was a man of system, and his arrangements were made promptly and rapidly.

"You've got to have a guide," said he, "and another man to help him, and I think I'll give you Phil Matlack. Phil is an old hand at the business, and if you don't know what you want, he'll tell you. If you are in Phil's hands, you needn't be afraid anything will happen to you. Whatever you want, ask him for it, and ten to one he'll have it, whether it's information or fish-hooks. I tell you again, you're lucky to be here early and get the best of everything. Camp Rob with Phil Matlack will stand at a premium in three or four weeks from now."

That evening after supper Mr. Archibald lighted a cigar and went out into the grounds in front of the hotel, where he was presently joined by his wife.

"Where is Margery?" asked he.

"She is in her room," replied Mrs. Archibald, "but she called to me that she would be down directly."

In about ten minutes down came Margery and floated out upon the lawn. She was dressed in white, with flowers in her hair, and she was more charming, Mr. Archibald said, as she approached, than even the sunset sky.

"You should not speak in that way of works of nature," said his wife.

"Isn't she a work of nature?" he asked.

"Not altogether," was the wise reply. "Why did you dress yourself in that fashion?" she asked Margery. "I did not suppose you would bring such a fine gown, as we started out to go into camp. And even in this hotel a travelling suit is good enough for any one."

"Oh, I tucked this into one of my bags," replied Margery. "I always like to have something nice to fall back upon. Don't you want to take a little stroll, Aunt Harriet?"

Mr. Archibald leaned back in his garden chair and slowly puffed his cigar, and as he puffed he took his eyes from the sunset sky and watched his wife and Margery.

A little beyond them, as they walked, sat two elderly ladies on a bench, wearing shawls, and near by stood a girl in a short dress, with no hat on, and a long plait down her back. A little further on was a tennis-court, and four people, apparently young, were playing tennis. There were two men, and neither of them wore a tennis suit. One was attired as a bicyclist, and the other wore ordinary summer clothes. The young women were dressed in dark blue flannel and little round hats, which suggested to Mr. Archibald the deck of a yacht.

Near the hotel was an elderly gentleman walking up and down by himself, and on the piazza were the rest of the guests he had seen at the table—not very many, for it was early in the season.

Mr. Archibald now turned his eyes again to the sky. It was still beautiful, although its colors were fading, and after a time he looked back toward his wife. She was now talking to the two elderly ladies on the bench, and Margery was engaged in conversation with the girl with the plait down her back.

"When I finish my cigar," thought Mr. Archibald, "I will go myself and take a stroll." And it struck him that he might talk to the old gentleman, who was still walking up and down in front of the hotel. After contemplating the tops of some forest trees against the greenish-yellow of the middle sky, he turned his eyes again toward his wife, and found that the two elderly ladies had made room for her on the bench, that the tennis game had ceased, and that one of the girls in blue flannel had joined this group and was talking to Margery.

In a few moments all the ladies on the bench rose, and Mrs. Archibald and one of them walked slowly toward an opening in the woods. The other lady followed with the little girl, and Margery and the young woman in blue walked in the same direction, but not in company with the rest of the party. The two young men, with the other tennis-player between them, walked over from the tennis-court and joined the first group, and they all stopped just as they reached the woods. There they stood and began talking to each other, after which one of the young men and the young woman approached a large tree, and he poked with a stick into what was probably a hole near its roots, and Mr. Archibald supposed that the discussion concerned a snake-hole or a hornets' nest. Then Margery and the other young woman came up, and they looked at the hole. Now the whole company walked into the woods and disappeared. In about ten minutes Mr. Archibald finished his cigar and was thinking of following his wife and Margery, when the two elderly ladies and Mrs. Archibald came out into the open and walked toward the hotel. Then came the little girl, running very fast as she passed the tree with the hole near its roots. In a few minutes Mrs. Archibald stopped and looked back toward the woods; then she walked a little way in that direction, leaving her companions to go to the hotel. Now the young man in the bicycle suit emerged from the woods, with a girl in dark blue flannel on each side of him.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald, and rising to his feet, advanced toward his wife; but before he reached her, Margery emerged from the wood road, escorted by the young man in the summer suit.

"Upon my word," Mr. Archibald remarked, this time to his wife, "that ward of ours is not given to wasting time."

"It seems so, truly," said she, "and I think her mother was right when she called her a creature of impulse. Let us wait here until they come up. We must all go in; it is getting chilly."

In a few minutes Margery and the young man had reached them.

"Thank you very much," said this creature of impulse to her escort. "My uncle and aunt will take care of me now. Aunt Harriet and Uncle Archibald, this is Mr. Clyde. He saw a great snake go into a hole over there just before supper-time, and I think we ought all to be very careful how we pass that way."

"I don't think there is very much danger after nightfall," said Mr. Clyde, who was a pleasant youth with brown hair, "and to-morrow I'll see if I can't kill him. It's a bad place for a snake to have a hole just where ladies would be apt to take their walks."

"I don't think the snake will trouble us much," said Mrs. Archibald, "for we leave to-morrow. Still, it would be a good thing to kill it."

After this there were a few remarks made about snakes, and then Mr. Clyde bade them good-evening.

"How in the world, Margery," said Mrs. Archibald, "did you get acquainted so quickly with that young man—and who is he?"

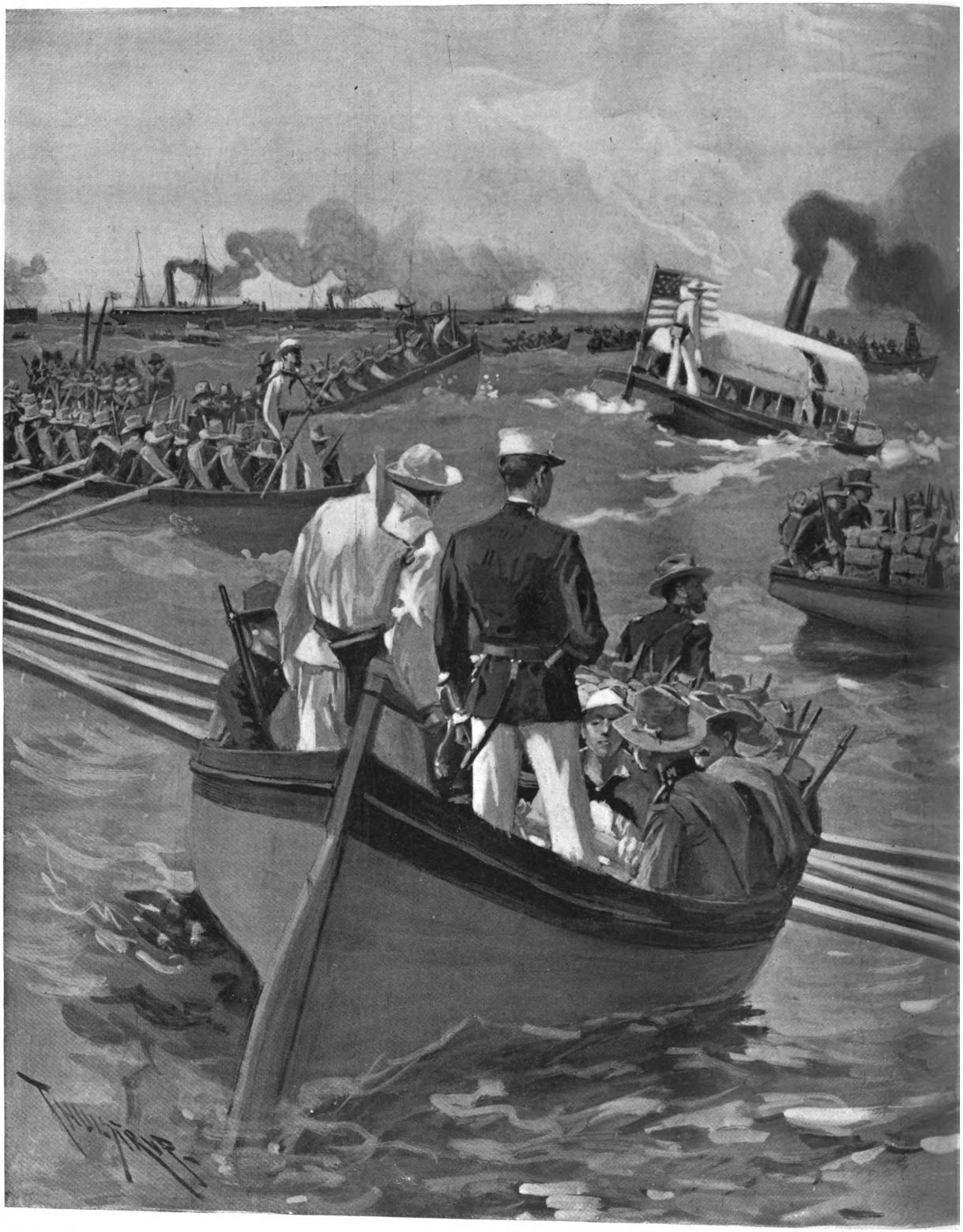
"Oh, it all happened quite naturally," said she. "As we turned to go out of the woods he was the gentleman nearest to me, and so of course he came with me. Those two girls are sisters, and their name is Dodworth. They introduced Mr. Clyde and the other gentleman, Mr. Raybold, to me. But that was after you had been talking to Mrs. Dodworth, their mother, who is Mr. Raybold's aunt. The other lady, with the shawl on, is Mrs. Henderson; and —would you believe it?—she's grandmother to that girl in the short dress! She doesn't begin to look old enough. The Dodworths don't go into camp at all, but expect to stay here for two weeks longer, and then they go to the sea-shore. Mrs. Henderson leaves day after to-morrow.

"Mr. Clyde and his friend live in Boston. They are both just beginning to practise law, though Mr. Clyde says that Mr. Raybold would rather be an actor, but his family objects. The old gentleman who is walking up and down in front of the hotel has heart-disease, some people say—but that is not certain. He staid here all last summer, and perhaps he will this year. In two weeks hardly any of the people now in this hotel will be here. One family is going into camp when the father and two sons come on to join them, and the rest are going to the sea-shore, except one lady. You may have noticed her—the one with a dark purple dress and a little purple cap. She's a school-teacher, and she will spend the rest of the summer with her sister in Pennsylvania.

"That man Phil Matlack, who is going with us to-morrow, is quite a character, and I expect I shall like him awfully. They say that about five years ago he

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

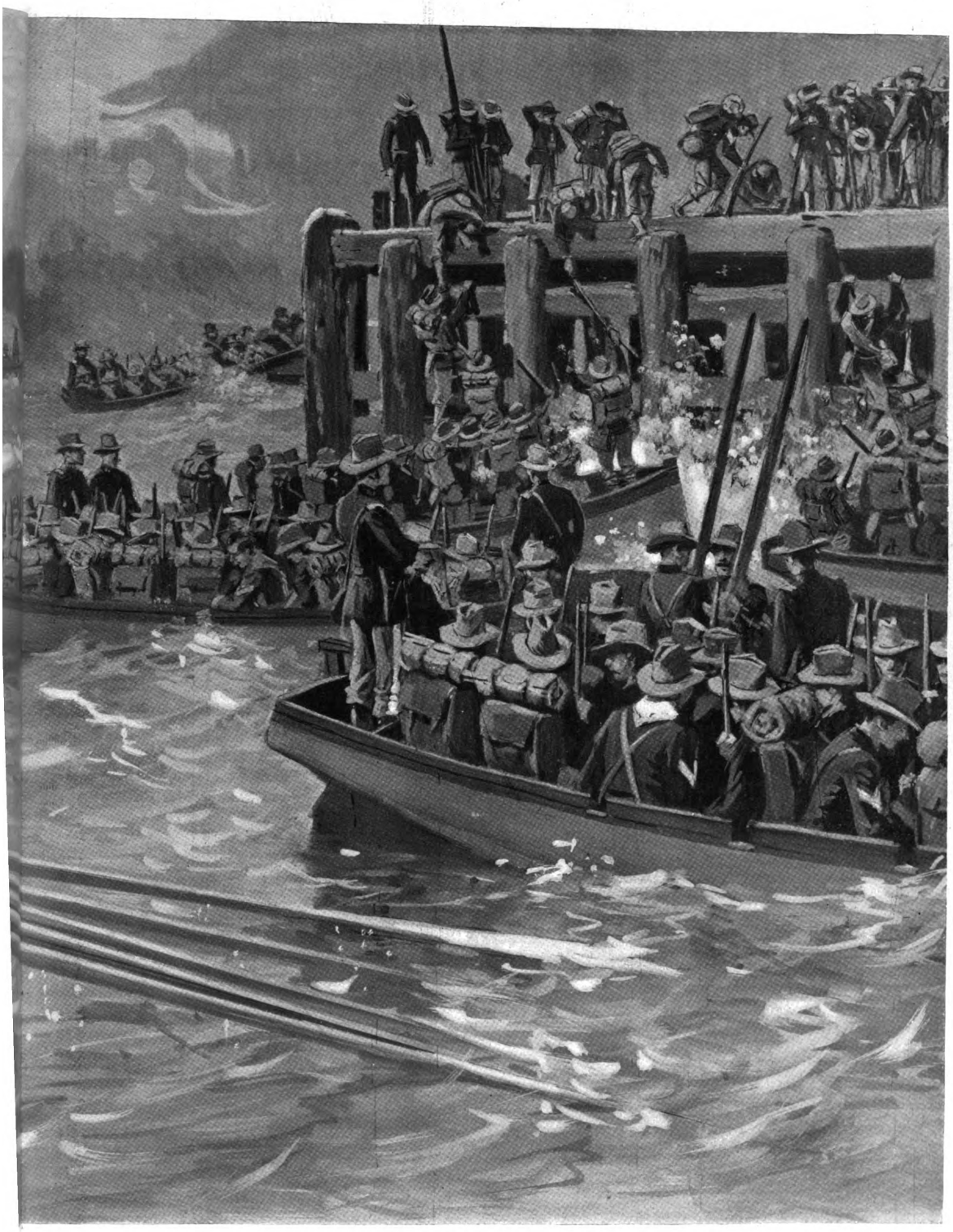
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THE INVASION

TROOPS OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S COMMAND LANDING FROM TRANSPORTS AT

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OF CUBA.

BAIQUIRI, NEAR SANTIAGO, JUNE 22.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

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killed a man who made an attack on him in the woods, but he was never tried for it, nor was anything whatever done to him, because Mr. Sadler said he was right, and he would not have any nonsense about it. There are people about here who believe that Phil Matlack would fight a bear single-handed if it happened to be necessary. Mr. Sadler would do it himself if he could walk. Nobody knows how many men he killed when he was fighting Indians; and, would you believe it? his wife is a plain little quiet woman, who lives in some part of the hotel where nobody ever sees her, because she is rather bashful and dislikes company.

"The other person who is going with us is not very much more than a boy, though they say he is very strong and a good hunter. His name is Martin Sanders, and I forgot to say that the old gentleman with the heart-disease is named Parker.

"It's generally thought that Phil Matlack would rather have some one else than Martin Sanders to go with him, because he says Martin knows too much. The fact is that Martin is very well educated, and could have gone into some good business, but he was so fond of the woods that he gave up everything to come out here and learn guiding. You know we were told that our camp in the woods has three rooms in it? Well, it really has four, for there was an artist there last year who built a little room for a studio for rainy days. I expect Mr. Sadler forgot that, or didn't think it worth counting. There are no snakes at all where we are going to camp, but two miles farther on there are lots of them."

"Over the brink of Niagara," interjected Mr. Archibald, "they say eighteen million cubic feet of water pour every minute. Where on earth, Margery, did you fill your mind with all that information?"

"I got it from those two Dodworth girls and Mr. Clyde," said she. "Mr. Raybold told me some things, too, but mostly about his bicycle. He feels badly about it, because he brought it here, and now he finds there is no place to use it. I should think he ought to have known that the primeval forest isn't any place for a bicycle."

"Mr. Archibald," said Mrs. Archibald, when they had retired to their room, "I did not agree with you when you wished we could have started for camp to-day, but now I am quite of your mind."

Tuesday was fine, and preparations were made for the Archibald party to start for their camp after an early luncheon.

The bluff and hearty Peter took such an interest in everything that was being done for their comfort, giving special heed to all possible requirements of Mrs. Archibald, that the heart of Mr. Archibald was touched.

"I wish," said he to his good-natured host, "that you were going with us. I do not know any one I would rather camp with than you."

"If I could do it," replied Peter, "I'd like it ever so well. So far as I have been able to make you out, you are the sort of a man I'd be willing to run a camp for. What I like about you is that you haven't any mind of your own. There is nothing I hate worse than to run against a man with a mind of his own. Of course there have to be such fellows, but let them keep away from me. There is no room here for more than one mind, and I have pre-empted the whole section."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "Your opinion of me does not sound very complimentary," he said.

"It is complimentary!" roared Peter Sadler, striking the table with his fist. "Why, I tell you, sir, I couldn't say anything more commendable of you if I tried! It shows that you are a man of common-sense, and that's pretty high praise. Everything I've told you to do you've done. Everything I've proposed you've agreed to. You see for yourself that I know what is better for you and your party than you do, and you stand up like a man and say so. Yes, sir; if a rolling-chair wasn't as bad for the woods as the bicycle that Boston chap brought down here, I'd go along with you."

Mr. Archibald had a very sharp sense of the humorous, and in his enjoyment of a comical situation he liked company. His heart was stirred to put his expedition in its true light before this man who was so honest and plain-spoken. "Mr. Sadler," said he, "if you will take it as a piece of confidential information, and not intended for the general ear, I will tell you what sort of a holiday my wife and I are taking. We are on a wedding-journey." And then he told the story of the proxy bridal tour.

Peter Sadler threw himself back in his chair and laughed with such great roars that two hunting-dogs who were asleep in the hall sprang to their feet and dashed out of the back door, their tails between their legs.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried Peter Sadler, "you and your wife are a pair of giants. I don't say anything about that young woman, for I don't believe it would have made any difference to her whether you were on a wedding-trip or travelling into the woods to bury a child. I tell you, sir, you mayn't have a mind that can give out much, but you've got a mind that can take in the biggest kind of thing, and that is what I call grand. It is the difference between a canyon and a mountain. There are lots of good mountains in this world, and mighty few good canyons. Tom, you Tom, come here!"

In answer to the loud call a boy came running up.

"Go into my room," said Peter Sadler, "and bring out a barrel bottle, large size, and one of the stone jars with a red seal on it. Now, sir," said he to Mr. Archibald, "I am going to give you a bottle of the very best whiskey that ever a human being took into the woods, and a jar of smoking-tobacco a great deal too good for any king on any throne. They belong to my private stock, and I am proud to make them a present to a man who will take a wedding-trip to save his grown-up daughter the trouble. As for your wife, there'll be a basket that will go to her with my compliments, that will show her what I think of her. By-the-way, sir, have you met Phil Matlack?"

"No, I have not!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald, with animation. "I have heard something about him, and before we start I should like to see the man who is going to take charge of us in camp."

"Well, there he is, just passing the back door. Hello, Phil! come in here."

When the eminent guide Phil Matlack entered the hall, Mr. Archibald looked at him with some surprise, for he was not the conventional tall, gaunt, wiry, keen-eyed backwoodsman who had naturally appeared to his mental vision. This man was of medium height, a little round-shouldered, dressed in a gray shirt, faded brown trousers very baggy at the knees, a pair of conspicuous blue woollen socks, and slippers made of carpet. His short beard and his hair were touched with gray, and he wore a small jockey cap. With the exception of his eyes, Mr. Matlack's facial features were large, and the expression upon them was that of a mild and generally good-natured tolerance of the world and all that was in it. It may be stated that this expression, combined with his manner, indicated also a desire on his part that the world and all that is in it should tolerate him. Mr. Archibald's first impressions of the man did not formulate themselves in these terms; he simply thought that the guide was a slipshod sort of a fellow.

"Phil," said Mr. Sadler, "here is the gentleman you are going to take into camp."

"Glad to see him," said Matlack; "hope he'll like it."

"And I want to say to you, Phil," continued Sadler, "right before him, that he is a first-class man for you to have in charge. I don't believe you ever had a better one. He's a city man, and it's my opinion he don't know one thing about hunting, fishing, making a camp fire, or even digging bait. I don't suppose he ever spent a night outside of a house, and doesn't know any more about the weather than he does about planting cabbages. He's just clean, bright, and empty, like a new peach-basket. What you tell him he'll know, and what you ask him to do he'll do, and if you want a better man than that to take into camp, you want too much. That's all I've got to say."

Matlack looked at Peter Sadler and then at Mr. Archibald, who was leaning back in his chair, his bright eyes twinkling.

"How did you find out all that about him?" he asked.

"Humph!" exclaimed Peter Sadler. "Don't you suppose I can read a man's character when I've had a good chance at him? Now how about the stores—have they all gone on?"

"They were sent out early this mornin'," said Matlack, "and we can start as soon as the folks are ready."

### V.—CAMP ROB.

It was early in the afternoon when the Archibald party took up the line of march for Camp Rob. The two ladies, supplied by Mrs. Sadler with coarse riding-skirts, sat each upon a farm-horse, and Mr. Archibald held the bridle of the one that carried his wife. Matlack and Martin Sanders, the young man who was to assist him, led the way, while a led horse, loaded with the personal baggage of the travellers, brought up the rear.

Their way wound through a forest over a wood road, very rough and barely wide enough for the passage of a cart. The road was solemn and still, except where here and there an open space allowed the sunlight to play upon a few scattered wild flowers and brighten the sombre tints of the undergrowth.

After a ride which seemed a long one to the ladies, who wished they had attired themselves in walking costume, the road and the forest suddenly came to an end, and before them stretched out the waters of a small lake. Camp Rob was not far from the head of the lake, and for some distance above and below the forest stood back from the water's edge. In the shade of a great oak-tree there stood a small log house, rude enough to look at, but moderately comfortable within, and from this house to the shore a wide space was cleared of bushes and undergrowth.

The lake was narrow in proportion to its length, which was about two miles, and on the other side the forest looked like a solid wall of green reflected in the water beneath. Even Mrs. Archibald, whose aching back began to have an effect upon her disposition, was delighted with the beauty of the scene, which delight endured until she had descended from her horse and entered the log cabin in which she was to dwell for a time.

It is not necessary to describe the house, nor is it necessary to dive into the depths of Mrs. Archibald's mind as she gazed about her, passing silently from room to room of the little house. She was a good woman, and she had made up her mind that she would not be a millstone around the necks of her companions. Many people have been happy in camps, and, indeed, camp life has become one of the features of our higher civilization, and this, from what she had heard, must be a camp above the common. So, think what she might, she determined to make no open complaint. If it were possible for her to be happy, here she would be happy.

As for Margery, no determination was needed in her case. Everything was better than she had expected to find it. The cabin, with the bark on almost everything, even the furniture, was just what a house in the woods ought to be; and when she entered the little studio, which was nearer allied to the original forest than any other part of the house, she declared that that must be her room, and that living there she would feel almost like a dryad in an oak.

"You've camped out before?" said Phil Matlack to Mr. Archibald, as he was taking a survey of the scene.

"Oh yes," said the other; "I've been out a few days at a time with fishing parties, but we never had such a fine camp as this—so well located and such good accommodations."

"You are a fisherman, then?" said the guide.

"Yes. Very fond of it. Have fished ever since I was a boy, and know a good deal about bait, in spite of what Mr. Sadler said."

"I had an idea of that sort," remarked Phil; "but it ain't no use to contradict Peter. It helps keep up his spirits for him to think he can read the characters of people just as quick as he can aim a rifle. And it's a mighty important thing to keep Peter's spirits up. If Peter's spirits was to go down, things round here would flatten out worse than a rotten punkin when it's dropped."

It did not take long to establish the new-comers in their woodland quarters. The tent for the two men, which had arrived in the morning, was pitched not far from the cabin, and then Matlack and Martin went to work to prepare supper. The dining-room in pleasant weather was the small space in front of the house, where there was a table made of a wide board supported by stakes, with a low and narrow board on each side, also resting on stakes, and forming seats.

The supper was a better one and better served than any of the party had expected. The camp outfit included table cloths and even napkins.

"To-morrow," said Matlack, as he brought a dish of hot and savory broiled ham, "after Mr. Archibald gets to work, we'll have some fish."

Mrs. Archibald had been a little fearful that under these primitive conditions the two men might expect to sit at the table with them, but she need have had no such fears. Matlack and Martin cooked and waited with a skill and deftness which would have surprised any one who did not reflect that this was as much their business as hunting or woodcraft.

After supper a camp fire was built at a safe distance from the house, for although the evening air was but slightly cool, a camp without a camp fire would not be a camp. The party ranged themselves around it, Mrs. Archibald on a rug brought from the cabin, and her husband and Margery on the ground. Mr. Archibald lighted his pipe, the fire lighted the trees and the lake, and joy inexpressible lighted the heart of Margery.

"If I could smoke a pipe," said she, "and get Mr. Matlack to come here and tell me how he killed a man, I should be perfectly happy."

That night Mrs. Archibald lay awake on her straw mattress. Absolute darkness was about her, but through the open window she could see, over the tops of the trees on the other side of the lake, one little star.

"If I could get any comfort out of that little star," thought the good lady, "I would do it; but I can't do it, and there is nothing else to comfort me."

On the other side of the room, on another straw mattress, she could hear her husband breathing steadily. Then, upon the bare boards of the floor, which were but a few inches below her little cot-bed, she thought she heard the patter of small feet. A squirrel, perhaps, or, horrible to think of, it might be a rat. She was sure rats would eat straw beds, and her first impulse was to wake Mr. Archibald; but she hesitated, he was sleeping so soundly. Still she listened, and now she became almost certain that what she heard was not the patter of small feet; it sounded more like something soft which was dragging itself over the floor—possibly a snake. This idea was simply awful, and she sat up in bed. Still she did not call Mr. Archibald, for should he suddenly spring on the floor, he would be in more danger from the snake than she was.

She listened and she listened, but she heard nothing more, and then her reason began to assure her that a snake's movements on a bare floor would be absolutely noiseless; but in a moment all thoughts of serpents were driven from her head. Outside of the cabin she heard a sound that could be nothing less than the footsteps of some living creature—a wild beast, perhaps a panther. The door was shut and fastened, but the window was open. To call Mr. Archibald and tell him a wild beast was walking outside the house would be positively wicked. Half awakened, he would probably rush out of the door to see what it was. What could she do? For an instant she thought of lighting a candle and standing it in the window. She knew that wild beasts were afraid of fire, and she did not believe that even a panther would dare jump over a lighted candle. But if she struck a match and got up she would waken her husband; and besides, if the wind, of which she could feel a puff every now and then, did not blow out the candle, it might blow it over and set fire to the cabin.

She heard the footsteps no more, and lay down again, but not to sleep. The wind seemed to be rising, and made a wild unearthly sound as it surged through the trees which surrounded and imprisoned her, and shut her out from the world in which she was born and in which she ought to live. There was a far-away sound which came to her ears once, twice, thrice, and which might have been the call of some ghostly bird or the war-whoop of an Indian. At last she drew her covering over her head, determined that so long as she could not see she would not hear.

"A wedding-journey!" she said to herself, and the idea, coupled with the sense of her present grewsome and doleful condition, was so truly absurd and ridiculous that she could not restrain a melancholy laugh.

"What is the matter, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Archibald, suddenly turning over in his bed. "Are you choking? Is the room too close? Shall I open the door?"

"No, indeed," she said, "for that was a laugh you heard. I couldn't help laughing at the thought that there should be two such idiots in the world as you and myself."

"It is idiotic, isn't it?" said Mr. Archibald. "It is gloriously idiotic, and it will do us both a world of good. It is such complete and perfect change that I don't wonder you laugh." And he laughed himself, clearly and loudly, and turned over on his side and went to sleep.

Mrs. Archibald knew that she would not sleep another wink that night, but she did sleep seven hours and a half, and was awakened by Margery singing outside her window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SONG OF THE BATTLE-SHIP STOKERS.

HEAVE on the coal, to win the goal
Of a blasting ocean war!
By pits of hell stand sentinel,
As the deadly cannon roar.
The engines beat in blanching heat;
Our battle-ship ploughs her course;
Up there they fight in cool daylight,
While we feed the monster's force.

Over the sea, our battery
Will lay waste the upper world;
And far from fame we feed the flame,
As the bursting bombs are hurled.
We cannot know the ebb and flow
Of the battle's rushing tide;
But hear the boom of unknown doom
Where the thundering war-ships ride.

Each moment passed may be our last,
For the crashing bomb-shells fly,
And fires of fate reverberate
In the wide, smoke-laden sky.
In lurid night we feed the fight,
As the belching cannon roar.
Heave on the coal, to win the goal
Of our country's ocean war!

KATHARINE COOLIDGE.

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MADRID—PLAZA WHERE HERETICS WERE BURNED

# A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

## IX.—THE ENGLISH EMBASSY IN MADRID.—THE POLITICAL SITUATION FROM THE STAND-POINT OF A TYPICAL SPANIARD.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLF represented England in Spain on the occasion of my first visit, and to this fortunate circumstance I must attribute the rare treat of an inspection of one of the most interesting buildings in Madrid, the British Embassy. Sir Henry is as proud of his Spanish official residence as though he himself had invented it, and took me over the different apartments in the spirit of an enthusiast delighting in a work of art of his own creation. For he occupies the house which once belonged to Cardinal Ximenes—the palace of a man who was at one time more powerful than his king; the man, in short, whom some possibly sincere people still publicly defend as the organizer of the Spanish Inquisition. I confess that, even as the guest of so cheerful an entertainer as the British ambassador, the dishes that were offered me lost something of their savor for being served in halls that must have heard the moans of brave men who were being twisted out of shape in neighboring rooms. This feeling wears off after a while, else Sir Henry would not have looked so well. I am speaking here, however, of the spring of 1897. On my last visit he was away on sick-leave.

Sir Henry talked freely on the political situation, as it was then—when it seemed about as bad as to-day. Of course a diplomat can never be publicly quoted, unless he himself supplies the quotation marks. In many respects the English embassy was in a better position to know what was about to happen than any other in Madrid, not excepting our own. England is on a friendly footing with Spain, not merely for the sentimental reason that British troops helped to establish her independence from the rule of Napoleon, but for the more substantial reason that England is an excellent customer for Spanish wines, oranges, raisins, olives, and has no rival colonial interests. True it is that whenever other news is slack the Spanish press discovers that Gibraltar is on Spanish territory, but before that fact is generally appreciated there is a Carlist war, or an insurrection in one of her colonies, which serves to distract attention for the moment. English tourists are the ones that are alone recognized in Spain—the only ones credited with money and the capacity for looking after themselves. When the natives see a Yankee, they never suspect him of being other than English—which, by-the-way, is a mighty lucky thing for us nowadays. At the same time that England is highly respected by Spaniards, that country is the only one whose representative in Madrid has uniformly treated the American minister as his colleague and friend. There seems to be an unwritten law in all out-of-the-way places that whenever an American gets into a tight place he can count on the assistance of John Bull.



ARTILLERY FOR CUBA PASSING THROUGH MADRID.

Whether there was any understanding between the two governments a year ago, or whether there is at this moment (April 16), I know not, but it struck me as a happy omen, when the American Legation was guarded against the possible outbreak of a mob, and when our minister was shunned by Spanish society, that the British representative should pay him conspicuous attention—in short, give unofficial notice to Spain that England and the United States bore relations to each other that could not be strengthened in treaties.

If in the future any cause for quarrel should ever arise between England and our country, there will not be wanting friends of peace who will then recall to our people that when our legation in Madrid was in danger, it was England that spontaneously offered us the protection of her flag.

Sir Henry said nothing of this kind to me; it was all too much a matter of course. But he showed me the little rooms where the monks had prayed and fasted before going to assist at the dismemberment of some wretched heretic. These little cells make very small bedrooms for the diplomats of to-day, to be sure, but it would be a thousand pities to have this interesting building altered for the sake of more luxurious sleeping-spaces. Sir Henry pointed out to me the little grated panels in the massive doors, through which food was passed, and by means of which a watch was maintained upon the holy brethren.

Underneath the street runs a tunnel, connecting the palace of the cardinal with the building across the way, which was the prison where the accused were confined until their bodies had lost all elasticity and their minds all capacity for coherent reasoning. I had seen enough. The prospect of a visit to those vile dungeons did not stimulate me in the least. Torture-chambers do not interest me; no more does the bull-ring.

On returning to my lodgings in the Calle de Fernando di Federico di Madrazo, I found little Carmen much agitated by the news that a señor was waiting for me upstairs. It proved to be a Spanish gentleman whom I had met at the table of Mr. Castelar—a gentleman who had filled honorably a high office under the government. He had large estates in Spain, and was a traveller familiar with social life in other capitals of Europe. He had his carriage waiting downstairs, and asked me to take a drive with him in the park. I accepted with pleasure, on condition that he frankly answer all my questions. He said he would, and so I began by the most delicate of all—how so Christian a people tolerated bull-fighting. He took my question in good part, though he warned me that amongst Spaniards who did not travel the bull-ring was almost too sacred a thing to question. Even the Queen-Regent, one of the most beautiful characters he had ever known, lost some of her influence over the people because she never would appear at a bull-fight. Yet she cannot prevent the little King from being debauched by this degrading spectacle.

I asked if the clergy did not take some organized stand against it. He said, "They are unpopular enough already; they cannot afford to jeopardize the little that remains to them."

As my friend explained this matter of the proverbial Spanish cruelty to me, I gathered these scraps of conclusions: The Spaniard, individually, is as gentle, as kind to his familiars, as the people of other European countries. His sins spring mostly from ignorance, which, in its turn, produces a certain indifference. He looks on at a cruel act merely because no one has taught him that cruelty is wrong. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals may exist, but so long as the public conscience on the subject is not awakened their efforts waste themselves in philanthropic resolutions. Our consul in Barcelona, H. W. Bowen, an old collegemate, told me, on the occasion of my visit there, that he had taken, or rather striven to take, an active interest in such a society from the very outset of his official residence in the country, but that he soon discovered that its functions were mainly of the resolution-passing kind.

In Spain I have frequently had to admire the intelligent manner in which the mules and their masters have understood one another in the matter of working up and down steep hills. I have seen Spanish drivers chatting with their animals and sharing their loaf of bread with them. We are of course prone to notice the occasions when a driver loses patience and flogs unreasonably, but against these few I am prepared to believe that the great majority of Spaniards love their useful animals, and treat them as well as they treat themselves. On the whole of our bicycle run I cannot recall a single instance of a lame mule, horse, or donkey in harness. I wonder if I could say as much after an equally varied journey in America or in England.

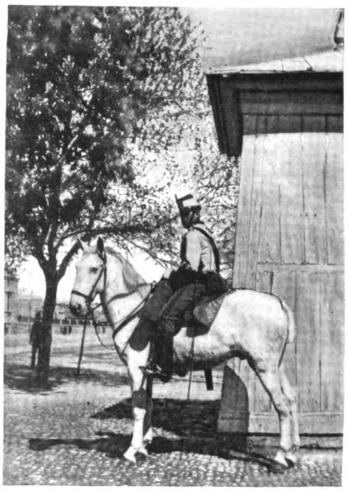
My Spanish friend knew that I was an American, of course, and yet on my return to Madrid this spring, after a year's absence, he welcomed me as cordially as ever. He spoke with feeling about the impending war, and voiced the same thoughts as his friend Castelar—that war was a disgraceful thing to happen at such a time between two such countries. "We are both to blame in this matter," said he, "but the most important thing to be done, if peace is to result, is to take such a matter as this out of the hands of popular agitators and leave it to a tribunal of impartial jurists.

"God knows that we Spaniards ardently desire peace, at any price that does not stain our national honor. The United States have helped to make the Cuban rebellion formidable, and now your government upbraids us because we do not put an end to it at once."

I pointed out to him that the American public sentiment on this subject had been developed gradually by the constant reports from Cuba, showing us that the war there was being waged in a cruel manner. He admitted this, and deplored the fact that when Spaniards got to fighting it became a question not of taking but of killing the most prisoners.

"The Cubans are like us in this matter," said he. He went on to point out that Spain at bottom lived still in the Middle Ages so far as views of war were concerned, and that things which we regarded as barbarous to them were mere matters of course.

It was hard to press this point without losing our tempers, so I asked him how far his government would be apt



HORSE-GUARD OPPOSITE KING'S PALACE, MADRID.

to go towards a solution of this Cuban matter. I pointed out at the same time that Americans had but little faith left for any promises made by the Spanish government unless action went before. Mr. Castelar had in the previous year told me that he thought the government meant to be generous in its treatment of Cuba, and the late Prime-Minister Cánovas had assured me emphatically, as late as March of 1897, that he contemplated the fullest home-rule for Cuba—home-rule that could not fail to satisfy every sensible Cuban.

My friend did not resent my apparent lack of confidence in ministerial promises; on the contrary, he probably shared the feelings of Mr. McKinley on this delicate subject. We soon agreed that the concessions demanded of Spain must be more material than promises.

He was very much dejected, and dwelt upon the empty state of the Spanish Treasury, the difficulty of paying the interest on the national debt, the terrible depreciation in the paper currency, which during my short stay in the country had sunk from 35 per cent. to 42 per cent. below face or coin value, so that 142 pesetas in paper could only buy 100 pesetas of real money. The press of all parties had so loudly and indignantly repudiated the mere idea of parting with Cuba, at any price, that I hesitated before finally hinting to him delicately that there was a solution of the question that might fill the Treasury of Spain for the moment and enable the weary troops to return home.

He probably guessed what I meant, but pretended not to.

"Can you imagine any situation so desperate that your government would listen to a proposal for the purchase of Cuba?"

He looked attentively at me for a moment, and then said, emphatically but coldly, "Yes, I can imagine such a state of things."

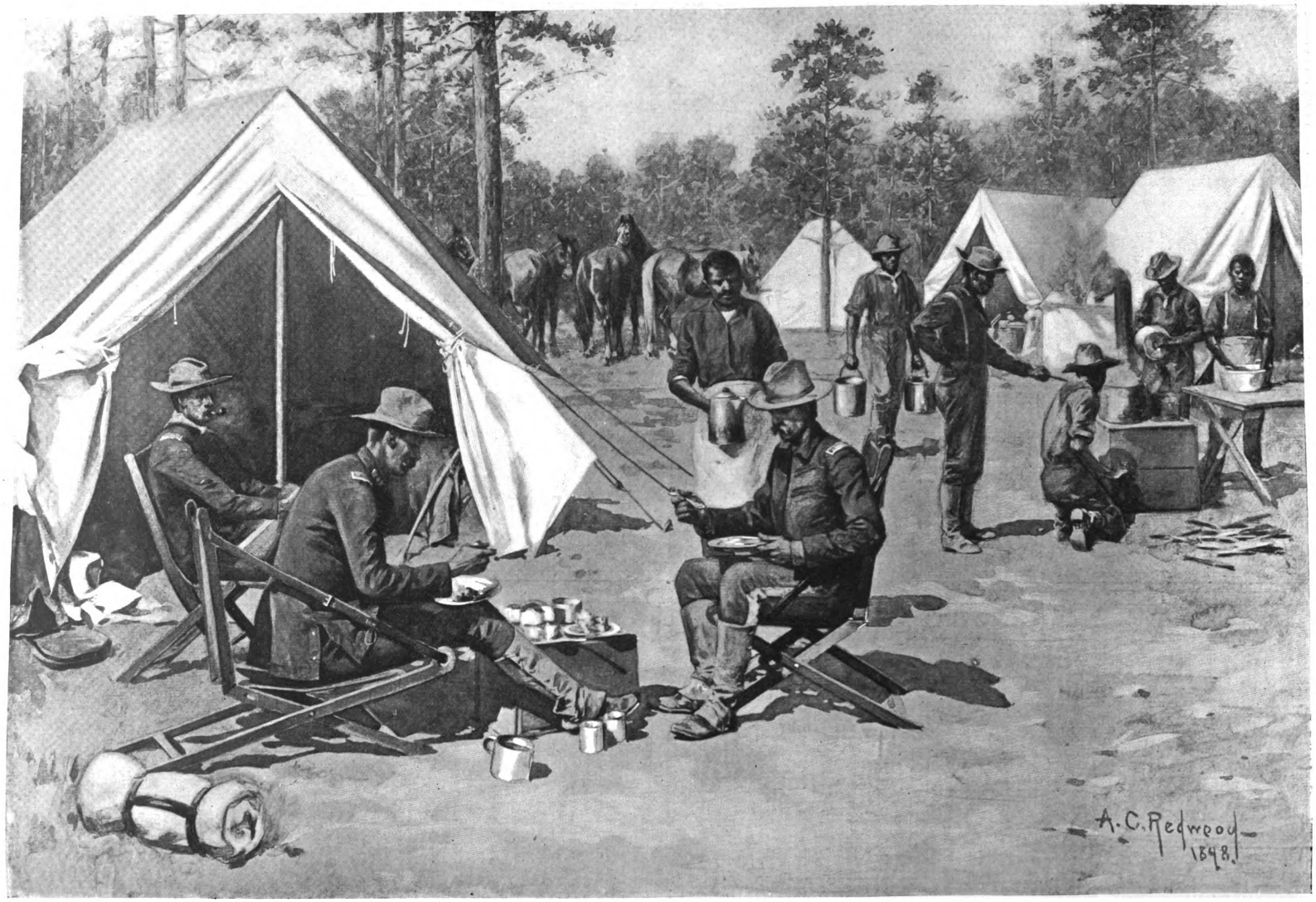
I confess that I was not prepared for such an admission, least of all from a man so near to the government. He went on to explain to me that with a people so sensitive in matters of form as Spaniards it was not a light matter to carry through a diplomatic scheme of this kind without an outburst from the Jingoes, and perhaps an attempt at revolution. He had much respect for General Woodford, he said, and it was a source of great comfort to him to know that at such a time the legation was in the hands of so good a man.

My friend spoke with a full sense of his responsibility, knowing well that I appreciated the relations he held towards the government as well as to Mr. Castelar. He had no social relations with our legation, but knew that I was to dine with General Woodford that evening; and his manner convinced me that he sought in this way to get certain ideas discussed in the proper quarters without compromising his government. I cannot give this gentleman's name, but I attach considerable importance to the views he expressed, because he is not a peace-at-any-price man, but a patriotic, long-headed, and eminently trustworthy Spaniard.

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"PEASE ON A TRENCHER"—OFFICERS' MESS, 9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED), PORT TAMPA.
FROM THE WATER-COLOR BY A. C. REDWOOD.

Original from PENN STATE



CAPTAIN ALLYN K. CAPRON, U.S.V.,
Troop L, "Rough Riders." Killed.



SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH, JR.,
Troop L, "Rough Riders." Killed.



SERGEANT MARCUS DENNISON RUSSELL,
Troop G, "Rough Riders." Killed.



CORPORAL ALEX. LIENNOC,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.



EDWARD MARSHALL,
Correspondent N.Y. "Journal." Seriously wounded.



PRIVATE GUSTAVE A. KOLBE,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.



PRIVATE EMIL BJORK,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.



PRIVATE PETER H. DIX,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.

VICTIMS OF THE BATTLE OF LA GUASIMA, NEAR SANTIAGO, JUNE 24.

# CUBA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Off Santiago, *Monday, June 6, 1898.*

This morning at forty-five minutes past seven o'clock the ships of Admiral Sampson's squadron began firing upon Santiago de Cuba. The attack made on Tuesday of last week was simply to locate the batteries of the enemy and develop their power. Since that affair Lieutenant Harlowe of the *Vixen*, with several Cubans for guides, climbed the hills overlooking the harbor, and determined accurately the positions of the ships inside and the various batteries commanding the approaches to the city. On a hill to the west of the channel is a new masked battery of modern guns 150 feet above the sea, and to the eastward of Morro another masked battery, 80 feet above the water. All of these guns were fired to-day with smokeless powder, so it was hard to tell, when our ships were firing, whether the enemy were serving their guns with energy or not; an occasional shell screaming through the air and sending up a great geyser when it struck the water was the only visible sign.

To the right and left of each of these batteries were smaller groups of rapid-fire guns, so there were two distinct points to attack and two separate attacking forces, the ships being divided as follows: To the east, the *New York* (flag-ship), *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *New Orleans*, *Yankee*, and *Dolphin*, with the *Porter*, torpedo-boat, lying out of range; on the west, under Commodore Schley, the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Marblehead*, *Vixen*, and *Suwanee*; the last two, as well as the *Dolphin* on the other side, lay close inshore and devoted their entire attention to the small batteries.

The eight men from the *Merrimac* were confined in old Morro, and so that picturesque pile was exempted from the fire, nor was it struck by accident during the action, though the barracks near by were hit repeatedly.

Viewed as a spectacle merely, the scene was one long to be remembered. The towering hills, bathed in the morning sunlight, showed green slopes that lifted steeply toward the sky and contrasted sharply with the dark shadows of ravines; the clouds hung low over and around the r peaks, and rolled in masses of vapor down the sides of lofty Mount Cobre. Out at sea, mist and rain shut in like a curtain the borders of this scene, while the advancing pomp of thunder and lightning overhead mingled with the flash and roar and deep reverberation of the batteries on sea and shore. The *New York* fired the first shot, the other ships following quickly, until all were engaged, and the continual rumble and shock of the heavy discharges drowned the thunder of the heavens and echoed and re-echoed among the hills. The sunlight for a time lit up the great domes of smoke that rose and hung in fantastic shapes about the ships, but at half past eight it began to rain heavily, growing quite dark, and the smoke, beaten down, hung low over the water, wrapping the ships in an impenetrable mist. Along the lower hills thin wreaths of white vapor crept, rolling out into rings or hanging in straight lines of white in the ravines, and on a hill back of the town a fire burst out, the flames burning brightly and remaining for some time, until finally hidden in smoke and mist.

It was like trying to watch two rings in a circus. From our point of view right off Morro both divisions could be plainly seen, but only one at a time could be properly followed. The ships kept moving slowly about in short circles, firing at a range of about twenty-eight hundred yards, the guns of both divisions converging on the batteries and ships in the harbor. In the channel entrance shells were falling constantly, sending up columns of water twenty or thirty feet that looked like small waterspouts, that would topple over and disappear. These shots were from the mortar battery, that, having the range of the harbor entrance, was satisfied to fire there, although there was nothing to hit but the water. One of the Spanish ships could be seen at times through the smoke at the harbor mouth—the *Reina Mercedes*. She was struck several times, and must have suffered considerable damage. It is reported that the captain, five seamen, and twenty-one marines were killed, and twelve wounded (reported in the Kingston papers). Over on the west side the little *Vixen*, formerly the yacht *Josephine*, was close in under the land, firing constantly, and, with the *Suwanee*, making it lively for the near-shore battery One man on the *Suwanee* was slightly injured by a piece of exploding shell. There were many narrow escapes, however, and it seems remarkable that neither ships nor men should have suffered after being under fire for more than two hours. A shell passed over the bridge of the *Texas*, and striking the water twenty feet beyond the ship, exploded, giving out a suffocating odor that caused the officers on the bridge and the men in the near-by port to turn and gasp for breath. The combination of powder smoke and rain acted as an acid on the paint of the ships, peeling it off in sheets wherever it came near the muzzles of the guns. One of the forward-turret guns of the *Texas* was fired straight ahead across the deck, taking all the paint along the superstructure off as neatly as if it had been done with a knife. The *New York* also suffered in places in the same way.

The *Yankee* and *Dolphin*, over on the east side of the harbor mouth, were firing with great rapidity, both quite close inshore, with the *Iowa*, *Oregon*, and *New Orleans* a little farther out and keeping their guns on the enemy. The *Oregon*, with her big guns trained over to starboard, giving her a slight list, wreathed in pale smoke and lit by the flashes of her broadside battery, made a picture at once terrible and impressive of the modern fighting-ship. As she moved away out of action, still firing her after guns, her crew were swarming the decks and superstructure forward, playing the hose and scrubbing down as if they had been merely at morning target practice. About 10.30 the *New York*, that had for some time been out of action down to the eastward, came along the line flying the signal to cease firing, and the ships then drew off, getting a parting salute from the forts, which the *Texas*, nearest in, replied to with a couple of shots.

Bahia de Guantanamo, *Tuesday, June 14, 1898.*

The coast of Cuba along the south side of the province of Santiago is one succession of desolate hills, rising smoothly from the sea in most places, but dropping off now and then in steep cliffs of limestone or granite rock. In the face of these sea-walls are many caves, hollowed out by the action of the waves, and around them and into them the waters boil and fret, set on by the ground-swell and urged by the almost constant wind. Beyond this first range of rocky hills, covered with low and scraggly gray-green vegetation, is a series of steep and forbidding ranges, backed by mountains that loom blue and distant or hang nearer by over the lower hills. Precipitous and gashed with deep ravines, they offer no sign of human life or comfort, and on many of their ridged sides the foot of man rarely if ever treads. This is the kind of coast that extends westward from Cape Maisi 200 miles, and with the exception of tiny coves where small boats might land, there are no harbors that offer protection to vessels of any size, save two only—one where the hills sweep northward around the plateau in which is set the snug landlocked harbor of Santiago de Cuba, and the other the beautiful Bahia de Guantanamo, thirty-nine miles to the eastward. Eight miles east of Santiago there are a small town and cove in which an American company has built a large iron pier to which vessels come to load with iron ore, and where it is purposed to land troops to march on Santiago. A refuge for the fleet and a coaling-station being necessary on this coast, Guantanamo was selected as an available spot, and accordingly, on Tuesday, June 7, the *Marblehead*, accompanied by the *St. Louis* and *Yankee*, steamed up there from the fleet, the *Marblehead* and *Yankee* going in and throwing a few shots into the block-house on the hill and the houses along the beach on the inside of Windward Point, and looking about to note the possibilities of the place.

A cable line runs from Santiago to Kingston, another to Guantanamo, and from there to Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti. There is a perfect net-work of wires running out of Santiago, and on Monday, the 6th, after the bombardment in the morning, the *St. Louis* and cable-steamer *Adria* got to work and cut the last one, as they supposed. Off Guantanamo the *St. Louis* immediately began grappling for the cable to Mole St. Nicholas, and found and cut it in short order, the *Marblehead* and *Yankee* remaining inside in plain sight of the fort at Caimanera; at dusk the fort fired some shots, and a Spanish gunboat mounting seven 4.7-inch guns came out and gave them battle for a few minutes, and then hastily retired. There were mines in the channel farther on, which alone prevented the two ships from going up and settling matters at once. A collier was sent up from the fleet on Wednesday, with the *Dolphin* and *Vixen*, and when we steamed into the beautiful bay on Thursday we found the *Marblehead* on guard, the little cruiser *Vixen* coaling from the *Sterling*. Over the point of land the Spanish flag waved above the fort, but the stars and stripes flew in the harbor and had come to stay. The calm water and white beach shining in the sun, with the rich foliage along the

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wooded shores and high blue hills beyond, made the place extremely peaceful and attractive after the rugged hills and tumbling water that we had known outside. The bay was once called Cumberland Harbor, and now would be a good time to rename it.

On board the *Marblehead* the lookouts never ceased to watch the fort and the gunboat, whose mast and funnel we could see over the low point which hid the deeper bay beyond. The loaded guns gave out on all sides their warning, and though a thousand eyes watched the scene from the thicket-hidden shores, no sound of gun disturbed the peace of the day.

Friday morning the transport *Panther*, in company with the *Yosemite*, arrived with the United States marine battalion, 650 men, under command of Colonel Huntington. They anchored close in off the beach, and after shelling the place and setting fire to the shanties and remains of the block-house on the low hill, the marines went ashore. The cable station, a one-story corrugated-iron affair, was shot full of holes, but left standing. The fishermen's houses were burned down for fear of contagion. Taking possession of the hill-top, they immediately began clearing away the wreckage, throwing up intrenchments, and setting up tents and camp equipage at the foot of the hill, among the palms and bushes. On the highest point a tall staff was raised, and for the first time the American flag floated in possession of the soil of Cuba.

Sad, dirty soil it was to the tired men who toiled all day in the heat and lay on their arms at night, eaten by mosquitoes, and in expectation of attack at any moment. From the very first the marine battalion has behaved splendidly. The transport *Panther* was fitted out with remarkable expedition—her stores "broken out," as sailors say, from the navy storehouse at the New York Navy Yard and put aboard in twenty-four hours. Jammed into narrow quarters on the *Panther*, the men had to suffer great inconvenience, and when finally landed and camped on the sand spit called Camp Sampson at Key West they were not much better off, and suffered from heat, flies, and mosquitoes as much as they would have in Cuba; but their fine appearance and the good behavior of the men, as well as their quick and efficient readiness for instant work, speak volumes for the officers and men of the marine corps.

Friday night and Saturday passed in constant work getting camp and intrenchments ready, and the men were worn out with loss of sleep and severe labor when darkness came down on Saturday.

Late in the afternoon two pickets, who were posted some two miles away from the camp, were eating a bite of supper and taking a rest under some trees, lulled into carelessness by the quiet that had so far reigned. These two men, privates Dunphy and McColgan, were shot and instantly killed by a Spanish lieutenant and his men, who had crept unobserved through the woods and fired at close range.

At 7 o'clock the Spaniards began firing from all sides and at close quarters. From the hills and black shadow of the trees came the sharp crack of the rifles, the bullets thudding on the ground, whirring through the air, chipping off branches and leaves of trees, and falling in a hail in the water. There were several boats near the shore, and three war-ships lying quietly at anchor in the still bay. The *Marblehead* fired several shots, but as their fire would have been as dangerous to friend as to foe, they could do little.

The marines had quickly formed, and from their position on the low hill came a steady return fire, checking the attack, and driving it back after a time. All night the shots were popping, now rising in furious volleys and again sinking away to scattered reports. One of the first to fall was Assistant-Surgeon Gibbs, who was shot in his tent door, having just remarked, when the firing began, that he did "not want to be killed in such a place."

On Sunday morning the *Texas* came in, and sent ashore two Colt automatic guns, which were dragged up and set in position at the top of the hill.

In the Saturday-night attack Sergeant Smith was killed, and early in the morning Lieutenant Neville with a platoon of men went out to find his body and bring it in. They were attacked by a strong force, and had to fall back. The bodies of McColgan and Dunphy were recovered, and with that of Dr. Gibbs were buried at ten o'clock on the southern slope of the hill, the enemy firing so heavily that the funeral party had to take to their guns, and the salutes that were fired over the graves were solid shot that whistled in among the Spaniards.

Sunday night the firing began again in heavy volleys, and the war-ships took a hand, word being passed by megaphone where to fire, when the *Marblehead* sent shell after shell among the enemy, one, by request, as close as one hundred feet east of the little hill which the marines were holding. The Spaniards are very much afraid of the ships, and they have learned by experience how much execution they can do.

Monday remained fairly quiet, occasional shots being exchanged, and the men lying by their guns in readiness for an alarm. Sergeant Smith was buried on Monday, with Sergeant-Major Good, a splendid soldier, who had spent many years in the service, and who was devoted to his duty.

Tuesday morning, about seven o'clock, while half the marines were at breakfast in the camp at the foot of the hill, the Spanish began firing from the woods to the eastward. The men at breakfast, having stacked their guns at the top of the hill, broke out fresh boxes and rallied, driving back the attacking party. The *Marblehead's* launch, coming inshore at this time, opened fire on the Spaniards, chasing them along the beach with her rapid-fire one-pounder.

It was then determined to clean the enemy out of the woods, and an attacking force under Captain Elliott was sent out—Spicer's and Elliott's companies, C and D, with Company A, divided into platoons under Lieutenants Ingate and Magill. Divided among the commands were about forty Cubans.

Ingate's column was misled by his guide, who was then disarmed and brought back under arrest. The platoon of Company A under Lieutenant Magill went around to the eastward, and drove the enemy back toward their camp and block-house near the shore on the south side of the point, where were Elliott's and Spicer's commands, having followed the shore to westward, driving the Spaniards before them; and between the two fires they were completely whipped and driven off, their block-house and water-supply destroyed, and heliograph signal outfit captured. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded exceeded the entire number of the attacking party. Several of the Cubans were killed or wounded, and many of the marines were so utterly exhausted that but for the timely aid of the *Dolphin*, that had steamed around the coast and sent in her boats to bring off the wounded, many would have dropped from sheer exhaustion.

Bahia de Guantanamo, *Wednesday, June 15.*

The still water and air of quiet that prevail are in great contrast with the turmoil and battle of yesterday—the voices of men, the whir of a steam-launch, or plash of oars comes in subdued notes across the broad surface of the beautiful bay.

The *Abarenda*, big and black, loaded with coal, and armed with six-pounder guns, lies near us, and has on board the seventeen prisoners captured yesterday. They were much averse to climbing up the slim rope ladder that reached to her deck, but at least have had enough to eat by this time. They all looked half starved, and reported scarcity of food, though every one and all the men found dead in the woods were loaded down with ammunition. The captured lieutenant was taken on board the *Marblehead*, and I saw him sitting at the hospitable ward-room table and making himself quite at home. Over toward the western shore the *Panther*, *Yosemite*, and *Sterling* are lying in a bunch together. The *Porter* lies alongside the *Abarenda*—small, spirited, and tireless. The *Dolphin* and *Marblehead* swing clear of the other ships, with their guns ready for instant service. On shore the flag floats over the hill, the white tents, and swarming marines, who look like big brown ants moving about on the fresh red earth of their intrenchments. Tents are going up on the hill, and at the foot, near the mess-tents and hospital, the Cuban forces are setting up shacks built of palms, cleverly put together with the Indianlike wood-lore these people have.

The sun blazes hot on the hill, and the flag droops in the faint breeze; the green rounded slopes beyond simmer in the glaring light and are still, with big black birds hovering over and dipping in among the trees.

The roughly built landing is surrounded with boats. Distilled water from the *Panther* comes in, in large barrels loaded into a cutter, and a sergeant superintends dealing it out to the men, who fill their canteens and supply their mess-kettles—good pure water, if it is rather warm. Earlier in the day every man who could was splashing about in the cooling sea, having a good swim and getting the kinks out of his tired limbs. All day, in fact, except at high noon, men were in the water, washing the red dirt of Cuba out of their systems and scrubbing their clothes, after five days of incessant toil and fighting. The clean deep sea-water, clear as crystal, and washing the sands within ten feet of their mess-tents, will be a great blessing to the men, and they enjoy it, if sharks do lurk farther out. The Cubans alone seem to despise such trifles, and once they swing their hammocks under the palm tents, they stick to them until they are turned out for duty.

About 10.30 o'clock a procession of boats left the *Marblehead* and moved in to the landing—a cutter first, with officers and armed men, and then a steam-launch towing a boat with men in bow and stern, and midship a silent figure covered with a flag—a Cuban who had been wounded the day before and had died on the ship. The boats landed at the little pier. A bugler sounds a few notes of the Dead March, and the column moves slowly up the brown hill. Flags are half-masted, and the soldier who had died bravely for "Cuba libre" is laid to rest beside the others who had given their lives for his cause as well as for their own starry flag; a silence for a time, and then a volley which marked the end, and the bugles blow a quicker step.

On board the *Dolphin*, in the great cool wardroom, now shorn of its luxurious fittings, lay three other poor Cubans, one very badly wounded, but being cared for by the good doctor. A fine-looking black fellow, done up in bandages and lying patiently on the long divan, opened his eyes as I gazed sympathetically at him for a minute, and then smiled in a proud way, as a soldier should who knew he had done his duty.

About one o'clock the *Texas* came steaming rapidly into the bay, and signalling the *Marblehead* to follow, swung around the low point of land which marks the entrance to the upper bay, at the head of which are the town and fort of Caimanera. The channel was known to be full of mines, and for several nights the *Marblehead's* launch had tried in vain to locate them or drag up the wires; but the *Texas* had orders to destroy the fort and drive out the thousand or more soldiers stationed there. So on she went, regardless, and the *Marblehead* quickly followed, and took position some distance beyond the *Texas* and to the left. It was a very pretty sight, and the *Texas* seemed to be calling by special invitation on the Dons. She swung up as close to the forts as she could go, dropped her anchor, and immediately opened fire from her port 12-inch and 6-inch guns. The *Marblehead* was close behind, and her 5-inch guns flashed and roared amid the deeper thunder of the battle-ship's big turret guns. The *Suwanee* had come from the fleet to take a hand in the proceedings, and she now took position to the right, and as near the shore as she could get, firing with her 4-inch and 6-pounder guns. The *St. Paul* had come in during the morning, and lay further out in the bay. Men crowded her rigging and swarmed at the mast-head and from every lofty perch on the *Dolphin* and all the vessels in the harbor. It was like a grand-stand view. Over the low shore they could see it all—the ships, the red-tiled roofs of town and fort, and where the shells struck and sent up the dust in thick clouds. The marines on their hill-top had even a better view, and lined up, watching it all with the greatest interest. The high hills in the background have been veiled in rain half the time during the past week, though not a drop has fallen down our way, and to-day the dark blue thunder-cloud lowering in the background made a fine setting for the ships and the wreathing smoke that floated across the bay and melted into the distance.

We had followed up after the ships, and lay as near as we could get to the *Suwanee*. The *Marblehead's* launch with a boat in tow was out looking for mines. They suspended their work temporarily and drew out of the way.

The *Texas* opened fire at forty-five minutes past one, and her shots followed one after the other with great deliberation and accuracy. Cheers burst frequently from the men watching as a shell from the 12-inch gun struck the fort, sending up a great cloud of yellow dust, followed by the tremendous roar of the big gun. The flash of the discharge and the effect of the exploding shell seem to be instantaneous; the eye cannot follow the difference; then comes the smoke rolling and swelling out in a vast cloud, and the shock of explosion reverberating and ringing in your ears.

Awe-inspiring as a thunder-storm is, the rapid firing of these big guns is even more so, and as you watch the dirt and dust spreading out in a thick cloud the force seems greater than it really is.

As only half the men on the *Texas* were engaged at the guns, her decks aft were crowded with men; officers on the bridge watched with glasses the effect of the shots, and Jackies no less interested climbed up anywhere to get a better view. The hose was kept playing to cool the ship, and a stream of water was running off the deck the entire time. We had the ship silhouetted by her own smoke most of the time, standing out in bold relief against the smoke and flame one instant, and the next enveloped in a thick haze.

Except for a few shots from the fort in the early part of the action, there was no reply to all this; its fire was badly aimed, as usual, and as ours became hotter, no doubt the garrison skedaddled. The *Marblehead* fired a number of shots into the barracks in the town, and after an hour and a quarter the firing ceased and the *Texas* withdrew. Having been in close enough to stick her nose into the mud, she left a trail of stirred-up water behind her. The *Marblehead*, in getting into position in the midst of the work, fouled a mine with her propeller blades; the ship was stopped, the wire hauled on board, and Lieutenant John Nickels, executive officer, calmly sawed off the connection. They afterwards pulled the thing on board, and we saw it on the poop-deck when the ship got back to her anchorage—a small can-buoy it looked, painted red, and with a lot of small barnacles sticking to it; it was dated 1896. Lieutenant Noel took off the war-head and dissected it; inside was an iron can containing one hundred pounds of guncotton, and had the contact been struck, it is probable that the *Marblehead* would have been destroyed. The launch tarried behind after the ships went back to their station, and continued dragging for mines. They found one after a while, and were getting it up when a lot of Spanish troops on shore opened fire on them. The bullets struck the launch and fell in the water all about the two boats. The one-pounder rapid-fire gun was quickly turned on, and the men grabbed their rifles and returned the fire vigorously. The one-pounder was banging away at a great rate, when the mounting got loose, and the gun jumped clear overboard.

Hearing the firing, the *Suwanee* hurried back, and began shelling the bushes with her six-pounders, and turning two Colt automatics loose on the hidden enemy, soon drove them off. The quick ping! ping! ping! of the little automatic's "lead squirts," as the sailors call them, has a mighty comfortable sound when you are behind them. The launch got the mine and towed it alongside the ship, from where it was taken ashore.

Wednesday night and Thursday passed uneventfully, the war-ships turning their search-lights on the shore at night and keeping a close watch for trouble. On Friday morning the *Oregon* came in for coal, and soon had two big colliers on either side of her. As the bushes and trees on the north shore of the bay were still full of Spaniards, who only waited for an opportunity to pick off a man or two, the *Marblehead*, *Dolphin*, *Suwanee*, and *St. Paul* began shelling them out about ten o'clock, and fired for half an hour. The *St. Paul*, astern and slightly outside of us, made music with her shells that whistled through the air at a great rate. In the afternoon the *Oregon*, after coaling, fired a few shots, at the railroad station and telegraph offices in Caimanera; a train was standing on the track, and at the first shot stood not on the order of its going, but went shrieking up the line.

Bahia de Guantanamo, *Saturday, June 18.*

This morning about six o'clock we saw a white flag waving on the shore where yesterday's firing took place. The *Porter* went in and sent a boat to bring off a man, who claimed to be a Cuban; he was taken on board the *Marblehead* and given a suit of clothes and a square meal, and sent ashore to the Cubans armed with a Lee rifle and cartridge-belt with U.S.N. on it; later in the day it was reported that he had decamped, proving to be a spy. Notices have been posted up in the woods to the effect that men who want to surrender will be well treated; the Spanish officers tell their men that they will be killed if captured. One man came in with three Mauser rifles and a knapsack full of cartridges; he said that he had been in Cuba eleven months, had fine things promised him, but had never received any pay, and had had nothing to eat for three days; under the circumstances, he had decided to become an American if they would let him. A party of Cubans this afternoon explored the strip of woods shelled yesterday, and found over fifty dead Spaniards as a result of the firing. No wonder they dread our ships!

It is quite certain now, from explorations made to-day, that over three hundred were killed or died of their wounds in the woods as a result of their encounter with the marines in Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday's fight.

About noon the *Marblehead's* launch, with Lieutenant Anderson in command, went up to Caimanera with a flag of truce to arrange an exchange of prisoners, with a view to getting Hobson and his men out of Morro. Nothing was accomplished, but the launch people reported that the fort, though badly damaged, was being repaired and new guns set up, and that the gunboat looked spick and span and ready for business yet. All are well ashore except some of the Cubans, who are suffering from overeating and tight shoes, having never, many of them, worn shoes before in their lives. They have a bright new Cuban flag over their camp, and for them the prospects are brightening considerably. There is no doubt of their loyalty or courage, the last words of many of those who were killed being "Viva Cuba libre!"

Off Santiago, *Sunday, June 19, 1898.*

Except for a heavy ground-swell, the sea is as smooth as glass, and sparkles under the morning sun like a polished mirror. Looking over the ship's side, the blue water, cool and deep, is lit far down by myriad shafts of light;

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fish swim about, touched with brilliant color, and sea-weed, beautiful and delicate, floats along on the lapis-lazuli surface. The ships dip slowly to the long swell; the bugles call the clean-jacketed sailors to Sunday morning inspection, and they crowd the decks in silent ordered lines that have no look of war.

The distant hills are shining through the mist—pale green, with blue shadows streaked across here and there—their edges and hard lines softened by the morning air and, coming down to the blue line of the sea in splendid sweeps of color, meet the white foam on the beach. The gray walls and towers of Morro stand out clear and distinct, the red and yellow flag floating above, and the fresh earth along the lower ridge alone telling of the week's work by the busy men in the beleaguered city. All is still and calm now, however, and on the *Texas*, near by, the church flag floats above the stars and stripes—the only flag that ever does—while all hands are called to prayers and a short sermon by the chaplain. Home and all that it means seem far away, but the simple ceremony, the order and quiet, come with soothing and cheering influence to many a tired man.

There are colliers and despatch-boats moving here and there among the scattered ships, and newly arrived and very welcome is the store-ship *Celtic*, which came down, convoyed by the *Dixie*, loaded with provisions for the fleet. Launches and cutters swarm about her, for fresh stores and fresh food of any kind are needed by nearly all the fighting-ships, which have been at sea three or four weeks, and all hands reduced to paymaster's stores—canned food and salt meat; no ice, and no fruit or vegetables. Fruit in the West Indian ports is so cheap and good that it seems remarkable some clever Yankee has not loaded up a steamerful, with ice, beer, tobacco, and small luxuries, and obtained permission to "bum-boat" the fleet. There's millions in it. Delicious pineapples, called "pines" down here, cost fifty cents a dozen at Kingston; bananas, fifteen cents a bunch; limes, oranges, mangoes, and similar things cost little on shore, but are priceless luxuries to a lot of men living on salty food and drinking lukewarm water. We usually supply ourselves liberally when in port, and carry enough to give some away to our friends for a few days, after which we are short till we make another run to a market.

Last night the *Vesuvius* fired three shots from her dynamite-guns into the batteries on shore. Her guns do not make much noise, but when the shells strike and explode, there is a sound as if a block of houses had fallen down in one awful and tremendous crash. One shot was fired from the west battery in return, but did no harm.

No doubt the reports from Santiago, *viâ* Kingston, of damage to the *Reina Mercedes*, *Vizcaya*, and other ships are intended to be misleading; yet it is scarcely possible that all the shells that have dropped into the harbor have been harmless, and though we have no certain information as to the actual loss caused to the enemy, it is fair to suppose that they have not all been in vain.

The Spaniards have been busy all the week strengthening the batteries to the westward of Morro, and one or two new and large guns have been mounted. These, it is supposed, were taken from some of the ships in the harbor. The east batteries have also been strengthened, and it does not seem likely that this peaceful manner of sitting down in front of the enemy and waiting for him to surrender will soon reduce the fortress of Santiago.

One thing is certain, that the sinking of the fine big *Merrimac* and her 2000 tons of coal has availed but little, as her spars, which alone interfere with the passage of a vessel, could be easily removed should the Spanish care to do so; but to the American fleet forcing a passage in, the sunken ship might be a far more serious obstacle.

The sight of so many fine ships loafing about and doing so little is rather discouraging; but the army is expected daily, and then some active operations will no doubt begin. In the mean time the weather has been fine, and everybody is well. The sea-breeze comes in every morning about ten o'clock—the sailors call it the doctor—and it cools with fragrant breath the fierce heat of the early morning.

OFF SANTIAGO, *Monday, June 20, 1898.*

Early this morning we were informed that the army transports had been sighted to the eastward. We ran out a few miles, and at ten o'clock had them in full view on the horizon. The day was perfect, a light breeze ruffling the long swell of the sea, the sky filled with brilliant clouds, the hills showing pale blue behind us, and the fresh morning air coming out of the southeast was like the breath of summer on the New England coast. Far down to the eastward the trailing smoke of the laggards reached to the limit of vision—thirty-five ships, counting the convoys; the big *Indiana* looming ponderous and powerful, and able to play well the part of protector.

The tug *Osceola* went in advance as scout, and the *Annapolis* guard-ship, second with the *Detroit* and *Machias*, torpedo-boat *Du Pont*, and other cruisers scattered down the line. The *Gloucester* went out to meet the fleet, and when they turned toward the land and mixed up the long line it reminded me of one of the great gatherings of vessels at an international yacht-race off Sandy Hook. Thousands of soldiers looked down from the decks, and at the blue hills they were coming to conquer.

There were cheers and shouts and waving of hats. The slow voyage was ended, and presently the booming of guns as the navy saluted the army welcomed them right royally. It was a scene to be remembered always, and one not often repeated, and would thrill the blood of the most indifferent patriot that ever lived.

The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

ran in our thoughts, and hurrah was on the tip of every tongue. You couldn't help it. The Jackies grinned from their grim floating forts at the soldier boys, and sunburnt men who had tramped and ridden all over the plains of the West for Uncle Sam, but had never seen a foreign shore or a fleet of fighting-ships before, smiled back in return.

Certainly if the day was any omen it was a good one, and the army was introduced to Santiago under the most favorable circumstances.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

## A NAVAL DIARIST.*

An old sailor's life is proverbially one of movement and unlimited reminiscence; and a book at hand, by Rear-Admiral Franklin (retired), of our own navy, is an example of how interesting and varied may be the years afloat and ashore. His pictures of our naval service under the régime of about the year 1842 are pertinent and striking—its discipline, its outward show, its morale. At the time of his first professional studies our naval schools were nearly non-existent. Even on a receiving-ship the tuition was poor, and in the steerage mess the midshipmen "lived like pigs." Rear-Admiral Franklin characterizes the "general tone and style" of excited sea diction as being "very much the same as Marryat describes"; and in his pointing out the American navy's customs as derived from those of the mother-country, he says that the resemblance "was so striking that but for the flag and the crown on the one, and the flag and the eagle on the other, one might have imagined himself, if his eyes had been suddenly unbandaged, to be on board a ship of either nation." As to our naval dress, Rear-Admiral Franklin notes that blue as the distinctive color for seamen's rig dates only from about the middle of the last century; that when he went to sea *one* epaulette was worn, rather than two—a mere detail of a lieutenant's uniform—and fixed on the right shoulder; and that "there was no objection to wearing high silk hats" with uniforms! The social memorabilia are many; and the grace of an old sailor's gallantry, and the warmth of long friendships in his profession, and a kind and generous nature pervade the volume. The chapters referring to the author's active service during the civil war are merely a few of those of special

* *Memories of a Rear-Admiral* who has served for more than Half a Century in the Navy of the United States. By S. R. Franklin, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. (Retired). Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $3. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

(*Continued on page 676.*)

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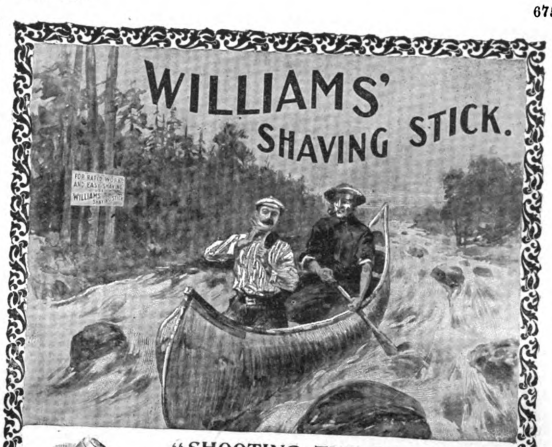
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(*Continued from page 675.*)

interest to American naval readers. They include a sketch-portrait of Farragut shortly after the attack on Mobile, and a vivid page describing the burning of the *Merrimac*. There is a ring of the present continual conflict between Spanish war despatches, as the Madrid journals report them, and the truth of matters, in such an anecdote as Rear-Admiral Franklin tells of his going to report at Norfolk the destruction of the *Merrimac*. He had witnessed the complete shattering of the dreaded ram by the explosion of the magazine. But on telling his story, "the flag-officer said to me, 'One of the officers of the *Merrimac* is here on leave, and he declared emphatically that the *Merrimac* has not been destroyed!' I replied that I did not care what he said, that there was no more doubt in my mind that the bones of the *Merrimac* were now at the bottom of the sea than that I was living at the moment. He then said, 'Oh, I am perfectly satisfied with the correctness of what you reported, *but let him enjoy his delusions*.'" (The italics are ours.) To Admiral Farragut we have this tribute from the author: "I think Farragut was the pluckiest man I ever knew. I think he was absolutely insensible to fear; indeed, that feeling did not enter into his make-up as a man at all. I do not believe that he could appreciate the meaning of the word." The style of Rear-Admiral Franklin's book, direct and simple, adds to the reader's pleasure in it; and whether he is describing an eruption of Mauna Loa, an evening at an opera of long ago, an interview with a Sultan of Turkey, a royal visit to a United States ship or a beautiful hostess at a dinner party, he is equally at ease and equally sincere in recording an impression. He was appointed an acting midshipman in 1841; and his long story seems short, so thoroughly interested is he in telling it to us. E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 659.*)

range of the San Luis battery that commands the approach to Santiago from the southeast—a force of Cuban allies is posted; within the trochas that surround Santiago on three sides, from twelve to fifteen thousand Spanish soldiers, under Linares, expect attack. The indispensable Cubans play their parts, by command of the insurgent general Garcia, some along the woods west of Santiago to intercept re-enforcements for the beleaguered town despatched by Blanco, some to block the way between Santiago and Caimanera (Guantanamo Bay) on the east, while three thousand, led by Garcia in person, have been brought in our transports to-day from Aserradero to Siboney, an anchorage six miles southeast of Sevilla. Within the harbor, Cervera's fleet; just beyond its entrance, Sampson's war-ships, guarding against a possible evasion—now that the sunken *Merrimac* is admitted to be not a complete obstruction in the channel. On land there is no marked disparity in the opposing forces, and re-enforcements for either or both may arrive before the blow is struck. The *Yale*, with a force of volunteers, should reach the coast and land her men to-morrow, while General Pando, with eight thousand Spaniards from Manzanillo, may attempt the rescue of Linares. To intercept Pando's re-enforcements has been Garcia's chief anxiety. A little pause will be given to our side while the paths from the coast are being widened into roads over which cannon may be hauled up to points commanding a beautiful old city with an ugly flounce of trenches and barbed-wire on its outskirts. Heavier guns are still to be landed; a few Gatling, Hotchkiss, and field guns have reached the front. It is reported that every road and path leading to Santiago has been mined with dynamite—a Spanish offset to the *Vesuvius*, "earthquake-thrower," that night after night has been "coughing" at the defences near the harbor's mouth. "Rough Riders" and dismounted regular cavalry encamp to-night on a plain within three miles of Santiago.

*Monday, June 27.*—Our marines at Camp McCalla, now in undisputed control of the outer bay, ask permission to attack the Spanish garrison at Caimanera, on the western shore of the landlocked portion of the harbor. A despatch from Miss Clara Barton announces her arrival at the landing-place in Guantanamo Bay, and states that Red Cross tents have already been erected.

Admiral Camara has received orders from Madrid, it is said, to proceed through the Suez Canal with the warships under his command. Our consul at Port Said has protested against permitting the Spanish fleet to refill its bunkers with coal there.

An official bulletin of the Navy Department announces that "Commodore Watson sails to-day in the cruiser *Newark* to join Admiral Sampson at Santiago, where he will take under his command an armored squadron, with cruisers, and proceed at once to the Spanish coast." Another official bulletin, subsequently posted, adds the information that "this squadron will sail for the coast of Spain immediately." The Bureau of Navigation has given to the press the following particulars: "Commodore J. A. Howell is assigned to the command of the First Squadron of the North Atlantic fleet. Commodore W. S. Schley is assigned to the command of the Second Squadron of the North Atlantic fleet. Commodore John C. Watson is assigned to the command of the Eastern Squadron. The Eastern Squadron will be composed of the following vessels: Flag-ship *Newark*, battle-ship *Iowa*, battle-ship *Oregon*, cruiser *Yosemite*, cruiser *Yankee*, cruiser *Dixie*, and the colliers *Scindia*, *Abarenda*, and *Alexander*."

The third expedition to the Philippines, commanded by General Arthur McArthur, who makes the *Indiana* his flag-ship, sails from San Francisco. The other vessels starting to-day are the *City of Para*, *Ohio*, and *Morgan City*. The *Valencia* will sail to-morrow.

Brigadier-General R. T. Frank, who succeeded Major-General Wesley Merritt in command of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governors Island, New York, is relieved of that command and ordered to report in person to the Secretary of War for assignment to duty. Brigadier-General G. L. Gillespie is ordered to take command of the Department of the East.

*Tuesday, June 28.*—From Cape Frances, the southeastern point in the province of Pinar del Rio, to Cape Cruz, the southwestern point in the province of Santiago de Cuba, every port but one has been an open door through which supplies could freely pass to the Spanish army of occupation. Notice was served to-day that these doors have been closed. President McKinley's proclamation of this date declares that "in addition to the blockade of the ports specified in my proclamation of April 22, 1898, the United States of America has instituted and will maintain an effective blockade of all of the ports on the south coast of Cuba, from Cape Frances to Cape Cruz, inclusive, and also of the port of San Juan, in the island of Porto Rico." The reference in the last clause is to the blockade of San Juan by the *St. Paul* (Captain Sigsbee), which has been in effect for a week already. As for Captain Sigsbee's efficiency in that command, a striking bit of evidence is supplied in the bulletin posted by the Navy Department to-day:

Captain Sigsbee reports that on Wednesday afternoon, while off San Juan, Porto Rico, he was attacked by a Spanish unprotected cruiser and the Spanish torpedo-boat-destroyer *Terror*. The *Terror* made a dash, which was awaited by the *St. Paul*. The *St. Paul* hit the *Terror* three times, killing one officer and two men and wounding several others. The *Terror* dropped back under cover of the fortifications with difficulty, and was towed into the harbor in a sinking condition, where she is now being repaired. Later a cruiser and a gunboat started out, but remained under protection of the forts.

*Wednesday, June 29.*—General Shafter reports that Spanish re-enforcements for General Linares, numbering eight thousand, with pack-trains and droves of animals, are advancing from Manzanillo to the relief of Santiago. An equal force (*i. e.*, eight or nine thousand men, General Snyder's division of the Fourth Army Corps) is now leaving Tampa for Santiago to aid Shafter.

Major-General Merritt, sailing for Manila this morning on the *Newport*, expects to overtake the transports of the third Philippine expedition.

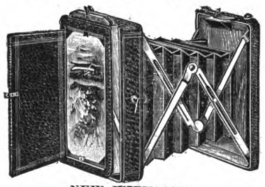
The Navy Department makes public this afternoon a portion of a despatch from Admiral Dewey, dated at Cavité, June 23, as follows:

No change in the situation since my telegram of June 17. Five German, three British, one French, one Japanese men-of-war in port. Insurgents constantly closing in on city. Aguinaldo, insurgent leader, with thirteen of his staff, arrived June 19, by my permission, on the *Nan Chan*. He established himself at Cavité, outside the arsenal, under the protection of our guns, and organized his army. The progress of Aguinaldo has been wonderful. He has invariably conducted the war humanely. My relations with him are cordial, but my conferences have been only of a personal nature.


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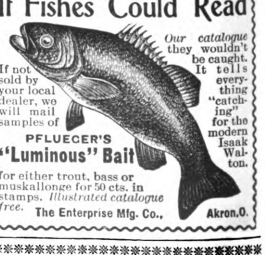



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THE SPANISH RESERVE SQUADRON, UNDER COMMAND OF ADMIRAL CAMARA, ON ITS WAY TO PORT SAID.—DRAWN BY L. A. SHAFER.

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# NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

*March 12, 1898.*

Word was brought to Dawson of the state of the water at the Yukon flats. A great tide of human beings was pouring into Dawson by way of the Chilkoot passes, and Captain Hansen, manager of the A. C. Company, saw that if the boats did not get up the river the situation would be extremely critical. He went down in the A. C. boat *Marguerite* to Fort Yukon, where he learned of the alleged failure of the boats to pass over the bars, and assuming, it is said, that a *bona fide* effort had been made, he returned to Dawson, reporting that low water would not allow the other boats, the *Bella* and the *Weare*, to get up, that there was a shortage of provisions, and that those who had no grub must flee for their lives. There was held a series of meetings to discuss the grave situation. Captain Hansen, greatly wrought up, went about, up and down the streets, addressing crowds of men, urging them to go! go!

Healy of the N. A. T. Company, in what we can attribute to nothing else than the narrowest spirit of business rivalry, kept telling every one that there would be no shortage of grub, no starvation, and he posted a public notice to that effect. A meeting was held, in which the companies were called upon to state how far they could be depended upon. It was shown that if the other boats did not get up, there was not sufficient grub for all in the country. Healy admitted this to be the case. His attention was thereupon called to the sign he had posted, and it was taken down. The miners and people of Dawson, as the situation grew more serious, held angry meetings, and organized a committee of twelve, who called upon the small Mounted Police force, announcing their intention to divide up evenly what grub the stores had, and warning the police of the uselessness of making resistance. The officer in command went to Captain Hansen and Captain Healy, and told them that to make resistance with the handful of men at his command was simple suicide. The companies thereupon set about to defend themselves; and the A. C. Company, for one, barricaded the doors of its corrugated metal warehouse with provisions and supplies, and armed its employés with Winchesters. The day before the day set for the division, to the relief of all, and no doubt to the astonishment of Captain Hansen, the *Weare* steamed into the dock, followed a few days later (on September 30) by the *Bella*, both boats reporting a hold-up at Circle City. The *Bella* was thirty-five tons short, and the *Weare* twenty-five tons. The boats had been ordered to leave no cargo at Circle City, but to proceed on to Dawson, the point most in need of relief, Circle City being 280 miles nearer the food centre. In consequence of the danger of starvation, and the excitement at Dawson, and Hansen's report that the boats would not get up, the inhabitants at Circle City determined to stop the boats and take enough supplies by force to put themselves beyond danger. When the *Weare* arrived the boat was boarded by men armed with Winchesters, and the captain ordered to take off a part of his cargo, and at the same time the money was tendered to pay for the goods in full. The captain of the *Weare* made angry protest, but was forced to land twenty-five tons. She was believed to carry 200 to 250 tons of cargo of all kinds. It is charged that a large part of this was whiskey, or rather one way of putting it is that some charge that if the *Weare* had carried flour in place of the whiskey she had aboard, all danger of famine would have been removed. When the *Weare* was about to start up, the N. A. T. passengers who had come as far as Circle City applied for passage, but were denied it, on the ground that orders were for nothing but freight to be taken to Dawson. Three days later the *Bella* arrived at Circle City. The miners met her at the dock, and demanded the removal of her cargo. An eye-witness describes the scene as follows:

"The *Bella* arrived about nine o'clock in the evening. It was dark, and quite a number of people were on the dock. When the gang-plank was fast, a committee of miners went aboard and told the captain that they had held a miners' meeting at the A. C. store that day, that they were short of grub a certain amount, that the committee had a list thereof, and they gave the captain a copy and told him they wanted the grub left at the warehouse at Circle, and if he would not willingly do so they would compel him to. They claimed, in the first place, that they needed the grub; in the second place, that it belonged to the citizens of the United States, and that the company had no right to ship it out to Canada. The matter was referred to Captain Rae of the United States army, who was a passenger on the boat. Captain Rae told the committee that the cargo did not belong to the company, but had been sold (and the money taken) in Dawson, and they were trying to get it there. The committee replied that it did not make any difference, they were going to have it anyway, and they sent a committee down to open the hatch. Captain Rae again appealed to them. He told them it was lawlessness, against order, and not the proper thing to do at all; that if he had any soldiers he would see that they did not do it, he would undertake to fight them, but he was but one man with one gun. He told them he wished they would remember the people up-river, who perhaps were needing provisions a great deal more than they; that they might go and take out stuff, but without his permission, and he urged them to take as little as possible. He further told them that such practices were bad in a new country like this, and that it would lead to more wrong actions. He promised them that another year he would have soldiers, and they would not dare to do such a thing then. There were, no doubt, men in Circle City who, if they found out they could hold up a boat with provisions consigned to Dawson, would hold up the same boat from Dawson with gold consigned to Seattle."

The miners listened to the speech of Captain Rae, and then set to work unloading. They worked from half past nine till one, removing thirty-five tons of the boat's cargo, such as flour, bacon, hams, canned goods, etc. The *Bella* reached Dawson with eighty tons.

Before starting, the *Bella*, in contrast to the action of the other company, took aboard a number of her own passengers, dropping a barge she had in tow, and even three passengers of the N. A. T. Company, making scant forty in all. There was talk at Meneek of holding up the *Bella*, as there was but seven months' grub to last nine months, but the miners at a meeting decided not to do so.

On the arrival of the boats Hansen continued to urge the people to go, and meetings were being held all the while. Hansen offered the free use of the *Bella* to those wishing to go down. Healy made a charge of fifty dollars to those who went on his boat, the *Weare*. Hansen further told the people that if any were short he would supply them with grub to Forty Mile, and at that place the storekeeper of the A. C. Company would supply them with grub to Circle, and if any were without money grub was to be supplied them free of cost. Of those who got up-river, about thirty had to go back, and thus of all the number who started for the gold-fields after the arrival of the *Portland* with her gold, not over a dozen were able to remain at Dawson. Thus were the hardships of the trail compensated for by the disappointments of the easier and less expensive route.

The *Bella* remained but twenty-four hours before pulling out. The river was running full of ice, and navigation was dangerous. When the boat reached Circle the captain considered it unwise to go on. The passengers urged the captain to do so, and threatened to take charge of the boat themselves, but next morning, when they were about to carry out their threat, the boat was frozen fast in the ice. Many went down in small boats. The old-timers, who knew better than any one else, were the very first to leave. The whole number that went down river was perhaps three or four hundred. Among them were many of the new arrivals, and it marks the seriousness of the situation when officials of the new government, such as the Gold Commissioner's assistant and a party of surveyors, had to keep straight on.

All haste was made by those going the other way. Men with hand sleds, with now and then a dog team, were leaving in batches of twenty to fifty a day after the 1st of November. The price of everything necessary for the trip out rose, until dogs brought as high as $300 apiece. A basket sledge cost $75; dog feed, $1 a pound, snow-shoes, $30; moccasins, $7 50 to $10; moose-hide mittens, $7 50 to $10. The dog-teamsters were making money by taking parties out; $600 to $1000 was the price for passage, and that price has ruled during the winter. The situation was relieved by many of those who came in with short supplies selling their outfits. A four-thousand-pound outfit sold for $4000; $1 a pound ruled. Outfits were eagerly snatched up at that price. The restaurants were the most eager buyers. There were two in the place. They were running about half the time. They would have to close until another outfit could be had. Meals were $3 50, porterhouse steak, $8; coffee, 50 cents; pie or sandwich, 75 cents; cocoa, $1 50 a cup; and everything else in proportion. These prices continued the same until the 1st of March, when a meal could be had for $2.

Quantities of meat came to Dawson. The Indians turned in thousands of pounds of moose meat. Last year they got $30 a ham; formerly, at Forty Mile, $3 50 a ham; now they get $90 to a $100. Jack Dalton brought a hundred head of cattle over his trail to mouth of Pelly about June 1, butchered them, and rafted down, and a man named Cameron brought sixty more by same trail. Fern took seventy, William Perdue seventy, and Hibbard Norton eighteen to Five Fingers by branch of Dalton's Trail. W. S. Courtnay drove 595 head of sheep to mouth of Pelly. Both Courtnay and Perdue, starting late, had experiences in the river never to be forgotten. Prices of meat have been $* to $1 50 a pound. The grub question has been the one question all winter. Numerous parties went out with the intention of tramping in in the spring. Supplies can be brought down river on the water before the steamers arrive. The miners, wherever one goes, appear to be well supplied, and do not stint themselves nor allow others to do so. There has been no speculation in grub among the old-timers. There has been much swapping and selling of flour, but always at $6 a sack. Flour has been gradually coming down, $50 prevailing during the winter. At the beginning of March, however, there was a sudden slump, and flour could be had for $25. It appears as if every one had been hoarding flour, until all at once they saw the end of winter and the relief of the situation, though there are many, many people who have run short, and are going either hungry or on one meal a day. There is no need of this, as food can be had for price, and Dawson is an easy place to make money for a man of resource who will work hard. There is more flour than anything else now, but other things have gone up. Butter is $2 50 a pound; lard the same; chocolate, $3 a pound; condensed milk, $1 25.

The N. A. T. Company was utterly unable to fill its orders, and there has been much bitterness among the miners. The A. C. filled all its orders. After the A. C. was sold out the N. A. T. began putting on its shelves various goods, and the prices raised, the pretence being made that it is stuff freighted up from Forty Mile. That's the Yukon way of conducting business. At the A. C. store Indians and women of the town have been able to buy anything, even flour, but no one else. The N. A. T. Company also has its favorites. Some can buy, others not. Nearly everything sold is on order. It is a favor of the most marked kind. The stock in both stores is very small. One of the clerks in the store remarked, laughingly, that that was the first place he was ever in where the less you could sell the better clerk you proved to be.

If grub has been scarce, there has appeared to be no end of liquor, but even that is giving out. Alcohol has been selling at $3300 a cask. Nails, for some singular reason, are scarce, being worth $5 a pound, $500 a keg; in connection with which there is an old man hard at work on the contract of removing the nails from the charred wood-work of the old opera-house that was burned the opening night, in return for the privilege of panning out the gold-dust dropped into the sawdust of the saloon. Coal-oil, too, has been $40 a gallon; candles, $40 a box.

Wages have been $1 50 an hour, but, on account of the short days, men have not averaged more than $6 to $7 a day. Of the new-comers, many took lays to work for one-half, a section of forty feet, on good claims, and went to work sinking holes. An astonishing number of these lays have been thrown up, for reasons to be explained at length later. Many men have been doing well cutting and sawing wood at $30 to $40 a cord. More who want to take no chances are working for wages. Little actual prospecting has been done by any one. Yet it has been nothing but a succession of stampedes all winter, at present over 7000 claims having been staked and recorded.

We had no communication with the outside world until January 4, when the official mail arrived, and on the 25th of February forty dogs brought in part of the regular mail, much more being left behind at Little Salmon, some having come direct from Dyea. The provisional government were ice-bound at Big and Little Salmon. Some of them have arrived just now. Major Walsh, the commissioner of the new "Yukon Provisional District," is still at Big Salmon, and over half a ton of mail yet at Little Salmon. The river closed in November, and there were many narrow escapes at all points.

There have been numerous cases of freezing of toes and hands, and even lives lost, but the winter has been unusually mild. A double clean-up will go out this year. Much work is being done on Eldorado and Bonanza. A striking thing is the small amount of work done on the several creeks, the very great unevenness of the pay, and the great confidence in the creeks. The country is full of gold, but at the present time it has hardly been prospected. As soon as the river froze those stranded at Circle and below began to work toward Dawson.

Al Thayer and George Ransbury, N. A. T. Company passengers, were the first to reach here, having left Circle October 30, with six dogs and two sleds, in company with an Indian guide, Paul. They brought enough provisions to take them back to Circle if necessary, and a large supply of candles and moccasins to sell for ready cash—a total weight of 1000 pounds. They were thirty-eight days in an extremely cold snap, and had to chop a trail forty times across the Yukon ice. Thayer, beyond a doubt, saved the lives of Joaquin Miller and his companion, W. H. E. Canovan, who left Circle ahead of them with a hand-sled, against the urgent advice of those familiar with the hardships and dangers of winter travel in the snow. It is just the sort of thing Miller has been doing ever since he started to come here with $50 in his pocket, and is characteristic of the man who in his reports is still advising more men with $50 in their pocket to come in to the Yukon. Thayer passed Miller on the opposite side of the river, broke down at Charley River, eighty miles out, and in consequence was overtaken. With 150 miles still ahead of them, Miller had the following supply of food: 24 lbs. German sausage, 6 lbs. bacon, 6 lbs. pilot-bread, 10 lbs. beans, and they bought 6 lbs. of moose meat at Charley River. Exchanging their sleds, Thayer took them in charge and brought them on to Dawson. Miller is advising people about this country, using the prestige of his name as a writer of fiction and poetry. He is not fitted to advise who came into this ill-provided country without an outfit, and who has been from the start, and is now, dependent wholly on the bounty and foresight of others. Poetry is out of place here in winter, unless the dreams of the dreamer can thaw the frozen mercury or satisfy the demands of a Yukon appetite.

On the 16th of February A. E. Carr, otherwise known as Jack Carr, arrived with the mails, having made the remarkable journey of 1700 miles from St. Michael, leaving there Thanksgiving day. He has passed on toward Dyea.

Tappan Adney.

## THE SHOW.

"Come in, come in!" the Showman cries;
And touts with clattering, fleshless jaws.
"My panorama edifies,
My portraits catch even Hell's applause.
I've store of paintings praised Below,
With scenes to make Friend Satan vain.
But none such mastery can show
As these—the ghastly art of Spain.

"From burning homes, from screw and rack
See Jewish maids and graybeards flee;
With branded brow and livid back,
The pillaged Moors attain the sea.
And, pray, admire these dungeons grim,
That stake, those robes with tongues of flame!
They wrought their work as serving Him
A Torquemada dared to name.

"Roll on, my show! Dark Alva here,
My apt lieutenant, sullen stands—
Stranger to mercy as to fear—
Apollyon of the Netherlands.
And there, toward helpless England's shore,
The dread Armada glides, ill-starred;
My harvest had been thousands more
Had Ireland's reefs forgot their guard!

"Ho, for the New World! Knife in hand,
Their victims gasping at their feet,
See false Menendez and his band,
Their master-butchery complete.
In tortures that a fiend might dread,
Lo, shrieking Incas gold upyield.
And look! The Spanish Main runs red,
The Spanish pirates' booty-field.

"Now note what horrors choice I have;
The Eastern Indies' story rare.
The blazing hut, the ravished slave
Define the Spaniard's fostering care.
And, next, baptized with sister-name,
The Western Isles present their ring,
By Spanish crime, for Spanish shame,
A record filled to festering!

"And last, I show thee, blackened jewel,
Of all the Antilles carcanet!
What! Didst thou fancy Time's long school
Could make the Spaniard human yet?
Scourged—prostrate—with thy strangled cry,
I, Death, have seemed thy friend—of all!
Despair not! In the darkening sky
Justice and vengeance wait to fall!"

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

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**"The photograph herewith is a correct representation and exact size of some of the largest specimens of calculi discharged by Mr. Roys. A chemical and microscopical analysis showed that they are URIC ACID with a trace of the Oxalate of Lime."**

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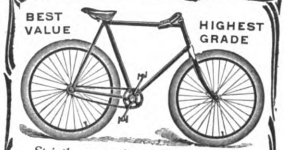
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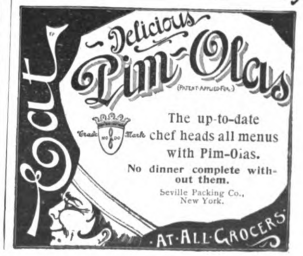


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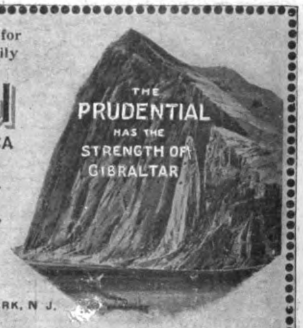
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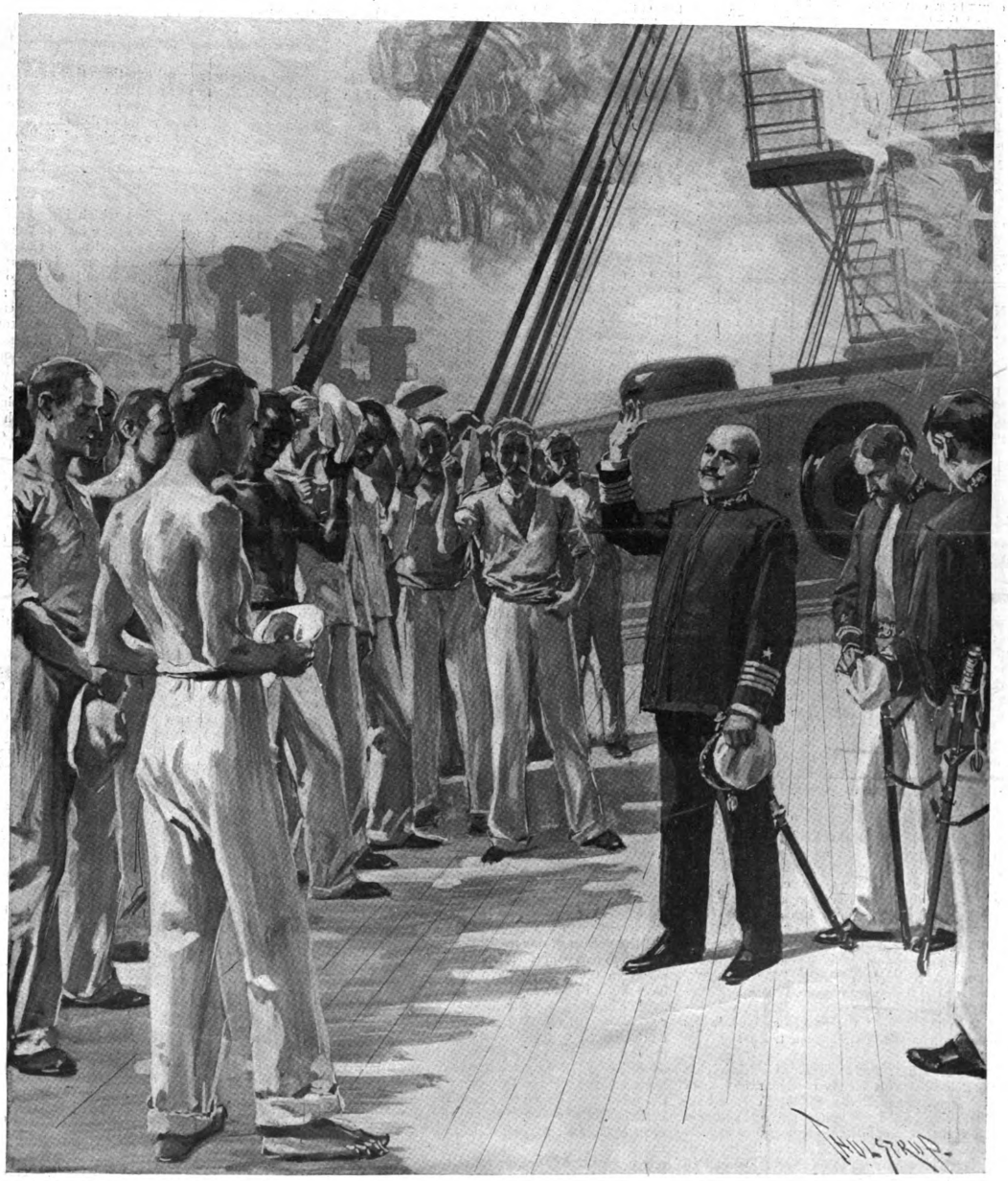
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 16, 1898

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| W. A. ROGERS. | HAROLD MARTIN, |
| CLYDE D. V. HUNT. | AND OTHERS. |

Mr. FOX *and* Mr. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, Mr. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* Mr. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

*"Ragged Lady," by* WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, *a story of New England character and life, was begun in the number of* HARPER'S BAZAR *issued on July 2, and will be continued during the year.* Mr. HOWELLS *has written nothing more idyllic, nothing more distinctly American, than "Ragged Lady." The heroine is original and piquant, and the novel leads up to a dramatic climax. The story is illustrated by* A. I. KELLER.

ON the 6th of June Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, writing from Tampa, denounced as untrue certain statements concerning General SHAFTER'S proposed expedition to Cuba, then in course of preparation, written by Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW, and published in the WEEKLY. Mr. BIGELOW had stated that the army was unprepared for the movement, that it had neither the proper clothing nor the proper food, and he warned the country against the mistake that was being made by those in authority. Mr. BIGELOW wrote his article at a time when the expedition might have been delayed, and for making these revelations Mr. DAVIS denounced Mr. BIGELOW as a traitor. Now we learn from Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, writing from "the trenches at San Juan, Cuba," under date of July 3, that Mr. BIGELOW'S statements have been verified by facts; that the soldiers at the front are actually suffering from lack of proper clothing; that, soaked with tropical rains and blistered by a tropical sun, they have been without sufficient food; that "some of them have been without food for forty-eight hours," and that "when food did come, it was hardtack and coffee"; that "the army needs artillery. It needs some one in command who is well, strong, and able to stand hardships of a campaign, and it needs mules for transport." He adds, therein confirming Mr. BIGELOW'S declarations which he had denounced a month before, "Truthfully, the expedition was prepared in ignorance and conducted in a series of blunders." He says, moreover, that the "commanding general has not yet been within two miles of the scene of operation." Most important of all, writing on the field of battle and in the very presence of a re-enforced enemy, he declares that "the situation is exceedingly grave," and informs the enemy that if they will make a sortie, our troops must retreat. Either knowledge or honesty has come too late to Mr. DAVIS; while as to "treason," which of these two men is guilty of the sort that—to use Mr. DAVIS'S own words—"should be pointed out quickly and nailed up high as a warning," Mr. BIGELOW, who warned the country against its unpreparedness for the undertaking, or Mr. DAVIS, who betrays it in the face of the enemy and while his shells are sowing death among our troops?

EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS'S address at Philadelphia on the Fourth was a timely reminder, by one of our ablest statesmen, that the idea of colonial expansion, now adopted as a rule of political action in certain quarters, should be discouraged as dangerous to the republic. We need telling illustrations of the fact that opinions should be weighed as well as counted, particularly at the critical time of a departure from established public policy. By the noisy school of aggression conservative declarations of this kind may be called sentimental and antiquated, but they command the assent of the best public opinion of the country. The taking over of new territory, whose people can never be incorporated in the Union, is contrary to the nature and mission of our system of government.

GOVERNOR BLACK and his Republican friends in the State are expecting to give to New York some new election machinery. The present bipartisan police board of the city was established through a deal between Tammany and the Republican machine under PLATT, for the purpose of giving PLATT part of the patronage of the police force of the metropolis, while, in return, Tammany was to have Republican aid in securing legislation which it needed for its own corrupt purposes. In making the bipartisan police commission, the pretence was that the police board had control of the election machinery, and that both parties should therefore be equally represented upon it. The deal between PLATT and CROKER having been disrupted by Governor BLACK, the latter now discovers that it is not necessary that the Police Commissioners should constitute a board of elections, and therefore he favors the separation of the two functions by the establishment of a board of elections—the real reason probably being that with the police commission composed as it is to-day the election machinery of the city would be entirely in the hands of the Governor's enemies, PLATT having made up his mind to defeat him for renomination, or, if he should be renominated, to prevent his election. A pure election machinery is something for which all decent citizens hope, but it cannot be established by a bipartisan system. Bipartisanship means trading, and nothing else.

SEVERAL Republican State conventions in the West have pronounced strongly in favor of the gold standard. After years of hesitation and of paltering with this important issue, the Republican party seems to be coming out on the right side. The coquetry of the politicians has made the silver cause strong enough to capture the Democratic party, just as Republican dallying with the greenback question gave the fiat-money men so strong a hold on that political rag-bag. It seems to be the fate of the Democratic party, so far as the money question is concerned, to accept the cast-off clothing of the Republican party after the latter has outgrown it. Not only has Oregon pronounced for the gold standard, but the Republicans of the First Congressional District of Iowa have followed, declaring themselves "in favor of the present monetary standard of gold, the standard of the commercial world," and demanding "such legislation by the Congress of the United States as will secure the enactment of this much-needed law." The Minnesota Republicans say that they believe "that the national honor and the material interests of the American people require the maintenance of the present gold standard." Ohio Republicans also have spoken in favor of gold, and the Republican party seems therefore to be fully committed to the cause of sound money. It is evident that if the Republican majority had passed the bill they would have obeyed the wishes of their constituents, and would therefore have assured the return of a Republican majority in the next House.

THE boundaries of the United States have been extended by the passage of the NEWLANDS resolution, and Hawaii is now a part of this country. Now that the islands are ours, we trust that the legislative branch of the government will set itself seriously to the task of carrying on their government, and that it will be many years, and only after a radical change in the character of the population of the islands, before any effort will be made to secure their admission to Statehood. At present the resolutions make the President an autocrat, as we have already pointed out. This condition should not exist any longer than is necessary, for it is utterly opposed to the character of our government and the nature of our institutions. That we shall be able to carry on the government of these islands wisely in the end we have no doubt, because we have faith in the character and capacity of the American people. But in the mean time their possession will greatly complicate our existing difficulties, and will add others. It will naturally promote a desire for further extension, and further extension will bring its attendant responsibilities. Even now with Hawaii we must consider seriously the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government, and if possible we must greatly strengthen the former. We cannot rule Hawaii well under the system which has made our preparations for war so arduous and unsatisfactory. The arm that reaches out to enfold distant islands of the ocean ought to be a stronger one than we possess, or than the founders of our government had in contemplation.

M. MARC LANDRY, the naval expert of the Paris *Figaro*, is probably still alive, although he has not been heard from very recently. If he is, the news of the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet must have convinced him that he is unfitted, either by reason of his prejudices or by his ignorance, to criticise the American navy. One thing this war has demonstrated, and that is that our navy, so far as its size permits, is one of the most perfect fighting-machines that the world has ever seen. It has dealt its blows with a vigor, a thoroughness, and an assurance that are the result only of sufficient preparation and perfect self-respect and self-confidence. The individual American sailor does not differ essentially from the individual American soldier. He is no more intelligent, he is no more courageous, he is no more ready to do his duty, than the other. But he is not hampered so much as the other by conditions and circumstances over which he has no control. The navy is more completely under the command of naval officers than the army is under the command of soldiers. What the navy has done is a tribute not only to the character of its officers and its men, but an illustration of the value of freedom from too much political interference. Taking the army and navy together, and looking at what they do as soldiers and sailors, divorced entirely from all questions that arise from political interference or civilian control, these two services have in recent weeks given the most convincing evidence of the value of democratic institutions as they go to the making of individual character. The American soldier and sailor, self-respecting and self-reliant and intelligent as they are, are the outcome of our institutions.

ALTHOUGH it is a subject which is somewhat difficult to mention, because of the fact that one is likely to be misunderstood, the attitude of Congress toward our military and naval heroes is a matter of so much importance that it ought not to be avoided. Every honor should be paid to the soldiers and sailors in the field who are making heroic efforts, efforts which we and those who are to come after us will always recall with pride. By all means, the officers who perform exceptional service should receive adequate promotion, and the men under them ample reward. But there is too great a tendency among our politicians and their friends of the daily press to go into hysterics, and to act as if each instance of duty performed is something to call forth a response consistent only with the theory that the performance of duty in this country is surprising. The officers of the army and navy keenly resent this hysterical adulation. They are trained to believe that all that they are and all that they have belong to their country. They are men of great intelligence and of the highest character. They make up the only body of public servants that we have who are entirely and unselfishly devoted to the government. It is therefore humiliating to them to receive excessive rewards for the performance of duty. They earn their professional honors, and, like all men who deserve them, they expect their proper rewards, but they do not want frenzied adulation. A case in point is General WHEELER'S recent order concerning the action at La Guasima. Every officer that the general saw was recommended to the government, and commanding officers were called upon to make further recommendations for deeds that were performed out of the general's vision. This wholesale adulation humiliates those on whom it is bestowed, and takes away the pleasure of exceptional honor when it is won. Another instance is the hasty resolutions giving the thanks of Congress to Commodore SCHLEY for the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet. Commodore SCHLEY deserves the praise due to a brave and skilful man who has performed his duty; but it does not follow that he should receive an honor in the giving of which Congress would insult Admiral SAMPSON, the commander of the fleet, who, had he been present, would have done precisely what every other officer in the fleet did, and to whose preparations and watchful care was largely due the readiness of the fleet to intercept the Spaniards. No soldier or sailor will differ from us when we say that justice is much more gratifying to him than adulation.

THE achievements of the American army in Cuba are of the most glorious character. They illustrate the courage, endurance, and loyalty of the American soldier, whether he be regular or volunteer, and the intelligence and character of the regular officers. Every American must feel a thrill of pride by reason of these achievements. The mere thought of the victory which was gained over the Spaniards is stimulating alone, but when we consider all that our soldiers gained, all the sacrifices that they made, all the hardships that they endured, we not only feel proud of their success, but are struck with wonder by the exhibition of rare qualities which was called forth by strenuous conditions. It was the work of the reg-

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ular army of the United States, assisted most valiantly by the "Rough Riders," the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts volunteers. We know now the stuff of which these men are made. They went to Cuba ill prepared for such conditions as they encountered and such battles as they have fought. There were less than half as many of them as there should have been. They were practically without cavalry, because the government did not send enough horses. The force of artillery was not one-tenth of what it should have been. The means for the transportation of food were so inadequate that correspondents tell us that all the time the men were on half rations, and that some of them, at least, engaged in hard fighting after a fast of thirty-six hours. They were not properly clad, and their heavy uniforms became so much of an encumbrance that they were obliged to throw them and their blankets away. So inadequately fitted out was this expedition that when the battle was at its height the rough pathways over which the volunteers had made their way to the front were choked with the wounded going to the rear to find surgeons, some of them being obliged to walk twelve miles before reaching the needed medical assistance. They fought in an unknown country, amid strange surroundings, tortured by tropical insects and tropical vegetation, soaked by tropical rains, and breathing pestilential air while they slept. Opposed to them was an excellent body of Spanish infantry, well intrenched, and fighting with desperation. Although this is the richest and, in reputation at least, the most progressive country of the world, the soldiers of the effete monarchy used smokeless powder, while our men were obliged to depend upon the old-fashioned explosive, the smoke of which clearly revealed their position to the enemy, and made them an excellent target. As has been said by the New York *Sun*, according to all the rules of war our men should have given up as defeated, but they are American citizens and American soldiers, and they did not succumb to the strenuous adverse conditions. We have every reason to be proud of our fellow-citizens in arms. They have added new glory to the American name. They have met and overcome the difficulties which have stood in their way, some of which were not due to the enemy. But of that there will be time and occasion to speak later on. The country is now content to enjoy to the full this splendid exhibition of American manhood.

## A SUGGESTIVE INCIDENT.

THERE are many complications to be anticipated so long as we hold the harbor of Manila, and these complications will become more numerous and more acute after Admiral DEWEY and General MERRITT have made good our claim to the Philippines. The most important question that can arise from our defeat of Spain and our capture of the islands is as to their disposition. When this question comes into the sphere of practical politics the discussion of it will probably be long, and it may seriously affect the politics of the United States for years to come. In the mean time we ought to be preparing ourselves for its solution, and ought to make up our minds definitely as to the policy to be pursued for the future—whether we are to expand by assuming a dictatorship over tropical territory which, if the history of colonial powers is of any value by way of precedent, we will never colonize, or whether we are to remain content with our vast possessions, which already present to our politicians problems which they have not solved nor even intelligently approached. While it is true that some newspaper writers, both American and English, and some military publicists have settled this question for the American people, and have already announced that the result of our war with Spain is to be aggrandizement, it is clear to any one who knows this country and its people that these prophets are unwise, because there is generally a vast difference between what our people say in their excitement and what they do in their calm and calculating moments. The general recognition of this difference, and the practical wisdom, therefore, of accomplishing a great political change by a *coup*, if it is to be done at all, have been recently illustrated by the advocates of Hawaiian annexation, whose fear of an adverse verdict by the people prevented them from inserting an annexation plank in their party platforms, and inspired them to attempt a snap-judgment against the people by way of a joint resolution, which would probably be declared unconstitutional if it should ever be brought before the Supreme Court for interpretation.

In view of the debate that is sure to follow the war, and in view of the fact that public opinion now seems to be tending towards the adoption of the imperial scheme, every fact and incident bearing upon the problem should be carefully considered. If this were a European question, if England, France, or Russia were fronting a problem akin to that which is looming up before us, the statesmen of the interested power would not be worthy of their posts if they were not actively engaged in turning the experiences of the present to the account of the future. We Americans, especially in answering so fundamental a question as this, are all statesmen, for we must settle the national policy at the polls, and it behooves us, therefore, to consider carefully every fact that bears upon this issue of a future which every step in the war is bringing nearer. Public and general discussion of this question becomes all the more important in view of the character of the politicians who now control the Senate, which exercises, conjointly with the President, the treaty-making power. As to the House of Representatives, it is distinctly better equipped than the Senate, both intellectually and morally, for dealing wisely and honorably with questions affecting the direction of the national forces and energies and the character of our international relations. The House represents the popular will and the popular conscience, while the Senate stands for the abasement of our politics; for Senatorships have always been the prizes of party leadership, and party leadership of the kind under which the nation now suffers naturally produces the Senators of to-day. The question of expansion is to be determined by such Senators as QUAY, MURPHY, PLATT, MORGAN, and the like, unless intelligent discussion of the issue shall arouse a public sentiment which will affect the minds of such Senators as LODGE and his kind, men who need to be with the public—in a word, who have not yet debased themselves to the level of absolute dependence on machinery and corruption.

The question of the moment which bears upon the overshadowing problem of the future is raised by the presence of an unduly large German fleet at Manila. And while the presence of these ships is suggestive of the complications that are before us rather than a menace of immediate danger, its portent may as well be heeded. Stated briefly, it is, if events move as the expansionists predict, to quote the London *Spectator*, that our country "stands at the parting of the ways, that her external policy must be radically modified, and that she is engaged in a war which may so develop that it will occupy years, create a national debt, and leave the United States with a powerful army and the second fleet in the world. This is the vision of the future which we are called upon to contemplate, and which the unfriendly conduct of Germany is making very clear. We need have no fear that Germany will physically interfere with our operations at Manila. Although there may be much or little sincerity in the friendly professions of the Emperor, he will not be quick to enter upon an unjust war with this country. He is too clever for that, and has too much at stake in the East to risk such an encounter as would follow an attempt on his part to deprive us of any fruits of victory that would be recognized as legitimate by military and international law, a conflict in which this country would be greatly assisted by German Americans. German insults ought not to disturb us so long as we are confident that either alone or with the aid of Great Britain we shall be able to prevent Germany from doing us any injustice. Indeed, owing to the geographical relations of the two countries and the present state of the German navy, Germany is the first-class European power with which we stand on most nearly even terms. The prospect of a hostile encounter, however, is very remote. Such a war as Germany might begin if she were to insist upon her present attitude, which is evidently in the nature of a bluff, is not in the cards of the Emperor's game. It is true that her fleet at Manila is too large to be explained by the professed desire to protect the interests of German citizens in the Philippines, and that the presence of Admiral VON DIEDRICH and of Prince HENRY is clearly intended to be awe-inspiring. Admiral DEWEY, however, is equal to the situation, and neither he nor General MERRITT is likely to be too deeply impressed by imperial dramatics. Nor do we expect that either the German admiral or the imperial brother will go far enough to vindicate the *Spectator's* fears that shots may be exchanged between the American and German ships. We may certainly count on German prudence and calculation for the safety of Admiral DEWEY'S fleet from attack. Nevertheless, there is food for much reflection in the situation, and it is fortunate that we have so pregnant and apropos a circumstance to serve as a warning against any undue haste in adopting the policy of expansion, unless we are prepared to accept the possibilities mentioned by the *Spectator*—a complete revolution of our external policy, the broadening out of the war until it includes all the European nations now rivalling one another in their efforts to secure commercial and military ascendency in China, and, as a direct consequence of such a war, a large permanent standing army, and a navy large enough to withstand either of the two great European combinations; or, with the aid of England, to resist the allied fleets of Continental Europe. There are other facts and conditions in our current political and military history that suggest further considerations which must be taken into account, but they can be more profitably discussed later on. At present we would best be reflecting on the future of this republic, if we undertake the government of Pacific islands, as it is pointed to by this insolent effort to put a staying hand upon us in the midst of our war with Spain. Germany wants a foothold in the Philippines. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says that it is "quite certain that Germany will do her best to obtain a footing on the islands." There are other powers interested in the East, and England is most anxious to have us for a neighbor there. In a word, if we keep the Philippines our frontiers will touch the frontiers of Europe at the point where there is at present most likelihood of the breaking out of war. In such a war we would be compelled to engage for the defence of what we had taken, for the maintenance of our national dignity, and for the proper performance of our new international obligations. This is what is suggested by imperial German bumptiousness, although it may be harmless for the moment, and, furthermore, although it is quite likely that the German nation would not be arrayed against us when the war actually came upon us. We are not at present, apparently, so much in danger of entering "entangling alliances" as of drifting into entangling differences which will change us from a peaceful republic to a strong military power. Is the next step of democracy to be, as HERBERT SPENCER predicts, a backward one towards militarism?

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Thursday, June 30.*—General Wheeler in his official report to General Shafter states that the casualties in the engagement at La Guasima last Friday were—First United States Volunteer Cavalry (strength 500), killed 8, wounded 34; First United States Regular Cavalry (strength 244), killed 7, wounded 8; Tenth United States Regular Cavalry (strength 220), killed 1, wounded 10. Total strength 964; killed 16, wounded 52.

The situation at Santiago is marked by steady advance on our side; on the Spanish side, by withdrawal to positions of great strength commanding the approaches to the city. General Shafter has established his headquarters in the field. Siege-guns were landed at Baiquiri Tuesday night, but it will be impossible to move them to the front for several days. Our line extends northward to the neighborhood of El Caney, a town four miles northeast of Santiago.

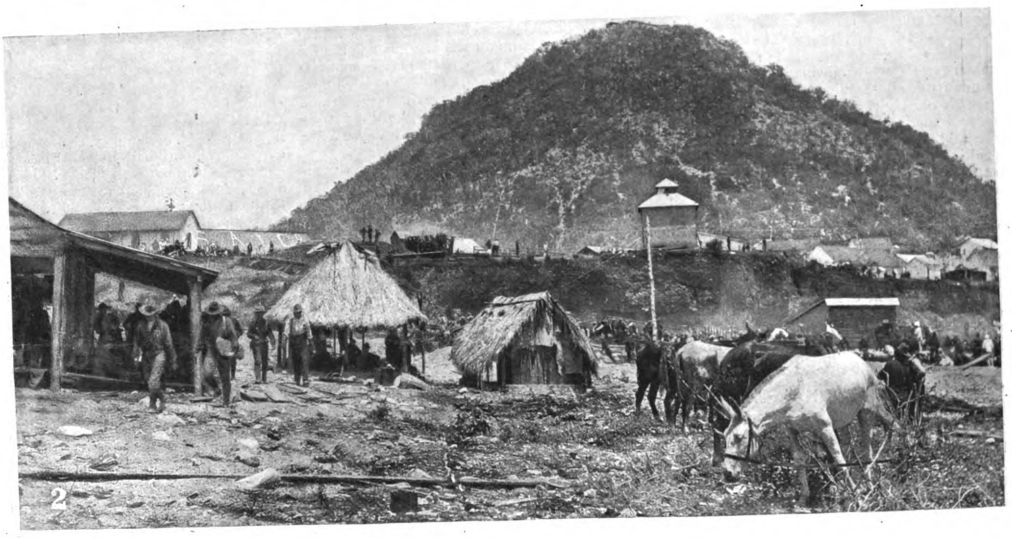
The cruiser *Charleston* and the three transports of the first relief expedition arrived at Cavité (Manila Bay). On the way they stopped at the capital of the Ladrone Islands, and, in obedience to instructions given to General Anderson before the expedition sailed from San Francisco, took possession of the place (June 21). The governor of the islands, with other Spanish officers, and fifty-four soldiers were carried as prisoners to Manila. It is said they were "unaware that war had been declared. When the *Charleston* commenced to bombard the fortifications the governor sent off a boat with apologies for failing to return the *salute*, as he had no powder." A company of the Fourteenth United States Infantry was left on the island of Guam, to retain control.

*Friday, July 1.*—On the heights that overlook Santiago are El Caney and San Juan, the former northeast, the latter southeast of the city. The retention of both places was regarded as indispensable to the Spanish defence; the capture of both seemed the next step in our plan of attack. They were so strongly held by entrenched forces, with the support of artillery and marines from Cervera's fleet, that both were pronounced impregnable to any ordinary assault. Both were carried by assault to-day, as the final outcome of long and fierce contests. At six o'clock this morning Capron's light battery of four guns opened fire on El Caney from a bluff about one and a half miles distant. The shells struck fairly, but were not heavy enough to demolish the fortifications; and now, as throughout the day and all along the line, heroic self-sacrifice on the part of our men accomplished results that heavy guns are designed to effect with less exposure. At eight o'clock General Lawton's infantry took the problem in hand, working their way up the hill side, the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth Infantry (General Chaffee's brigade) leading in the attack; and so, eleven hours after firing had begun, they won the trenches (which "looked like slaughter-pens"), the fort, and the block-houses. More than a hundred Spaniards were made prisoners; others escaped to Santiago. And meanwhile San Juan, even more strongly held and more essential to the defence of the city, was meeting the same fate. Here there was also an opposing American battery (Grimes's battery); here also the bitter work was done by men on foot, climbing a bare hill side against a pelting rain of bullets, and in despite of a battery that had not been silenced. That splendid trio the "Rough Riders" and the First and Tenth Regulars showed once more the splendid courage and strength and skill it was no longer necessary to prove after their charge at La Guasima one

(Continued on page 702)

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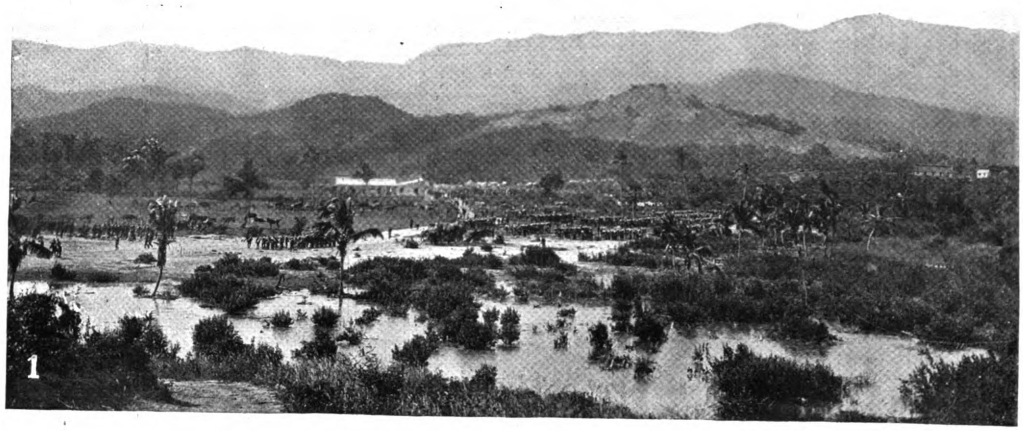


THE INVASION OF CUBA—WITH THE TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI.

Photographs by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."

1. Troops going Ashore in Men-of-War's Boats. 2. Hill on which the Stars and Stripes were raised. 3. Troops landing at the Pier.

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THE INVASION OF CUBA—WITH THE TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI.

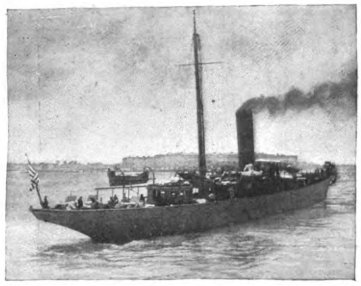
Photographs by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."

1. The Army leaving Camp for the Attack on Santiago. 2. View Inland from the Landing-place. 3. General View of the Camp.

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

Yale made President McKinley an LL.D. and John Hays Hammond an A.M., both *in absentia*. It may be questioned whether it pays a great university to grant honorary degrees *in absentia*. So far as is known, an honorary LL.D. is of no practical value to its recipient. It does not bring him an income, nor entitle him to the usufruct of valuable emoluments of any sort; but it gives him a chance



U. S. S "GLOUCESTER,"
Formerly J. P. Morgan's Yacht "Corsair," on board which Admiral Cervera was taken after leaving his Flag-Ship, July 3.

to go to Commencement and be exhibited, to make some speeches, meet many learned and agreeable men, make advantageous acquaintances, and have a very good time. All these advantages are missed by gentlemen who are honored in their absence. The President could not go to New Haven to get his degree this year, but Yale might have waited until after the war, and then engaged him. He ought not to go into the Yale catalogue without having at least one experience of New Haven; and, on the other hand, Yale should have had the satisfaction of leading her lion across the stage and of hearing him roar.

Mr. John Hays Hammond is a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of the class of 1876. Just now he is in Russia or Siberia, advising with the Czar about new mines on the lines of the Siberian railway. It is doubtless an unusual experience for him to be within reach of New Haven in June. Universities like Oxford, Cambridge, and Chicago, which confer degrees several times in the year, or whenever it is convenient, have an advantage over the institutions which stick to one Commencement, in being able to cook their hare whenever they happen to catch him. Harvard still adheres to her old custom of conferring degrees only once a year, but her learned doctors are always on hand to witness their own creation. This year her LL.D. degree was conferred upon the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, and upon James Mason Crafts and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

As an indication of the present standing of Professor Charles Eliot Norton in the Harvard community, it is interesting to find him chosen president for the coming year of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa. Whether this honor was done him in spite of his disapproval of the war with Spain or in consequence of it does not appear. It is probable, however, that the esteem in which he is held by the learned brethren in Cambridge is based on considerations which are not much affected one way or the other by his sentiments about the war.

The war sentiment in the Boston district is much more generally and carefully qualified than in New York. Boston abounds in men who believe in carrying the war through with spirit now we are in it, and who are ready to fight if their turn comes, but the sentiment is also very prevalent there that there should not have been any war at all.

Results of entrance examinations, so far as learned, indicate that the next Freshman class at Princeton will be considerably larger than any of its predecessors. It is thankfully inferred by the authorities of the university that public confidence in the morals of the institution has not been impaired by the painful controversy over the Princeton Inn.

A speaker at the recent International Temperance Congress at Prohibition Park, on Staten Island, opposed the sending of cakes and sweetmeats to soldiers, "as calculated to increase their thirst and the desire for intoxicants." It is not generally understood that the consumption of sweets creates an alcoholic thirst. It does create a thirst, but one which, in most cases, mere water is competent to quench. It is true enough, though, that cake and jam isn't good for soldiers. It is wretched stuff to work on, and cases have been reported where an importation of soft sweet food from friends at home has incapacitated, for a time, half the men in a company. Soldiers are athletes in training, and moderate privation on occasion does them less harm than overfeeding with unsuitable food.

The Post Office Department has decreed that second, third, and fourth class mail-matter shall no longer be returned to the sender or reforwarded to another address until extra postage has been prepaid. The classes of matter affected by the new rule include newspapers and all periodicals, books, pamphlets, circulars, and the like, and merchandise. Where the matter held is of "obvious value" the sender is to be notified, if possible, and a chance given him to pay the postage due. The object of the rule is economy. Its result will be to increase losses by mail and distress proportionately the patrons of the post-office. Nevertheless, it is proper to remember that the classes of mail matter affected are those which cause the deficit in the department's annual report. It is the abuse of the privileges granted to second-class matter especially that makes the department run behind, and a reduction in the cost of handling that class of mailable matter may be worth buying at the cost of some inconvenience.

There is some perplexity apparently as to what disposition to make of Spanish prisoners of war. Admiral Cervera and his officers are destined, we are told, to come North, either to Annapolis or Portsmouth or New York. No doubt they will be made as comfortable as the status of their minds, poor gentlemen, admit, and if private hospitality is suffered to intervene it may be they will pass the summer at Newport. There are few persons living



DON PASQUALE DE CERVERA Y TOPETE,
Count de Jerez and Marquis de Santa Ava, Rear-Admiral, Spanish Navy.

towards whom Americans in general are kindlier disposed just now than towards Admiral Cervera. There is sympathy for him as a brave man in misfortune, and a cordial liking for him—so far as he is known—as a gentleman.

As for the Spanish soldiers and sailors, who seem to have accumulated in considerable numbers in the hands of Admiral Sampson and General Shafter, why not send them back to Spain and put them ashore. They would doubtless be better pleased, on the whole, to be at home, and once there they would have to stay there, for Spain has now no means of sending them anywhere else. They can't do us any harm in Spain, we would be quit of the expense of feeding them and of the bother of guarding them, and there is no immediate prospect that we shall need any considerable number of Spanish prisoners for purposes of exchange.

Another alternative would be to bring them to New York, find them jobs, and have them naturalized in time for the fall elections, but that would be hardly military, and very likely our Italian fellow-citizens would object.

M. Jules Lemaître, in a recent discourse at the Paris Sorbonne, put the case against Latin and Greek in a way that must seem to us Americans even more effective than the arguments of our own critics of classical education. We are used to hearing that the time spent by our schoolboys in learning the dead languages would be better spent in learning modern languages and science, but, whatever else our lads may neglect, they don't get out of school without at least a working knowledge of English. M. Lemaître's complaint is that, having studied Greek and Latin twelve years, he has remained "ignorant of English, a language spoken by half the world," and that he only knows German "in a pitiful manner." It is probably true that folks who must choose whether their children



AGUINALDO,
The Philippine Insurgent Leader.



LIEUT.-COM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, U.S.N.,
Commander of the converted Yacht "Gloucester" in her plucky Fight with the Spanish Torpedo-boat-destroyers, July 3.

shall study Latin or English have a harder choice to make than we have when we weigh Latin against French or German. We have this advantage, too, that any fair scholar who knows English by nature and learns Latin, ought to make very easy work of French, Spanish, and Italian, whereas Frenchmen who learn Latin are not proportionately helped towards a working knowledge of either English or German.

On the other hand, it is interesting to find Mr. G. W. Smalley, in the current Harper's Magazine, advising aspiring writers of English to read French. "The good French writers," he says, "have the qualities which the best English writers lack or have in less degree—lucidity, simplicity, directness, and others—and will supplement and correct that training in English which the writer of English must have. . . . Read French, and do not read German," says Mr. Smalley, "and read Pascal above all other French writers."

A London despatch, dated July 1, told of Mr. E. A. Abbey's election as a member of the Royal Academy. His promotion has come quickly. It cannot be more than three years, at the outside, since he became an associate member. Promotion, however, has been more rapid than is usual in the Academy since then.

All Spanish war-ships in the Atlantic Ocean being now destroyed, may we not have some of the mines taken out of our harbors, and put our larger yachts in commission again? So far as steam-yachts go, Uncle Sam has pretty nearly a monopoly of sport, but there are schooners and other sailing-craft still in possession of private owners, who will doubtless be glad to get out as soon as harbor mines cease to make navigation perilous. The omission of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise, which has been announced, is timely, but a little sporadic sailing by individuals would not be out of order.

The fiscal branch of the government neglected a seasonable source of revenue when it omitted to impose a stamp-tax on war poems. There are some 20,000 newspapers printed in the United States, of which 2000 are issued daily. Nearly all now publish original war poems in every issue. A moderate tax on all war poems printed—say ten cents each—would bring in an appreciable revenue, while a ten-cent tax, prepaid by an adhesive stamp, on every war poem submitted for publication would yield funds in a way to gladden Mr. Gage's heart. If Uncle Sam continues to develop the internal-revenue business, and really applies his mind to it, he will be able to think of many things which may be taxed, to the general content of the community and without hardship even to the payers of the exaction.

A newspaper paragraph, dated June 28, told of an interesting clash between the principal of the Boys' High-School of Reading, Pennsylvania, and the valedictorian of the graduating class. The valedictorian, a lad named Deeter, read a graduating essay, to some passages in which the principal, Dr. Scheibner took exception as being unpatriotic. In consequence he refused to sign young Deeter's diploma, though he did not refuse to let him have it if he was content to take it unsigned. What makes the controversy interesting is that the passage which gave offence is understood to have commented unfavorably on the practice very much in favor now in American schools of attempting to instil patriotic sentiments into



LOCOMOTIVES AT BAIQUIRI,
Destroyed by Spanish Soldiers before the landing of the United States Troops.

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COL. CHAS. A. WIKOFF, U.S.A., 22d U.S. Infantry.



LT.-COL. J. M. HAMILTON, U.S.A., 9th U.S. Cavalry.



MAJOR A. G. FORSE, U.S.A., 1st U.S. Cavalry.



CAPT. T. W. MORRISON, U.S.A., 16th U.S. Infantry.



CAPT. WM. O. O'NEILL, "Rough Riders."



LIEUT. JULES G. ORD, U.S.A., 6th U.S. Infantry.



LIEUT. D. M. MICHIE, U.S.A., 17th U.S. Infantry.



LIEUT. CHAS. H. FIELD, U.S.V., 2d Massachusetts Volunteers.



CORP'L GEORGE H. DOHERTY, Troop A, "Rough Riders."



CORP'L GEORGE L. IMMEN, Co. C, 71st New York Volunteers.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF UNITED STATES TROOPS KILLED IN THE ATTACK ON THE SPANISH FORCES AT SANTIAGO, JULY 1 AND 2.

school-children by drilling them in singing patriotic songs, and by causing them to repeat, somewhat parrotlike, high-sounding sentiments which few of them can be expected to understand. The expediency of this feature of public-school education seems fairly open to discussion, and attempts to choke off reasonable and decorous criticism of its methods are likely to have an effect the opposite to that desired. The sort of patriotism that is so boisterous about "Old Glory" that it discountenances free speech should try to get its bearings, and make sure it is not off its course.

Ensign Irvin V. Gillis, a young gentleman whose portrait appears herewith, is a son of Commodore Gillis, and is the executive officer of Captain Fremout's torpedo-boat *Porter*. Mr. Gillis's specialty is catching torpedoes. One dark night, Admiral Cervera, while he still had a fleet, sent a destroyer out to distribute torpedoes among the ships of the American fleet. They did no harm, but the *Porter* sighted some of them the next morning, and Captain Fremont relates how Mr. Gillis jumped in after one of them which was seen slowly approaching the *Porter*, got his arm around it, changed its direction, and was feeling for its war-nose to unscrew it, when it sank. That one was lost, though not from any fault of Mr. Gillis's; but the next one was caught and brought aboard, to be shown by Captain Fremont as "a most interesting prize, and worth to the officers and crew of the *Porter* just $6000 of the government's money."



ENSIGN IRVIN V. GILLIS, U.S.N.

It was given out last week that the third class of cadets, having so far forgotten themselves as to cheer for Colonel Mills, their late commandant, now before Santiago, had all been put under arrest by order of Colonel Mills's successor. West Point in these days must be a gloomy place. The superintendent, General Ernst, has gone to the war; all the officers who could get away have gone to the front in one direction or another, the commandant is master of all he surveys, and the cadets apparently are compelled to keep under strict restraint their natural exuberance over the war news. It would seem to a layman as if it might be expedient to give these young men a chance to vent their feelings now and then in lawful cheers.

The extraordinary privations lately endured by the citizens of Chicago are of a nature to exact sympathy from the most obdurate heart. From July 2 to July 6 Chicago had no local newspapers. On July 1 the stereotypers in all the newspaper establishments struck, and newspapers ceased to be issued in Chicago. It took four days to get new stereotypers from other cities, and to convince the officers of the typographical union that the strike was ill-advised and not deserving of the type-setters' support. During those four days came the most important news of the fighting around Santiago and the news of the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Chicago got it all at second hand, over telephones and out of newspapers sent from St. Louis, Milwaukee, New York, and all outlying cities. On July 5 the printers, having investigated the stereotypers' grievances, decided, by a vote of 350 to 120, that the stereotypers ought not to have struck and should not be supported. Next morning the papers were able to issue four-page sheets, given up entirely to news, and doubtless they were able on the same day to give to the public the news of the loss of the French liner.

Inasmuch as all the daily papers in Chicago are on a one-cent basis, and as most of them at this time of year, when advertising is dull, lose a little something on each copy they sell, the proprietors endured the situation with more equanimity than they might have shown if they had been losing more money by the stoppage. The sufferings of the citizens of the town, cut off from their natural supply of news at a time when the whole country was holding its breath, may be imagined. It is a comfort to feel that their necessities have now been supplied, and that by this time they have caught up again with the progress of civilization.

William Tudor, 37 Brimmer Street, Boston, is collecting funds to supply the "Rough Riders" with hammocks, mosquito-netting, abdominal bands, and other requisites to warfare in the tropics. The Riders come from all parts of the country, and represent all sorts of folks, from New York club-men up to full-blooded Indians. As they come from no State in particular, they are no one's special care, and the only things they seem absolutely sure of getting in sufficient quantity seem to be ammunition and advertising. Whoever their press agent is, there is no disputing his extraordinary efficiency. But advertising, with all its virtues, does not take the place of cholera-bands in the tropics, and it is well that some one is making a business of providing the "Rough Riders" with something else than notices.

Dr. Cornelius Herz, who died at Bournemouth, England, on July 6, led a life full of curious adventure, and his autobiography, if he had left one which did justice to its theme, would have been lively and instructive reading. His notoriety as a man who was mixed up in the Panama swindles is world-wide. Every one may not know that, though born in France, he came in boyhood to New York, got his early education here, and was an American citizen. He served in the Franco-Prussian war, on the side of France, then practised medicine two years in Chicago, then spent a few months in New York, and thence moved to San Francisco. That environment was suited to his gifts, and for a year or two he was highly successful, being able to form a lucrative partnership, and presently to owe very large sums of money to confiding friends. In 1878 he went back to Paris, as representative of a telephone and electric-light company, and there became the able lieutenant of Baron Reinach, Jewish banker, and one of the greatest of the company of cracksmen who robbed the French peasants in the name of the Panama Canal. It is obvious what interesting passages there must have been in a life whereof the main achievements are in such bold relief. Dr. Herz's records, if he left any, should find their way into the hands of some competent writer.

Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. R. F. Cutting, and Miss Schieffelin (242 East Fifteenth Street, New York) are included among a number of ladies who are authorized to receive subscriptions to buy band instruments for the Twelfth Regiment of New York Volunteers. The Twelfth, it seems, which is now at Chickamauga, had no band, and its friends in New York did not like to think of it as going off to the wars uncheered by its own outfit of martial music. About $2000 in all is wanted, part to buy the instruments, part to supplement the pay of the musicians. Musicians, as a rule, don't fight, but when fighting is going on they help the hospital corps. Money therefore which sends musicians to the front provides aid for the injured as well as band music.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, whose picture appears on this page of the WEEKLY, is Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and, like his chief, comes from Illinois. The $200,000,000 war-bond issue has been his especial charge, and

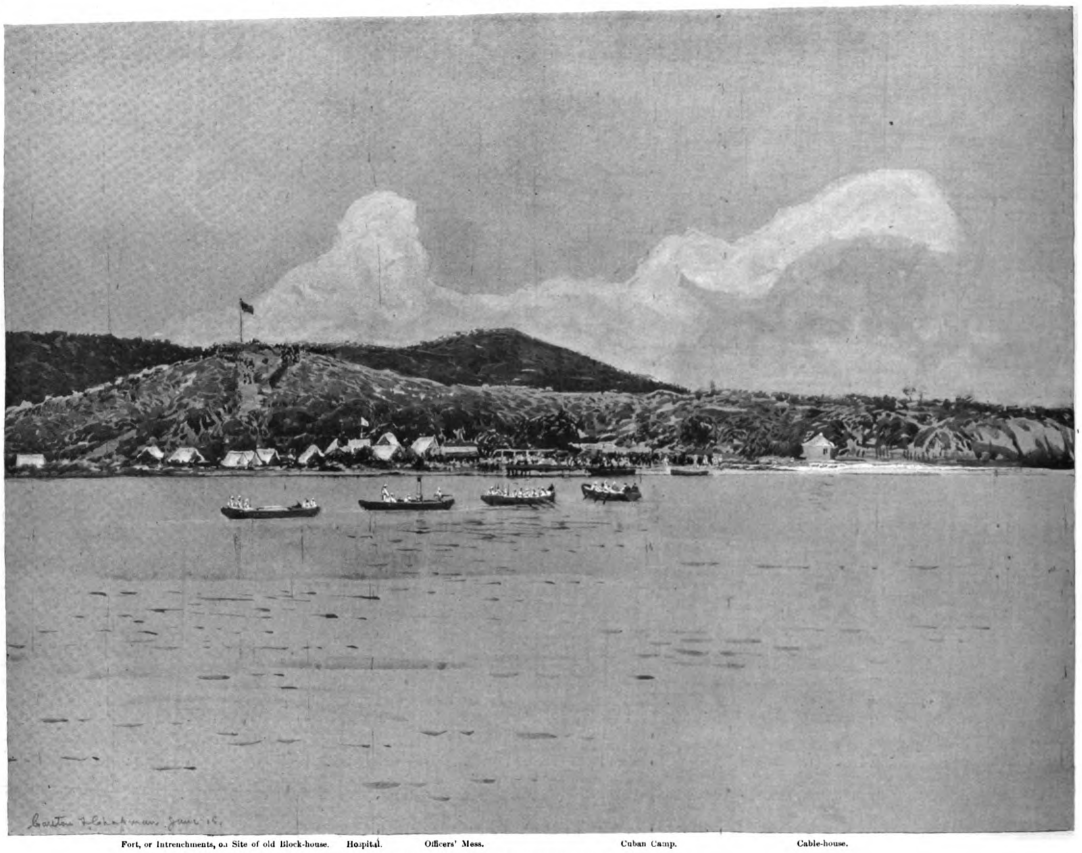


FRANK A. VANDERLIP, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

he is the author of "Circular 101," which told how to buy the bonds. This circular, which was distributed by hundreds of thousands, proved to be easily understood, and has done its business well. Mr. Vanderlip is credited with a clear mind, excellent business abilities, and an exceptional capacity for hard work.

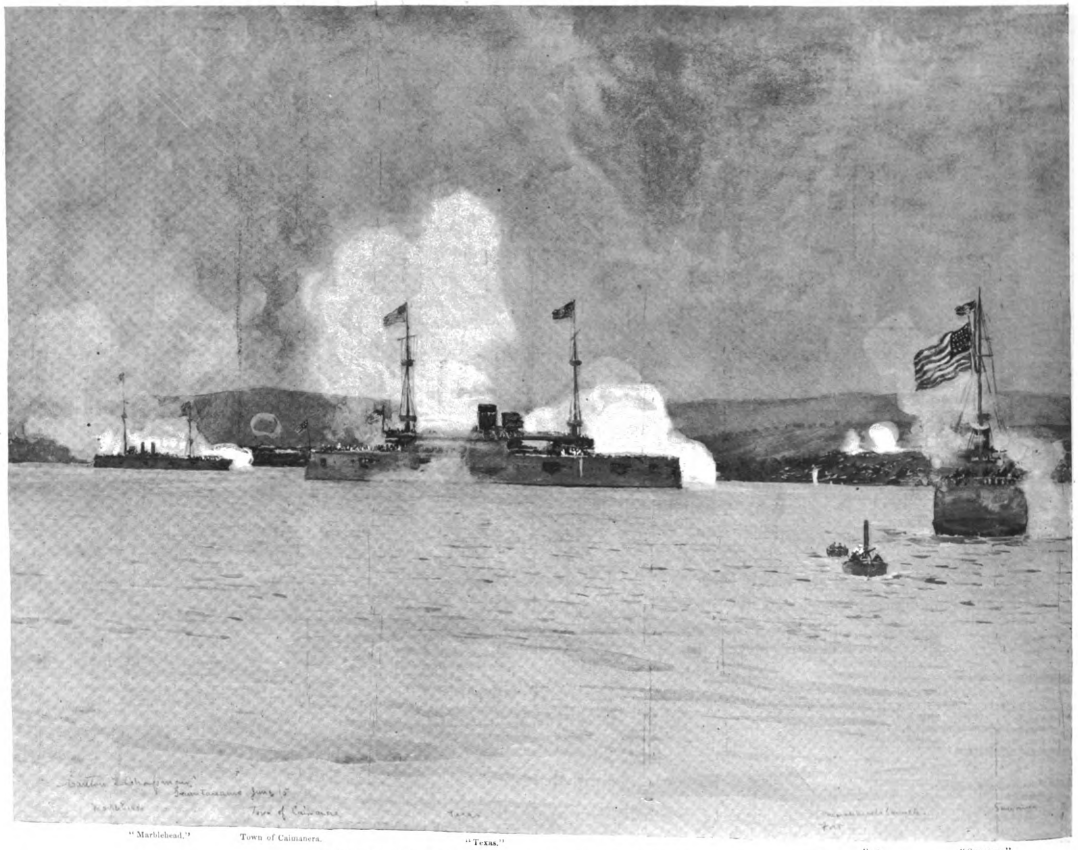
E. S. MARTIN.

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Fort, or Intrenchments, on Site of old Block-house. Hospital. Officers' Mess. Cuban Camp. Cable-house.

LANDING A FUNERAL PARTY AT CAMP McCALLA.



"Marblehead." Town of Caimanera. "Texas." Fort. "Marblehead's" Launch. "Suwanee."

SHELLING THE SPANIARDS OUT OF CAIMANERA, FORT AND TOWN.

EVENTS AT GUANTANAMO BAY, JUNE 15.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

VI.—CAMP ROY.

NO thoughts of idiocy crossed the minds of any of the camping party during their first breakfast under the great oak-tree. The air, the sunlight, the rippling waters of the lake, the white clouds in the blue sky, the great trunks of the trees, the rustling of the leaves, the songs of the birds, the hum of insects, the brightness of everything, their wonderful appetites—the sense of all these things more than filled their minds.

For the greater part of that day Mr. Archibald fished, sometimes in a stream which ran into the head of the lake about a quarter of a mile above the camp, and sometimes on the shores of the lake itself. Margery sketched; her night in the studio had filled her with dreams of art, and she had discovered in a corner a portable easel made of hickory sticks with the bark on, and she had tucked some drawing materials into one of her bags.

Mrs. Archibald was a little tired with her journey of the day before, and contented herself with sitting in the shade in pleasant places, occupied with some needlework she had brought with her, and trying to discipline her mind to habits of happiness in camp. This was not very difficult during the first part of this beautiful day, but toward the end of the afternoon she began to think less of the joys of a free life in the heart of nature and more of the pleasure of putting on her bonnet and going out to make some calls upon her friends. In this state of mind it pleased her to see Phil Matlack coming toward her.

"Would you like a cup of tea, ma'am?" said he.

"No, thank you," she answered. "It would seem rather odd to have afternoon tea in the woods, and I really don't care for it."

"We can have 'most anything in the woods, ma'am," said Matlack, "that we can have anywhere else, provided you don't mind what sort of fashion you have it in. I thought it might be sort of comfortin' to you to have a cup of tea. I've noticed that in most campin' parties of the family order there's generally one or two of them that's lonesome the first day; and the fact is I don't count on anything particular bein' done on the first day in camp, except when the party is regular hunters or fishermen. It's just as well for some of them to sit round on the first day and let things soak into them, provided it isn't rain, and the next day they will have a more natural feelin' about what they really want to do. Now I expect you'll be off on some sort of a tramp to-morrow, ma'am, or else be out in the boat; and as for that young lady, she's not goin' to sketch no more after to-day. She's got young Martin out in the boat, restin' on his oars, while she's puttin' him into her picture. She's rubbed him out so often that I expect he'll fall asleep and tumble overboard, or else drop one of his oars."

"Mr. Matlack," said Mrs. Archibald, "will you please sit down a moment? I want to ask you something."

"Certainly, ma'am," said he, and forthwith seated himself on a log near by, picking up a stick as he did so, and beginning to shave the bark from it with his pocket-knife.

"Do you know," said she, "if there are panthers in these woods?"

Matlack looked up at her quickly. "I expect you heard them walkin' about your cabin last night," said he; "and not only panthers, but most likely a bear or two, and snakes rustlin' in the leaves; and, for all I know, coons or 'possums climbin' in and out of the window."

"Oh, nothing so bad as that," she replied. "I only thought—"

"Excuse me, ma'am," he interrupted. "I didn't mean that you heard all those things, but most likely a part of them. Hardly any family parties goes into camp that some of them don't hear wild beasts the first night. But they never come no more. Them kind of wild beasts I call first-nighters, and they're about the worst kind we've got, because they really do hurt people by scratchin' and clawin' at their nerves, whereas the real wild beasts in these parts—and they're mighty scarce, and never come near camp—don't hurt nobody."

"I am glad to hear it," said she. "But what on earth can be keeping Mr. Archibald? When he started out after dinner he said he would be back very soon."

"Oh, he's got the fever, ma'am," said Matlack.

"Fever!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald, dropping her work in her lap.

"Oh, don't be frightened," said he; "it is only the fishin' fever. It don't hurt anybody; it only keeps the meals waitin'. You see, we are pretty nigh the first people out this year, and the fish bite lively. Are you fond of fishin', ma'am?"

"No, indeed," said she; "I dislike it. I think it is cruel and slimy and generally unpleasant."

"I expect you'll spend most of your time in the boat," suggested Matlack. "Your husband rows, don't he?"

"He doesn't row me," said Mrs. Archibald, with earnestness. "I never go out in a boat except with a regular boatman. I suppose you have a larger boat than the one that young man is in? I can see it from here, and it looks very small."

"No, ma'am," said Matlack; "that's the only one we've got. And now I guess I'll go see about supper. This has been a lazy day for us, but we always do calc'late on a lazy day to begin with."

"It strikes me," said Matlack to himself, as he walked away, "that this here camp will come to an end pretty soon. The man and the young woman could stand it for a couple of weeks, but there's nothing here for the old lady, and it can't be long before she'll have us all out of the woods again."

"You can come in," called Margery, about ten minutes after this conversation; and young Martin, who had not the least idea of going to sleep in the boat, dipped his oars in the water and rowed ashore, pulled the boat up on the beach, and then advanced to the spot where Margery was preparing to put away her drawing materials.

"Would you mind letting me see your sketch?" said he.

"Oh no," said she; "but you'll see it isn't very much like the scene itself. When I make a drawing from nature I never copy everything I see just as if I were making a photograph. I suppose you think I ought to draw the boat just as it is? But I always put something of my own in my pictures. And that, you see, is a different kind of a boat from the one you were in. It is something like Venetian boats."

"It isn't like anything in this part of the world, that is true," said the young man, as he held the drawing in his hand; "and if it had been more like a gondola it would not have suited the scene. I think you have caught the spirit of the landscape very well; but if you don't object to a little criticism, I should say that the shore over there is too near the foreground. It seems to me that the picture wants atmosphere; that would help the distance very much."

"Do you draw?" asked Margery, in surprise.

"I used to be very fond of sketching," said he. "I staid at Sadler's a good part of last winter, and when I wasn't out hunting I made a good many drawings of winter scenes. I would be glad to show them to you when we go back."

"Well," said she, "if I had known you were an artist I would not have asked you to go out there and sit as a model."

"Oh, I am not an artist," replied Martin; "I only draw, that's all. But if you make any more water sketches and would like me to put some ducks or any other kind of wild-fowl in the foreground I will be glad to do it for you. I have made a specialty of natural-history drawings. Don't bother yourself about that easel; I'll carry up your things for you."

About half-way to the cabin Margery suddenly stopped and turned round toward the young man, who was fol-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

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lowing her, "How did you come to be a guide?" she asked.

He smiled. "That's because I was born a naturalist and a sportsman. I went into business when I finished my education, but I couldn't stand that, and as I couldn't afford to become a gentleman sportsman, I came here as a guide. I'm getting a lot of experience in this sort of life, and when I've saved money enough I'm going on an exploring expedition, most likely to Central America. That's the kind of life that will suit me."

"And write a book about it?" asked Margery.

"Most likely," said he.

That night, after supper, Margery remarked: "Our two guides are American citizens, and I don't see why they can't eat at the table with us instead of waiting until we have finished. We are all free and equal in the woods."

"Margery Dearborn!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald. "What are you talking about?"

She was going to say that if there were one straw more needed to break her back, that straw would be the sight of the two guides sitting at the table with them, but she restrained herself. She did not want Mr. Archibald to know anything about the condition of her back.

"So long as they don't want to do it, and don't do it," said she, "pray don't let us say anything about it. Let's try to make things as pleasant as we can."

Mr. Archibald was lighting his pipe, and when he was sure the tobacco was sufficiently ignited he took the pipe from his mouth and turned toward his wife.

"Harriet," said he, "you have been too much alone today. I don't know what I shall do to-morrow; but whatever it is, I am going to take you with me."

"Of course that depends on what it is you do," she answered. "But I will try to do everything I can."

Mr. Archibald heaved a little sigh, which was not noticed by any one, because it sounded like a puff.

"I am afraid," he thought, "that this camping business is not going to last very much longer, and we shall be obliged to make the rest of our wedding-journey in a different style."

The next morning, when Mr. Archibald went out of his cabin door, he looked over the lake and saw a bird suddenly swoop down upon the water, breaking the smooth surface into sparkles of silver, and then rise again, a little silvery fish glittering in its claws.

"Beautifully done!" said he. "A splendid stroke!" And then turning, he looked up the lake, and not far from the water's edge he saw Margery walking with Mr. Clyde, while Mr. Raybold followed a little in the rear.

"Harriet," he cried, quickly stepping into the cabin again, "look out here! What is the meaning of this?"

Mrs. Archibald was dressed, and came out. When she saw the trio approaching them, she was not so much surprised as was her husband.

"I don't know the meaning of anything that happens in these woods," she said; "but if a lot of people have come from the hotel with those young men I cannot say I am sorry."

"Come," said her husband, "we must look into this."

In two minutes the Archibalds had met the new-comers, who advanced with outstretched hands, as if they had been old friends. Mr. Archibald, not without some mental disquietude at this intrusion upon the woodland privacy of his party, was about to begin a series of questions, when he was forestalled by Margery.

"Oh, Uncle Archibald and Aunt Harriet!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold have come out here to camp. Their camp is right next to ours, and it is called Camp Roy. You see, some years ago there was a large camping party came here, and they called the place Camp Rob Roy, but it was afterwards divided, and one part called Camp Rob and the other Camp Roy."

"Indeed!" interrupted Mr. Archibald. "Mr. Sadler did not tell us that ours was only half a camp with only half a name."

"I don't suppose he thought of it," said Margery. "And the line between the two camps is just three hundred feet above our cabin. I don't suppose anybody ever measures it off, but there it is; and Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold have taken Camp Roy, which hasn't any house on it; and they started before daybreak this morning, and brought a tent along with them, which they have pitched just back of that little peninsula; and they haven't any guide, because they want to attend to their own cooking and everything, and the man who brought the tent and other things has gone back. They are going to live there just like real backwoodsmen, and they have a boat of their own, which is to be brought up from the bottom of the lake somewhere—I mean from the lower end of the lake. And, Aunt Harriet, may I speak to you a moment?"

With this the young woman drew Mrs. Archibald aside, and in a low voice asked if she thought it would be out of the way to invite the two young men to take breakfast with them, as it was not likely they had all their cooking things in order so early.

Five people sat down to breakfast under the great oak-tree, and it was a lively meal. Mr. Archibald's mental disquiet, in which were now apparent some elements of resentment, had not subsided, but the state of his mind did not show itself in his demeanor, and he could not help feeling pleased to see that his wife was in better spirits. He had always known that she liked company.

After breakfast he took Matlack aside. "I don't understand this business," said he. "When I hired this camp I supposed we were to have it to ourselves; but if there are other camps jammed close against it we may be in the midst of a great public picnic before a week is out."

"Oh, that camp over there isn't much of a camp," replied the guide. "The fact is, it is only the tail end of a camp, and I don't suppose Peter Sadler thought anybody would be likely to take it just now, and so didn't think it worth while to speak of it. Of course it's jammed up against this one, as you say; but then the people in one camp haven't the right to cross the line into another camp if the people in the other camp don't want them to."

"Line!" said Mr. Archibald. "It is absurd to think of lines in a place like this. And I have no intention of making myself disagreeable by ordering people off my premises. But I would like to know if there is another camp three hundred feet on this side of our cabin, or three hundred feet back of it."

"No, sir," said Matlack, speaking promptly; "there isn't another camp between this and the lower end of the lake. There's a big one there, and it's taken; but the people aren't coming until next month."

"If a larger party had taken Camp Roy," said Mr. Archibald to his wife a little later, "I should not mind it so much. But two young men! I do not like it."

### VII.—A STRANGER.

It was at the close of a pleasant afternoon four days after the arrival of the young men at Camp Roy, and Mrs. Archibald was seated on a camp-stool near the edge of the lake intently fishing. By her side stood Phil Matlack, who had volunteered to interpose himself between her and all the disagreeable adjuncts of angling. He put the bait upon her hook, he told her when her cork was bobbing sufficiently to justify a jerk, and when she caught a little fish he took it off the hook. Fishing in this pleasant wise had become very agreeable to the good lady, and she found pleasures in camp life which she had not anticipated. Her husband was in a boat some distance out on the lake, and he was also fishing; but she did not care for that style of sport. The fish were too big and the boat was too small.

A little farther down the lake Martin Sanders sat busily engaged in putting some water-fowl into the foreground of Margery's sketch. A critical observer might have noticed that he had also made a number of changes in said sketch, all of which added greatly to its merits as a picture of woodland scenery. At a little distance Margery was sitting at her easel making a sketch of Martin as an artist at work in the woods. The two young men had gone off with their guns, not perhaps because they expected to find any legitimate game at that season, but hoping to secure some ornithological specimens, or get a shot at some minor quadrupeds unprotected by law. Another reason for their expedition could probably have been found in some strong hints given by Mr. Archibald that it was unwise for them to be hanging around the camps and taking no advantage of the opportunities for sport offered by the beautiful weather and the forest.

It was not long before Margery became convinced that the sketch on which she was working did not resemble her model, nor did it very much resemble an artist at work in the woods.

"It looks a good deal more like a cobbler mending shoes," she said to herself; "and I'll keep it for that. Some day I will put a bench under him and a shoe in his hand instead of a sketch." With that she rose, and went to see how Martin was getting on. "I think," she said, "those dark ducks improve the picture very much. They throw the other things back." Then she stopped, went to one side, and gazed out over the lake. "I wonder," she said, "if there is really any fun in fishing. Uncle Archibald has been out in that boat for more than two hours, and he has fished almost every day since he's been here. I should think he would get tired of it."

"Oh no," said Martin, looking up with animation. "If you know how to fish, and there is good sport, you never get tired of it."

"I know how to fish," said Margery, "and I do not care about it at all."

"You know how to fish?" said Martin. "Can you make a cast with a fly?"

"I never tried that," said she. "But I have fished as Aunt Harriet does, and it is as easy as can be."

"Oh," said he, "you don't know anything about fishing unless you have fished with a fly. That is the only real sport. It is as exciting as a battle. If you would let me teach you how to throw a fly, I am sure you would never find fishing tiresome, and these woods would be like a new world to you."

"Why don't you do it yourself, then?" she asked.

"Because I am paid to do other things," he replied. "We are not sent here simply to enjoy ourselves, though I must say that I—" And then he suddenly stopped. "I wish you would let me teach you fly-fishing. I know you would like it."

Margery looked at the eager face turned toward her, and then she gazed out over the water.

"Perhaps I might like it," she said. "But it wouldn't be necessary for you to take that trouble. Uncle Archibald has two or three times asked me to go out with him, and of course he would teach me how to fish as he does. Isn't that somebody calling you?"

"Yes," said Martin, rising; "it's Phil. I suppose it's nearly supper-time."

As they walked toward the camp, Margery in front, and Martin behind her carrying the drawing-materials and the easel, Margery suddenly turned.

"It was very good of you to offer to teach me to fish with flies," she said, "and perhaps if Uncle Archibald doesn't want to be bothered, I may get you to show me how to do it."

The young man's face brightened, and he was about to express his pleasure with considerable warmth; but he checked himself, and merely remarked that whenever she was ready he would provide a rod and flies and show her how to use them.

Mrs. Archibald had gone into the cabin, and Margery went up to Matlack, who was on his way to the little tent in which the camp cooking was done.

"Did Mrs. Archibald tell you," said she, "that we have invited Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold to supper to-night?"

The guide stopped and smiled. "She told me," said he, "but I don't know that it was altogether necessary."

"I suppose you mean," said Margery, "that they are here so much; but I don't wonder; they must do awfully poor cooking for themselves. I don't suppose they will bring anything back that is good to eat."

"Not at this time of year," said he, "but I shall be satisfied if they bring themselves home."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Margery, quickly.

"Well," said Matlack, "I don't doubt the bicycle fellow will always come back all right, but I'm afeared about the other one. That bicycle chap don't know no more about a gun than he does about makin' bread, and I wouldn't go out huntin' with him for a hundred dollars. He's just as likely to take a crack at his pardner's head as at anything else that's movin' in the woods."

"That is dreadful!" exclaimed Margery.

"Yes, it is," returned the guide; "and if I had charge of their camp he wouldn't go out with a gun again. But it will be all right in a day or two. Peter will settle that."

"Mr. Sadler, do you mean?" asked Margery. "What's he got to do with it?"

"He's got everything to do with it," said Matlack. "He's got everything to do with everything in this part of the country. He's got his laws, and he sees to it that people stand by them. One of his rules is that people who don't know how to use guns shan't shoot in his camps."

"But how can he know about the people out here in the woods?" asked Margery.

"I tell you, miss," said Matlack, speaking slowly and decisively, "Peter Sadler's ways of knowing things is like gas—the kind you burn, I mean. I was a-visitin' once in a city house, and slept in a room on the top floor, and there was a leak in the pipe in the cellar, and that gas just went over the whole house, into every room and closet, and even under the beds, and I've often thought that that was just like Peter's way of doin' things and knowin' things. You take my word for it, that bicycle man won't go out huntin' many more days, even if he don't shoot his pardner fust."

"He won't go to-morrow," thought Margery; and then she said to Matlack: "I think we ought to know Mr. Sadler's rules. Has he any more of them?"

"Oh, they ain't very many," said Matlack. "But there's one I think of now, and that is that no woman shall go out in a boat by herself on this lake."

"That is simply horrid!" exclaimed Margery. "Women can row as well as men."

"I don't say they can't," said Matlack. "I'm only tellin' you what Peter's rules are and that's one of them."

Margery made no reply, but walked away, her head thrown back a little more than was usual with her.

"I've got to keep my eye on her," said Matlack to himself, as he went to the cabin; "she's never been broke to no harness."

Mr. Raybold did not shoot Mr. Clyde, nor did he shoot anything else. Mr. Clyde did shoot a bird, but it fell into the water at a place where the shore was very marshy, and it was impossible for him to get it. He thought it was a heron, or a bittern, or perhaps a fish-hawk, but whatever it was, both ladies said that it was a great pity to kill it, as it was not good to eat, and must have been very happy in its life in the beautiful forest.

"It is very cruel to shoot them when they are not strictly game," said Mr. Clyde, "and I don't believe I will do it. If I had the things to stuff them with, that would be different, but I haven't. I believe fishing is just as much fun, and more sensible."

"I do not!" exclaimed Mr. Raybold. "I hold that hunting is a manly art, and that a forester's life is as bold and free to him as it is to the birds in the air. I believe I have the blood of a hunter in me. My voice is for the woods."

"I expect you will change your voice," thought Margery, "when Mr. Sadler takes your gun away from you." But she did not say so.

Mr. Archibald stood with his hands in his pockets reflecting. He had hoped that these two young men were inveterate hunters, and that they would spend their days in long tramps. He did not at all approve of their fishing. Fishing could be done anywhere—here, for instance, right at this very door.

Supper was over, and the five inhabitants of Camps Rob and Roy had seated themselves around the fire which Martin had carefully built, keeping in view a cheery blaze without too much heat. Pipes had been filled and preparations made for the usual evening smoke and talk, when a man was seen emerging from the woods at the point where the road opened into the clearing about the camp. It was still light, for these hungry campers supped early, and the man could be distinctly seen as he approached, and it was plain that he was not a messenger from Sadler's.

He was rather a large man, dressed in black, and wearing a felt hat with a wide, straight brim. Hanging by a strap from his shoulder was a small leather bag, and in his hand he carried a closed umbrella. Advancing toward the fire, he took off his hat, bowed, and smiled. He wore no beard, his face was round and plump, and his smile was pleasant.

"Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen," said he, and his voice was as pleasant as his smile.

"Good-evening," said Mr. Archibald, and then for a moment there was a pause.

"I presume," said the new-comer, looking about him, "that this is a camp."

"It is a camp," said Mr. Archibald.

"The fact is so obvious," said the man in black, "that it was really unnecessary for me to allude to it. May I ask to be allowed to sit down for a few moments? I am fatigued."

At this juncture Phil Matlack arrived on the scene. "Well, sir," said he, "have you any business with anybody here? Who do you wish to see?"

"I have no business," said the other, "and—"

"And you are a stranger to everybody here?" interrupted Matlack.

"Yes, but I hope—"

"Now then," said the guide, quickly, "I've got to ask you to move on. This is one of Peter Sadler's camps, and he has strict rules against strangers stoppin' in any of them. If you've lost your way, I'll tell you that that road, if you don't turn to the right or the left, will take you straight to Sadler's, and there's time enough for you to get there before dark."

"Mr. Matlack," exclaimed Mrs. Archibald, who had risen to her feet, "I want to speak to you! It's a shame," she said, when the guide had approached her, "to send that man away without even giving him a chance to rest himself. He may be a very respectable person on a walking tour."

"I guess he is on a walkin' tour," said Matlack, "and I guess he's a regular tramp, and there's no orders we've got that's stricter than them against tramps."

"Well, I don't care who he is," said Mrs. Archibald, "or what your rules are, but when a perfectly good-mannered man comes to us and asks simply to be allowed to rest, I don't want him to be driven away as if he were a stray pig on a lawn. Mr. Archibald, shouldn't he be allowed to rest awhile?"

Her husband rose and approached the stranger. "Where are you going, sir?" said he.

The man looked at Matlack, at Martin, who stood behind him, and then at the rest of the company, and after this comprehensive glance he smiled.

"From present appearances," he said, "I think I am going to go."

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Mr. Archibald laughed. "When do you expect to get there?" he asked.

"It seems to me," said the other, reflectively, "that I am always going there, and I suppose I shall have to keep on doing it."

"Look here," said Mr. Archibald, turning to Matlack, "give him some supper, and let him rest. There will be time enough for him to get to Sadler's after that. If Sadler has anything to say against it, refer him to me."

"All right, sir," said Matlack, "if you say so. I'm no harder on my fellow-beiu's than other people, but rules is rules, and it isn't for me to break them."

"My dear sir," said the stranger to Mr. Archibald, "your words are more grateful to me than the promise of food. I see that you consider me a tramp, but it is a mistake. I am not a tramp. If you will allow me, after I have eaten a little supper—a meal which I must admit I greatly need—I will explain to you how I happen to be here." And with a bow he walked toward the table where Matlack and Martin had been eating their supper.

"Do you know what I think he is?" said Mr. Clyde, when Mr. Archibald had resumed his sent and his pipe. "I believe he is a wandering actor. Actors always have smoothly shaven faces, and he looks like one."

"Actor!" exclaimed Arthur Raybold. "That's nonsense. He's not in the least like an actor. Anybody could see by his tread and his air that he's never been on the stage. He's more like a travelling salesman. The next thing he'll do will be to pull out of that bag some samples of spool thread or patent thimbles."

"You are both wrong," said Margery, "entirely wrong. I have been looking at him, and I believe he is a Methodist minister with a dead horse. They ride circuits, and of course when their horses die they walk. Just wait a little, and see if I am not right."

They waited a little, and then they waited a little longer, and they had begun to be tired of waiting before the stranger finished his meal and approached the fire. His face was brighter, his smile was more pleasant, and his step had a certain jauntiness in it.

"I thank you all," he said, "for the very good meal I have just enjoyed. I am now going to go, but before I start I would like very much—indeed, I crave it as a favor—to place myself before you in my proper light. May I have permission to do so, madam and sir?" he said, addressing Mrs. and Mr. Archibald, but with a respectful glance at the others, as if he would not ignore any one of them.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Archibald. "Sit down and tell us about yourself."

The stranger seated himself with alacrity a little back from the circle, and nearer to the young men than to the Archibald party.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

## X.—IN A SAVAGE CORNER OF MOORISH SPAIN—ABSENCE OF BEGGARY—EXCELLENT DINNER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE sort of thing we relished most was our run along the Mediterranean between Alicante and Valencia, around a bold promontory from which may be seen in clear weather the western islands of the group near Majorca. Magnificent caves indent this coast, and little coves create most seductive invitation to smugglers. There are no railways here, and to judge from our experience, and especially that of our bikes, no white man ever before trod that romantic and rocky path.

We had not gone far out of Alicante when rain commenced and soon converted the already heavy road into a mire of clay. We stopped at a road-side posada, where sat three moorish-looking muleteers making a hearty meal of a rice and meat stew, which they conveyed to their respective mouths directly from a vast bowl, which appeared to be the common family utensil for all emergencies. The house consisted mainly of a door towards the road, and a roof that extended well out in the shape of a veranda, over which climbed vines. One side of this one room was occupied by a vast fireplace, the other by a store-room. The building must have been originally intended for a fortress, or else built when wood was very expensive, for



EVERYWHERE IN MADRID.



MOORISH HOUSE NEAR SAN JUAN DE ALICANTE.

even the shelves were of masonry, and an incendiary could have done no more mischief than in the vaults of a safe-deposit company.

With truly magnificent courtesy the three ragged muleteers took pity on our bedraggled appearance, and invited us to share their mess. We exchanged courtesies as well as we could by offering them our cigarettes and wine. Then we got the good lady to make us a savory tortilla, which, followed by the vigorous goats'-milk cheese of the country, made us once more happy. Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy of our rough entertainers. They might cheerfully have cut our throats in the night, had they been tempted in the right manner, but until that moment arrived they would, I am sure, have made life as sweet to us as courtliness could suggest.

It struck us throughout our trip that beggary ceased the moment we got beyond the atmosphere of the show places where tourists congregate. In small places we did, to be sure, meet with signs of great poverty, and at the posadas would occasionally see a beggar—not the impudent, whining imposter of Toledo and Madrid, but a decayed grandee sort of a character, who stood before us in the majestic folds of a ragged serape, offering us in dignified accents an opportunity of showing towards him some of that hospitality which he would gladly have exhibited to us in his days of prosperity. I never saw beggars rudely treated in the small places; on the contrary, they appeared favorably known as the victims of misfortune, and it was assumed that they would not ask for bread if they were not hungry. More than once have we seen our hostess, in the midst of conversation, rise to cut a slice of bread for a man who merely stood respectfully outside the door, eloquently admiring the food within. Then this same man would take his bread, sit down on a stone hard by, and eat up every bit of it. It would be a bold woman indeed who would dare offer a piece of dry bread to a tramp on an American road. He would probably throw the bread at her head and then fire her barn.

Our intolerance on the subject of beggary no doubt is the unconscious result of growing up in a community where labor is highly paid and where mendicancy implies almost invariably idleness or drunkenness. Besides, we have a superabundance of charitable institutions for those who cannot earn a living. In Spain, however, society is more primitive, and the impotent members thereof, instead of being quartered at great expense in poorhouses and asylums, are relieved inexpensively, so far as the government is concerned, by being abandoned to the sometimes uncertain generosity of the way-side. The police appear to discourage tramping, in the interest of the public security. A beggar can do little harm when he is amongst those who know him, but once start a gang of them on the highroads of a country, and they soon acquire a taste for adventure highly harmful to hen-roosts and unprotected property.

We held a council of war at the posada, to decide whether we should plough our way through the mud or go back to Alicante for the night and make a start when the rain had ceased. As usually happened in all our councils of war, we decided unanimously to push on, in spite of rain and mud, to avoid big towns at any cost, and to run our chances of a night's lodging.

The nearest village was a couple of hours further on, and our muleteers said there was a house where we might get beds. Señor Matias was the owner. We had no knowledge of the road ahead excepting what we could gather from peasants. Spanish cycling clubs, guide-books, and maps gave us no help on this road—not that they helped us much anywhere else.

We shook hands all round, after paying our modest bill, and pushed through the mud and rain towards San Juan. Most roads of Europe, in their worst state, yet preserve on one side or the other the possibility of a foot-passenger's making his way with tolerable security. Not so in these parts. We were, it is true, on a highroad over which the royal mail was conveyed once a day. It was marked on the best map of Spain that could be procured as a first-class national macadamized road, and this shows that people can often talk about the same thing and each mean something very different.

The rain came in showers, with bursts of splendid sunshine in between. We soon got so thick with mud that we did not mind a hodful more or less, for we revelled in exquisite bits of mediæval (that is to say, Moorish) architecture. By the side of our road ran irrigating ditches with massive masonry sluices that had been built in the days of Carthage, and had probably never known repair since African warriors governed these coasts. And it is well for us that those magnificent Moors were such good engineers, for, poor as the Spaniard is to-day, he would be much poorer yet were he not profiting by the irrigation prepared for him a thousand years ago by people whom he subsequently drove out of the country.

At length the narrow streets of San Juan took us into their wallowy embrace. The little donkeys that passed us sank up to their knees, while we had ceased to care how far we went, so long as each step brought us nearer to Señor Matias.

What a blessed moment that was when we finally dropped down on a bench in his inn-yard and commenced to remove our boots! I say inn-yard for want of a word in our language that fits. The house, from our point of view, did not commence until the upper story. That is to say, we came in upon a broad space partly occupied by a mule-cart and partly by kitchen utensils. From this apartment radiated doors communicating partly into a stable for donkeys, partly into a storage-room for forage, partly into sleeping-quarters for the servants and the poorer guests, and partly into a yard devoted to manure and chickens. There appeared to be no door to this house—at least not on the ground floor. The population of the village drifted in and out without restraint, and I must again note the excellent manners they exhibited towards strangers like ourselves, who at such a time must have been well worth staring at. There is no sign to mark this house as an inn, nor is there anything to indicate that the establishment supplies likewise a large variety of general articles in the way of wine, groceries, bread, and the things usually kept at small country stores. Five drovers were having their supper at a table near the mule-cart as we came in, and a kindly old lady was cooking savory things for them at the big gypsy fire in the corner. She had no light to see by save an iron bowl filled with lard, from the corner of which emerged a slender thread which served as a wick. It was the light that shone in the tent of Hannibal two centuries before Christ was born, and it is the light which will shine for centuries to come in this part of the world unless from without comes a heavy jog to this backward people, a reminder that they must use improved tools or else become unfit to compete with their fellow-men in other parts of the world.

As I sat with the five muleteers, watching the kindly old lady cooking for a large household by the light of a lamp so feeble that it could hardly have sufficed to show the way in a mine shaft, I could not help wondering how long this state of things could last in a land that was a geographic portion of Europe, whose king claimed the title or "Most Catholic." I seemed to be an anachronism



ITINERANT KNIFE-SHARPENER.

with my kodak, my bike, my stylographic pen, my portable type-writer—all recent triumphs of Yankee invention. I felt that I was in a way like Mark Twain's Yankee at the court of King Arthur, and that the people about might readily regard as witchcraft the mechanical devices so far beyond their power to appreciate or even to understand.

Now and then purchasers came in, who waited patiently until Matias turned up from the stable, or his wife from where she was preparing our beds, or the kindly old lady from the fireplace, or some other member of the large household. No one was in a hurry, or, if he were, he did not show it.

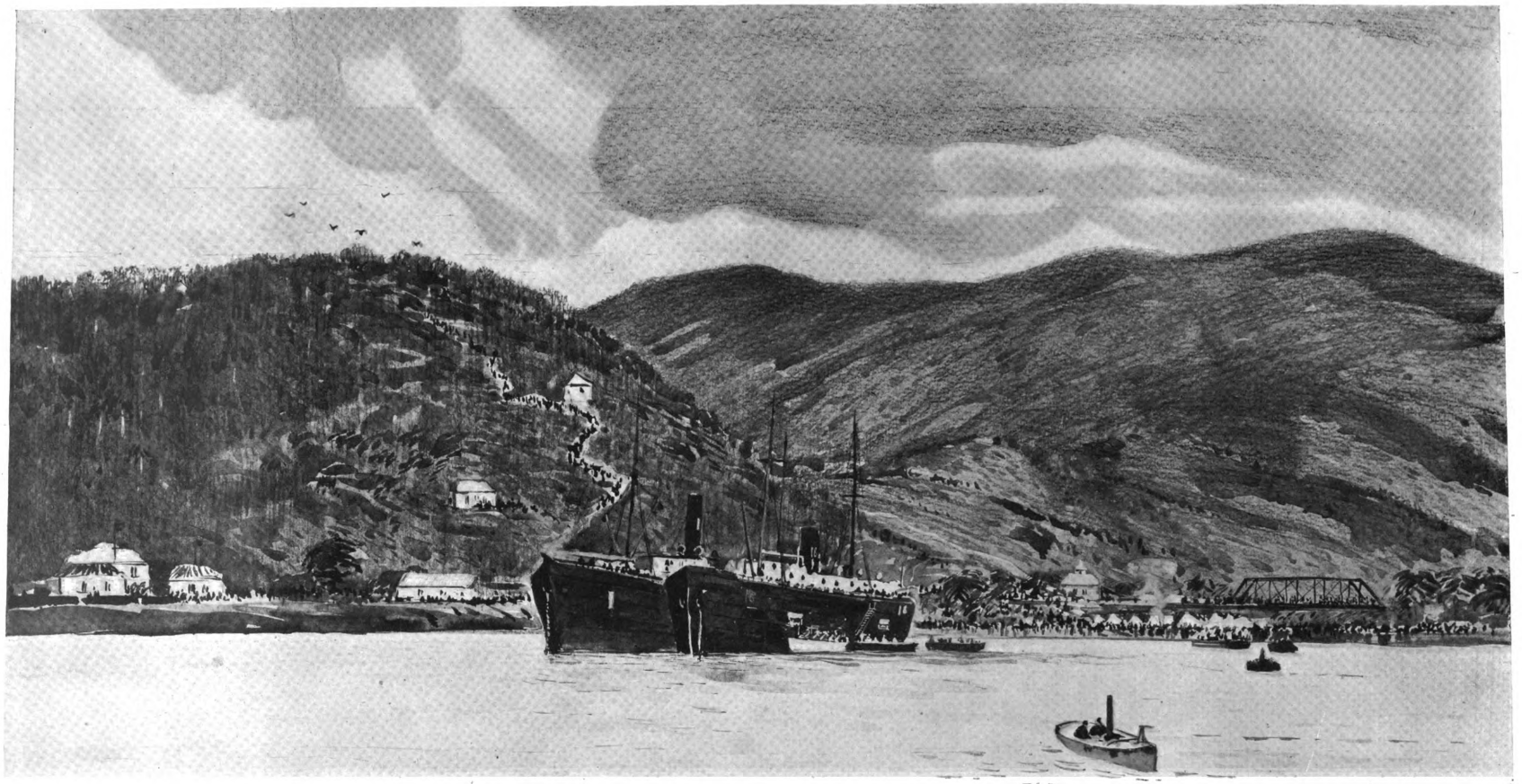
When we had unstrapped the luggage from our bikes and put on bedroom slippers (a great luxury at such a time) we went up stairs, the part of the house evidently reserved for distinguished strangers. Here was a broad hall opening out at the front into a dining-room which faced the village street. At the back the hall opened upon a garden full of palms and southern trees. The bedrooms were merely alcoves opening upon this hall, black spaces large enough to hold a bed and a chair. We were so glad to get this much that we questioned nothing, but made ready for dinner.

We little thought that a prehistoric lamp and a gypsy fire could have made such a dinner as the one we enjoyed that night in this far-away little Spanish village. The event made such an impression on us that the two songsters of the party treated the community to one of their choicest selections from "Carmen," which, by-the-way,

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LANDING TROOPS AT ENSENADA DE LOS ALTARES, JUNE 24.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The battle of La Guasima, in which the Rough Riders were engaged on this same day, was fought five miles back of this place toward Santiago."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*

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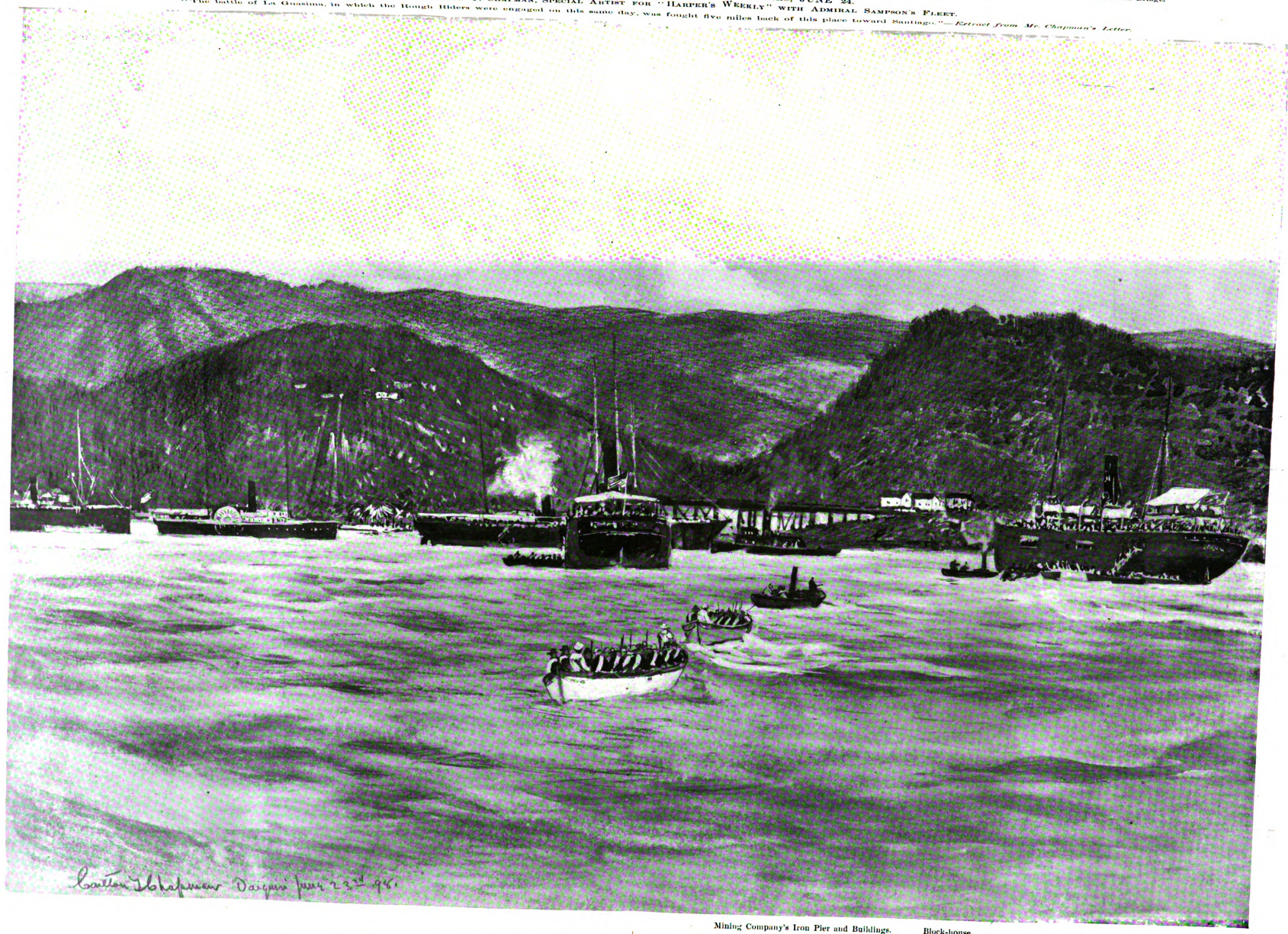
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Railroad Buildings. Troops filing up the Hill. Camp. Railroad Bridge.

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"The battle of La Guasima, in which the Rough Riders were engaged on this same day, was fought five miles back of this place toward Santiago."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*




Mining Company's Iron Pier and Buildings. Block-house.

## LANDING TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI, JUNE 23

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN

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sounds to a Spaniard about as much like his music as cockney does like plantation talk to a darky. However, the people showed no resentment, and the host even paid us some hollow compliments on the sweetness of our English song. George tried to explain to him that it was not English, but Spanish, which only confirmed Matias in his original view. He paid us a high compliment that night, no less than waiting on us himself, with a vast sombrero on his head, a cigarette between his teeth, and a species of smock which he wore when dressed for parade.



STREET-SWEEPERS, MADRID.

George thinks we earned this honor by reason of having sung "Carmen." That may be. I am inclined to think that we won his heart by taking an interest in his wine-cellar, by sampling some specimens of his Alicante vintage, both red and white, and finally by selecting with knowledge the wine which he too regarded as the best.

By-the-way, let me remark that throughout Spain I cannot remember seeing a single drunken man, not even among the soldiers. And Spain is the country where wine is cheaper than milk—at times not dearer than pure water. Here is stuff for the teetotaler. Perhaps if in America we removed the tax on wine, we might assist the cause of temperance. Whiskey might at the same time be rated as a poison, and prohibited altogether save under medical advice. For myself, I believe in total abstinence from alcoholic drink. And the best way to fight alcohol is to make light wine abundant and cheap. The world over we find that the cheaper the wine the more temperate the people; for drunkards, commend me to England and the United States, where wine is heavily taxed.

Do you want to know what sort of dinner we got in this savage section of mountainous Spain? Go there and sing to Matias, and he will provide the same for you.

First course: cheese, salt fish, cold ham. These by way of a cocktail.

Second course: Matias brought up from the gypsy fire a casserole, hot from the ashes, filled with a delicious medley, such as I recall having enjoyed at Señor Castelar's eventful dinner. I cannot remember the native name, but there was much onion or garlic, potato, and pieces of meat, and many odds and ends not readily analyzed. Matias told me all about the make of this dish, and Ned vowed that he would give a grand dinner when he got home, just like this one. We had some inkling of what was to be the extent of our meal, for before each of us was a stack of plates, each plate portending a separate course. Thus, after the table was once laid, Matias had only to take away, never to bring on plates. Of course we kept the same knife and fork throughout.

The third course was a tortilla, or Spanish omelet, through which were scattered raw beans, which looked rather pretty, but which we judiciously dropped into our pockets when Matias was not looking.

As fourth course came an excellently dressed lettuce salad, which confirmed me in my respect for Matias. Then came a variety of fruit—nuts, raisins, oranges—all grown in the neighborhood; and finally a little cup of black coffee that could not have been produced better at that famous little French place in New Orleans. We had drunk with this Lucullian banquet a wine of Alicante that would have been rated at three dollars a bottle, yet our bill for all this luxury came in at the rate of one dollar a day for everything. At night we slept soundly on soft mattresses with clean sheets, and in the morning washed in tin bowls at the chairs out in the general hall. Do you wonder that we love Spain?

## ON THE WAY TO MANILA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

U. S. Troop-Ship "Australia," at Sea, nearing Honolulu, *May 30, 1898.*

"Those little flannel-cakes! If I could only get some of those little flannel-cakes again, it seems to me I should be satisfied."

He was a private of Company E, First Oregon Volunteers, a "trooper of the forces, who has run his own six horses." In his Portland home he has entertained himself as befits a gentleman of cultivated tastes and independent means. The National Guard has not been one of his amusements; he has always had a disinclination to "play soldier"; but the call to arms found in him one of its first responses. Now he is enduring some of the discomforts he knew he would have to take when he took the oath to support the Constitution and obey the orders of the President of the United States and his superior officers.

"How many times," he says, "have we gone over the bill of fare so critically, trying to pick out something good! Now, if I could only get some of those little flannel-cakes!"

It is an individual case, but not a particular. The demand—not for flannel-cakes always, but for a good, clean, and square meal—is general, and it is an indication of a state of affairs that ought to be set forth very clearly in the interests of the thousands of volunteers who are to follow this first expedition to Manila; in the interest of the administration, which is responsible for the welfare of these volunteers; and in the interest of the country, which both soldiers and administration are bound to serve.

The facts are plain to any one. It is natural, of course, for men who never have been used to roughing it to find life aboard a troop-ship hard to take. Quarters are close and cramped, food is very plain, and there is no great variety of it. Conditions generally are unpleasant. These things the men recognize, and there is very little complaint about them. But there is a demand that the food be served in proper quantities, that the potatoes be boiled until they are cooked thoroughly, that the salt pork be not raw, and that the bacon be done. Beans are not palatable when they are hard enough to be used as poker-chips, and rice is not good to eat when it takes a mill to grind it. Hardtack is a good diet, but not as a steady thing when there is opportunity for fresh bread occasionally. These things, however, are but superficial causes of complaint, and are being eradicated rapidly. Most of them were caused at the start by the rolling of the ship, which so seriously incapacitated so many of the officers of the regiment that proper inspection was not possible. It also added to the discomfort of the men, so that they were inclined to exaggerate their hardships.

There is a much more serious matter for objection and complaint in the equipment of the men. They are sent out to a climate terribly hot and distressingly humid with an absolutely inadequate supply of proper clothing. Under-clothing was issued to-day. It is made of Canton flannel, of a weight that would prove extremely acceptable at the summit of White or Chilkoot Pass, and, even such as it is, there is not enough to go around. Shoes will not go around—to one company which turned in a requisition for sixty-four pairs, twenty-one pairs were issued. There is a large supply of brown duck suits to be issued sometime, by-and-by, but not a helmet or a suitable sun-hat to go with them.

Yet one of the great dangers of life in the Philippines is sunstroke.

These things will be overcome, of course, in time, and "when we have taken Manila." We can get all we want and just what we want in Manila—when we have taken it. But the expectation is that in order to take Manila we shall want some guns—rifles for the soldiers. The guns of the First Oregon are quite in keeping with the clothing outfit. They are the old-fashioned Springfield rifles. Originally they were hard-shooting guns, but that was long ago. Now the rifling has been worn out of a great many of them, and something else is the matter with some of them. There are 200 new rifles, which ought to be in good condition for service; they are of the old model, but they are efficient. The First California boys carry the same guns.

They are going to meet Mauser rifles, and apparently some one is relying on the pluck and dash of our fellows, and on the cowardice of the Spaniards. Our boys have got the pluck, and they will show the dash. There need be no question on that score. But if the Spaniards happen to stay and fight, there is likely to be a sorry tale to tell when these old Springfields take the field against the Mausers.

Now all this adds new emphasis to the great lesson this little war with a sixth-rate, bankrupt, "effete monarchy" is teaching the United States—the lesson of the folly of being unprepared. But it points another moral. We need guns, sabres, men, equipment—everything pertaining to the make-up of an efficient army. But, more than all, we need a different system of administration. Consider this: Uncle Sam has been training a reasonably large number of his young men for a good many years in the art and science of warfare. Most of them have developed remarkable fitness for their occupation. Nearly every one of those who have had experience extending over years enough to put a captain's bars on their shoulder-straps is competent to equip and outfit an expedition of this size. Time is one of the great considerations. There must be no delay. All sorts of conveniences and comforts for the men are sacrificed in order to gain time. Even essentials of equipment are let go. And yet, with all this imperative haste, the management, instead of being put into the hands of the competent, thoroughly trained men who have made such things their life work and have developed it into a science, is kept in the bureaus at Washington. Every detail must be reported "to the Department."

"The Department" wheels around on its revolving-chair and considers the thing a while, and then telegraphs its consent. But a day has been lost, and the expedition might have been 300 miles nearer Manila and Admiral Dewey.

Some army men will say that this ought not to be said now, because it is furnishing information to the enemy. But it is better to furnish what small information the enemy can get out of this if its publication will do anything toward preventing more of such work. And every man in the service knows it is all true. The trained men are set aside for somebody else at the time of all times when their services ought to be used to the fullest possibility, and when the greatest advantage ought to be taken of their training and their ability.

We need a lot of things to make this war as successful as it should be. We need more common-sense and less politics.

Honolulu, H. I., *June 4.*

The two days spent in Honolulu by the soldiers of General Anderson's brigade of General Merritt's Philippine army were a most decided change from the lazy life of the days aboard the transports. Loafing on the hurricane-deck, watching the flying-fish, and speculating on the end of man, in particular the man who goes to the Philippines as a private soldier, gave place to positive emphatic things to do, most desirable things too, in a most delightful city. Honolulu has developed for herself lately a Hawaiian version of "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." They say it very briefly here, but for these two days they have been saying it a great many time. "*Wele ke nao*," they say, and you hear it everywhere. They have been living up to it, too. There has been a hot time—such a hot time as even Honolulu, noted for hospitality, has not seen before. It began when the three troop-ships, *City of Peking*, *Australia*, and *City of Sydney* were sighted on Wednesday afternoon, and there has been scarcely a moment's cessation since. The whole city turned out to welcome the transports in. The wharves were thronged, and there were constant volleys of cheers, until even after the ships were in their berths. As soon as gang-planks were down the serious business began. There were receptions at once at the clubs for the officers, and they were not over until early in the morning.

Kapiolani, the dowager queen, had taken the opportunity of the arrival here of the *Charleston* to arrange for the presentation of a beautiful silk flag to the ship which brought home the body of her husband, King Kalakaua, who died in San Francisco. The formal presentation occurred in the morning after the troopers got here, being delayed for that purpose. All the officers were present, and the United States diplomatic representatives. The presentation was made by Kapiolani's nephews, Prince Cupid and Prince David, who made the address. Afterward there was a luncheon on the ship. President Dole received the officers that afternoon. The men were permitted to come ashore, half a company at a time, and they did have such a good time. They wandered about the streets, staring at the curious shops, and they swarmed on the beach at Waikiki and went swimming in the surf. The Kapiolani Park was open for them, and the government and Hawaiian bands gave a concert.

Yesterday was the great day—it was feast-day for the boys. Arrangements had been made to give every soldier in the brigade a "square meal." All the city had contributed. Tables were set up under the trees in the grounds about the government buildings, and spread with everything that even a hungry soldier who has had nothing but government rations for seven days could name as part of a "square meal." The government band was there to accompany the great feast with sweet music. At 9.30 in the morning the soldiers left their ships and marched up by companies. They filed into the government grounds, and attacked the tables in battalion front.

Every man in the expedition, except the unlucky chaps who had been detailed to sentry duty, was in the hungry army. Every man got what he wanted. There was a great quantity of soda and mineral water, and 3500 quarts of water that had been boiled and then cooled. The boys strolled about the grounds after the feast was over, and in the afternoon went out to Waikiki for surf-bathing. Every soldier in town was decorated with wreaths of flowers, and many of them were half concealed by the leis.

In the morning Chief-Justice Judd, on behalf of the Sons of the Revolution resident in Honolulu, delivered a formal address of welcome to General Anderson. The general, in reply, hoped that annexation would soon be an accomplished fact.

President Dole held an informal reception in the Government Building for the soldiers who were feasting in the grounds. Little groups of them were presented to him constantly.

The hospitality of Honolulu is remarkable; the exhibition of it in the last two days is something no man who witnessed it will ever forget. But through it all this curious feature has struck the soldiers with especial force: the flags that greeted the arrival of the transports, fluttering from a forest of tall poles, from every prominent building, and from scores of residences, that waved in hundreds in the streets, were the stars and stripes. Yet



BATHING BY SQUAD ON THE TROOP-SHIP "AUSTRALIA" BOUND FOR MANILA

over the government buildings there floated a strange flag—the banner of the Hawaiian Republic. The gentlemen and ladies who so royally extended their hospitality are Americans. The language they speak is English. The men we dealt with in the shops were Americans; we bought goods made in the United States, and we paid for them with United States money; we rode about in carriages built in the United States and pulled by American horses; we were at home, and our own flag waved over our heads constantly. But over the government buildings a strange flag floated, and we were in a foreign land.

Oscar King Davis.

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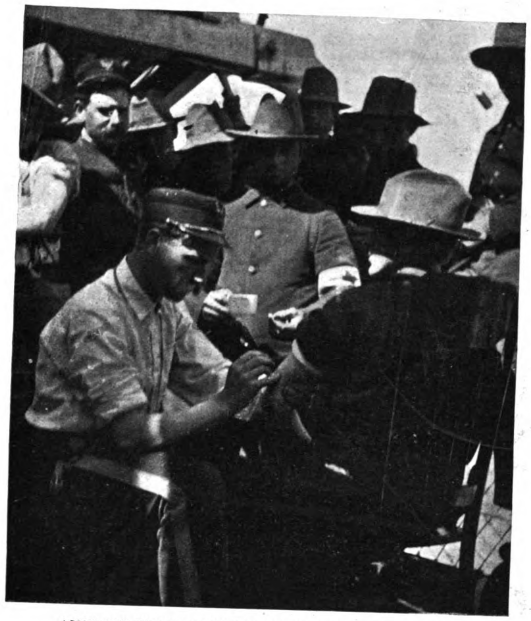


CHAPLAIN GILBERT HOLDING CHURCH SERVICE, MAY 29.

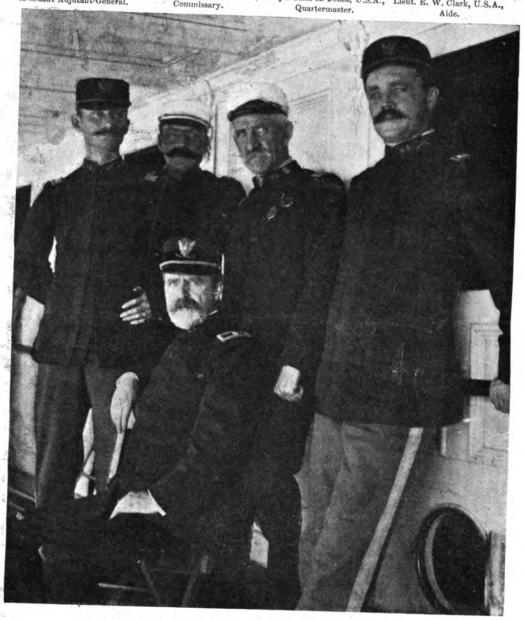


ON THE HURRICANE-DECK.

Lieut. H. P. McCain, U.S.A., Assistant Adjutant-General. Lieut. S. A. Clomans, U.S.A., Commissary. Major Sam. R. Jones, U.S.A., Quartermaster. Lieut. E. W. Clark, U.S.A., Aide.



ASSISTANT-SURGEON WHITING HOLDS A VACCINATION BEE.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. M. ANDERSON AND STAFF.



DINNER.



STRING BAND OF COMPANY E., 1ST OREGON VOLUNTEERS.

WITH OUR TROOPS FOR MANILA.

SCENES ON THE TRANSPORT "AUSTRALIA," OF THE FIRST EXPEDITION, CONVEYING GENERAL ANDERSON AND THE 1ST OREGON VOLUNTEERS. PHOTOGRAPHS BY OSCAR K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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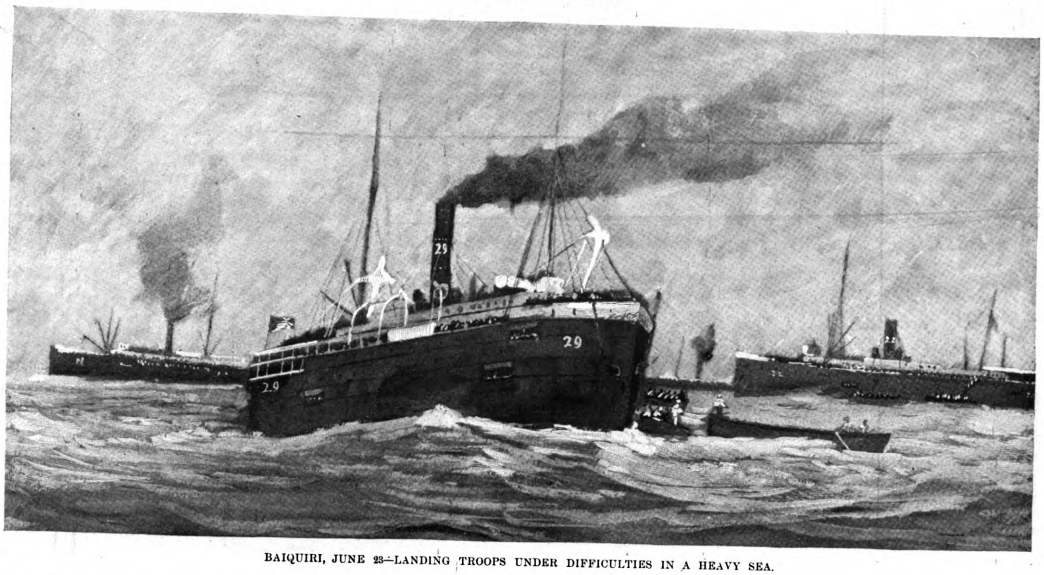
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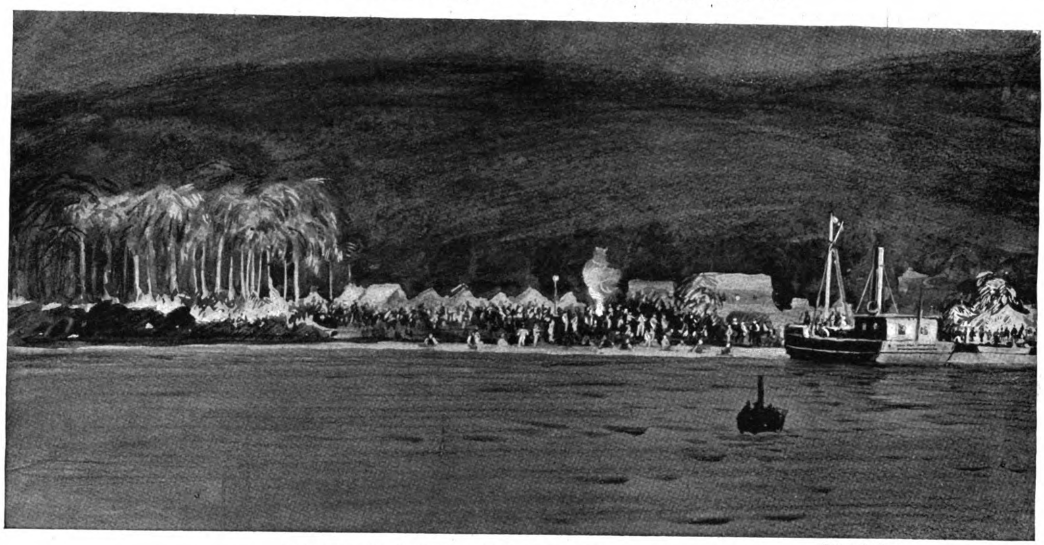
TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON" RECONNOITRING OFF SANTIAGO HARBOR TO OBSERVE THE ERECTION OF NEW SPANISH BATTERIES — DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

"At dawn the Spanish sighted the 'Ericsson' close under their batteries, and sent a 10-inch shell whizz-whirring over her. Others followed, one going between her two funnels."—*Correspondence from Santiago.*

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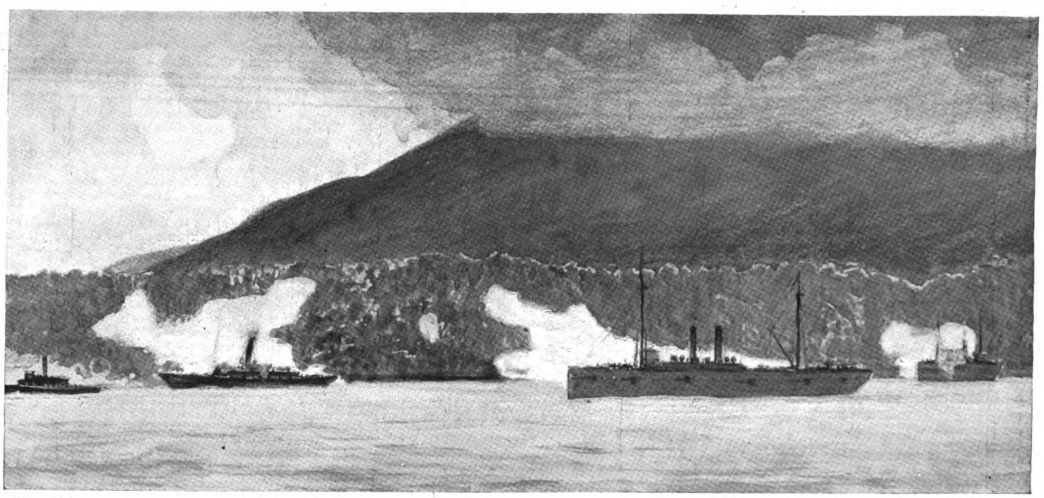


BAIQUIRI, JUNE 23—LANDING TROOPS UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A HEAVY SEA.



Lighter with Stores.

ENSENADA DE LOS ALTARES, JUNE 24—THE FIRST CAMP ON THE BEACH.
"The 'St. Louis' kept her search-light on the beach, and the soldiers went in swimming."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*



"Wompatuck." "Scorpion." "Detroit." "Suwanee."

SHELLING THE ENEMY OUT OF THE SHORE ROADS NEAR SANTIAGO, JUNE 24.

LANDING THE TROOPS OF THE SANTIAGO EXPEDITION.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

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SEASICK SOLDIERS OF 3d UNITED STATES INFANTRY ON TRANSPORT "ARANSAS."

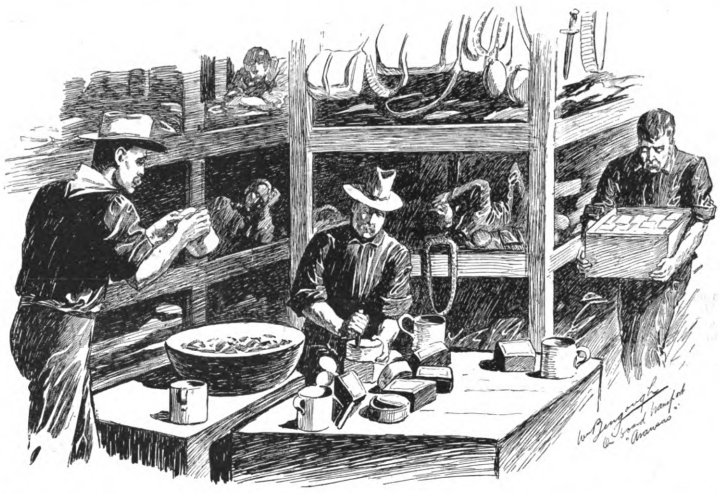
## THE LOSS OF "LA BOURGOGNE."

At five o'clock on Monday morning, July 4, the French transatlantic liner *La Bourgogne* was run into by the British full-rigged sailing-ship *Cromartyshire*, about sixty miles south of Sable Island, and sunk. The collision occurred in a fog. It appears that each ship heard the other's fog signal, but apparently too late to avoid disaster, for, almost as soon as the Britisher saw the steamship loom up in the fog, the *Cromartyshire* rammed *La Bourgogne* amidships. The two vessels then drew away from each other, and, so thick was the fog, the captain of the *Cromartyshire* thought the liner had proceeded uninjured. Not until an hour or more later, when the mist lifted, did the Englishman know of the terrible catastrophe that had resulted. The liner had sunk ten minutes after being struck!

*La Bourgogne* sailed from New York Saturday, July 2, with 750 souls on board. Of these, 220 were first and second cabin passengers, 297 were steerage passengers, 11 were officers, and there were 222 in the crew. Of these there were saved not one first-cabin passenger, only 11 second-cabin passengers, 51 steerage passengers, and 104 of the crew, making a total of 166 saved out of 750 in all on board. All the officers but four, and all the women but one, were drowned. There were over a hundred women on the ship, and many children. Captain Deloncle went down with his ship.

These passengers who were saved are unanimous in asserting that the crew behaved in a most brutal and cowardly manner and displayed a woful lack of discipline. The sailors apparently made little effort to launch the life-boats, leaving this to the passengers, with whom they afterwards fought for places in the boats and on the rafts. One boat-load of women, without oars, was upset, and all were lost. Mrs. La Casse, the only woman saved, was rescued by her husband, who had to fight his way to a raft. The men in the floating boats and on the rafts hit with oars those who tried to grasp a place of safety. Some passengers assert that many of the crew and steerage used knives in fighting for places in the life-boats. The officers apparently exerted no authority whatever. When the *Cromartyshire* had rescued those on rafts and in boats, her captain, Henderson, called for volunteers to man boats and search for more survivors. The French crew refused to aid in this work. An hour later the steamship *Grecian* appeared and towed the *Cromartyshire* to Halifax. The officers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, owners of *La Bourgogne*, offer as a reason why no first-cabin passengers were saved, that the first cabin companionway was totally blocked by the bending in of the ship's sides by the collision, thus effectually shutting off all avenue of escape for those in saloon state-rooms.

Conspicuous for their heroism on this occasion of relapse to the rights of brute force were three Catholic priests. These men, when they saw that the ship was bound to sink with a majority of those on board, gathered as many of the panic-stricken passengers as they could, and delivered absolution to those of their faith. None of the priests was saved. Of the first-cabin passengers, a number were well known socially, among others the wife and daughter of ex-Judge John F. Dillon, of Fair Hills, N. J.



MESS HOUR—OPENING MEAT-CANS BETWEENDECKS ON A CROWDED TRANSPORT—THREE TIERS OF BERTHS.

## WITH THE TROOPS FOR SANTIAGO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

On Docks at Port Tampa, *June 12, 1898.*

It is after midnight, and I can't get a row-boat out to the transport *Iroquois*, that is to carry me to Cuba—and we sail to-morrow. We have been sailing to-morrow for several days, but to-morrow—we sail! I can't get a bed at the inn here—not a pallet, a blanket, a place on a billiard table, or even on the floor.

Being new and untried, I had one drawback as a correspondent, but luckily I learned my trouble early. I had no policy. A war artist found this out, and being friendly, he took me from an unfinished letter to a private room. He had something on his mind, he said, and I could finish the letter any old time.

"You don't know much about the army?"

I told him that until six weeks ago I was not able to tell a doughboy officer from a cavalryman by the stripes down his leg. He smiled with infinite pity and tolerance.

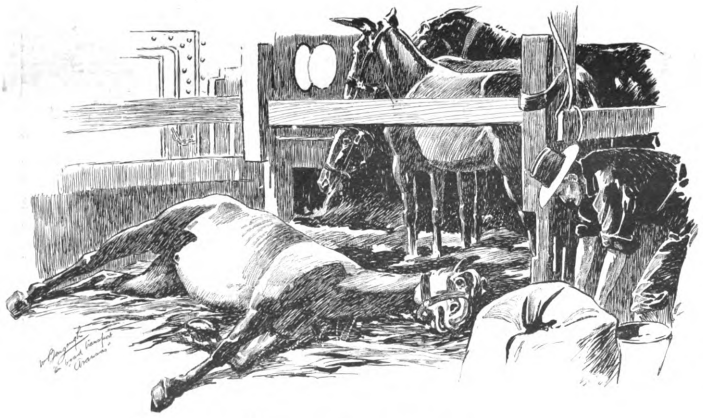
"Therefore," I said, "I am not a military critic, and shall not pass judgments and deliver opinions for some days yet."

"You've got to," he said, in a tone that ended argument. "You must have a policy. I'll give you one." And he began.

Now the war artist with pencil has no peer, and with his pen he laid bare in these columns, not long ago, the bowels of a battle-ship after a fashion that would have done no discredit to Kipling. But when he talks—there's the rub. He is a linguistic terror to the foreign attachés who are beginning to plume themselves on their English. He favors monosyllables, pauses, dashes, exclamation points, Indian sign-language, and heys, huhs, and humphs that fill out sentences, complete paragraphs, and round up elaborate argument.

"There is a lot any damn fool can say—of course—hey? But you mustn't say it—huh? Give 'em hell afterwards. That's right—ain't it? Understand? Regular army all right." (Sign-language here.) "These damn fools outside—hey? Best army in world at close of war" (sign-language), "best equipped—you understand, huh? Congress" (violent sign-language) "wanted to squish it—squish it—that's right—you understand—huh? Cut it down—cut it down—see? Illustrate—wanted 18,000 mules—got 2000—same principle—that's right. No use complainin' now—hey? No good—people think you complainin' of regular army—regular army all right, huh? You mustn't say it now. Give 'em hell afterwards—understand?" (Sign-language.) "All right now—go ahead."

I nodded my head basely—the policy was so simple, so lucid, and I believed I might understand after I had thought it all over; and, after thinking it all over and translating the artist into English, I make out, with an active use of inference and common-sense, merely that most men in public life do no more than they have to do; that political systems shrink in consequence, until they fit closely to immediate needs; that when there is a sudden need for sudden elastic expansion the system has grown stiff from disuse; and that the honest public servants are now doing their best, and that we must be patient. That the trouble is with the men and the people who have blindly refused to recognize the possibility of the emergency now upon us—the landlubber of the Western interior, the rural Populists and the city agitators, and the tender hearts of Boston; that these are the men who are to be "given hell"—afterwards—to the particular end that never again shall a soul of them see Washington except at his own expense and for his own personal business or pleasure.



SEASICK HORSE ON A TROOP-SHIP.

I am aboard the *Iroquois* now, and the transports are moving down the bay to St. Petersburg, where the *Iroquois* grounds on a sand bank near the docks, and an hour later anchors near by for the night. The other transports have gone on to quarantine, and we will sail to-morrow. We have been sailing to-morrow for several days, as I have said before, but to-morrow we sail!

Nearing Santiago, Monday Morning, *June 20, 1898.*

And we did sail. Just now we are not more than twenty miles away from the harbor of Santiago, and running fearlessly along the big, grim coast mountains of Cuba, with colors to the breeze and the band playing. In two hours we hope to hear a welcome from Sampson's guns, and then—well, nobody knows what will happen then.

The troops are in two divisions of three brigades, and with three regiments to each brigade, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York constituting the volunteers. Besides, there is General Wheeler's cavalry of forty troops, of which four troops alone are mounted.

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CHIEF-TRUMPETER C. W. PLATT OF THE "ROUGH RIDERS" RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG AT BAIQUIRI.*

But in spite of transport and war-ship, officer and soldier, I cannot realize that this is war; that this is not some strange huge excursion; that we are not to land in peace and safety, and in peace and safety go back as we came; that even at this moment a little farther down these gashed mountains, showing ever clearer through the mist, are enemies with whom the officers and soldiers around me may soon be in a death-grapple. The officers seem to realize it, however, for, while they are cheerful, an intense seriousness is perceptible under all, and an active longing to get to shore and to work. And these soldiers! cooped up as they are like chickens, short of rations, aboard here for two weeks, restless and sick with inactivity —nobody hears a word of grumbling or sees a sour face. Big fellows, strong fellows, they are—intelligent, quiet, orderly, obedient, good-natured, patient—patient beyond words. Here and now, in advance, I take off my hat with profound respect and perfect confidence to "plug" and "doughboy" —Uncle Sam's own boys of horse and of foot. They were lying asleep all over the decks this morning at daybreak. Their faces looked gray in the dawn, and some lay in attitudes that suggested ghastly premonitions. The premonitions will come true fast enough so far as some of the poor fellows are concerned, doubtless, but when the blow strikes, may it come painless and bring peace.

This boat carries "Iron" Lawton, who commands the second division; Chaffee the strong, now a brigadier-general—and the Major. General Lawton was colonel of a regiment at the close of the war, before he was twenty-one years old. He captured Geronimo, who called him "the big captain," and refrained from killing him because he made such a superb figure on horseback. Everybody who knows the army has his eye on General Chaffee; and as for the Major—there are many majors on the expedition and several on this boat, but only one *Major*. The Major was a civilian a little while ago, but he gives not a sign. At sunrise the lucky eye of observation turns without a particle of regret from the spectacle of shining Aurora rising from her bath to the pink-robed Major going down to his, so even in the race for glory are the goddess and the son of Mars. The one break in the monotony of the sail was the Major's battle. It was just after the war-ships met us off Key West, and a sudden firing began. Out ran the Major and set his pajamas fluttering from the rail.

"There they are! Three to one against us! See those Spanish ships over there? Where's the general—where's the general?" A moment later we heard him waking the general.

"General, the fight is on. The fight is on."

But the fight was not on—the *Indiana* was merely giving hoarse commands to an impudent steamer to heave to. After that a mischievous subaltern told him a secret of ordnance, and the Major got out his camp-cot and slept in the farther end of the saloon that night. Next day he reprimanded an aide for smoking below.

"Young man," he said, "don't you know that there are twenty tons of gunpowder stored in there under my state-room?"

However, merely because the Major is excitable and doesn't like his bed feathered with gunpowder is no sign that he will not fight—the Major may be a lion. The dandies fought well at Waterloo, and I imagine that certain young men under Colonel Roosevelt will give a good account of themselves when the time comes. At any rate, they are taking their medicine like men, and are asking no favors because they are gentlemen. I saw a little fellow on the docks at Tampa, brown as the skirts of his hunting-saddle at home, in a coarse blue shirt, with his tooth-brush stuck through the band of his slouch-hat, and in company with a hulking Irishman whom he called "Doc," and who called him by his first name. The "chumminess" of the two made me laugh outright, and I wondered if the Irishman knew the generative energy, social and financial, that was bottled up in his small comrade. Perhaps he did know, and most likely he cared not a whit for the same.

We are off Santiago Harbor now, and Morro Castle is plain through the thin mist, as are the battle-ships patrolling in stern procession under and past it and back again. The flag-ship has gone in to take General Shafter to confer with Sampson, while the transports pitch impatiently on a swelling sea of sapphire, and wait.

Night comes, and we hear nothing.

The belief is that Cervera has been asked over to the admiral's ship to dine with General Shafter and surrender, and the suspicion is that the three are having a high old time over the terms.

It is morning again, and we are putting out to sea—God knows whither bound. The Major has solved the problem.

"Supporting Spanish tradition," says he, "Cervera says 'Mañana.' 'Mañana be damned,' says Shafter. 'Mañana we land.'"....Apparently the Major is right, for we have made a big sea circle, and are heading straight for the shore again. But it's a false hope. However, we are to force a landing to-morrow—sure.

OFF BAIQUIRI, *June 22, 1898.*

There was a sober thrill last night through this ship. Orders came at dusk that we were to force a landing at daybreak, and General Lawton was to be the first man to set his foot on the Cuban coast. There was a quick conference, rations for three days were issued, outfits were overhauled and tightened, and all night the ship was in a bustle of eager preparation. Like a New England farmer, we got up next morning and ate breakfast in the dark; and like him, we sat around and waited for the light. Day broke and showed the big emerald-green mountains rosy with light, the coast foothills still in shadow, the spray breaking high against the low rock wall that makes the

(*Continued on page 700.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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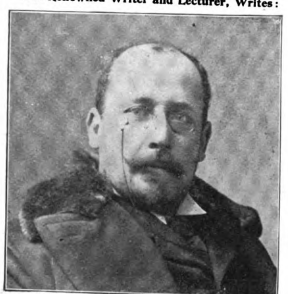
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*From "The London Sketch."*

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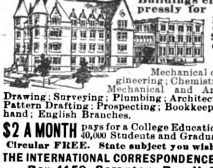
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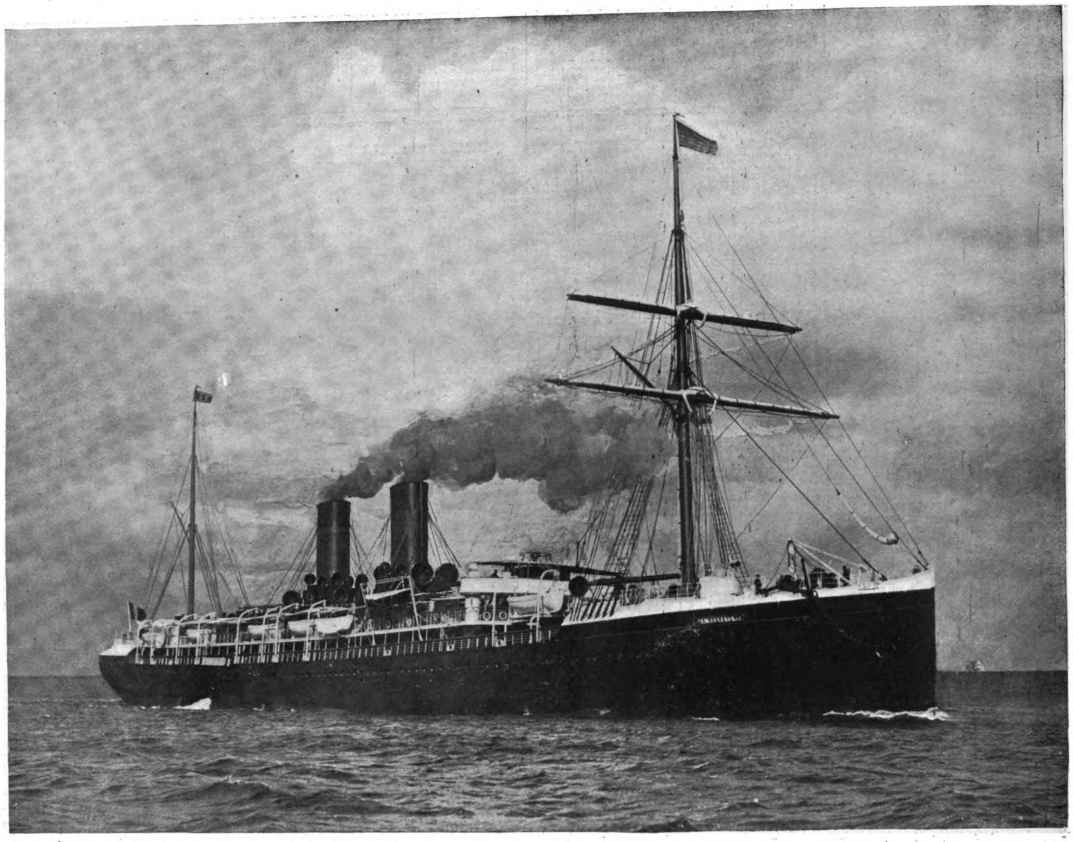
* Immediately upon landing at Juragua Mines, near Baiquiri, the American flag was carried by members of the First Volunteer Cavalry—"Rough Riders"—to the Spanish fort at the top of the hill overlooking the entire fleet of transports, four hundred feet above the sea. Chief-Trumpeter C. W. Platt stood upon the old stone breastworks with the flag, and when it was unfurled every steam-whistle in the fleet of transports was let loose, and every throat in the army yelled enthusiastically.

Later the flag was raised to the top of the abandoned fort, which had been perforated by one of the shells during the bombardment.—*Extract from Mr. Bengough's Letter.*

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"LA BOURGOGNE," OF THE COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE TRANSATLANTIQUE, SUNK IN COLLISION WITH THE BRITISH SHIP "CROMARTYSHIRE," OFF SABLE ISLAND, JULY 4, WITH A LOSS OF 565 LIVES OUT OF 725.—[See Page 698.]

(*Continued from page 699.*)

coast-line, and the ship floating alone in a little bay that curved like a horseshoe shorewards. And we kept on waiting. Other transports gathered; the lifting mist showed a long pier stretching into the bay and loaded with tram-cars, and the frame houses of a little mining-town—Baiquiri. Flames shot up from the town—the Spaniards were burning up the property that might be of value to us. The war-ships steamed lazily in. Natty, self-important little steam-launches began to sputter through the bay, towing a train of landing-boats, each manned by two jolly Jackies in white—and still we waited. The captain of the *Indiana*, it was said, had sent word that there was important work ahead to make the landing safe. In the middle of the forenoon and down towards Santiago a herd of maddened bulls began to bellow out in the Cuban hills. Firing had begun, and General Kent was making a feint of landing in another little bay at another little coast town—Juragua. Below that point still another bombardment was going on to keep the Dons guessing. Meanwhile the Jackies and middies and naval cadets were busy, and landing-boats stuffed with slouch-hats, blue shirts, and bristling gun-muzzles were being towed into position behind a little launch, in which stood the colossal figure of Lawton, upright and ready to lead the way. But just a moment, please.

To the right of the bay loomed a foot-hill, shaped like a huge grave, with one end steep from the sea, covered thickly on the sides with trees, terraced with palisades, and pointed on top by a Spanish block-house, the conical roof of which caught the sun like brass.

At the foot of this the boats must land, and there was no telling what game the Spaniard was playing under cover on that still hill, and up the quiet ravine on the other side, nor what the card he held up his sleeve. So the *New Orleans*, the ex-Brazilian cruiser, went ahead to investigate. As she passed the transport a megaphone shouted, "Three cheers for the army!" and the Jackies waved and cheered, while the doughboys crowded on the forward deck, and clinging to the rigging, waved and cheered back mightily. A little later the *New Orleans* gave a deep, hoarse cough as a signal, and a puff of smoke from her starboard side was quickly answered by a cloud of smoke high on the hill where her shell burst. At once the *Castine* and the *Annapolis* began to clear the throats of their guns. The little *Vixen* barked a note of sharp inquiry; the tug *Wompatuck*, with all the pride of a recruit at his first target practice, barked too, and all were fused into an angry chorus. At first they searched that hill, smoke belching from the ships like the spray spouting along the coast, and smoke forming into little clouds and rising on the hill as mist forms and rises there after a rain.

The shells whistled over the hill, screamed through the woods over the gray palisades, or crashed into dark cave-


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THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "ST. PAUL" REPULSING THE SPANISH TORPEDO-BOAT-DESTROYER "TERROR" OFF SAN JUAN DE PUERTO RICO, JUNE 22.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL FROM DESCRIPTIONS AND SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, U.S.N., COMMANDING "ST. PAUL."

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like spots under the rocks—bursting with rage that nothing could be found, and spitting smoke and dust like demons. By-and-by a humorous gunner or two took that shining mark on the peak of the hill—the silent block-house—and a howling imp of a shell whirled closer and even closer, until the mark was lost in a cloud of smoke. Then how Jackie and doughboy roared! The house seemed to have been swept into the air; but there it stood, still impudent and shining, when all was clear again. It was a close shot, however, and that gunner needed but one more trial; but there was better work for him now; and besides, that house was needed for a better purpose than ruin. At sunset the little *Vixen*, steaming closer, had sent a casual messenger into a dark ravine on the other side of the hill, and had made a find. Spaniards broke from it like partridges from a cover, and every gun was turned on them. A few insurgents, who had been waiting for this near by, joined in the fusillade, and the Spaniards—three hundred of them—fled. Whether any were killed is not known yet, but a wayward shell found its way among the Cubans and gave two of them slight wounds. The way was clear now, and General Lawton steamed in and landed his men without the firing of a shot.

It is late in the afternoon now, and the hard-working Jackies have been piped to supper. To the right of the town I can see a short line of insurgents drawn up, perhaps for picket duty for the night. From the harbor every eye turns curiously upward to the block-house high above them. Two men are in plain sight near it—Cubans, Spaniards, or what not nobody in the harbor knows. One of them climbs to the roof, and the other hands him up something. Then a yell breaks from every throat, and a whistle, shrill or hoarse, from every craft in the harbor. Old Glory is fluttering against a bank of low-hung clouds. The stars and stripes are loose to winds from the mountain and winds from the sea. Just now they stream steadily in a wind from the sunset, as though they were ready to be borne and planted, where they soon will be—over Santiago.

JOHN FOX, JR.

## OFF SANTIAGO.

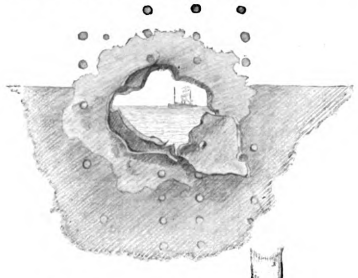
*June 26.*

SINCE the *Vesuvius* joined the fleet she has been in the habit of throwing a few charges of guncotton into the defences of Santiago almost every night, going in quite close, and firing with an accuracy that has wrought great execution to the enemy's works.

On Wednesday night she landed a shell on Cay Smith that struck a storehouse and completely annihilated it, the force of the explosion tearing a great hole in the earth, and producing a tremendous and deafening report that could be heard a long distance.

The day following this successful shot a Spanish soldier was captured in the woods and brought in. He had run away from Santiago, and frankly stated that though he had been nearly starved, and in danger of getting killed by the shells of the American ships that were liable to drop in on them at any time, yet he had not thought of running away until the Americans began throwing *earthquakes* into the forts, when he became thoroughly convinced that the best thing he could do was to escape from such a dangerous neighborhood. From the ships the Spanish can be seen, after one of these bombardments, digging in the heaps of sand and dirt thrown up by exploding shells and loading into carts the bodies of the dead. What their losses have been is a matter of conjecture, but certainly they have been considerable.

On Wednesday, while the troops were preparing to land at Baiquiri, the coast was thoroughly shelled in that neighborhood, and as far west as the batteries beyond Santiago. The *Texas*, in front of the heavy western battery, which has been her station all along, was struck by a 6.6-centimetre shell, that penetrated the forward compartment on the gun-deck and exploded, killing one man and wounding eight. There are four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns in this space, none of which was in action; but the crew of each were at their stations, and nearly every man was struck by the pieces of flying shell.



Effect of 6.6-Centimetre Shell on unarmored Section of "Texas," piercing 1¼ inches of Steel, killing one and wounding eight Men.



Deck Stanchion smashed by same Shell.

The ship is not armored in this section, except against small rapid-fire guns, the total thickness of the sides being 1⅝ inches; the outer plating, one inch thick, was cut through with clean sharp edges, the inner and thinner plate being bent back in an irregular shape, as if it had been the cover of a tin can.

A deck stanchion in the path of the projectile was cut through, but the upper and lower parts were left standing. The shell must have exploded right here, and a man standing near was terribly burned by the flame. The whole compartment filled with dense smoke and a suffocating odor of escaping gas. A hawser coiled on a spool that reached to the deck above was knocked to pieces. The force of the explosion made a great dent in the ship's side opposite to the hole made by the shell in entering. The side frames and deck beams adjoining were bent and twisted, and the deck cut with great gashes. It seems remarkable that more men were not killed outright; as it is, all will probably recover, except possibly the man who was burned, who is very badly injured. All the wounded, with the exception of one man, who was not badly hurt, were taken up to Guantanamo and put on the *Solace*.

When the poor fellow who was so badly burned was being bandaged up he asked the doctor, in a faint voice, "Was that a Dago shell or a premature explosion, doctor." When told that it was a Dago shell, he said, "Then it's all right." The man who was killed was F. R Blakely, an apprentice just passed his twenty-first year; his term of service had recently expired, and he had re-enlisted. He was buried at sea that evening, in the deep waters off Santiago, and the funeral service was read for the first time in the fleet since coming here.

Launches from the *Marblehead* and *Dolphin* have been busy searching the upper channels at Guantanamo for mines, and so far ten have been taken up and put where they can do no harm.

The *Texas* struck one, and got it on board, where it remains as a trophy. These mines were put down by German engineers, some as recently as April, 1898. All are contact mines, but none apparently in perfect order, for they failed to explode when bumped by the propellers of the *Marblehead* and *Texas*. The cable from Guantanamo to Mole St. Nicholas has been repaired, and is now working night and day under government supervision. The newspaper men hasten there to file their bulletins, and it seems quite "United States" to have a cable-office so handy. The office is a little box of a place twelve feet square, built of corrugated iron and lined with wood. It is right on the beach near Camp McCalla, and has a couple of shot-holes through it for additional ventilation, and as souvenirs of the arrival of the marines.

Guantanamo Bay might be in the immediate neighborhood of New York, from its appearance nowadays, crowded with colliers, transports, war-ships, and despatch-boats. At night lights shine out from the ships; the music of an accordion or a harmonica, played by some sailor to liven up the hours, comes over the water, and the murmur of voices and other concomitants of the piping times of peace. The war-ships are silent and watchful; the *Marblehead* still guards the entrance of the bay, and turns her search-light on any approaching craft, and from time to time on the dark shores. All is quiet in Camp McCalla; the marines turn in early, and only an occasional hail from a sentry tells that some there are not sleeping.



Submarine Mine struck and picked up by U.S.S. "Texas" in Guantanamo Bay.

The landing of the troops at Baiquiri was accomplished under difficulties. The wind stirred up quite a sea both days, and the cutters and launches jumped about a good deal, giving the soldiers a drenching of spray if they escaped a ducking in the surf which rolled in on the beach. There is a big iron pier there, but only one steamer at a time could lie alongside, and there was no landing-place worth the name save the beach. Two men were drowned on Wednesday, and several horses were also lost; but considering the size of the undertaking, it was handled with great success. Launches and cutters from the fleet were pressed into service, and the sailors had all the hard work they wanted in managing their overloaded boats. We have a good many more skilled boatmen in the service now than when they began the task, and the value of such sharp training cannot be overestimated.

A good many of the horses were put overboard and allowed to swim ashore, the bugles calling them in with the musical water-call. With one or two exceptions, all got ashore safely. One poor beast got confused by the multitude of boats and headed out to sea; he was having a hard time in the rough water, and was apparently giving out, when finally a boat was lowered and succeeded, after a struggle, in getting the tired animal turned toward the land. Hundreds of soldiers were watching the little drama from near-by transports; they all gave a ringing cheer when the rescue was accomplished. It was a pretty and natural exhibition of the soldiers' ready sympathy, if it was only a poor army horse in the midst of so many exciting incidents. A big ship passed near us, the men lined up ready to go ashore, boats swarmed alongside, and the band struck up "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!"

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 683.*)

week ago to-day. Here, as at El Caney, it was a question of capturing trenches and block-houses before attaining the town itself. The advance was made up a steep clearing, and the enemy, firing only too accurately, did not yield until fairly driven out of the trenches by a final rush "as though our men intended to catch them with their hands." Equal courage was shown by the Seventy-first New York, with the Sixteenth and Sixth regulars, in their charge uphill upon another seemingly impregnable position, which they carried, though at a terrible sacrifice. At four o'clock in the afternoon a block-house near the San Juan River was taken by the Ninth Cavalry, the "Rough Riders," and the First and Tenth Cavalry; then San Juan itself fell before the Sixteenth and Thirteenth Cavalry, the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, and "Rough Riders." For some of our men it was the second and for others the third charge of the day, uphill and against an enemy fighting with a last-trench desperation. At Aguadores, on the coast east of Morro, the fortifications were shelled by the *New York*, *Suwanee*, and *Gloucester*.

*Saturday, July 2.*—Determined efforts to retake San Juan were made. The enemy was repulsed with great loss. General Vara del Rey, who commanded the Spanish force at El Caney, has been killed. He was second in command to General Linares, who has been disabled by a wound. Next in succession is José Toral. Four batteries, advanced to more favorable positions, threw shells into Santiago, and aided the movement of troops under General Lawton to extend our lines north of the city. Colonel Escario arrived at Santiago with about four thousand men to re-enforce the garrison.

*Sunday, July 3.*—The situation is stated in a despatch from General Shafter to Secretary Alger, which is, in part, as follows: "My lines completely surround the town [Santiago] from the bay on the north of the city to a point on the San Juan River." Another despatch includes interesting correspondence:

*To the Commanding General of the Spanish Forces, Santiago de Cuba:*

SIR,—I shall be obliged, unless you surrender, to shell Santiago de Cuba. Please inform the citizens of foreign countries and all women and children that they should leave the city before 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. R. SHAFTER, Major-General U.S.A.

*His Excellency the General Commanding Forces of United States, San Juan River:*

SIR,—I have the honor to reply to your communication of to-day, written at 8.30 A.M., and received at 1 P.M., demanding the surrender of this city, on the contrary case announcing to me that you will bombard the city, and that I advise the foreign women and children that they must leave the city before 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. It is my duty to say to you that this city will not surrender, and that I will inform the foreign consuls and inhabitants of the contents of your message. Very respectfully,

JOSÉ TORAL, Commander-in-Chief, Fourth Corps.

*The Commanding General Spanish Forces, Santiago de Cuba:*

SIR,—In consideration of the request of the consuls and officers in your city for delaying carrying out my intention to fire on the city, and in the interest of the poor women and children, who will suffer very greatly by their hasty and enforced departure from the city, I have the honor to announce that I will delay such action solely in their interest until noon of the 5th, provided during the interval your forces make no demonstration whatever upon those of my own. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant, W. R. SHAFTER,

Major-General U. S. A., Commanding.

Admiral Cervera's fleet, leaving Santiago Harbor and attempting to pass our war-ships stationed off the coast at that point, was destroyed. Despatches from Admiral Sampson and Commodore Watson follow:

The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet—not one escaped. It attempted to escape at 9.30 this morning. At two the last ship, the *Cristóbal Colon*, had run ashore sixty miles west of Santiago, and has let down her colors. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Oquendo*, and *Vizcaya* were forced ashore, burned, and blown up within twenty miles of Santiago. The *Furor* and *Pluton* were destroyed within four miles of the port. Our loss, one killed and two wounded. Enemy's loss probably several hundred from gun-fire, explosions, and drowning. About 1300 prisoners, including Admiral Cervera. The man killed was G. H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the *Brooklyn*.

SAMPSON.

At 9.30 to-day Spanish squadron, seven in all, including one gunboat, came out of Santiago in column, and was totally destroyed within an hour, excepting *Cristóbal Colon*, which was chased 45 miles to westward by the Commander-in-Chief, *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Texas*, surrendering to *Brooklyn*, but was beached to prevent sinking. ...

WATSON.

Press despatches add that the flag-ship *New York* had gone eastward to Siboney, where Admiral Sampson held a conference with General Shafter, but returned in time to join in the chase of the *Colon*. Extraordinary gallantry, according to all accounts, was shown by Captain Wainwright, commanding the converted yacht *Gloucester*.

*Monday, July 4.*—Admiral Cervera is quoted, in a despatch to the New York *Herald*, as saying to the correspondent of that paper to-day, "I received orders twice from Madrid to leave Santiago Harbor and go to Havana .... and I gave the order for my fleet to dash forth to almost certain destruction."

*Tuesday, July 5.*—Refugees from Santiago who arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, to-day, say that opinion is divided in regard to surrendering the city, the archbishop with many of the inhabitants and some of the soldiers wishing to yield, while Linares and the higher officers declare they will "burn the city to the ground first."

The demand for surrender of Santiago was repeated, and again rejected. The truce was extended.

Despatches from the front give our losses at Santiago as follows: Killed, 16 officers and 339 men; wounded, 1252. The returns are still imperfect.

*Wednesday, July 6.*—In exchange for prisoners captured by our forces, the Spanish authorities released Hobson and his seven companions who sunk the *Merrimac* in the channel of Santiago Harbor.

Despatches from Gibraltar and London state that Camara's squadron has been recalled to protect the Spanish coast.

*Thursday, July 7.*—A despatch received to-day by Secretary Long from Admiral Dewey says, under date of July 4: "The United States troops have been landed, and have been comfortably housed at Cavité. Insurgents still active. Aguinaldo proclaimed himself President of the revolutionary republic on July 1."

President McKinley signed the Hawaiian annexation resolution.

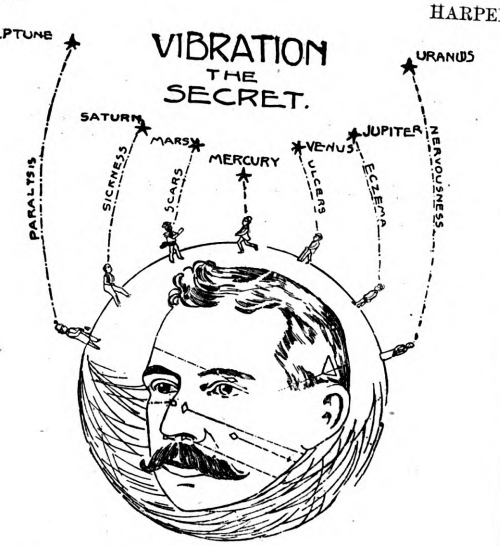
Nelson A. Miles, Major-General commanding the United States army, left Washington for Santiago, *viâ* Charleston.

Extensions of the armistice have been accorded—first, that there might be an opportunity for non-combatants to leave Santiago; and second (from Wednesday until Saturday), that the Spanish commander might communicate with his government in regard to the demand for surrender. Meanwhile our lines have been strengthened, siege-guns and mortar-batteries are in position, re-enforcements are on the way, and at Washington there has been discussion of plans for co-operation between army and navy.

*Friday, July 8.*—A despatch from Madrid states that General Correa, Minister of War, has received from General Toral, commanding at Santiago, the important communication (referred to under date of July 7) in relation to the surrender of the city. Toral says, after giving the terms of General Shafter's demand, that he has communicated with Captain-General Blanco, and warned all foreigners, who are now almost the sole inhabitants, and he adds, "It is necessary to remember that we are short of provisions, and that the troops have endured three years' campaigning."

Congress adjourned.

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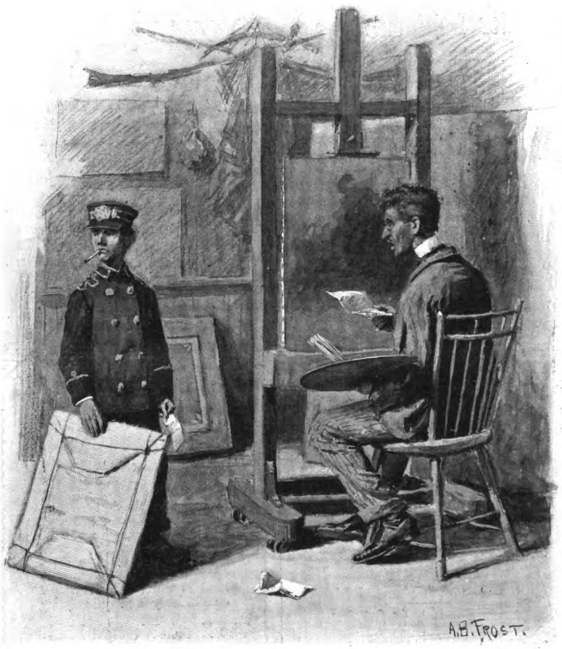
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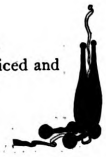
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

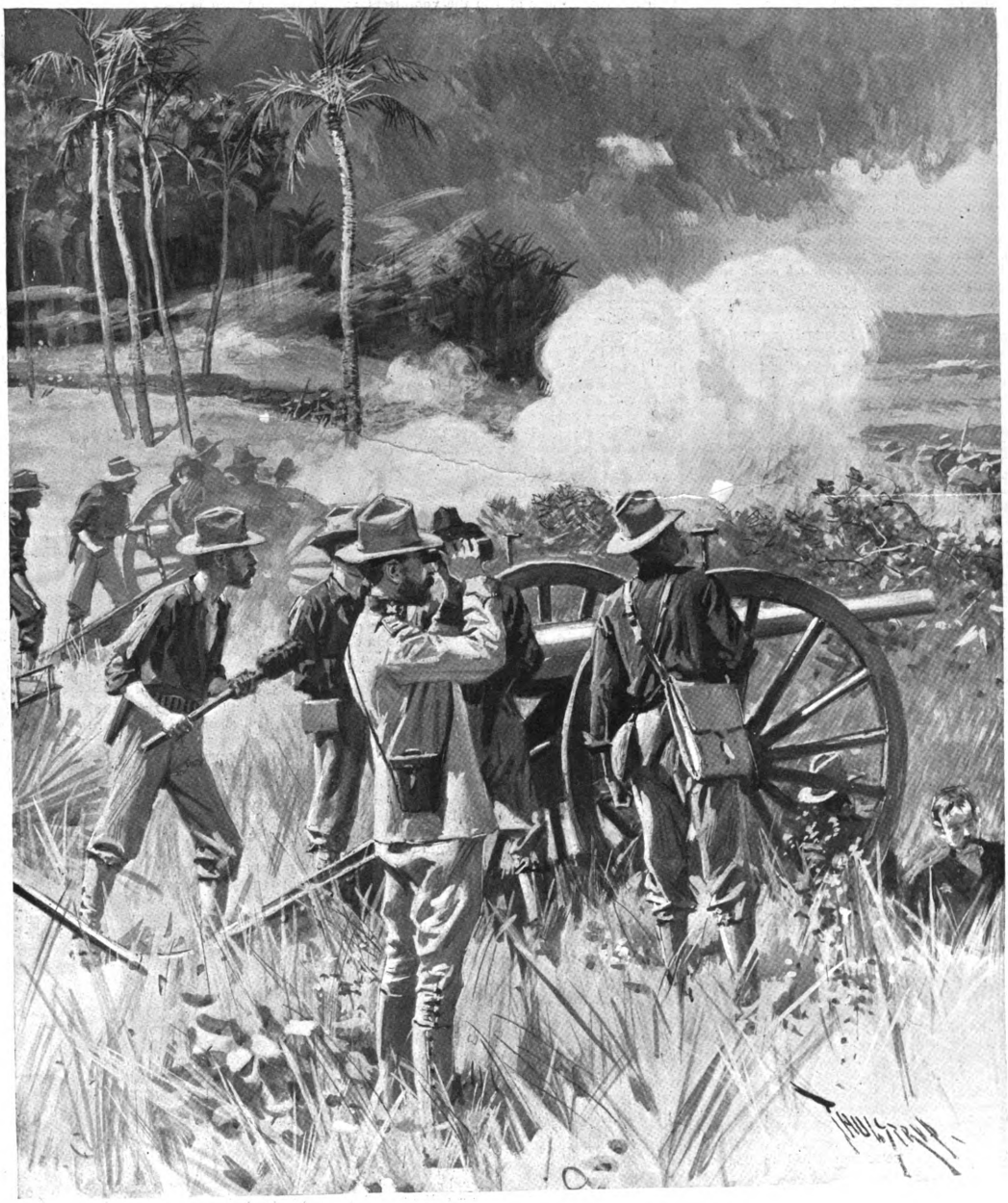
VOL. XLII.—No. 2170.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898.

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



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SANTIAGO DE CUBA—FIELD-ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 23, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square


*This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.*

| ARTISTS. | CORRESPONDENTS. |
|---|---|
| CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. | JOHN FOX, JR. |
| RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM. | FRANK D. MILLET. |
| FREDERIC REMINGTON. | JOHN F. BASS. |
| T. DE THULSTRUP | O. K. DAVIS. |
| W. A. ROGERS | HAROLD MARTIN, AND OTHERS. |

Mr. FOX *and* Mr. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, Mr. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* Mr. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

IT is well to record the fact that many of our Cuban allies are worse than worthless. The conduct of some of them at the time of the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet puts them outside of the pale of civilization. It will be remembered that they fired upon the escaping Spaniards, and were only prevented from murdering them by a shell from the *Iowa*. Since then other insurgents have declined to help the American troops to make roads, while others still have neglected to interfere with a body of marching Spaniards near Santiago.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL JUDSON HARMON delivered an excellent address the other day, before the Ohio Bar Association, on the subject of territorial expansion by this country, and he uttered some phrases which are so significant, so pregnant with meaning, that we give them to our readers. After laying down the proposition that our increase of territory heretofore has been merely to make room for our people, he said: "Mere expansion is not growth, it is only swelling; we may push across the seas, but we cannot grow there. Elephantiasis is not an unknown form of national malady, and is always fatal. There are still chapters of English history to be written." And we may add that the most intelligent English statesmen, in contemplating that history, have already come to the conclusion that England's colonies are not now of advantage to England herself.

IT is greatly to be regretted that injudicious newspapers and political friends of Commodore SCHLEY are trying to make trouble between him and Admiral SAMPSON. We trust that we are not mistaken in assuming that Commodore SCHLEY disapproves of this endeavor to honor him in discrediting his commanding officer. Wild and extravagant talk about Commodore SCHLEY'S exploit at Santiago ought to stop. He has been the first, indeed, to admit that he did not plan or lead the battle or gain the victory. The alertness and readiness of the fleet were due to the vigilance and wisdom of the commanding officer, and when the enemy appeared our ships went after his ships, each largely on its own account, the captains of the *Iowa*, *Texas*, and *Oregon*, and WAINWRIGHT of the *Gloucester*, winning as many honors as SCHLEY. If there was any plan, it was made in advance by Admiral SAMPSON, so that if any one is entitled to the honors of the event it is Admiral SAMPSON. In saying this we think we are expressing the conviction and sentiment of nearly, if not quite, all the captains of the fleet. Commodore SCHLEY is in danger of being injured by his superserviceable friends of the daily press. It might possibly be to his own advantage if he were to succeed in putting a stop to the preposterous claims that have been made on his behalf, and which he himself admits to be unsubstantial. His flag-ship, the *Brooklyn*, it is true, received the brunt of the Spanish attack, because CERVERA had ordered her assailed because it was supposed that the Spanish ships could outrun the other vessels of our fleet. That Commodore SCHLEY is entitled to honors that will reflect on his commanding officer because he successfully repelled this attack, forcing the *Colon* ashore, is preposterous. He certainly would not have been held responsible if the Spanish fleet had escaped.

THE campaign in Cuba has ended gloriously by the surrender of Santiago de Cuba. We say gloriously, notwithstanding the errors and faults that marked the beginning and the conduct of it, errors and faults which have resulted in an enormous loss of life, and may be followed by the death of many good soldiers from yellow fever. We have been fortunate in the character and condition of our enemy. He was worn out, and he had ceased to be enterprising, if, indeed, he ever was that. That he was brave is a matter of course. We have been especially fortunate in the character and conduct of our regular army officers and soldiers, who bore the brunt of the fighting, and who are distinctly entitled to the honors of the campaign. We say this without in any way reflecting upon the character of the volunteers, who did their duty as well as raw troops can be expected to do it—better, indeed, than raw troops of any other country in the world. That the regulars excelled them is due to the fact that they are trained to the business of fighting, and this training, added to the character which is conspicuous also in the volunteers, and which can be most shortly and perhaps best described as American, gives us, considering the size of our regular army, probably the best fighting force in the world. If Spain does not recognize in this blow the end of the war, it is true indeed, as has been said by an English paper, that the ways of the Spaniard are beyond comprehension.

THE bids for the government bonds were opened on the 14th of July, and the result of the bidding was most satisfactory, the bidders numbering more than 300,000. The total subscriptions for the $200,000,000 of bonds that are to be issued was for $1,325,000,000. This and the other figures that we cite are, of course, not exactly accurate, but as nearly so as is possible at this writing, for the popular character of the loan, so far as the bidding can determine that, is shown by the fact that about $90,000,000 of the bonds will go to persons who subscribed for $500 or less. As the allotments will be made to the lowest bidders, all who have bid for $500 or less will get their bonds, and outside of that, to no one will more than $10,000 of bonds be issued. As a matter of course, however, these bonds will eventually make their way into the hands of large holders, who are already offering a premium for them. The faith of the large financiers in the government was shown by the fact that there were two bids each for the whole $200,000,000, and one for $100,000,000 at a slight premium. Thus the people of the United States, who govern its policy, and the financiers, who have the interests of their clients to consider, have expressed their abiding faith not only in the ability of this government to pay every obligation it enters into, but in the substantial nature of its future financial policy.

CONGRESS is not very generous in dealing out honors and rewards for meritorious services in the field. Whatever it does by way of recognition of the heroes of the war in the army and navy is either insufficient, or, so far as the navy is concerned, is at the expense of other officers of the service. The country pays nothing for these rewards. For instance, in the navy an officer who has performed a heroic deed, like that performed by HOBSON, is promoted by being advanced certain numbers—that is, he is jumped over the heads of a number of other officers and placed in front of them, thus retarding their natural promotion, and preventing, perhaps, some of them from reaching the grade of rear-admiral. It is a gain for him, of course, but it is a grave injustice to the officers whom he skips, many, if not all, of whom would have been glad of the opportunity to render the service which he rendered. Neither they nor any one else would complain of the honor done to HOBSON or his advancement, but why is it necessary that the country should make these officers pay the debt of honor which it owes? The only just method of advancing an officer like HOBSON is to promote him to the grade above, either in the staff or line, as he may prefer, and to increase that grade and every grade above it by one number, so that while he is honored no one suffers injustice. Probably this would be the course pursued if it were not for the fact that the politicians in Congress are afraid that the country is so mean that it would resent the addition of another salary to the navy list. That is all that there is to be said in favor of the present system that we know of. In the army no permanent promotion is possible under the present system of Congressional command. If a regular-army officer performs a gallant service, he may, indeed, be given brevet rank in the regular army, but that carries no additional pay, and is a very cheap kind of honor. He may also be advanced in the volunteer service; but that is only a temporary reward, for when the volunteer army goes out of service the regular officer must return to his old rank in the regular service. The fact is that while so far in this war the politicians in Congress have honored DEWEY properly, they have refused to do anything else of real value for either service, contenting themselves at the last with helping some newspapers breed trouble between Commodore SCHLEY and Admiral SAMPSON; and if the politicians are closely watched, this record which they have made with respect to the two services will continue to furnish an excellent criterion by which to judge of their patriotism.

THE special session of the Legislature of New York was needed to give legal authorization to acts of the government of the State made necessary by the war, and to provide for contingencies not foreseen at the time of the adjournment. All that could have been done in a few days, and without opposition. It is to be supposed that the Democrats in the State Legislature have laid to heart a lesson which is very familiar to reading men, but had to be learned anew by the Democrats in the present Congress. That is, the lesson that factious opposition to the conduct of a war is the surest means of political suicide. The opposition of the Democrats in Congress has been very factious. It is true that they had so much excuse for it as could be furnished by the evidence of a determination on the part of the majority to "make political capital" out of the war. To the Democratic Senators and Representatives who had for years been picking the quarrel with Spain, and offering resolutions recognizing the Cuban Republic, while steadfastly opposing any preparation for the war which such recognition would inevitably have brought, it was no doubt a grievance that the Republicans should take possession of their own particular quarrel. Nevertheless, they should have borne themselves warily even under this affliction. Particularly they should have abstained from endeavoring to cripple the army by refusing those means of increasing it which all the experts agreed upon as the best possible means. Unfortunately they took counsel not of their reasons, but of their passions, and of Mr. BAILEY of Texas. By so doing they have put themselves in the same category with the members of the Hartford Convention in 1814 and with the opponents of the annexation of Texas in 1845, and they can look forward through an interminable vista of opposition. It is not to be supposed that this awful example has been lost upon Democratic politicians operating in smaller spheres than that of the nation. The extra session would have been brief and harmonious if it had been restricted to its proper purpose.

It was the Governor who injected into it matters foreign to that purpose. The call for the extra session specified as its objects not only the appropriation of money for war expenses, and the making of provision for the votes of New York troops in the South, Cuba, the Philippines, and elsewhere—which is an object of more solicitude to the government than to the troops—but also the making of laws which should enable him, the Governor, to manage elections in the city of New York. He did not, naturally, put it quite so bluntly as this, but this is what it comes to. The pretext for this legislation is the recent reorganization by the Mayor of the Police Commission, which, very improperly, is charged with the conduct of elections in the city. It is not unlikely that that reorganization, including the appointment of a tainted chief of police, had reference to the conduct of elections, though its chief purpose is understood to have been the reopening to policemen and to Tammany politicians of sources of income which had been closed under the honest administration of the Police Board by Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT and his associates. In order to take the control of elections away from the local authorities, it was necessary for the Governor to recommend an evasion of the Constitution of the State. This he does not hesitate to do. There is one, and only one, redeeming circumstance in the situation, and that is the evidence it affords that the Governor and the boss, Senator PLATT, have "fallen out." The action of the Mayor in displacing the Republican member of the Police Board was at first very actively resented by the representatives of the boss. But although no official announcement to that effect has been made, it is supposed that one of the appointments to the vacancies thus made was dictated by Mr. PLATT, and that his pacification has been accomplished. The Governor's proposal to take personal charge of the elections in the city shows that he is not necessarily pacified when the boss is pacified. The whole public value of his performance lies in that demonstration, which is indeed of good augury for that majority of the people of New York which does not live by politics.

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## NO EUROPEAN INTERFERENCE.

THERE is some apprehension expressed in London lest the war between this country and Spain extend beyond the scope limited by the resolutions of Congress, until it shall interest and include other powers. These apprehensions are felt by our friends—by our only friends in Europe who control, or even influence, their government. On the other hand, there are on the Continent some who seem to be doing all in their power to compel an enlargement of the field of war by seeking their own aggrandizement through the defeat of Spain and the loss of her colonies. The Emperor of Germany is chief among these; indeed, his is the only government that is openly showing a disposition to interfere with this country in its conduct and conclusion of the war, although we have little doubt that he is generally sympathized with by the men of politics of the Continent, and that we are saved from greater annoyance and more imminent danger than we have yet encountered by reason of the friendship which Great Britain manifests towards us.

The pretence by which European interference in our affairs is to be excused is that as we have set up the MONROE doctrine against European interference on this hemisphere, Europe would be excusable for setting up a corresponding doctrine against us. Stated in general terms, we shall be obliged to admit the soundness of this proposition, and if we insist upon going beyond the expressed pledge which Congress voluntarily gave when we entered upon this war, and upon forcibly and unreasonably annexing the Philippine Islands, we shall be forced to abandon the MONROE doctrine. That doctrine is perhaps incompatible with the position, the duties, and the rights of an aggressive world-power. But this question is not yet raised. We have not yet come to it, and it is to be hoped that we shall never reach it. It is conceivable that, against our will, and for the perfection of the security against the future which we shall have the right to demand from Spain at the close of the war, we may be compelled to assume the government of the Philippines. We hope that this will not be a consequence of the war; but if it should, we cannot admit that we must therefore abandon our doctrine because we are driven into Asiatic or European territory by force of circumstances. In only one instance can we conceive that the MONROE doctrine must fall by reason of our annexation of Spanish territory. If we deliberately take that territory by conquest, and merely to increase our territory, we cannot consistently longer contend that Europe must refrain from taking American territory, or from making war upon an American people for the purpose of territorial aggrandizement, or to impose upon them a European government.

As matters stand, we are not engaged in a war of the character against which the MONROE doctrine is directed. We are not waging a war for the purpose of imposing our government upon a foreign people. The WEEKLY did not believe that the war should have been begun, but the country decided otherwise, and on grounds which make the war, in international law at all events, a just war. The last power to combat this proposition ought to be the very one that is showing itself most eager to interfere. If the Emperor WILLIAM will consult BISMARCK on this point, or if he will even reflect upon the revelations which the Chancellor has volunteered concerning his view of the ethical value of lying and forgery as an excuse for war, he will be forced to the conclusion that Germany will always find it difficult to declare any war entered into by another nation to be unjust. However that may be, and whatever may have been the motives of some of the politicians and newspapers that urged on the war, the people of this country, the people who are fighting and paying for the war, believe that it is a righteous contest, entered into for the cause of humanity, and while that motive governs and determines the moral character of conduct, this war will be judged a just one in the tribunal of nations. We are using the term "just war," be it understood, wholly in the technical sense of the authorities on international law, for we are inquiring merely into our international status in view of the war. We can, of course, change the character of the war by turning it into a war of conquest and aggrandizement; but we have not yet done that, and no nation has the right to assume that we shall do so. Talk of interference, then, on the ground that we are doing in the Pacific what we refuse to permit Europe to do in the Atlantic, is based upon a mistake as to the character of our war, or upon a misunderstanding of the MONROE doctrine, for that doctrine does not prohibit a European power from asserting its rights against an American people.

We have as yet given no cause for interference nor for threats of interference, and we cannot permit Europe, or any European power, to insist upon taking part in our future negotiations with Spain for peace. We are not kept out of European 'waters,' or European affairs, for that matter, by our assertion of the MONROE doctrine, nor are we to be treated as if we were a party to European complications because we are at war with a European power. We may hereafter involve ourselves in European complications if we deliberately thrust our own frontier among the frontiers of Europe in the East; but for the present we are dealing with Spain alone, and we shall insist upon settling with Spain, without the intrusion of Germany or of any other European power. When the time comes for making peace, the fate of Spain's colonies will be determined by agreement between Spain and the United States, and we shall not permit the fruits of victory to be parcelled out among non-participants in the combat as the fruits of Russia's victory over Turkey were divided by the Berlin Congress.

It has been intimated, even in this country, that the United States might well imitate the quiet and submissive example of Russia on that occasion. There seems to us to be every reason why we should do nothing of the kind. In the first place, it is not at all certain that Russia's quiescence and submissiveness were real, or that Lord BEACONSFIELD was as successful as he and his admirers supposed. Contemporaneous history teaches otherwise. In the second place, there is no analogy whatever between the relation of Russia to the rest of Europe in 1878 and the relation of the United States to continental Europe to-day. Russia had entered upon her war with Turkey for the purpose of enforcing reforms which the concert of Europe, including Russia, had vainly demanded of Turkey. Although Russia made war without consultation with her associate powers, she was, in fact, the champion of the Christian powers for the righting of the wrongs inflicted by the Sultan upon his Christian subjects. Therefore there was some reason for a consultation of the interested powers concerning the settlement of the sequences of the war. Even so, the congress was not held until Russia had formally accepted BISMARCK'S invitation, and had agreed to leave to the congress the task of revising the whole treaty of San Stefano. Moreover, the relations between the powers of Europe on the Eastern question were very close, and their common interest in it had been recognized in more than one treaty. In the case of ourselves and Spain there are no special relations or conditions, and no agreement that changes in any respect the rules of international law affecting the subject. The question is between the two powers engaged in war. When the time for peace comes the two contestants will have the right to settle their differences without interference from any other power, unless that interference shall be invited or assented to by both. If, for example, we shall insist that Spain surrender the Philippines, it would be as hostile on the part of the German Emperor if he were to take sides against our contention as it would be now if he were to undertake to prevent Admiral DEWEY and General MERRITT completing the conquest of Manila. We are sorry that we are at war; but, as we are, it is our war, and we shall insist on settling it in our own way. We cannot permit any European power to question our good faith, or to dictate what shall be our conduct towards our conquered enemy. As for that, there is nothing in our history that tends to show that we shall be anything but generous.

## THE COMING QUEBEC CONFERENCE.

As the sundry civil bill, including the expense item, has become law, it is in order for the President to appoint commissioners to represent the United States at the coming conference for settling outstanding matters of dispute between this country and Canada. The time is propitious, as the evidence of mutual good feeling between both peoples and governments is unmistakable. The Canadians manifestly share Great Britain's sympathy with us, and show every indication of friendliness. If they are met in an equally friendly spirit the conference will have all those conditions precedent of success which spring from a conciliatory temper on both sides. By the necessities of diplomacy we cannot treat directly with Canada, which has not the status of an independent power; but England has, by the high character of the commissioners appointed, shown the imperial estimate of pending questions, as well as Canada's right to an important share in their determination. Lord HERSCHELL, who was Lord High Chancellor in Mr. GLADSTONE'S last two administrations, is the British member of the commission, while the Dominion is represented by Sir WILFRID LAURIER, Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, Sir LOUIS DAVIES, and Mr. JOHN CHARLTON.

It is fortunate that the questions in dispute are to be considered at one time and in subordination to a general plan, for each of them has long been a local and separate irritant, and has been taken up apart from its relation to the general convenience of both countries. Reciprocal trade relations have been brought before Congress seven or eight times by Canadian commissioners, but under variable and conflicting circumstances; political moods and party necessities on both sides have prevented an equitable treatment of the question. The Atlantic fisheries, the Alaskan boundary, the alien labor laws, the mining regulations, and the bonding privilege have each been discussed, but have never got to the stage which left no final arrangement to be desired. All these can now be considered in their proper order and relation. It is realized by the Canadians that access to our market is indispensable to their highest commercial welfare, but it is less likely that our own people perceive the value of freer trade with the five and a half millions of our northern neighbors, and of its relative superiority and capacity for growth as compared with Central and South America. There is no comparison between the purchasing ability of the Latin Americans and the Canadians.

It is not improbable that international co-operation in the future development of the great waterways may also be considered at the conference. Not only does the reciprocal use of existing canals need readjustment, but it is clearly perceived by experts on both sides that each country can do material service for the other in the enlargement of waterways in the near future. Reports of the joint commission on this subject are emphatic and instructive. It is also gratifying that the spirit of mutual concession should have been brought to bear at a time when the need of increased markets for our exports is more urgent than ever before. The protest of the Merchants' Association of this city against the Senate committee's action in striking out the appropriation for the Quebec Conference Commission was a suggestive proof of the value our business men place upon expansion of our trade with Canada. Now is the time for better commercial relations and a general settlement of difficulties, and if the Canadians are prepared to give a fair equivalent for what they expect to get, the approaching negotiations have an excellent chance of success.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Saturday, July 9.*—Major-General Miles sailed for Santiago on the *Yale*. With him is the Sixth Massachusetts. The *Columbia* accompanies the *Yale*, and carries the first battalion of the Sixth Illinois. The expedition numbers in all 1720 men.

Six of the war-ships of Admiral Camara's squadron have returned to Port Said on their way back to Spain.

A complete report sent by General Shafter shows our losses on July 1 and 2 to have been 1593 killed, wounded, and missing.

"There have been no propositions advanced by the Spaniards regarding Santiago that we can accept," Secretary Alger said to-night. It is understood that the Spanish commander, General Toral, after consulting with his superiors at Madrid and Havana, has suggested terms (offering to evacuate Santiago if General Shafter will permit him to depart unmolested with all his troops, arms, banners, etc.), whereas President McKinley requires unconditional surrender. General Toral made his offer to-day in a note to General Shafter, and, a despatch adds, "recommended that the terms be accepted, as no others would be satisfactory." He considerately added that any attempt to conquer the city must cost the Americans enormously in the matter of lives, for he had been re-enforced, and now had plenty of ammunition. Resistance, he said, would be long as well as strong, because, as he slyly intimated, by sending out all the poor of Santiago to be fed by the Americans, he had enabled himself to provision his garrison for an indefinite time. The truce has been extended until noon to-morrow. Six batteries of Randolph's light artillery, now arriving, will occupy positions overlooking the Spanish lines and the city before the end of next week. The distribution of troops composing our line may be roughly indicated as follows: On the right, Lawton's division (Ludlow's, Chaffee's, and Myers's brigades) and Wheeler's cavalry division (First and Tenth and Rough Riders); centre, Bates's brigade; left, Kent's brigade. It is reported that the Spaniards are digging trenches in the streets of Santiago, and otherwise preparing for a house-to-house fight.

*Sunday, July 10.*—At 11.30 o'clock this morning General Shafter notified the Spanish commander that by President McKinley's direction the Spanish proposition to surrender with the conditions mentioned under date of July 9 was rejected, and that the United States would accept no terms but unconditional surrender. General Toral replied in effect that he would discuss no other terms than those suggested by himself. In view of this correspondence the truce was extended until four o'clock, in fact the attack, which was intrusted chiefly to the artillery, did not begin until after five o'clock, when the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, and *Indiana*, lying off Aguadores, threw shells over the cliffs in an effort to reach the city, about five miles distant and hidden from

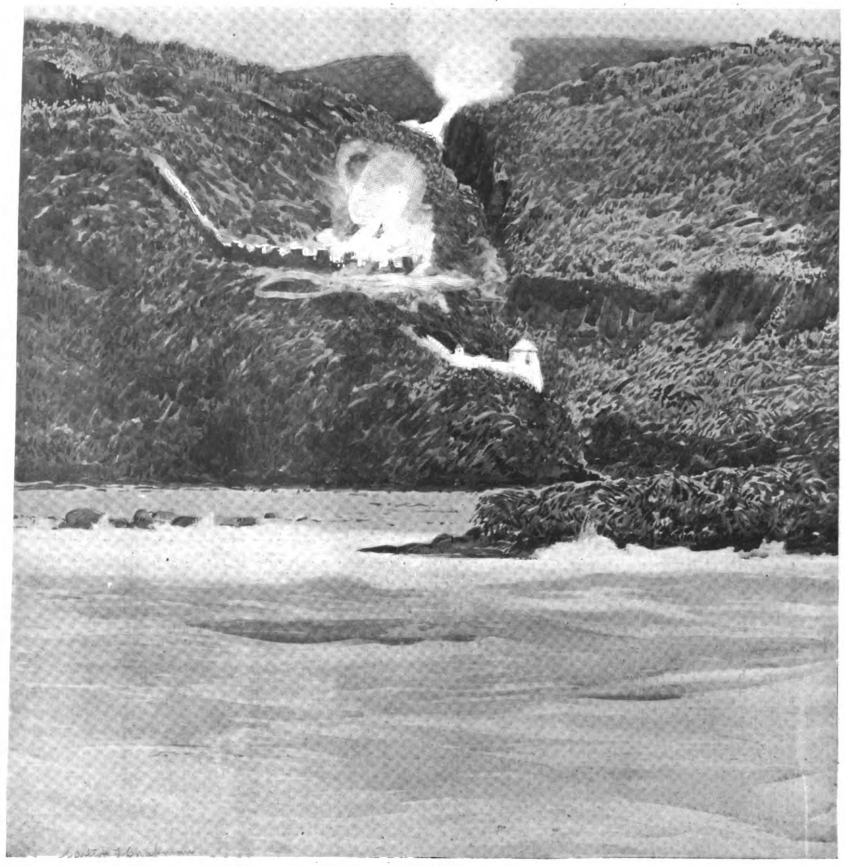
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Shell from the "New York."

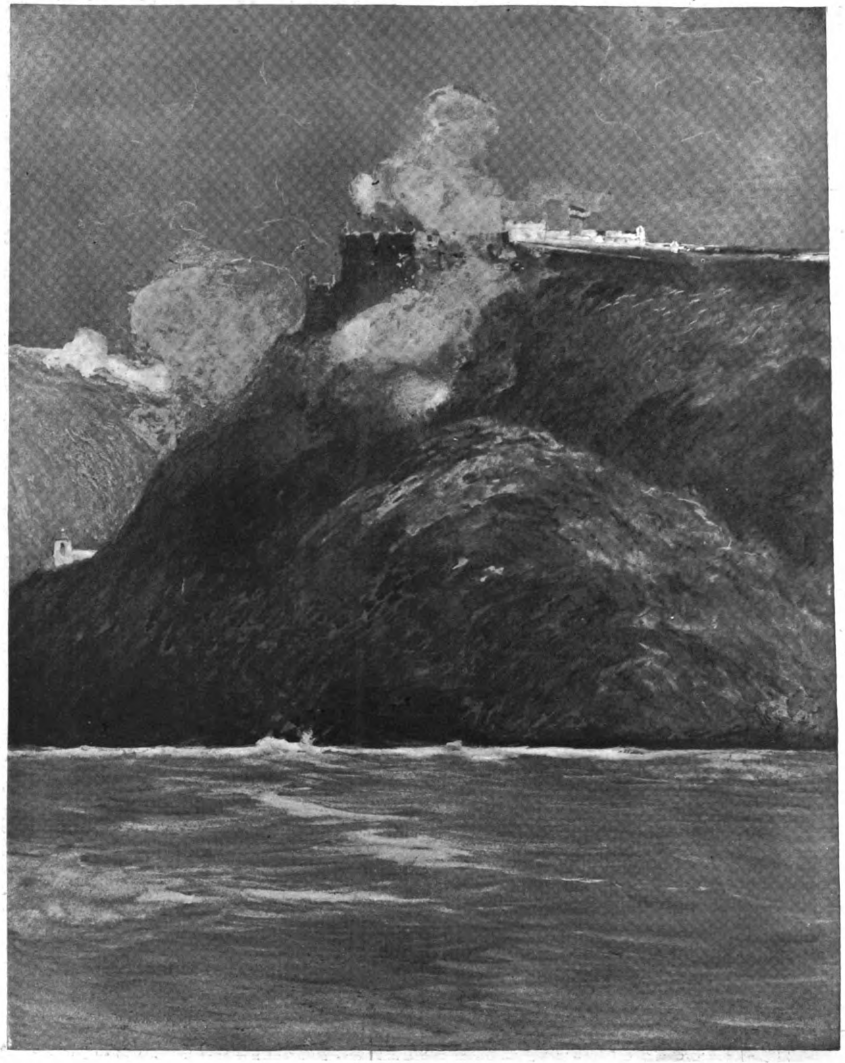


Fort. Mouth of River.

MOVING ON SANTIAGO—DESTRUCTION OF THE FORT AT AGUADORES, JULY 1.

The "Suwanee's" three splendid Shots: the first tilted the Flag-staff; the second tore the Flag in two; the third carried it away.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

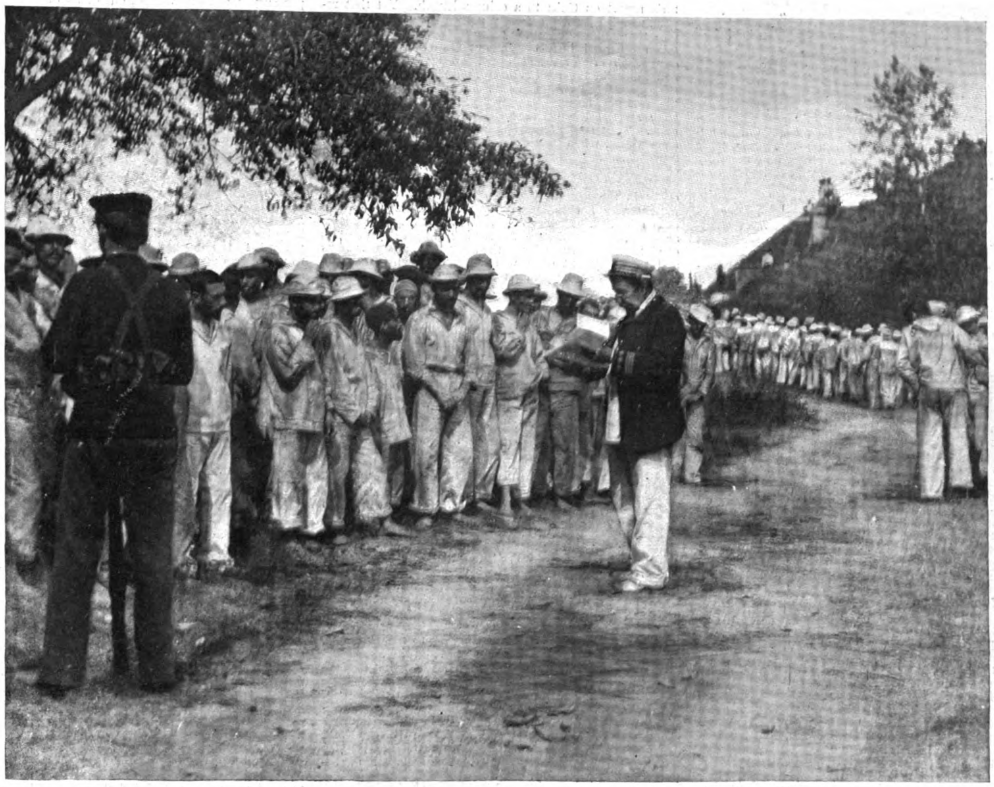


NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO'S HARBOR DEFENCES, JULY 2.

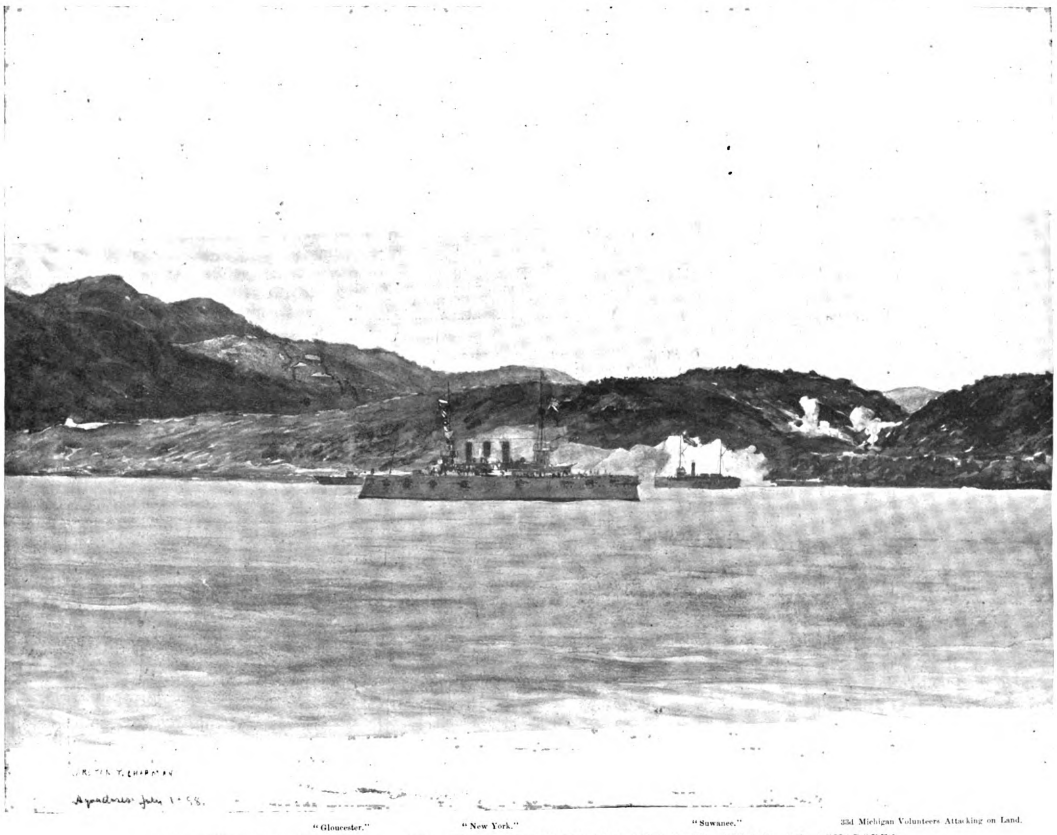
Effect of Fire from the Fleet on Fort Morro, 6.30 A.M.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

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SPANISH PRISONERS FROM ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET AT SEAVEY'S ISLAND, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Captain Emilio Diaz Mareau, of the "Cristobal Colon," checking off the Names of the Men of the "Vizcaya" and "Colon."



"Gloucester." "New York." "Suwanee." 33d Michigan Volunteers Attacking on Land.

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO, JULY 1—COMBINED SEA AND LAND ATTACK AT AGUADORES.
Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

WRITING in *Literature* of Mr. Godkin's *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy*, Mr. Henry James speaks of its author as having conducted, these thirty-five years, "the journal which, in all the American press, may certainly be said to have been—and independently of its other attributes—the most systematically and acutely observant." That means, of course, the *Nation*, which was started in 1864, and it certainly has been "systematically and acutely observant," however opinions may differ as to its ability to see the whole of anything, or even to see things straight. As a social and political critic, Mr. Godkin fills a conspicuous place in this country, and if he lacks anything in perspicacity or sympathy or candor, he makes it up in vigilance, and in the possession of an equipment which makes his strictures interesting even to those who most resent them, and which affords him the means for frequent and often edifying comparisons.

How far the *Nation* has been merged in the *Evening Post*, and whether it still maintains the importance that it possessed when it was the only vehicle of Mr. Godkin's deliverances, is best known to its owners. In view of its success, and of the apparent success and importance of the British weeklies that resemble it, it seems odd that it has not had more rivals in this country. Most of our more important unillustrated weeklies of general circulation began as religious papers and developed a secular side. That was the case with the *Outlook* and the *Independent*. Our literary weeklies and fortnightlies for the most part stick close to literature. One of the brightest of them, the *Chap-Book*, has enlarged its field, flirts a little with illustration, and seems ready to take notice of almost anything that is noticeable. But the *Nation* continues to be the nearest thing we have to the secular British weekly, devoted to politics, literature, art, and social questions, and with something on its mind that needs expression.

Most of us believe we have a pretty good idea of what happened in the principal fights, both on land and on sea, near Santiago, but a multitude of rumors about various little supplementary differences have been hard either to verify or to trace to any conclusion. We have been invited, first and last, to take sides in a great many highly interesting personal disputes. We have been assured that General Merritt and Secretary Alger could not agree, that the Secretary and General Miles did not work well together, that General Miles and General Shafter were mutually jealous, and that General Shafter and Admiral Sampson found co-operation very difficult. What bases of truth there may have been to any or all of these stories, and others like them, we don't know, and are not eager to learn. The war has gone on somehow, and that is what we want. We can wait till it is over before we really settle down to gossip.

When that good time comes we can afford to consider that story about the disparity of opinion between Mr. R. H. Davis and General Shafter about the conduct of affairs at Santiago. Then too we may tackle another and more serious matter, which is not so easily deferred. We have been assured that there was a disparity of sentiment between Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley as to which of them beat Cervera's fleet. About the facts of the fight there has been no question, and it would seem to ordinary thinkers that, the facts being universally known, the equities as to glory and promotion might be left to be determined by the proper authorities. But we have been assured that Sampson suppressed Schley's message to Washington, and that the relations between Sampson and Schley were painfully strained. Also that Sampson and Schley understood each other and the situation, and were getting on well. This last report is the one we hope to see verified.

At home too, and outside of the army and navy, some nice squabbles have matured, especially, as usual, among the newspapers. The *Sun* says that the news of most of its rivals is inadequately based on occurrences, and in particular the *Evening Sun* has proclaimed that an interview with Admiral Cervera published in the New York *Herald* of July 11 was a lie. The *Herald*'s story of what Admiral Sampson said to Commodore Schley also failed to win the confidence of its neighbors, while the *Herald*'s story that Admiral Erben was relieved from command of the coast defences because he was slow in obeying the orders of the Navy Department is scornfully denied, and apparently on the best of grounds, by the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*.

The newspapers are very interesting these days, and we read them voraciously, and compare their conflicting statements with unusual attention. Since the war broke out, the rival purveyors of news in New York, where newspaper rivalry is so very keen, have been on trial under conditions unusually favorable to the recognition of good work. The information that has been wanted has been of the sort that the cleverest and most ambitious correspondents could feel professional pride in furnishing. To get it and forward it has been man's work. Blatherskite sensations haven't counted for much, and trustworthy news well presented has counted for a great deal. There are some evidences of a disposition to return to some old-time habits and methods of presenting the news. There are prosperous and successful papers in New York, quite abreast of their fellows in enterprise, which meddle very little with pictures, use moderation in their choice of types, eschew the "crazy-quilt" arrangement of the wares they offer, and seem to rely for patronage on their ability to get the news promptly and print it in convenient and readable form. Willingness and ability to spend money is not quite all there is to newspaper-making. There is something in character and the ability to command the services of honorable and trustworthy men; something too in knowing what is important and what is not, what is true and what is false, what is worth space and what may be condensed without loss. Last spring a New York newspaper of great enterprise and a high reputation for news-getting, famous for its lavish expenditures for news, cut down Senator Proctor's report on Cuba to a column-length. Yet that report, which cost it practically nothing, was news of superlative importance, worth twice the space it would have taken to print it in full. The same newspaper, the other day, when the President appointed some two hundred lieutenants in the regular army, published the names of the appointees by States as far as Massachusetts, and left the rest out, because, apparently, to print more would have marred the prettiness of the arrangement of its page. That sort of newspapering does better in ordinary times, when folks want to be entertained, than now when they want to be informed. Meanwhile every sign that the newspaper business is winning out of the hysterical stage which has affected it so seriously in the present decade is welcome. Good newspapers may not make a country great, but they will help mightily. Newspapers that are intelligent, decent, accurate, responsible, and interesting are great promoters of civilization. In so far as the competition for war news and the treatment of it when obtained brings out the strong points of the really strong newspapers it is a good thing, and a benefit to a very important business.

The Board of Aldermen of Cambridge seems favorably disposed towards a curfew ordinance providing that children under sixteen years old shall not be in the streets after half past nine in the evening unless accompanied by a parent or guardian, or furnished with a note written the same day authorizing them to be away from home. This ordinance, which has progressed so far as enrolment, has a majority of five to three behind it, and its effects are likely to be tried. Its enforcement will call for much discretion on the part of the police, and the experience that Cambridge has with it will doubtless influence the action of other New England cities. The objection is made that Cambridge is too much of a city for the ordinance to be enforced without hardship, but Cambridge is not too much of a city to tolerate a no-license law, and where a no-license law gives public satisfaction a curfew ordinance may work well too.

The Boston *Transcript* has been publishing long lists of liberal subscriptions to the Massachusetts Volunteer Aid Association, which seems to be very active and efficient both in sending relief and supplies to soldiers in the field and in looking after soldiers' families that are in need. On a single day (July 12) the *Transcript* acknowledged subscriptions for this work amounting to nearly $9000, the largest single item being $2741 63 from the Massachusetts Association Opposed to Further Extension of Suffrage to Women. Evidently the organized "antis" have a mind to show that they are not lacking in patriotism, whatever views they hold about the expediency of allowing women to vote. The Volunteer Aid Association has rooms on Mount Vernon Street, in Boston, which form a distributing centre for supplies received from tributary societies in all parts of the State. The association is fitting out a hospital-ship.

Although the Chicago papers reported that President Andrews of Brown University had refused to be any longer a candidate for the superintendency of the Chicago public schools, he has been elected. Politics seemed to have abounded overmuch in that contest. An important ground of opposition to Mr. Lane, the late superintendent, is that he introduced Republican politics into the schools, and that an influential recommendation of President Andrews was that he believed in the Chicago platform. School superintendents ought not to be chosen on account of their political leanings, and it is to Dr. Andrews's credit that a political contest for pedagogical office was distasteful to him.

A contemporary paragrapher makes the "serious complaint" that there are very few places in New York "where you can take a lady for supper at midnight without rubbing elbows with boisterous women who are not recognized in good society." That seems an amusing charge, easily met by the suggestion that the need for taking a lady out to supper at midnight must occur so rarely that the maintenance of even a few respectable late-hour restaurants should be sufficient to meet it. New York has been declared to be the easiest place in the world to get food in at night, being in that particular in strong contrast to London. A man who expects to find not only an elaborate supper for a lady after midnight, but improving society as well, seems extortionate in his expectations.

Our Cuban allies seem to be many men of many minds and various conduct; at least the reports we have of them give that impression. There is great variety about the reports. One day we hear that the Cubans fight nobly; again that they are not of much use; again that being invited to help in road-making, they refused, declaring that they were soldiers, not laborers. We have heard that they massacred Spanish prisoners, and again that that report was a lie. It is not only hard to determine what the Cubans that our troops have seen amount to, but it is hard to say also how far they are representative of what is left of the Cuban people. They seem chiefly to be skirmishers, under slight discipline, fighting every man on his own hook, interested in the American invaders, and careful to gather up clothing and other superfluities that the invaders throw away. We are told that they are starved, and again that they are well fed. Both reports are probably true, but true of different lots of Cubans. Obviously it is too soon yet to form any opinion about them.

The investigations of the loss of *La Bourgogne* will be followed with great interest. The impression that there was mismanagement and failure to do what was reasonably to be expected follows naturally on the stories of the survivors and consideration of the dreadful loss of life. Still, the stories of the survivors are conflicting. Murderous brutality on the part of individuals is attested beyond the reach of question, but about the conduct of the officers and crew the information informally gathered was inconclusive. The fact that all the officers of the ship were drowned except the assistant purser weighs in favor of belief in their personal gallantry at least. There are likely to be at least two investigations—the one at Halifax which began last week, and another by French authorities. Fifty per cent. of the crew were saved, ten per cent. of the passengers, and one woman out of two hundred. Those are stubborn figures, and it will be interesting to see what the investigators will make of them.

The conviction that the war on the seas is over, and that the end of war ashore is only a matter of time, seems to have released a great number of our fellow-citizens who have wanted to go to Europe, but have wished first to assure themselves as to what was going to happen. Now that most of what was due has happened, the east-bound liners are running full again, and folks who are used to spending their summers abroad have resumed their usual habits.

It will be interesting to see whether among the ultimate results of the war we shall see an increase of travel across the Pacific. Will the Hawaiian Islands attract more visitors now that they are under our flag than they have been used to? And all those other groups and archipelagoes! It happened once to this present paragrapher to navigate a good many thousand miles of the Pacific in a sailing-ship with an enlightened skipper, who abounded in narrative of maritime experience and adventure. One experience he liked to recall was of the time when he put into Guam. It was an emergency visit of some sort. He put in there for repairs or shelter or supplies, but the impression it left on his mind was one of complete tranquillity. When conditions were adverse, as when our ship battled with sou'westers for a continuous fortnight off Cape Horn, he would sigh at the profusion of discomfort and contrast it with Guam. And when things went well, and the trades carried us along up the coast for days together without pulling a rope or changing a sail, he would be reminded of Guam and the serenity of existence there. He insisted that when he retired from active life he would retire to Guam. If his feelings about it were justified, it must be an ideal place for folks to go to who have nervous prostration, or are dismantled for some reason or other, and wish to stop living for a time and let the world jog on without them. If it is to be ours, no doubt in time we shall become better acquainted with its qualities, and possibly we shall hear more of its attractions as a refuge for overwrought Americans who are not quite dead. When the Nicaragua Canal is built, and society in the Pacific looks up a little, that big ocean ought to make a charming play-ground for yachtsmen.

The Nestor of the hour is Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. When he speaks we all listen, and though he is by no means garrulous, when the occasion calls his words are ready. More than once this year his deliverances have brought solace to the faint-hearted, and renewed the confidence of the doubtful that the republic was not going on the rocks. When, in the Senate, he reviewed the situation with Spain, and declined to assent to the view that peace must be maintained at any cost, it comforted the consciences of a great many persons, who were glad to believe that a course which Senator Hoar was not ready to condemn could not be indefensible. When, the other day, he assented to the annexation of Hawaii, and expressed confidence that the consequences of it would not be so far-reaching and mischievous as the opponents of annexation had declared, that too was a great comfort, and moderated the anxieties of the disconcerted. On July 13, at Worcester, at the opening of the summer school of Clark University, he made another speech, which had also some reassuring passages. He spoke of his confidence that the country is growing better; he spoke of the present war as a war of duty, not of glory; he spoke of its effects in reuniting the North and the South, and in bringing America and Britain into closer relations. Then he turned his attention to Professor Norton's allegations that the American people are good-natured optimistic triflers, who have no fine sense of honor, and can't distinguish what is honest from what is not. He said:

> The trouble with Professor Norton, who thinks his countrymen are lacking in a sense of honor, is that there are two things he cannot in the least comprehend—he cannot comprehend his countrymen and he cannot comprehend honor. In a true philosophy the sense of honor and the sense of duty are one. Wordsworth says that "honor is but the finest sense of justice." There never was a people on earth who, in regard to the great subject of public conduct, were actuated by a finer, by a profounder, sense of duty and a clearer sense of justice than the people of the United States in this generation and at this hour.
>
> If we continue to act on the notion which inspired this war in the beginning, we shall hold a place in the solid respect of mankind such as no nation ever held before. We have but one task remaining to us, we have to do once more what Israel Putnam did in the old time—pull the wolf out of his den.

These are bold words, and comfortable. It is somewhat amazing that any one who knows Professor Norton should suggest that he cannot comprehend honor, but that he does not comprehend the American people is by no means incredible. Senator Hoar ought to know the American people and understand them. He has had every opportunity; he has known them at home, and he has met their representatives in Congress for a whole generation. If a man who enjoys his comprehensive and more or less intimate acquaintance with the United States Senate still feels that we Americans are good people, devoted to duty, and growing better, surely we ought to take such comfort as we need about ourselves, and continue to hold our heads up among the nations of the earth.

Which way is Manila—east or west? It's a toss up; but, at any rate, it was there that the largest pan of glory seems to have been set, and Dewey skimmed it. Cervera's fleet has come and gone, and great is the renown of its departure; but, after all, as the unrestricted say, "there is no discount on Dewey." What happened off Santiago was what was expected to happen—expected because of what happened at Manila. What happened at Manila was the bolt out of the blue that makes a real sensation.

So far as we can judge, we have in our navy at least a dozen captains who ought to be admirals. Those that become admirals will deserve it, as will also a good many of those who don't. Where every commander who has a chance plays it for an admiralship we are bound to conclude that there are many others who lacked only the opportunity to do the same. We must regard our navy, therefore, as an assortment of rudimentary admirals, who failed of due development only because there was not enough of the Spanish navy to go around.

E. S. MARTIN.

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CAPT. JOHN DRUM,
10th U. S. Infantry.



CAPT. JAMES FORNANCE,
13th U. S. Infantry.



CAPT. MAXIMILIAN LUNA,
1st Volunteer Cavalry.



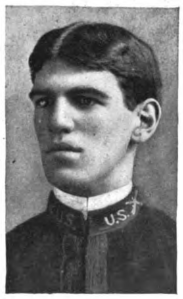
1ST LIEUT. W. M. DICKINSON,
17th U. S. Infantry.



2D LIEUT. THOS. A. WANSBORO,
2d U. S. Infantry.



2D LIEUT. WILLIAM A. SATER,
13th U. S. Infantry.



2D LIEUT. CLARK CHURCHMAN,
13th U. S. Infantry.
Photograph by Pach.



2D LIEUT. E. N. BENCHLEY,
6th U. S. Infantry.
Photograph by Pach.



SERGT. HENRY ANDERSON,
2d U. S. Cavalry.
Photograph by Pennell.



SERGT. FRANK W. SCOFIELD,
71st N. Y. Volunteers.

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS KILLED IN THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 707.*)

view. Signals from shore announced that the shells fell short of the Spanish position. From Shafter's lines the Spanish defences outside the city wall were fired upon by our field-guns, mortars, Gatling guns, and the dynamite gun of the Rough Riders. The enemy's reply proved to be less vigorous than was anticipated. The official report states that on our side Captain Charles W. Rowell and one private were killed and four wounded.

*Monday, July 11.*—The First Illinois (1350 men), Eighth Ohio (1350 men), District of Columbia Infantry (915 men), and recruits numbering about 930 for regular regiments in the field are the most recent arrivals.

General Shafter's available force to-day, after counting all re-enforcements, and deducting the dead, sick, and wounded, is about 22,500 fighting-men. This is based on an estimate of 15,337 men in General Shafter's original expedition, and a little more than 10,000 in various expeditions which have gone since then, making in all 25,500 men. From this, however, must be deducted those who have fallen in the fighting thus far, and also the men confined to the hospital by sickness. The deduction is roughly estimated at 3000, leaving in round numbers 22,500 men as the fighting force of the American army before Santiago.

At six o'clock this morning the gunners in the American lines were ordered to open fire upon the Spanish defences and the city. The firing was deliberate and accurate, and the damage to property in the town is supposed to have been very great. The fleet, co-operating with the land forces, found the range by two trial shots from the *New York*, and then threw 106 shells, of which number 101 were effective. The distance was 8500 yards.

The town of Caimanes, northwest of the city, was occupied by our troops under General Ludlow and a force of Cubans.

*Tuesday, July 12.*—A despatch from headquarters to the Adjutant-General at Washington relates to the extension of our lines northwest of Santiago mentioned in the last paragraph, and contains other matter of especial interest. General Shafter says that a flag of truce has been up since two o'clock yesterday, and adds that Toral is "considering proposition for surrendering, now that I have town surrounded on the north. Lines were completed at 5 P.M. by General Ludlow right down to the bay. The line is rather thin, but will have it strengthened in the morning by General Henry, who has just arrived at headquarters. Only three or four casualties; no one killed, so far as we can learn. Expect to have two new batteries in position to-morrow. Great deal of suffering among the people who have gone out of Santiago. Am doing my best to relieve it, but not entirely successful."

Secretary Alger received a report from General Miles, stating that the latter arrived at Siboney yesterday, and had had "consultation with Admiral Sampson and with General Shafter by telephone." General Miles adds: "Troops brought from Tampa, Charleston, and New York arrived, and leaving for the front. Line of investment being extended."

A despatch filed at eight o'clock this evening says that Toral has again refused General Shafter's proposal for an unconditional surrender, "expressing himself as ready to meet an attack at any time the invading army saw fit to make one."

*Wednesday, July 13.*—The War Department has made public a despatch from General Shafter, in which he says, among other things: "Have had an interview of an hour and a half with General Toral, and have extended truce until noon to-morrow.... Hope for his surrender. If he refuses, I will open on him at twelve, noon, to-morrow with every gun I have...." General Miles's report to Secretary Alger reads: "At a meeting between the lines, at which Generals Shafter and Wheeler and Spanish General Toral were present, the latter claimed that he is unable to act without authority of his government, but has received authority to withdraw and surrender harbor ports, munitions of war, and eastern portion of Cuba. He urgently requests until to-morrow noon to receive an answer from his government regarding offer of our government to send his forces to Spain, which was granted." Permission to withdraw is refused by the War Department.

Word was received at the War Department that fourteen cases of yellow fever had been reported at Siboney before the destruction of the town by fire yesterday at the request of the Hospital Corps and by order of General Miles.

A third army near Santiago is perhaps more formidable than either Shafter's or Toral's—it comprises the eighteen thousand miserable refugees from the city.

An Associated Press despatch from Hong-kong, July 13 (Manila, July 9), contains the report that the German gunboat *Irene*, in Subig Bay, refused to permit Philippine insurgents to attack Spaniards on Isla Grande. The cruisers *Raleigh* and *Concord* having been sent to that point by Dewey, the former opened fire upon the forts—the *Irene* withdrawing. The Spaniards surrendered. On returning to Manila, the commander of the *Irene* explained that he had interfered "in the cause of humanity," and offered to hand over certain refugees to Dewey. The offer was declined. Additional particulars are contained in a despatch from Admiral Dewey to the Navy Department, received to-day: "Aguinaldo informs me his troops have taken all of Subig Bay except Isla Grande, which he was prevented from taking by German man-of-war *Irene*. On July 7, the *Raleigh* and *Concord* went there. They took the island and about 1300 men, with arms and ammunition. No resistance. The *Irene* retired from the bay on their arrival."

*Thursday, July 14.*—Toral has surrendered. All that we know positively as yet, in regard to the important fact and its intensely interesting circumstances, the following despatches contain:

PLAYA, *July 14.*

*To Adjutant-General at Washington:*

Have just returned from interview with General Toral. He agrees to surrender upon the basis of being returned to Spain. This proposition embraces all of eastern Cuba from Aserradero on the south to Sagua on the north, *viâ* Palma, with practically the Fourth Army Corps. Commissioners meet this afternoon at 2.30 to definitely arrange the terms. W. R. SHAFTER, Major-General.

PLAYA, *July 14.*

*To Secretary of War at Washington:*

BEFORE SANTIAGO, *July 14.*—General Toral formally surrendered the troops of his army, troops and division of Santiago, on the terms and understanding that his troops would be returned to Spain.

General Shafter will appoint commissioners to draw up the conditions of arrangements for carrying out the terms of surrender. This is very gratifying, as General Shafter and the officers and men of this command are entitled to great credit for their sincerity and fortitude in overcoming almost insuperable obstacles which they encountered.

A portion of the army has been infected with yellow fever, and efforts will be made to separate those who are infected and those free from it, and to keep those who are still on board ship separated from those on shore.

Arrangements will be immediately made for carrying out further instructions of the President and yourself.

NELSON A. MILES, Major-General of the Army.

*Friday, July 15* — Spanish 4-per-cent. bonds advanced one point in the dealings in the London market, selling at 38⅝. This is taken as indicating a belief on the part of London and Paris traders that peace is in sight, and, it may be added, peace on terms not absolutely ruinous to Spain. On May 9 the price for the bonds registered in London was 29½. That was the lowest point. The ruling price at the date of the destruction of the *Maine* was 61.

Details that seem meagre, in view of the importance of every phase of the situation at Santiago, are gathered from despatches just arriving. The truce, which was to end at noon yesterday, was prolonged at General Toral's request, communicated at half past nine o'clock, the Spanish commander suggesting the appointment of a joint commission to arrange terms. General Miles and General Shafter appointed an interview. Just before noon they rode out between the lines and met General Toral, who in the mean time had received Captain-General Blanco's authorization to capitulate. General Toral named, as commissioners to represent Spain, Robert Mason the British vice-consul, General Escarajao, and his own chief of staff. General Miles and General Shafter appointed, as our representatives, General Wheeler, General Lawton, and Captain Miley of General Shafter's staff. The terms of surrender, it is said, give us the city of Santiago, and that portion of the province of the same name east of a line drawn from Aserradero northward to Palma, and thence northeast to Sagua de Tánamo and the mouth of the Sagua River. "The Spanish captives are to be sent to Spain by the United States government. Only the Red Cross representatives are to enter the city at once; our troops not to go in until the Spanish forces leave. The Spanish officers are to keep their side-arms." This cession includes all the territory in which our forces have been active, from Aserradero to Guantanamo, and the mountainous district stretching to the Windward Passage and the Old Bahama Channel. It does not embrace the towns of Holguin and Manzanillo, garrisoned by strong bodies of Spanish regulars; but the universal opinion to-day is, beyond question, that the control of eastern Cuba has passed out of Spanish hands forever, and that this is the beginning of the end. Rumors of peace negotiations grow more persistent, although Secretary Day denies the published report that overtures of this nature from Spain have the endorsement of the English, Russian, and Japanese representatives at Washington. President McKinley, in speaking of the fall of Santiago, said: "I hope for early peace now."

Throughout the Spanish peninsula the rights of individuals as guaranteed by the constitution have been temporarily suspended by a royal decree. This means the uniform and resolute application of martial law, together with suppression of the news of disaster, until the government shall feel that the crisis has passed.

*Saturday, July 16.*—The good news reaches New York at ten o'clock this morning that the articles of surrender have been signed by General Toral, with authorization from Captain-General Blanco. M. W.

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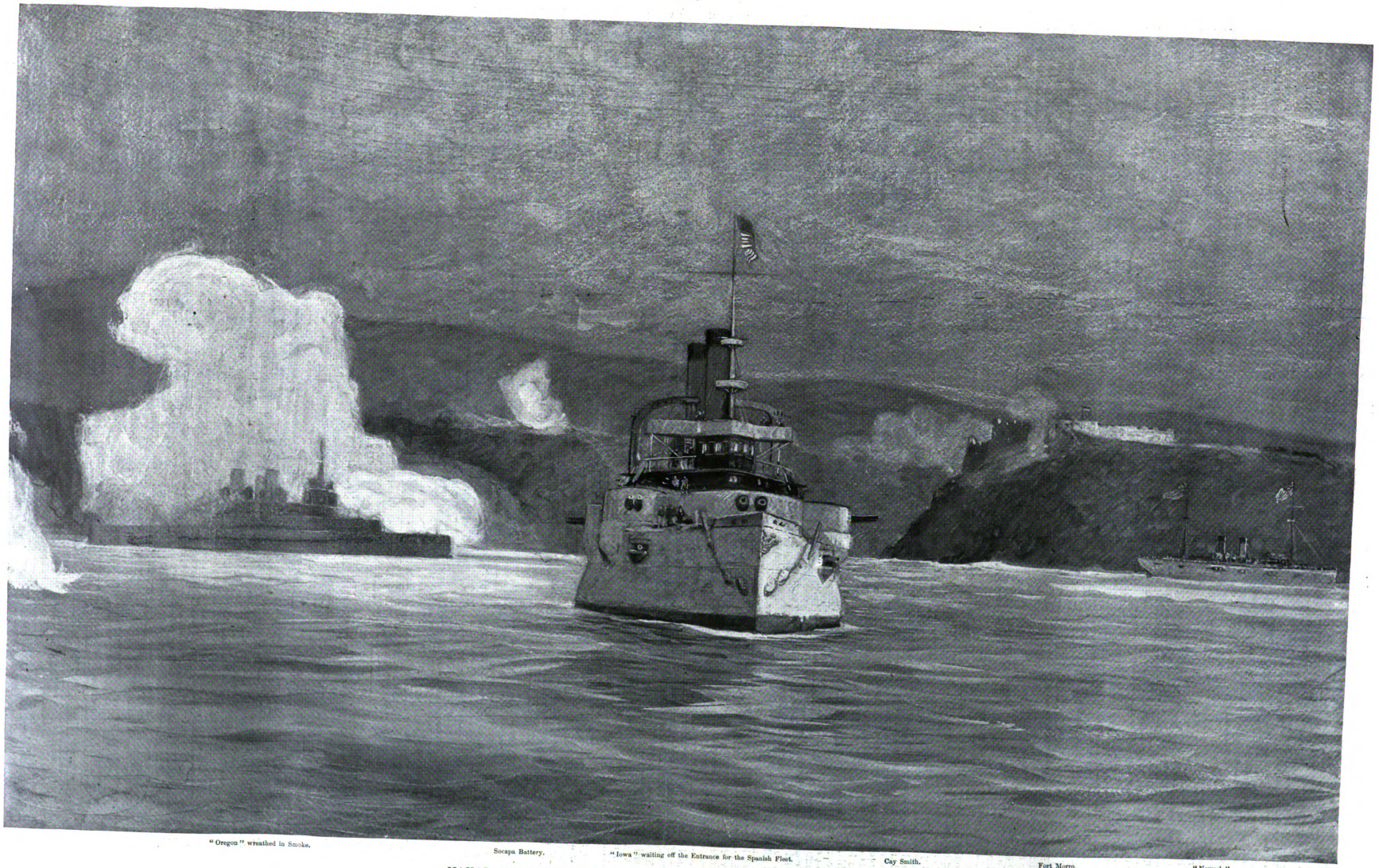



THE FORWARD TURRET OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA" IN ACTION, LIEUTENANT LOUIS S. VAN DUZER, COMMANDING.
DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

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NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO'S HARBOR DEFENCES, JULY 2.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

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# LONDON.

*June 25, 1898.*

Evolution of Anglo-American friendship continues to progress. Noisy sentimentalities cease to attract the more thoughtful. Banquets are more appropriate means for the celebration of passing sentiments or for the registration of accomplished facts than for the international expression of deep feeling. The tendency of our race to solemnize emotion with food has naturally been followed in the case of the Anglo-Saxon movement. A large feast has been held to mark the friendly feeling that exists between the two countries. Several eminent personages expressed their approval and staid away. Other more or less distinguished people attended the dinner, spoke at great length, and relapsed into private life. It is not in this fashion that Anglo-Saxon unity will be realized. The best compliment that Englishmen and Americans can pay to each other is for both of them fairly to face the obstacles in the path of an English-speaking union, while individual Englishmen may do much if they make all American visitors to England understand by practical methods that in this country they are not looked on as foreigners. Glowing epithets, eloquent phrases, and tropical imagination have been lavished on the subject of a prospective alliance. The time has come to think ahead, to define the conditions and recognize the difficulties of the case, and to leave the open volume of vague generalities to habitual emotionalists. Neither courage nor sincerity is required at the present moment to scream at the top of one's voice about an Anglo-American understanding. The one really important issue is contained in the resolution of the House of Representatives favoring the annexation of Hawaii by 209 votes against 91.

The opinion of several English statesmen, not given for publication under their names, but expressed in the course of private conversation, is that America, as a whole, does not yet grasp the full significance of her colonial policy, and that the change in the great republic from a self-contained nation to one exercising sway over colonies and dependencies is scarcely appreciated as being what it is—a supreme event to be ranked with the greatest world changes of the last three centuries. It is obviously to the interests of England that America should acquire permanent interests in the Philippines, and should become a colonial power favoring the open door. If an Anglo-American alliance were to be of the nature of the Franco-Russian *entente*, where each party to the engagement is incessantly occupied in trying to get the better of the other, conflict, not union, would be the inevitable result. Accordingly, the best friends of America in England are not those who applaud American action merely because it is likely to benefit this country, but are rather to be found among men—disinterested and sincere—who care sufficiently for the Anglo-Saxon union to face the pitfalls and difficulties in the way. A hundred examples in the history of British empire contain valuable lessons to American statesmen. If the Americans hold the Philippines they can scarcely keep out of the coming quarrel about the "open door." It is obviously to England's more immediate interests that the States should be involved in the arrangement of a question that is more likely to be settled by the effusion of blood than by the slinging of ink. Whether such an entanglement would be to the interests of America is a matter on which Americans are the best judges. Englishmen most competent to judge do not think that the new imperial policy will, in the long-run, benefit the States.

The question of the control of the Nicaragua Canal and the mending or ending of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is a matter of enormous importance to the United States, whether or not they abjure the fascinations of colonial empire. Once committed to colonization in Hawaii, the Philippines, and Cuba, the United States will not only be plunged into the trade and politics of the Far East, but American interests will become world-wide. The fiscal question will then have to be faced. It is futile for Englishmen to ignore it. We stand for the "open door" and for the greatest possible freedom of trade in all parts of the world. The flag of England is the flag of a trustee for all nations, for equality of opportunity, and for a fair field and no favor. The fiscal policy of the United States is at present protection in its severest form. England has no business to criticise American fiscal policy at home, but if a joint understanding with America is to be possible, substantial agreement on the subject of the "open door" and the greatest possible freedom of trade in all parts of the world is an indispensable condition to common action between the two countries. If the foundation of an American empire merely means the addition to England's competitors of a new and greater power committed to protection and exclusive dealing, the interests of England would scarcely be subserved by an Anglo-American alliance. If, however, high tariffs, coast-wise regulations, and navigation laws are abandoned by the United States in its colonial possessions, fair material for compromise on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty already exists.

The Niger Convention with France has been signed. The arrangement now settled between the two countries is identical with that which was foreshadowed in my February letter to the Weekly. England recovers Boussa; France retains Nikki and a foothold on the upper reaches of the Niger between Say and Ilo. The prolonged negotiations have been extraordinarily difficult. The points in dispute have been fought inch by inch. While the French press, venal and half informed as it is, has consistently supported the negotiators for France, the English members of the Niger Commission have been hampered by the unwisdom of leading English newspapers. On two occasions the French negotiators were on the point of yielding to British representations, when out came a leading article in an important London newspaper declaring that "under no circumstances would England go to war with France about a swamp." French diplomacy naturally seized upon these assertions as evidence that the English negotiators were engaged in a game of bluff. Hence unnecessary friction was introduced into the discussion, which was dangerously prolonged as the direct consequence of well-meaning representatives of the peace-at-any-price party. The one point that is new in the convention is the grant to France of two trading-stations on the Niger—one at the mouth and the other near Boussa. France obtains these stations for thirty years on payment of one franc a year. Strict provisions are laid down—on paper, be it remembered—that the land so leased shall be used exclusively for the purpose of the landing, storage, and shipment of goods, and for such purposes as may be considered subsidiary thereto. The only permanent residents allowed shall be the persons employed in the charge and for the security of such goods, their families, and servants. With the experience of French good faith in West Africa, his would be a sanguine soul that concluded the perennial Niger question is dead and buried. Free-trade stipulations can be evaded by the French, as experience in the French Congo has shown. If precedent be a guide, it will not be long before the French will attempt to utilize these enclaves, as they are called, and employ them as jumping-off places for the development and extension of what French progressives consider to be the glory of France.

An example of the insularity of Frenchmen on the subject of colonial and foreign affairs is offered by the experience of Admiral Maxse, whose interest in this Niger question has been expressed in a powerful and searching examination of the whole question of Anglo-French dispute. The result of Admiral Maxse's investigations was published in the *National Review*, of which Admiral Maxse's son, Mr. L. Maxse, is the editor. With the view of conveying to the French public a knowledge of the facts, Admiral Maxse, who is an accomplished French scholar, translated his article into French and published it in the form of a brochure. The publication of the work was attended by extraordinary difficulties. Four Parisian publishers refused to undertake the job, although the admiral's proposals relieved them of the whole of the expense. The mere fact that the brochure was unfavorable to French pretensions frightened four leading French publishing-houses out of an undertaking profitable to themselves and involving no risk—a telling comment on the extent to which freedom of opinion to-day reigns in France. At last a publisher was found, and the brochure appeared. In a manly and outspoken preface the admiral roundly tells the French people that there is one matter upon which the English can claim superiority over their neighbors—namely, a perennial desire to know the real nature of the views of an opponent. The tone of the brochure is most courteous, and is merely an impartial statement of facts drawn for the most part from official documents or textual citations from leading French newspapers. Commenting upon Admiral Maxse's presentation of the English case, the *Figaro* can discover nothing but "coarse insults," "arrogant assertions without a shadow of evidence," and "calumnies." To reason with the French in their present mood is as hopeless as discussion with an angry but beautiful woman.

The treatment of their imperial inheritance in India by the democracy is notable among the perplexing problems of the day. British electors, the vast majority of whom are wage-earners, are directly responsible for 290,000,000 inhabitants of a distant empire—a burden never borne by imperial Rome in her prime or by imperial Russia to-day. The East India Loan bill, this week before the House of Commons, by which a sterling loan of £10,000,000 is proposed by the Indian Secretary, has raised questions the wise settlement of which is necessary for the continuity of the British Raj. Certain Irish and Radical members of Parliament are doing their utmost to hamper the Indian authorities by coquetting with sedition, and investing political intrigue with the dignity of constitutional agitation. If Clive and Warren Hastings had had their proceedings discussed in the House of Commons in the same spirit as that displayed by a considerable minority of the popular Chamber towards the administration of Lord Elgin, we should never have had an Indian Empire. The burden of taxation per head in India for 1898–9 is only 42 cents. When the average land revenue—there is no rent in India—is added, the amount of taxation at the present exchange value is 80 cents per head per annum. The salt tax, of which so much is made, amounts to 10 cents per head per annum. Since 1877, the year of the last great famine, canals and great irrigation works have received an extension of fourteen thousand miles, and there has been an increase of three and a quarter million acres in the land irrigated. At the present time the irrigated land in India is capable of feeding one hundred and twenty millions of the population. So-called humanitarian interests, unduly represented in the House of Commons, are distinctly modifying the relations which have hitherto subsisted between the Indian government and the legislature. India was won by the sword, is held by the sword, and if democracy is to continue the mastery exercised by the British since the battle of Plassey, Demos must recognize the reality of the fact that behind all the justice, fair dealing, and humanity of the Indian government physical force is still the dominant factor of the situation.

The House of Commons is ignorant, but supreme. Continuity of policy in India is sustained, as in Russia, by the government never going out of office. Individuals change. Party government is unknown. The governing body is subject to a process of incessant and minute alteration. The vast populations which have successively come under British rule have been accustomed to look upon the Indian government as the final authority exercising power for and on behalf of the English sovereign. The Indian bureaucracy has no equal in history, no rival among Latin, Slav, or Teutonic races. They administer with success, as well as achieve conquests. From the member of the viceroy's cabinet down to the newest and rawest acting deputy sub-assistant commissioner there is a tone of distinction among Indian civilians. Lofty aims, pure lives, unwearied toil, even justice, intellectual vigor, strong unselfishness, and ready courage are the characteristics of the thousand or eleven hundred lonely white men who carry on the administration of India. We owe the moral strength of England's position in India to the character of the officials. Conscious that they stand as representatives of their country, their responsibilities are ever before them. National hypocrisy may be imputed to England in other directions—in her drink traffic, in her sweating system, in the prevalence of betting and gambling, in the social evil, in the condition of the submerged tenth—but the government of India, more especially since the mutiny, stands upon a firm foundation of moral strength. A few officials lent by India to Egypt have transformed the valley of the Nile. English hold on Egypt and on India alike is due to the spirit that makes India at once the pride and the burden of our country, as Manila will be the burden and the pride of the United States.

Among the Indian problems clamoring for attention, the question of the population is at once the most intractable and important. Pax Britannica, by suppressing civil war, encouraging the money-lender, feeding the destitute in famine years, has increased the population by nearly one hundred millions during the present century. A great tragedy is shaping itself on the plains of India and in the valleys of the Ganges and the Indus. Under Mogul rule periodic famine so regulated the population of Hindustan as to adjust the numbers of the people to the productive capacity of the soil. Equilibrium between the numbers of the population and the average food-supply was thus roughly but firmly established. In good years the people increased. In bad years the population diminished. In the year 1800 India contained about two hundred million inhabitants. From thenceforward human life has been treated as sacred, irrespective of its quality. The people have multiplied like butterflies. Internecine war has been replaced by a universal passion for litigation. Famines engendered by humane government have been fought by the state, and in an access of unusual generosity the people of England last year contributed nearly twelve cents a head to the sufferers from the latest scourge of dearth. Those who would have died under the rough rule of the Moguls survive to a joyless and prolific existence. Pressure of population on food-supply has already destroyed, in the Ganges Valley, village arts that flourished for centuries before the introduction of law and order. Population increases after every famine, under the operation of what is known as Doubleday's law, whereby abnormal fecundity is observed to be the invariable characteristic of the half-fed. A starved peasantry escape death only to provide in their offspring material for future famine.

Men now living may see the population of India reach 400,000,000. The peninsula is destined to become nothing more nor less than a huge congested district. Before a prospect like this the currency problem, the frontier problem, the race problem, and the fiscal problem are of insignificant importance. Emigration is possible only in dozens, or at the most in hundreds. Agriculture has little margin for improvement. The Indian peasant has known his business for three thousand years. There are parts of Bengal where the population is eight hundred to the square mile, and where every individual on it lives out of the land. To irrigation and the extension of railways there is a limit. The redistribution of the population is at best a palliative; it is no remedy. Manufactures require a stable currency, and, until the silver problem is solved, the one Indian industry must continue to be agricultural. The readjustment of taxation, about which so much is said by those who do not know India, would produce no visible effect where the total taxation per head amounts to only a few pence per annum. Nobody cares to face the black outlook. On the other hand, so-called humanity to the living checks disease, stamps out the plague which would reduce the population to manageable dimensions, even though by enforcing sanitary laws India is driven to the verge of revolution, while the emaciated Ryots in the periodic famines are maintained by a paternal government. The suggestions that natural law should be allowed to assert itself or that philanthropy as a function of government should be laid aside are insupportable ideas to the great majority of the people of England and America, but it is by no means certain that unwillingness to face facts will not produce during the next half-century an Asiatic tragedy of accumulated horror which the human mind can scarcely conceive—unless some wholly unforeseen invention or political cataclysm should change the course of history.

All roads lead to Russia nowadays—even the afternoon drama. The matinée play, as a rule, is a thing to be avoided, or at best endured. Attracted by the announcement of a play by Stepniak, for the benefit of his widow, I went to the Avenue Theatre one afternoon last week with forebodings as to the nature of the entertainment. I had known Stepniak personally, and had learned something more about him in Russia than is a common knowledge here. Stepniak was regarded as a murderer in his own country. In the view of the Nihilists and their academic sympathizers here he was a hero. To have stabbed a police official in the back, however, gives to Stepniak no immunity from criticism, and his play, "The Convert," produced at the Avenue Theatre, with the scenery of "The Club Baby," and the aid of Mr. Laurence Irving, Mr. Tabor, Mr. Charles Charrington, and Mr. H. Swears, was as poor a play as a well-meaning assassin ever wrote. Two remarkable features, however, made "The Convert" interesting. Firstly, the ringing cheers evoked in a London theatre by sanguinary sentiments directed against the young Tsar recalled the fact that London is ever a centre for cosmopolitan conspiracy; and secondly, the part of *Katia*, the heroine, revealed to the astonished critics present a young actress, of quite extraordinary charm and great ability, of whom scarcely any one had ever heard before. The name of Miss Margaret Halstan was new to me, and nobody at the time could tell me anything about her, except that she had played understudy to *Trilby* in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company. Miss Halstan's great personal attractions had less to do with her success than her rare dramatic power. To stir a matinée audience in a badly staged Russian play, written by an amateur, is no ordinary feat. The sincerity and sympathy of Miss Halstan's acting changed the part of a stagy *ingénue* into that of a girl visibly palpitating with the terrible reality of fate. Although Miss Halstan has gone through the theatrical mill in the provinces for two years, sheer love of art attaches her to the stage. She lives with her parents in the West End, is greatly helped in her ambitions by them, and, unless all the critics are mistaken, is destined to rise high in her profession. Her chief fault is youth. Actresses are rarely supposed to be perfect until they are grandmothers, while the average age of an *ingénue* at the Théâtre Français is somewhere in the neighborhood of forty. Déjazet played the *jeune fille* at threescore years and ten.

Arnold White.

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

### VIII.—THE BISHOP'S TALE.

THE stranger placed his broad-brimmed hat on the ground beside him, exposing a large round head somewhat bald in front, but not from age, and the rest of it covered with close-cut brown hair. His black clothes fitted him very closely, their extreme tightness suggesting that they had shrunken in the course of wearing, or that he had grown much plumper since he had come into possession of them; and their general worn and dull appearance gave considerable distance to the period of their first possession. But there was nothing worn or dull about the countenance of the man, upon which was an expression of mellow geniality which would have been suitably consequent upon a good dinner with plenty of wine. But his only beverage had been coffee, and in his clear bright eye there was no trace of any exhilaration except that caused by the action of a hearty meal upon a good digestion and an optimistic disposition.

"I am very glad," he said, looking about him at the company, and then glancing with a friendly air toward the two guides, who stood a little back of Mr. Archibald, "to have this opportunity to explain my appearance here. In the first place, I must tell you that I am a bishop, whose diocese has been inundated, and who consequently has been obliged to leave it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald; and Margery looked at Mr. Clyde, with the remark:

"There! You see I was very near to it."

"I presume this statement will require some explanation," continued the man in black, "and I will make it presently. I am going to be exceedingly frank and open in all that I say to you, and as frankness and openness are so extremely rare in this world, it may be that I shall obtain favor in your eyes from the fact of my possessing those unusual qualities. Originally I was a teacher, and for a year or two I had a very good country school; but my employment at last became so repugnant to me that I could no longer endure it, and this repugnance was due entirely to my intense dislike for children."

"That is not at all to your credit," observed Mrs. Archibald; "and I do not see how you became a bishop, or why you should have been made one."

"Was your diocese entirely meadow-land?" inquired Mr. Archibald.

"I am coming to all that," said the stranger, with a smile of polite consideration toward Mrs. Archibald. "I know very well that it is not at all to my credit to dislike children, but I said I would be honest, and I am. I do dislike them—not their bodies, but their minds. Children, considered physically, are often pleasant to the view, and even interesting as companions, provided their innate juvenility is undisturbed; but when their personalities are rudely thrown open by a teacher, and the innate juvenility prematurely exposed to the air, there is something so clammy, so chilly to the mental marrow, that I shrink from it as I would shrink from the touch of any cold, clammy thing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald.

"I am not sure," observed Margery, "that there is not some truth in that. I had a Sunday-school class for a little while, and although I can't say there was a clamminess, there was—well, I don't know what there was, and I gave it up."

"I am glad," said the man in black, "that my candor is not sinking me in the estimation of every one present; but even if it did, I am obliged to tell the truth. I do not know what would have become of me if I had not the good fortune to catch the measles from a family with whom I was spending Sunday in another town. As soon as the disease plainly showed itself upon me my school was broken up, and it was never gathered together again, at least under me. I must make my story as brief as possible, and can only say that not long after this I found myself in another town, where it became necessary for me to do something to support myself. This was difficult, for I am an indefinite man, and definiteness seems necessary to success in any line. Happening one day to pass a house with open lower windows, I heard the sound of children's voices speaking in unison, and knowing that this must be a school, I looked in, compelled entirely by that curiosity which often urges us to gaze upon human suffering. I found, however, that this was a kindergarten conducted by a young woman. Unobserved by scholars or teacher, I watched the proceedings with great interest, and soon became convinced that kindergartening was a much less repellent system of tuition than any I had known; but I also perceived that the methods of the young woman could be greatly improved. I thought a good deal upon this subject after leaving the open window. And soon afterward, becoming acquainted with the young person in charge of the children, I offered to teach her a much better system of kindergartening than she was using. My terms were very low, and she became my scholar. I soon learned that there were other kindergartens in the town, and some of the teachers of these joined my class. Moreover, there were young women in the place who were not kindergartners, but who would like to become such, and these I also taught, sometimes visiting them at their houses, and sometimes giving my lessons in a room loaned by one of my patrons. My system became very popular, because it was founded upon common-sense."

"What was your system?" asked Mrs. Archibald. "I am interested in kindergartens myself."

"My object," he answered, "was to make the operation of teaching interesting to the teacher. It struck me very forcibly that a continuance of a few years in the present inane performances called kindergartening would infallibly send to our lunatic-asylums a number of women, more or less young, with more or less depleted intellects. The various games and exercises I devised were very interesting, and I am sure I had scholars who never intended to become kindergartners, and who studied with me solely for their own advantage. It was at this time that I adopted the clerical dress as being more suitable to my vocation than any other costume, and some one having called me the bishop, the name soon became popular, and I was generally known by it."

"But what is your real name?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"Madam," said the man, "you must excuse me if I ask you to recall your question. I have a good name, and I belong to a very good family, but there are reasons why I do not at present wish to avow that name. Some of these reasons are connected with the report that I purposely visited the family with the measles in order to get rid of my school; others are connected with the inundation of my diocese, of which I shall speak; others refer to my present indefinite method of life. There is reason to suppose that the time is not far distant when my resumption of my family name will throw no discredit upon it, but that period has not yet arrived. Do you press your question, madam?"

"Oh no," said Mrs. Archibald; "it really makes no difference; and out here in the woods a man may call himself a bishop or a cardinal or anything he likes."

"Thank you very much," said he, "and I will continue to speak in figures, and call myself a bishop."

"Where I was brought up," interpolated Phil Matlack, still standing behind Mr. Archibald, "I was taught that figures don't lie."

"My good sir," said the speaker, with a smile, "in mathematics they don't, in poetry and literature they often do. Well, as I was saying, my diocese extended itself, my revenues were satisfactory, and I had begun to believe that I had found my true work in life, when suddenly there was a misfortune. There arrived in our town three apostles of kindergartening—two of them were women, and one was a man. They had heard of my system, and had come to investigate it. They did so, with the result that in an astonishingly short time my diocese was inundated with a flood of Fröbelism which absolutely swept me away. With this bag, this umbrella, with this costume, which has now become my wardrobe, I was cast out in all my indefiniteness upon a definite world."

"And how did you get here?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"I had heard of Sadler and his camps," said he; "and in this beautiful month and in this beautiful weather I thought it would be well to investigate them. I accordingly went to Mr. Sadler's, where I arrived yesterday afternoon. I found Mr. Sadler a very definite man, and, I am sorry to say, that as he immediately defined me as a tramp, he would listen to no other definition. 'You have no money to pay for food and lodgings,' said he, 'and you come under my tramp laws. I don't harbor tramps, but I don't kick them out into the woods to starve. For

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

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GROUP OF THATCHED HOUSES AT SIBONEY.



FIRST VIEW OF SANTIAGO FROM THE I

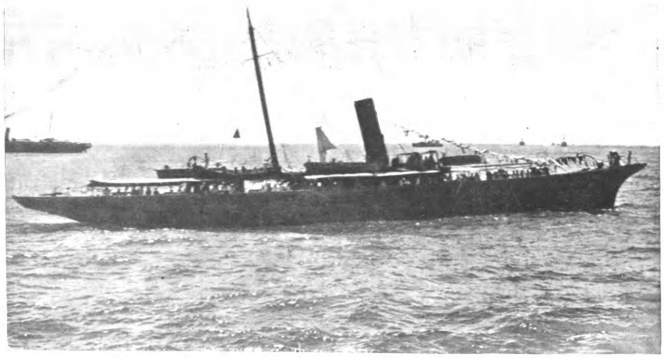


CUBAN RE-ENFORCEMENTS LANDING AT SIBONEY.



GENERAL LAWTON AT THE FRONT.





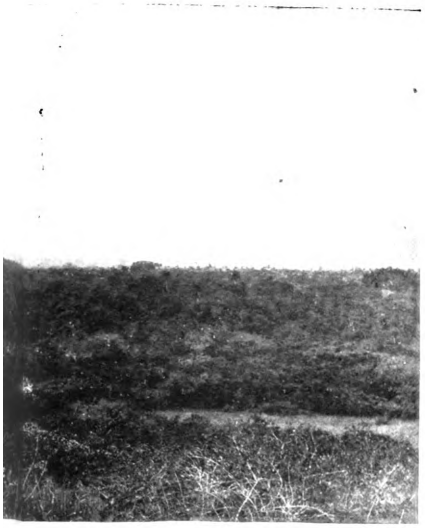
THE "GLOUCESTER" BRINGING CAPTAIN CHADWICK TO SEE GENERAL SHAFTER.



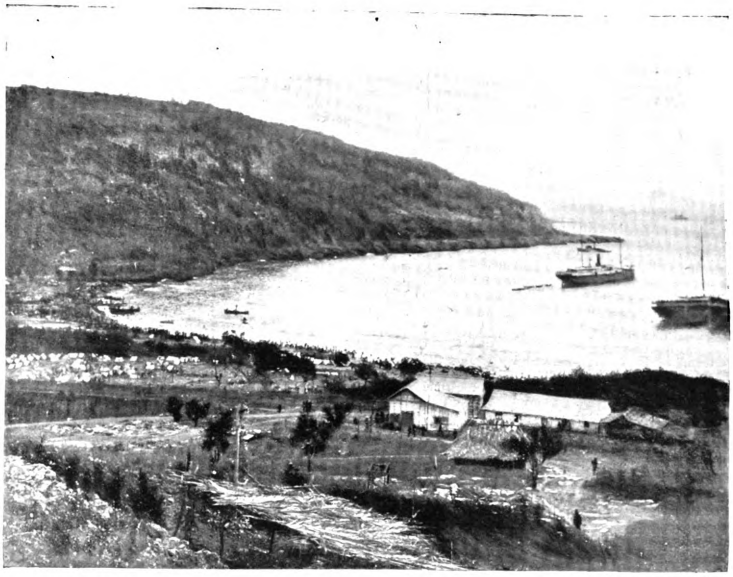
UNITED STATES TROOPS COMING ASHORE AT SIBONEY

THE INVASION OF CUBA—WITH

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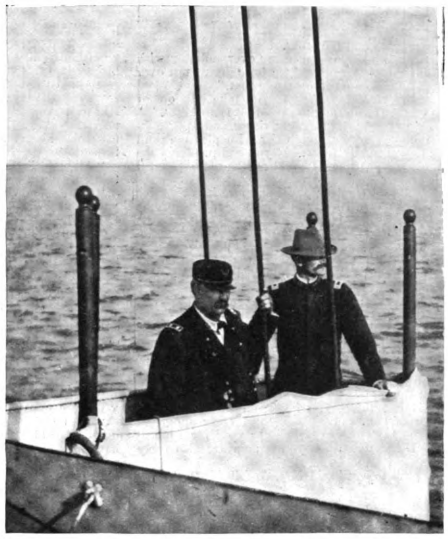
HILLS—ABOUT FIVE MILES DISTANT.



THE CAMP AT SIBONEY—TRANSPORTS IN HARBOR.



LANDING COMMISSARY STORES THROUGH THE SURF.



GENERAL SHAFTER AND LIEUT. NOBLE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "SEGURANCA."





CUBAN SOLDIERS FROM ASERRADERO LANDING AT SIBONEY.



SWIMMING HORSES ASHORE AT BAIQUIRI.

THE ARMY BEFORE SANTIAGO.

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labor on this place I pay one dollar and a half a day of ten hours. For meals to day-laborers I charge fifteen cents each. If you want your supper, you can go out to that wood-shed and split wood for one hour.' I was very hungry; I went out into the wood-shed; I split wood for one hour, and at the end of that time I had a sufficient meal. When I had finished, Mr. Sadler sent for me. 'Do you want to stay here all night?' he said. 'I do,' I answered. 'Go, then, and split wood for another hour.' I did so, and it was almost dark when I had finished. In the morning I split wood for my breakfast, and when I had finished I went to Mr. Sadler and asked him how much he would charge for a luncheon wrapped up in a piece of paper. 'Seven and a half cents,' he said. I split wood for half an hour, and left Sadler's ostensibly to return to the station by the way I had come; but while I had been at work, I found from the conversation of some of the people that one of the camps was occupied, and I also discovered in what direction it lay. Consequently, after I had passed out of the sight of the definite Peter Sadler, I changed my course, and took a path through the woods which I was told would lead to this road, and I came here because I might just as well pass this way as any other, and because, having set out to investigate camp life, I wished to do so, and I hope I may be allowed to say that although I have seen but little of it, I like it very much."

"Now, then," said Phil Matlack, walking around the circle and approaching the stranger, "you said, when you first came here, that you were going to go, and the time has come when you've got to go."

"Very well," said the other, looking up with a smile; "if I've got there I'd better stop."

Mr. Archibald and the young men laughed, but Matlack and Martin, who had now joined him, did not laugh.

"You've barely time enough," said the former, "to get to Sadler's before it is pitch-dark, and—"

"Excuse me," said the other, "but I am not going back to Sadler's to-night. I would rather have no bed than split wood for an hour after dark in order to procure one. I would prefer a couch of dried leaves."

"You come along into the road with this young man and me; I want to talk to you," said Matlack.

"Come, Matlack," said Mr. Archibald, "don't be cruel."

"I am not," said the guide. "I am the tenderest-hearted person in the world; but even if you say so, sir, I can't let a stranger stay all night in a camp that I've got charge of."

"Look here, Matlack," exclaimed Mr. Clyde, "you haven't got charge of our camp!"

"No, I haven't," said the other.

"Well, then, this person can come over and stay with us. We have a little tent that we brought to put over the cooking-stove, and he can sleep in that."

"Very well," said Matlack; "if you take him out of this camp I haven't anything to say—that is, to-night."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, rising, and approaching Mr. Clyde, "I accept your offer with pleasure, and thank you most heartily for it. If you had proffered me the hospitality of a palace, I could not be more grateful for it."

"All right," said Clyde; "and I suppose it is time for us to be off, so I will bid you all good-night. Come along, Arthur. Come along, bishop."

The face of the last-named individual beamed with delight as he heard this appellation, and bidding everybody good-night, and thanking them for the kindness with which he had been treated, he followed the two young men.

The three walked some little distance toward Camp Roy, and then Clyde came running back to speak to Margery, who was now standing by herself watching the young moon descend among the trees. Then Mr. Raybold also stopped and came back to Margery, upon which the bishop stopped and waited for them. In about ten minutes he was joined by the two young men, and the three proceeded to Camp Roy.

"There is one thing, Harriet," said Mr. Archibald, "which I wish you would speak to Margery about. I don't want her to get up so early and go out for a morning walk. I find that those young men are also early risers."

"I will speak to her," said Mrs. Archibald; "where is she?"

"Over there, talking to young Martin," said her husband. "It isn't quite dark yet, but I think it is time we were all in bed."

"Quite time," said she. "Margery tells me that that young guide, who is a handsome young fellow, is going to teach her how to fish with flies. I wish you would sometimes take her out in the boat with you, Mr. Archibald; I am sure that you could teach her how to fish."

He smiled. "I suppose I could," he said; "and I also suppose I could pull her out of the water the first time she hooked a big fish. It would be like resting a boat on a pivot to put her into it."

"Then you don't take her," said Mrs. Archibald, decisively. "And you can't take her with you up the stream, because of course she can't wade. I don't want her to get tired of camp life, but—"

"Don't be afraid of the young men," interrupted her husband, with a laugh; "so long as there are three of them there is no danger."

"Of course I will not, if you don't wish it, Aunt Harriet," said Margery, when Mrs. Archibald had spoken to her about the early morning walks; "and I will stay in my room until you call me."

The next morning, when Mrs. Archibald was ready to leave the cabin, she did call Margery, but received no answer. Then she went to the little studio-room, and when she opened the door she found its occupant leaning out of the window talking to Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold, who stood outside.

"Good-morning, Aunt Harriet!" exclaimed Margery, gayly. "Mr. Clyde has brought me nearly an armful of birch bark, all thin and smooth. I am going to make a birch-bark bedspread out of it. I'll cover a sheet with these pieces, you see, and sew them on. Then I can have autographs on them, and mottoes, and when I cover myself up with it I shall really feel like a dryad."

"And here is what I have brought," said Mr. Raybold, holding up an armful of bark.

"Oh, thank you very much," said Margery, taking the mass, but not without dropping a good many of the pieces. "Of course it was kind of him to bring it," she said to Mrs. Archibald, as they left the room together, "but he needn't have bothered himself: I don't want to sleep under a wood-pile."

### IX.—MATLACK'S THREE TROUBLES.

"Have you asked those two young men to breakfast again?" inquired Mr. Archibald, after examining, with a moderate interest, the specimen of birch bark which Margery had shown him.

"Oh no, indeed," said she; "they have had their breakfast. They have been telling me about it. The bishop got up very early in the morning and cooked it for them. He's a splendid cook; and he found things in their hampers that they didn't know they had. They said his coffee was delicious, and they have left him there in their camp now, washing the dishes and putting everything in order. And do you think, Uncle Archibald, that it is going to rain?"

"I do," said he; "for it is sprinkling already."

This proved to be the first bad day since the Archibald party had gone into camp, and the rain soon began to come down in a steady practised way, as if the clouds above were used to that sort of thing and could easily keep it up all day.

As there was no place under roof to which company could be conveniently invited, Margery retired to her room and set herself diligently to work on her birch-bark quilt.

Mrs. Archibald established herself in the division of the cabin which was intended to be used as a sitting and dining room in bad weather, and applied herself to some sewing and darning, which had been reserved for just such a day as this. Mr. Archibald, in a water-proof suit, tried fishing for half an hour or so, but finding it both unpleasant and unprofitable, he joined his wife, made himself as comfortable as possible on two chairs, and began to read aloud one of the novels they had brought with them.

Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold had considerately gone to their own camp when it began to rain, hoping, however, that the shower would be over in a short time. But the rain was not a shower, and they spent the morning on their backs in their tent, talking and smoking. Of course they could not expect the bishop to depart in the rain, so they had told him to make himself as comfortable as he could in the little kitchen tent, and offered him a pipe and a book. The first he declined, as he never smoked, but the latter he accepted with delight.

After the mid-day dinner Phil Matlack, in a pair of high hunting-boots and an oil-skin coat, came to Mr. Archibald and said that as there was nothing he could do that afternoon, he would walk over to Sadler's and attend to some business he had there.

"About the bishop?" asked Mr. Archibald.

"Partly," said Matlack. "I understand the fellow is still over there with those two young men. I don't suppose they'll send him off in the rain, and as he isn't in my camp, I can't interfere. But it may rain for two or three days."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald; "and if we want anything we'll ask Martin."

"Just so," said Matlack. "If there's anything to do that you don't want to do yourself, you can get him to do it; but if you want to know anything you don't know yourself, you'd better wait until I come back."

When Matlack presented himself before Peter Sadler he found that ponderous individual seated in his rolling chair near the open door, enjoying the smell of the rain.

"Hello, Phil!" he cried. "What's wrong at the camp?"

The guide left his wet coat and cap on the little piazza outside, and after carefully wiping his feet, seated himself on a chair near the door.

"There's three things wrong," said he. "In the first place, there's a tramp out there, and it looks to me as if he was a-goin' to stick, if he can get allowed to do it."

"Is he too big for you to bounce?" roared Peter. "That's a pretty story to come tell me."

"No, he ain't," said the other; "but I haven't got the bouncin' of him. He's not in my camp. The young men have took him in; but I expect he'll come over with them as soon as it's done rainin', for when that happens they're bound to come themselves."

"Look here, Phil," said Peter, "is he dressed in black?"

"Yes, he is," said the guide.

Mr. Sadler slapped his hand on the arm of his chair. "Phil Matlack," he shouted, "that's my favorite tramp. I never had a man here who paid his bill in work as he did. It was cash down, and good money. Not a minute of wood-splitting more or less than the market-price for meals and bed. I'd like to have a tramp like that come along about twice a week. But I tell you, Phil, he ain't no tramp. Couldn't you see that? None of them loafers ever worked as he did."

"He may not be a tramp," said Matlack, "but he's trampin'. What are you goin' to do about him? Let him stay there?"

"What's he doin' now?" asked Sadler.

"He's cookin' for those two young men."

"Well, they need some one to do it for them, and they didn't want to go to the expense of a guide. Let the parson alone for a day or two, and if he does anything out of the way just you take him by one ear and Martin take him by the other and bring him to me. I'll attend to him. What's the next trouble?"

"That's out of my camp too," said Matlack; "but I'm bound to report it. The bicycle fellow that you hired a gun to don't know the fust thing about usin' it, and the next thing you'll hear will be that he's shot his pardner, who's worth six of him."

Mr. Sadler sat up very straight in his chair and stared at the guide. "Phil Matlack," he shouted, "what do you take me for? I hired that gun to that young man. Don't you suppose I know what I'm about?"

"That's all right," said Matlack; "but the trouble is he don't know what he's about."

"Get away, man," said Peter, with a contemptuous sniff; "he'll never hurt anybody. What do you take me for? When he came to me and wanted a gun, I handed him two or three, so that he might choose one that suited him, and by the way he handled them I could see that most likely he'd never handled one before, and so I set him up all right. He's got a good gun, and all the cartridges he'll be likely to want; and the cartridges are all like this. They're a new kind I heard of last winter, and I got a case from Boston last week. I don't see how I ever managed to run my camps without them. Do you see that shot?" said he, opening one end of a cartridge. "Well, take one in your hand and pinch it."

Phil did so, and it crumbled to dust in his hand.

"When that load's fired," said Peter, "all the shot will crumble into dust. It wouldn't do to give raw hands blank cartridges, because they'd find that out; but with this kind they might sit all day and fire at a baby asleep in its cradle and never disturb it, provided the baby was deaf. And he can't use his pardner's cartridges, for I gave that fellow a twelve-bore gun and his is a ten-bore."

Phil grinned. "Well, then," said he, "I suppose I might as well make my mind easy, but if that bicycle man hunts much he'll get the conviction borne in on him that he's a dreadful bad shot."

"Then he'll give up shooting, which is what is wanted," said Sadler. "What's your third bother?"

"That young woman has made up her mind to go out in the boat by herself the very fust time she feels like it," said Matlack; "she didn't say so with her mouth, but she said it with the back of her head and her shoulders, and I want to know if that rule of yours is going to hold good this summer. Women is gettin' to do so many things they didn't use to that I didn't know but what you'd consider they'd got far enough to take themselves out on the lake, and if you do think so, I don't want to get myself in hot water with those people and then find you don't back me up."

"If you don't want to get yourself into hot water with me, Phil Matlack, you'd better get it into your head just as soon as you can that when I make a rule it's a rule, and I don't want people comin' to me and talkin' about changes. Women in my camp don't go out in boats by themselves, and it's easy enough to have that rule kept if you've got backbone enough to do it. Keep the boat locked to the shore when it ain't in use, and keep the key in your pocket, and if anybody gets it that 'ain't any right to it, that's your lookout. Now that's the end of your troubles, I hope. How's things goin' on generally in the camp?"

"Oh, well enough," said Matlack. "I thought at fust the old lady'd give out in a day or two, but I've taught her parlor-fishin', which she's took to quite lively, and she's got used to the woods. The boss he sticks to fishin' as if it was office-work, and as for the rest of them I guess they're all gettin' more and more willin' to stay."

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Well, one of them is a gal and the others isn't," replied Matlack; "that's about the p'int of it."

During Matlack's walk back the skies cleared, and when he reached the camp he found Mrs. Archibald seated in her chair near the edge of the lake, a dry board under her feet, and the bishop standing by her, putting her bait on her hook, and taking the fish off it when any happened to be there. Out in the boat sat Mr. Archibald, trusting that some fish might approach the surface in search of insects disabled by the rain. Further on, at a place by the water's edge that was clear of bushes and undergrowth, Martin was giving Miss Dearborn a lesson in fly-fishing.

"He's a mighty good fisherman," thought Matlack, looking at the young fellow as he brought his rod back from the water with a long graceful sweep, and then, with another sweep and an easy inclination of his body forward, sending the fly far out on the smooth surface of the lake, "although there ain't no need to tell him so; and I don't wonder she'd rather stand and watch him than try to do it herself."

Walking up and down near the edge of the wood were Messrs. Clyde and Raybold.

Phil smiled. "They don't seem to be happy," he said to himself. "I guess they're hankerin' to take a share in her edication; but if you don't know nothin' yourself, you can't edicate other people."

Matlack directed his steps toward Mrs. Archibald; but before he reached her he was met by the bishop, who hurried toward him.

"I shall be obliged to surrender my post to you," he said, "which will be greatly to the lady's satisfaction, I imagine, for I must appear a poor attendant after you."

"Goin' to leave us?" said Matlack. "You look quite spruced up."

The bishop smiled. "You allude, I suppose," said he, "to the fact that my hat and clothes are brushed, and that I am freshly shaved and have on a clean collar. I like to be as neat as I can. This is a gutta-percha collar, and I can wash it whenever I please with a bit of damp rag, and it is my custom to shave every day, if I possibly can. But as to leaving you, I shall not do so this evening. I have promised those young gentlemen who so kindly invited me to their camp that I would prepare their supper for them, and I must now go to make the fire and get things in readiness."

"Have they engaged you as cook and general help?" asked Matlack.

"Oh no," said the bishop, with a smile; "they are kind and I am grateful, that is all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

From sudden death, from foeman's aim;
From cowardice, from shrinking shame;
From cruel deeds without a name:
Save us, Good Lord.

From rage of animal within;
From triumph dwarfed by brutal sin;
From lawlessness mid rifles' din:
Save us, Good Lord.

From jealousy of other's deed;
From inhumanity, from greed;
From carelessness of brother's need:
Save us, Good Lord.

From memory of upturned eyes;
From shrieks of wounded, battle-cries;
From faith forgot when danger dies:
Save us, Good Lord.

GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

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ON THE MADRID SIDEWALK.

# A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

## XI.—AN EVENING AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

IT was on the evening of the 22d of March, 1898, that we three homesick and leg-weary Yankees found happiness of a peculiarly Yankee kind in the family circle of General Woodford, who at that moment was our country's representative at the Spanish capital. It made us warm with thoughts of buckwheat cakes and peanut candy just to be welcomed by a good old-fashioned American "darky" butler, who made us want to hug him just because of the winsome way in which he invited us to "Walk right in here, gentlemen; de ladies is all waiting for you." If any world-weary globe-trotter wants to test the strength of that subtle thing miscalled patriotism, but more justly described by the Irishman as the love for the old sod, let that man travel on a bike for days and days in a country liable at any moment to declare war against his, never seeing a soul with whom he can exchange home news or even safely divulge his nationality.

That colored man who opened the door for us at General Woodford's deserved a pension on his return home. He cheered the heart of every American who called at the Legation, I am sure, and into the bargain has passed through all the trying times which the diplomatic tension between the two countries occasioned.

I have seen many musical triumphs in my life, but never such a one as was achieved that night by our barytone, Elwin Isham, as he threw his whole heart and rich voice into the negro song, "I want you, my honey—yes, I do," and other plantation melodies which only an American can feel and make others feel. I saw the shining face of our colored friend beaming with open mouth and eyes from behind the curtain—he was homesick for his "old folks at home," and thinking of long years ago, when he too was a happy pickaninny "rolling and kicking in the sun." He told me afterwards, while helping me on with my coat, that "Dat song did do me a powerful lot of good —'deed it did." Perhaps it is the result of early bringing up, and common to all of us who have lived at all among negroes, but I feel that our citizens of African descent are an essential part of our social life, and that if they were to disappear we should lose an important element of poetry, song, and humor in our overworked money-making world.

General Woodford is an old soldier and a hardened practitioner at the bar—two careers that ought to make a man capable of smothering his feelings. He was conquered that night, for his heart was sick with the bitterness of his daily diplomatic life, and one note from a voice that sang of the home so far away made him forget all else but his desire to know peace. He held his wife's hand, and the eyes of both were wet. I wish that Spaniards could have seen him then, to learn that Yankees too have hearts, and that it is just that quality in our nature, and not the ambition for more territory, that produces with us the popular agitation against misrule in Cuba.

There were only Americans present at this dinner; one might term it strictly a family party, for no one was present save members of the legation and their families. The general is a brave and a shrewd man. He was fighting for peace, and cheerily proclaimed that war was of course out of the question between such intelligent peoples as the Spanish and ourselves. Our visit fell between two serious events —the blowing up of an American man-o'-war in Havana Harbor, and the message of President McKinley demanding that Spain put an end to her ruinous fighting at our gates.

The Spanish press was full of wild rumors, none of them complimentary to the United States. With magnificent good-humor, General Woodford persistently corrected false statements put forward by the press, and took no notice of insulting constructions subsequently placed upon his words. He believed in a "campaign of education," and daily preached moderation. He published in the Spanish press the astounding news that he had no secrets from the Spanish people; that all his despatches received from Washington were such as might with impunity be published to the world, if the Spanish government should see fit.



TYPICAL MADRID.

So far, and General Woodford had been in Madrid since the autumn of 1897, he had not put forward seriously a single demand to the Spanish government that had not been successful. His personal relations with all his official colleagues had been satisfactory, and I believed that if war should unfortunately break out in spite of his efforts, he would leave Madrid with the personal respect of every official who had dealings with him.

The ladies of the legation felt the isolation in which they were forced to move. Their husbands had official business to transact with men accustomed to official intercourse, but they had no work to occupy them, and were in daily fear of meeting with social treatment impossible to resent, and mortifying for high-strung women to endure. Matters were so much strained while I was there that members of the diplomatic corps would not introduce Spaniards to Americans, even if they happened into the same room; it was feared that the Spanish ladies might be rude to our people. I would hesitate to repeat this had not an American member of the diplomatic body given me instances in his own experience.

This was the more to be regretted, for in many years there had not been such a good representation of our society at a foreign court as at that time in Madrid.

The house in which General Woodford had his home is one of the handsomest of the capital, comparing favorably with the Embassies of France, England, and Mexico. Unfortunately it is not the property of the United States, so that General Woodford's successor, unless he be a man prepared to spend four thousand dollars a year in rent, will have a hard time in trying to keep his social end up. A great and rich country should not allow its representatives abroad to be housed with less dignity than the agents of other powers. Besides, we should not have the archives of our different legations and embassies moving about every time the government is forced to look for new quarters.

General Woodford did not say anything to me on this matter, but other members of the legation did, to the effect that in times like those the people about our legation in Madrid and the different consulates should have been thoroughly American in speech, in blood, and in affiliation.



THE FAITHFUL ASS.



STREET FOUNTAIN, MADRID.

I do not know if our government ever had occasion to send confidential communications to the Madrid legation. If it did, that material came into the custody of people who were Spanish in blood and sympathy, and in such times that counts.

General Woodford spoke at some length with me about the Spanish character, which he admires highly. He regards the people as brave and courteous, and deplored the prevailing ignorance which makes it difficult to appeal directly through the press to their good sense. He told me that he discovered very little Jingoism in Spain; that it was confined mainly to the extreme military party who admired General Weyler, and to a small but noisy Parliamentary set who had little following amongst the people. As to himself, he said he felt as secure in Madrid as in any house of New York. The government kept half a dozen police in front of his door, by way of precaution, but in all other respects he lived as peacefully as he could wish.

How much of this the general believed himself, and how much he wished to believe, I could not tell. At any rate, he did not excite unnecessary alarm in those about him, and acted on the principle that it is time enough to cry out when you are hurt. To the families of his secretaries and attachés he was like a father, and his ears would have burned could he have heard a tithe of the grateful words used about him behind his back.

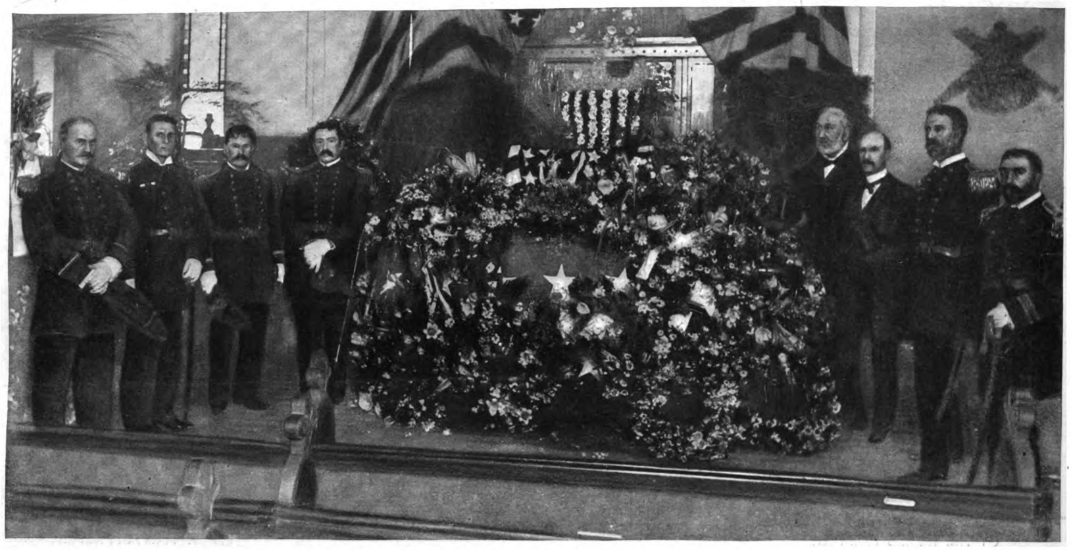
It was late that night when we said good-night to Mrs. Woodford and the other members of the general's household. We had danced American waltzes, had sung American songs, and talked American talk as though not likely soon to get another chance at such luxuries. The splendid suite of drawing-rooms had resounded to the exquisite tenor notes of George Devoll, and the general had paid us collectively the high compliment of saying we had done them all good by coming. We on our side remarked to one another, as we walked home that night, that if the general's family got out of us half the enjoyment that we did out of them, then we had no complaints to make.

We had brought our evening dress all the way from London for this one event; we were well rewarded.



MADRID MARKET.

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THE BODY OF CAPTAIN CHARLES V. GRIDLEY, U.S.N., LATE OF THE U.S.S. "OLYMPIA," LYING IN STATE AT THE UNION CHURCH, YOKOHAMA.

## CAPTAIN GRIDLEY'S FUNERAL.

YOKOHAMA, *June 9.*

I HAVE just come from Captain Gridley's funeral. The *Olympia* was stationed here so long that his death is mourned as that of a friend rather than a commander. A note from Captain Gridley, on leaving, said that he would return in April. Indeed, he expected to spend the summer in these waters. There was then no shadow of the war. All morning the navy ladies were at the church assisting in its decoration. There is a detachment of the wives of the officers of the *Baltimore* here: Mrs. Bellows, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Beach, Mrs. Brayton.

It was first intended that the services should be held on the *Coptic*, on which Captain Gridley died. But an order from Washington that the remains be cremated changed this plan, and the services were held at the Union Church. The Captain and the officers of the *Coptic* escorted the body to the Hatoba, where a detachment of bluejackets carried it, covered with its pall of stars and stripes and buried beneath flowers, to the hearse. The funeral cortége consisted of a guard of honor from the Japanese cruiser *Heiyuen*, Minister Buck, Consul-General Gowie, Mr Miller and Mr. Nelson of the legation, the consular staff, Governor Asada of this prefecture, the Chief of Police, Marquis Gonzago de Membrini, and the Captain and officers of the *Heiyuen*. The pall-bearers were Lieutenant-Commander Briggs of the *Baltimore*, here on sick leave; Dr. Anderson of the Naval Hospital; Paymasters McDonald and Galt of the *Raleigh*, who came with Captain Gridley; Colonel W. M. Brown, of New York, on his way to Manila; Captain Davies of the Royal Naval Reserve; Dr. Donald Hoskyn of the British Naval Hospital. These were preceded by the Japanese town band playing Chopin's "Funeral March."

It was interesting to look over the church and to see the various types of Americans thus brought together, for Yokohama is a rallying-place for all nations. Grizzled seafaring men, smart-looking business men, sunburnt tourists, fashionable globe-trotters (men and women), sedate missionaries, professors, diplomats, and those exiles from home whose children have not yet seen the soil of their fathers. Among these were Mrs. James Stoughton, Mrs. Hurlbert and her mother, from Cincinnati; Mrs. Martin, who is a daughter of Commodore Chandler, with a beautiful anchor of white and green in her hand; Mrs. Anderson, the daughter of Captain Coffin, who has been recalled to service; Miss Case of Philadelphia.

The circumstance of Captain Gridley's death, after the brilliant victory, made the occasion doubly sad. You, at home, can scarcely realize what the fight at Manila has been to the Americans here, brought into such sharp competition with the representatives of other nations.

The burial service was read by Rev. Mr. Booth of the Ferris Seminary. And after a prayer by Dr. Cleveland, Colonel Buck and Mr. Gowie made brief addresses.

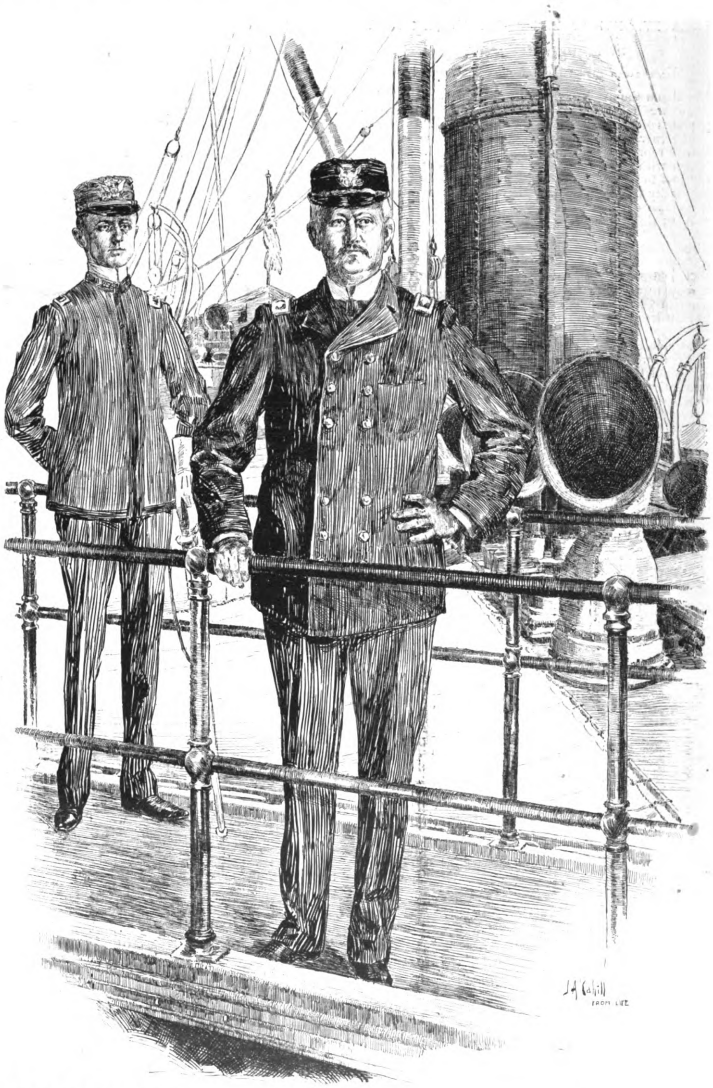
The body is to be cremated to-morrow morning, and the ashes will be taken home on the next steamer.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

## CUI BONO?

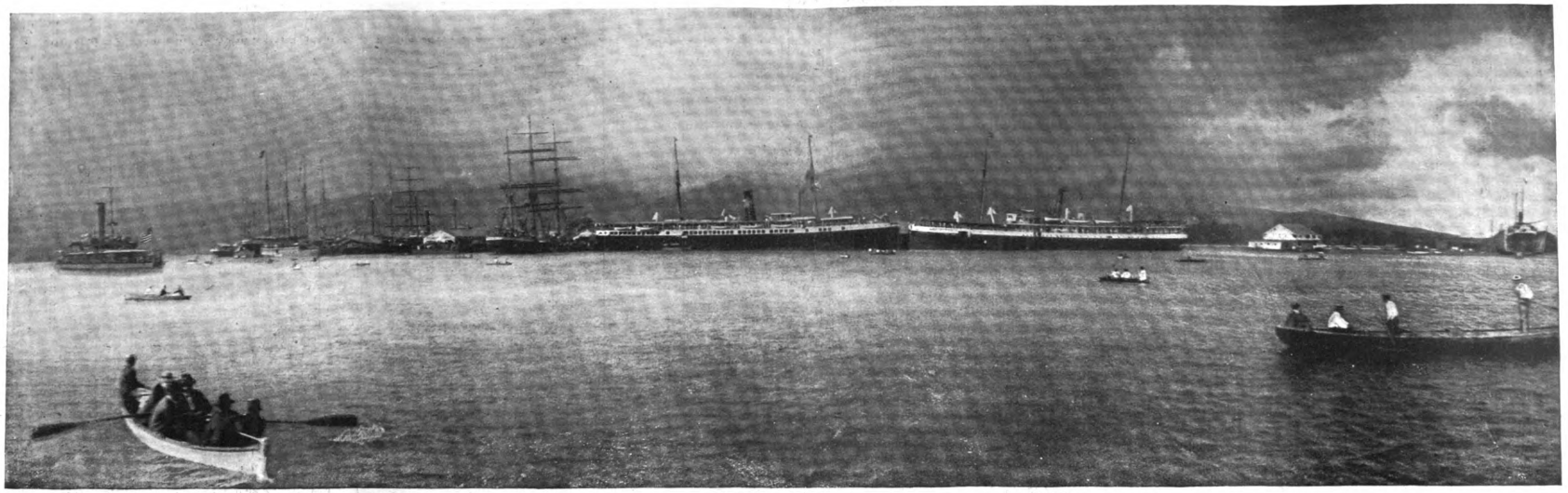
Days of disaster, war and doom,
Filling a glad green earth with gloom,
What are ye for,
Ye days of war?
What has man done, that o'er his head
Clatter and crash these bolts of dread?
Why has the sunshine gone from life?
Why has sweet peace given way to strife?
Why are the fields that once were green
Now drenched with blood of heroes seen?
Why has the sea
Risen in awful majesty,
In anger wild,
And swallowed defenceless woman and child?
What is man's sin,
That he requires such discipline?
Days of disaster, doom and war,
What are ye for?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

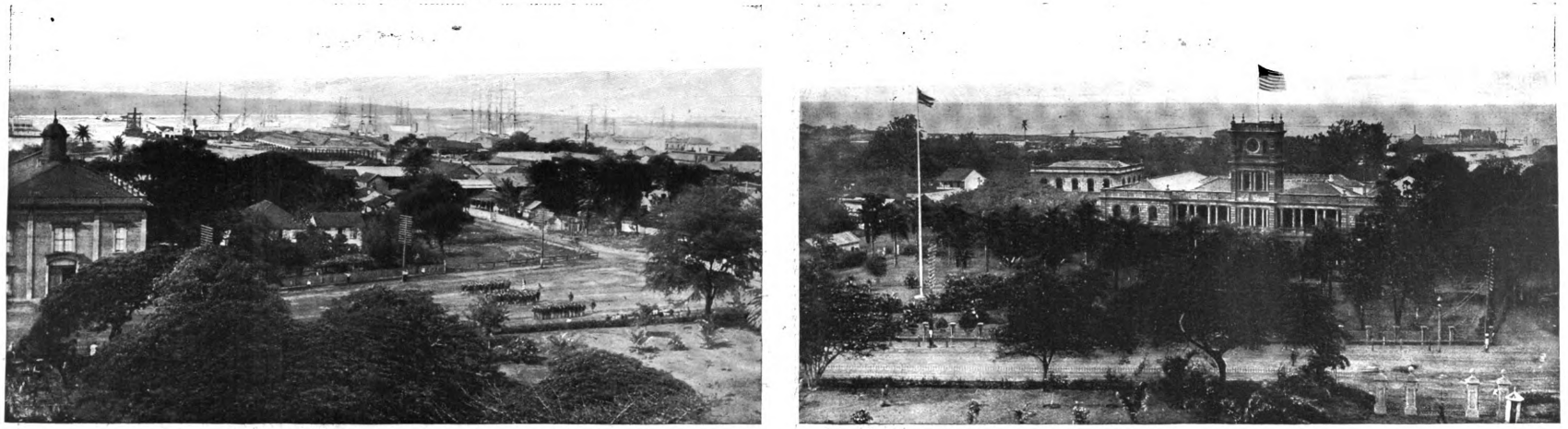


MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A., ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "NEWPORT," JUST PREVIOUS TO SAILING FOR MANILA.—DRAWN BY J. A. CAHILL.

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1898—JUST PREVIOUS TO ANNEXATION, SHOWING U. S. MONITOR "MONTEREY" AND TROOP-SHIPS ON THEIR WAY TO MANILA.




1893—DURING THE HAWAIIAN REVOLUTION, SHOWING FOREIGN WAR-SHIPS LYING OFF THE CITY, AND THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING FLYING THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU, THE CAPITAL OF OUR NEW TERRITORY IN THE PACIFIC.—[See Page 726.]

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# IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO.

From Stephen Crane's Account of the Battle in the New York "World," July 14.

*July 4.*

The action at San Juan on July 1 was, particularly speaking, a soldiers' battle. It was like Inkermann, where the English fought half leaderless all day in a fog. Only, the Cuban forest was worse than any fog.

In civil life the newspapers would have called it a grand popular movement. It will never be forgotten as long as America has a military history.

A line of intrenched hills held by men armed with a weapon like the Mauser is not to be taken by a front attack of infantry unless the trenches have first been heavily shaken by artillery fire. Any theorist will say that it is impossible, and prove it to be impossible. But it was done, and we owe the success to the splendid gallantry of the American private soldier.

As near as one can learn, headquarters expected little or no fighting on the 1st. Lawton's division was to go by the Caney road, chase the Spaniards out of that interesting village, and then, wheeling half to the left, march down to join the other divisions in some kind of attack on San Juan at daybreak on the 2d.

But somebody had been entirely misinformed as to the strength and disposition of the Spanish forces at Caney, and instead of taking Lawton six minutes to capture the town, it took him nearly all day, as well it might.

The other divisions lying under fire, waiting for Lawton, grew annoyed at a delay which was of course not explained to them, and suddenly arose and took the formidable hills of San Juan. It was impatience suddenly exalted to one of the sublime passions.

Lawton was well out toward Caney soon after daybreak, and by seven o'clock we could hear the boom of Capron's guns in support of the infantry. The remaining divisions —Kent's and Wheeler's—were trudging slowly along the muddy trail through the forest.

When the first gun was fired a grim murmur passed along the lean column.

"They're off!" somebody said.

The marching was of necessity very slow, and even then the narrow road was often blocked. The men, weighted with their packs, cartridge-belts, and rifles, forded many streams, climbed hills, slid down banks, and forced their way through thickets.

Suddenly there was a roar of guns just ahead and a little to the left. This was Grimes's battery going into action on the hill which is called El Paso. Then, all in a moment, the quiet column moving forward was opposed by men carrying terrible burdens. Wounded Cubans were being carried to the rear. Most of them were horribly mangled.

The second brigade of dismounted American cavalry had been in support of the battery, its position being directly to the rear. Some Cubans had joined there. The Spanish shrapnel fired at the battery was often cut too long, and passing over, burst amid the supports and the Cubans.

The loss of the battery, the cavalry, and the Cubans from this fire was forty men in killed and wounded, the First regular cavalry probably suffering most grievously. Presently there was a lull in the artillery fire, and down through spaces in the trees we could see the infantry still plodding with its packs, steadily toward the front.

At about 2500 yards in front of Grimes's position on El Paso arose the gentle green hills of San Juan, dotted not too plentifully with trees—hills that resembled the sloping orchards of Orange County in summer. Here and there were houses, built evidently as summer villas, but now loopholed and barricaded. They had heavy roofs of red tiles, and were shaped much like Japanese, or, better, Javanese, houses. Here and there, too, along the crests of these curving hillocks were ashen streaks, the rifle-pits of the Spaniards.

At the principal position of the enemy were a flag, a redoubt, a block-house, and some sort of a pagoda, in the shade of which Spanish officers were wont to promenade during lulls, and negligently gossip about the battle.

At 11.25 our artillery reopened on the central block-house and intrenchments. The Spanish fire had been remarkably fine, but it was our turn now. Grimes had his ranges to a nicety. After the great "shout of the gun" came the broad, windy, diminishing noise of the flung shell; then a fainter boom, and a cloud of red debris out of the block-house or up from the ground near the trenches.

The Spanish infantry in the trenches fired a little volley immediately after every one of the American shells. It puzzled many to decide at what they could be firing, but it was finally resolved that they were firing just to show us that they were still there and were not afraid.

It must have been about two o'clock when the enemy's battery again retorted.

The cruel thing about this artillery duel was that our battery had nothing but old-fashioned powder, and its position was always as clearly defined as if it had been the Chicago fire. On the other hand, the Spaniards were using the best smokeless.

From El Paso to San Juan there is a broad expanse of dense forest, spotted infrequently with vividly green fields. It is traversed by a single narrow road, which leads straight between the two positions, fording two little streams. Along this road had gone our infantry, and also the military balloon.

There were two officers in the car for the greater part of the way, and there surely were never two men who valued their lives less. But they both escaped unhurt, while the balloon sank down, torn to death by the bullets that were volleyed at it by the nervous Spaniards, who suspected dynamite. It was never brought out of the woods where it recklessly met its fate.

In these woods, unknown to some, including the Spaniards, was fulminated the gorgeous plan of taking an impregnable position.

One saw a thin line of black figures moving across a field. They disappeared in the forest. The enemy was keeping up a terrific fire. Then suddenly somebody yelled, "By God, there go our boys up the hill!"

There is many a good American who would give an arm to get the thrill of patriotic insanity that coursed through us when we heard that yell.

Yes, they were going up the hill, up the hill. It was the best moment of anybody's life. An officer said to me afterward: "If we had been in that position and the Spaniards had come at us, we would have piled them up so high the last man couldn't have climbed over." But up went the regiments, with no music save that ceaseless, fierce crashing of rifles.

The foreign attachés were shocked. "It is very gallant, but very foolish," said one, sternly.

"Why, they can't take it, you know! Never in the world!" cried another. "It is slaughter!"

The Japanese shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing.

The road from El Paso to San Juan was now a terrible road. It should have a tragic fame like the sunken road at Waterloo. Why we did not later hang some of the gentry who contributed from the trees to the terror of this road is not known.

The wounded were stringing back from the front, hundreds of them. Some walked unaided, an arm or a shoulder having been dressed at a field station. They stopped often enough to answer the universal hail, "How is it going?" Others hobbled, or clung to a friend's shoulder. Their slit trousers exposed red bandages. A few were shot horribly in the face, and were led bleeding and blind by their mates.

And then there were the slow-pacing stretcher-bearers, with the dying or the insensible, the badly wounded, still figures, with blood often drying brick-color on their hot bandages.

Prostrate at the road-side were many others, who had made their way thus far and were waiting for strength. Everywhere moved the sure-handed, invaluable Red Cross men.

Over this scene was a sort of haze of bullets. They were of two kinds. First, the Spanish lines were firing just a trifle high. Their bullets swept over our firing-lines and poured into this devoted roadway, the single exit, even as it had been the single approach. The second fire was from the guerillas concealed in the trees and in the thickets along the trail. They had come in under the very wings of our strong advance, taken good positions on either side of the road, and were peppering our line of communication whenever they got a good target, no matter, apparently, what the target might be.

Red Cross men, wounded men, sick men, correspondents and attachés were all one to the guerilla.

At a place where the road cut through the crest of the ridge Borrowe and some of his men were working over his dynamite-gun. After the fifth discharge something had got jammed. There was never such devotion to an inanimate thing as these men give to their dynamite-gun. They will quarrel for her, starve for her, lose sleep for her, and fight for her to the last ditch. If they ever get that gun into action again, they will make her hum.

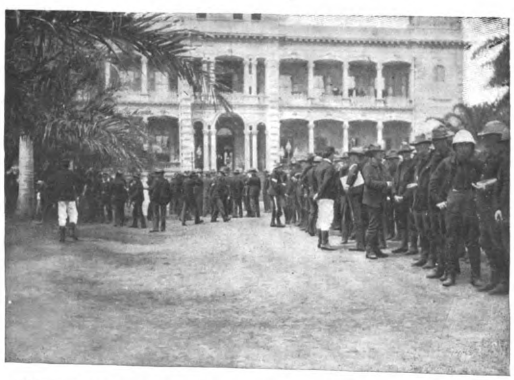
The discomfited Spaniards, recovering from their panic, opened from their second line a most furious fire. It was first directed against one part of our line, and then against another, as if they were feeling for our weakest point, fumbling around after the throat of the army.

The American reply was in measured volleys. Part of a regiment would remain on the firing-line, while the other companies rested near by under the brow of the hill. Parties were sent after the packs. The commands knew with what other organizations they were in touch on the two flanks. Otherwise they knew nothing, save that they were going to hold their ground. They said so.

From our line could be seen a long, gray, Spanish intrenchment, from 400 to 1000 yards away, according to what part of our line one measured from. From it floated no smoke, and no men appeared there, but it was making a noise like a million champagne corks.

The army was dusty, dishevelled, its hair matted to its forehead with sweat, its shirts glued to its back with the same, and indescribably dirty, thirsty, hungry, and aweary from its bundles and its marches and its fights. It sat down on the conquered crest and felt satisfied.

"Well, hell! here we are."



TROOPS FROM THE TRANSPORTS IN FRONT OF THE PALACE, HONOLULU.

# BOUND FOR MANILA.

Letter and Illustrations from our Special Correspondent with the Second Expedition.

On Board S.S. "China," *June 22.*

No place could be better fitted to study the evolution of the citizen into the trained soldier than this transport. We are all packed so closely together that the very proximity breeds confidences. There are on board a few companies of regulars and a large number of volunteers. The regulars are well shaken down, and the relation between officer and man has long since been settled according to the requirements of discipline. But "Jimmy Green," the American volunteer, is at present neither "fish, flesh, nor good red herring." He has lost his individuality as private citizen, and has not yet acquired the repose which comes to the trained soldier. He resembles a child which has reached the "naughty age."

He enlisted a long month ago, with the firm determination of dying for his country at some very distant period. He saw himself charging at the head of the whole army, and finally planting the flag on the walls of Manila, only to be shot down at the heroic moment. In his imagination he pictured a monument erected to his memory in his native town, unveiled with burning speeches by the village fathers. However, it is not given to every soldier to die for his country, and Jimmy Green finds war not at all the vivid succession of intense and pleasing emotions he had thought it. Quite the contrary, it means giving up most of the things that make life comfortable.



COMPANY K, 1st NEBRASKA VOLUNTEERS, CHEERING THE HAWAIIAN FLAG.

If there is one thing that he has always prided himself on, it is that he has never been bossed. Now he is ordered about and made to do that which is not only distasteful to him, but the utility of which he questions. He is required to work hard, and at night to sleep in stifling quarters, "upon uneasy pallets stretching him," kept awake by the spasmodic promptings of seasickness. When he slapped his old chum Billy, now a commissioned officer, on the back yesterday, the latter took him aside and told him he must not do so any more. And yet, with all his trouble, he does his duty without grumbling, and is really a hero without knowing it.

The only complaining I have heard is about the quantity of rations, and here the inexperience of the volunteer officer is plainly to be seen. In some way the same rations which are amply sufficient for the regulars fail to supply the needs of the men under the inexperienced management of the volunteer commissary. I see the rations every day, and must say, as they come to the volunteer, they have been rather scant. However, the volunteer commissary is learning every day. It is noticeable, moreover, that the men do not take kindly to hardtack and want too much meat.

All these family troubles are the result of our system of going to war without being prepared. The resulting difficulties and hardships cannot be avoided, and must be borne. The one adverse criticism that can with justice be made on the organization of our volunteer army is that men have been appointed or elected to positions of responsibility on account of "pull" and popularity rather than any solid qualification for their work. On this account, in some of the departments, all of the hard work falls on the regulars, and they should have the credit of it.

The volunteer officers have, perhaps, more difficulty than their men in adjusting themselves to their new positions, because their duties are more complicated. The great question with them is how to treat the private—to be intimate and yet not to lose dignity. At home in the regiment it was a matter of happy-go-lucky good-fellowship, which will hardly do in actual war-time. One officer exclaimed, the other day, "I am obliged to treat the men sharply in order to bring them into form, and I am getting more unpopular every day."

It will take time to bring about a proper relation between the man of the line and his officer, but, when once established, it will be based on a truer sympathy than

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FIRST SUNDAY OUT FROM SAN FRANCISCO—CHURCH SERVICE ON TRANSPORT "CHINA."

exists in the armies of Europe. There is one abuse, however, which, if not put a stop to, is likely to prove detrimental to discipline. Owing to the limited number of correspondents allowed on the Philippine expedition, the newspapers of the country have hit on a plan to make Uncle Sam pay for the news they get. I am, so far as I know, the only accredited correspondent on this expedition, and yet there are on this ship alone six enlisted privates who correspond regularly with newspapers at home. These men make no secret of their business, and even go so far as to have "staff correspondent" printed in blood-red letters on their cards. The result is already making itself felt, for these men lead in the complaints which have



"JIMMY GREEN" ASHORE AT HONOLULU.

been made. They are bound to use the press to criticise their officers. Such of the latter as have political aspirations will be afraid of becoming unpopular at home. In other words, these privates will have the power of the press back of them to resist the necessarily unpleasant part of serious discipline. The objection to officers acting as newspaper correspondents is even stronger on account of their position of trust. In no other army with which I have been acquainted are officers or men allowed to do newspaper work.

The regulars are not without their trouble, the chief of which seems to be that Congress, after refusing for years to pass the army reform bill, suddenly started in to reform the army at the very time when it should have been left to do its work without being handicapped with intricate changes. Experienced men were taken from each company to give a basis for the four new companies in each regiment. Not content with this, the companies were recruited up from forty-eight men to 104 or 105—the war strength. A few men might have been digested by each company in the short time given for preparation without impairing its efficiency. But an average of sixty-six raw recruits to each company certainly weakens its organic strength.

At the last moment before embarking, a new change was made in the eight regular companies of this expedition. All new recruits were left behind, and twenty-nine experienced men from other companies were added to each of the eight companies. Each company on this expedition counts seventy-five men, of whom twenty-nine are absolutely unknown to their officers, while at the beginning of the war the regular officer knew accurately the capacity of all of his men. In addition to this process of weakening dilution and unadvised changes, all the companies are without their regular quota of officers. These have been promoted to positions in the volunteer service. Some companies have only one officer, and consequently the duties of first lieutenant and second lieutenant fall on the shoulders of non-commissioned officers, who, of necessity, are not equal to the work.

I give all these details to show under what disadvantages the commanders of our forces are laboring, and it seems that, considering the difficulties, the organization and direction of these expeditions have been handled with remarkable smoothness. We carry 3500 men in four transports. In a day or two General Anderson will arrive at Manila with the first expedition of 2500 men. There are at Camp Merritt about 14,000 troops left. The transportation of 20,000 soldiers across the Pacific Ocean constitutes one of the greatest military expeditions of the age. The greatness of the undertaking can only be realized when one remembers that six weeks ago there were no troops, no equipments, and no transports ready.

With sunrise we saw the green hills above Honolulu, and very welcome was the sight to our sea-wearied eyes. A heavy mist hung over the city, which slowly lifted as

(Continued on page 724.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

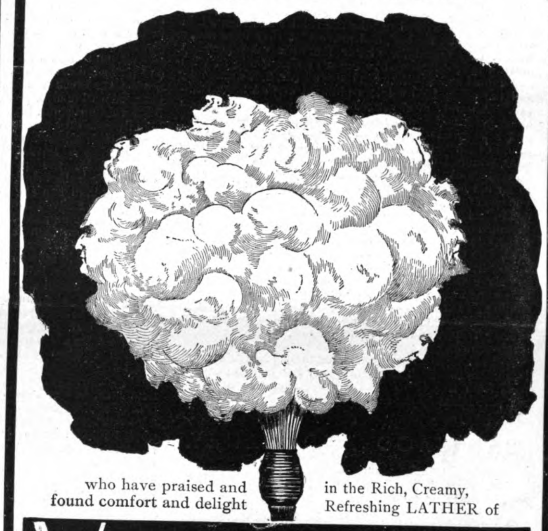
USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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(Continued from page 723.)

we entered the harbor. At the wharf a few people with a brass band had already gathered to meet us, but most of Honolulu was still asleep. Gradually it awoke and came down to the wharf. The soldiers were not allowed to leave the ship; and the people expressed disappointment, for they wished to take the soldier and regale him with the best they had, and prove that they were really worthy of annexation. Later the men were marched down a long dusty road to the sea-shore, where they all had a good swim. Between the sand-bar, half a mile out, and the shore 1000 soldiers plunged as in a huge bath-tub. All were afterwards refreshed with a good meal along great tables in the palm-filled garden of the palace, under the green canopy of lofty trees. The girls of Honolulu, in their best frocks of white muslin and bright ribbons, pounced upon the soldiers and strung wreaths of flowers about their necks. Watching the scene, I turned to an old citizen of Honolulu and asked him: "Why do you wish for annexation? You seem perfectly happy without it." He tucked his arm under mine and led me up to lunch at the officers' club, which had opened its heart and its doors wide to the American officers. He stopped me before the club door and pointed out to me a long line of polished quick-firing guns.

"Have you noticed those Maxims? The childlike native sometimes wakes up. We never know when it is coming." On the island the question of annexation is the question of the sugar interest. Take away the reciprocity treaty, and the island is lost, according to the sugar-growers.

Just so long as annexation has not taken place this danger lies before them. The island is very rich, and sugar stock pays from twenty to forty per cent. interest, but great risks are taken by the capital invested. J. F. Bass.

## SANTIAGO AND CANEY.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

### IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO.

*July 2, 1898.*

A wooded valley full of wooded hills, and marked here and there by a group of royal palms holding court high above the rolling sweep of green, runs between the coast mountains and the coast hills. Santiago sits at the foot of the valley and just under the sunset—amphitheatrical in shape, and facing the sea. On the other side of the town big spurs from the mountains, and on this side the foot-hills take the water-line for the mouth of Santiago Bay. The march, therefore, has been down this valley, and towards a daily afterglow of such divine peace and beauty that any such hell of human fire and passion as raged under it yesterday seemed out of question for a thousand years. All we have been able to see of Santiago hitherto have been long brick hospitals with Red Cross flags over them; this side of them, the little pagodalike fort of San Juan; this side of it, rifle-pits and a hill, almost vertical, opposite the spot where the road emerges from the woods, but of easier, but nowhere easy, slope to the right; at the base of this a level, green, semicircular, orchardlike little valley, and then the woods through which leads the main road from headquarters to Santiago, and which was the Lane of Death during the battle; and afterwards the way of entrance into Santiago was through the fort of San Juan. But about five miles up the valley to the right, and at the base of the coast mountains, is the quaint little red-roofed town of Caney, with a stone fort to the right of it, and a block-house, to the right, farther still. It would be just as well to take these three in on the way to Santiago to avoid being annoyed in the rear and to bag a few hundred prisoners. So the plan of the battle, so far as any mortal can make it out, seems to have been for General Chaffee to do this bagging as a sort of post-prandial (the troops went into action, however, I believe, without breakfast—certainly without coffee) amusement that would leave the division in a fine mettle to be led into Santiago by General Lawton. Meanwhile General Wheeler and General Kent were to lead their divisions up the main road and join Lawton's division for the advance into Santiago when the work at Caney was done. A battery of four guns was placed to the left, and on one of the foot-hills at a deserted hacienda called El Paso to pound San Juan, and a battery of four guns was placed to the right, and on a high knoll in the valley, to batter down the stone fort and, if necessary, to shell Caney. Both batteries began before seven o'clock, and from that hour, until the charge at four o'clock in the afternoon, there was a steady musket-fire around the block-house, stone fort, and town. The Cubans, who were attacking the block-house, lay out in the bush a mile distant, blazed away their ammunition, and blandly asked for more. General Chaffee stalked up and down his firing-line, swearing affectionately at his men, and getting a button shot from the breast of his blouse, while the men who, at dawn, were slipping through the brush for fear that the Spaniards would see them and run (!) were being potted at the ratio of one out of seven as they hugged the ground—but for all that advancing steadily. The guns had emptied the stone fort, thrown a few shells into the town, but were utterly unable to stir the Spaniards from their rifle-pits. Meanwhile Grimes had opened on San Juan from the left; General Wheeler had marched through the woods; the balloon had floated along high above the woods, directing the Spanish fire accurately to the columns advancing underneath. General Kent had advanced too, and both divisions had deployed to right and left, fighting through the chaparral as a swimmer fights his way through choppy waves, and trying to reform their hopelessly scattered troops into line under a heavy fire that was dropping more officers, in proportion, than men, and everybody was asking, "Where the hell is Chaffee?" General Chaffee was making slowly towards the stone fort about that hour, and was doubtless making up his mind that to take it he would have to do what Kent and Wheeler were forced to do at once, and that was to afford the unparalleled military spectacle of charging with flesh and blood, without preparation by proper artillery fire, and under magazine fire, against an intrenched enemy with unlimited ammunition—and twice that day this spectacle came to pass.

General Hawkins, who was left with only the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, saw that he must either withdraw his brigade or lead it forward, and but one of these two movements was possible for that brave old general. His trumpets sounded forward, and in the front line with his men the general himself stepped into the tall grass of that little valley of death, and made for the intrenchments on top of the vertical hill. Colonel Woods's brigade was charging at the same time to the right, and later, the "Rough Riders," who had worked their way to the front, broke through a skirmish-line of regulars, and with Roosevelt leading them on horseback, took a fortified casa to the right—Roosevelt killing a Spaniard with his pistol; and by the time that Kent and Wheeler thus held the first Spanish line of rifle-pits on the crest of the hill, Chaffee was drawing close to charge the stone fort at Caney. By four o'clock both extraordinary feats were done, and the nation should bow low before the American soldier.

There is nothing that daunts the American soldier—defective organization, deficient equipment, hen-coop life on board of transport, heat and fever of tropics, insufficient transportation, lack of food, lack of protection by artillery fire—nothing that daunts the American soldier. I have seen nothing from him but patience, cheerfulness, kindness, and affection for his stanch and dauntless friend—the officer of the line—and nothing, in return, but watchful, self-sacrificing care. There will be others to sing the deeds of the superiors, and always deeds aplenty to be sung, but I lift my voice for the plain soldier and the officer of the line. And what a pleasure it is to have it again proved that there is no better plain soldier than the American gentleman and volunteer!

The killed and wounded are near 1500, although the small bullets, the long range, and the ineffective Spanish artillery fire make it probable that the per cent. of mortality among the wounded will be small. John Fox, Jr.

## THE "BOURGOGNE" DISASTER.

BY VICTOIRE LACASSE,

The Only Woman Survivor of the Wreck.

Early in the morning of July 4 I was awakened by the shrill sound of the fog-horn. Unable to sleep, I partly dressed and lay down again. About five o'clock I was startled by a terrible crash, and jumped up screaming.



VICTOIRE LACASSE.

While I finished dressing, my husband went up on deck to see what had happened. Rushing back to me, he said: "We are sinking! Hurry!" I went up half dressed; my husband rushed back to get life-preservers, and we put them on on deck, helping other ladies with theirs, as they did not seem to know how to put them on.

By that time the deck was crowded with people, all with awe-stricken faces, who were standing about, not realizing yet the full extent of the danger, and waiting in ignorance for some one to tell them what to do and where to go.

Among the passengers were several priests; one of them was going about giving a last blessing to the frightened groups of people that knelt around him, resigned to the sad fate which awaited them. The priest was calm and quiet, showing none of the emotion of the other passengers, never giving a thought to his own safety, going about without a life-preserver.

The captain was standing on the bridge, giving orders. His voice was lost in the din of the confusion; his figure stood out against the gray of the sky, and he met his fate with resignation.

Suddenly the ship gave a list on the starboard side, which made it almost impossible for us to stand on our feet. We climbed into a life-boat already filled with frightened men and women. We only staid in it a few minutes, however, as we saw they were not cutting the ropes. My husband made me jump on deck, and dragged me toward a raft on the stern. We hardly had reached it when the ship gave a last lurch to one side, and we both fell into the water near the raft. My husband swam to it, dragging me along. He climbed on it, helped me on to it almost unconscious, and I staid kneeling without a movement. The raft was soon surrounded by a crowd of swimmers, and twenty got on it.

The ship, which had at first slanted sidewise in the water, before sinking turned bow up, and went down with a tremendous noise, made by the rush of air and water. As she went down she gave a fearful roar. It was almost like a human being sinking to his death with a dying gasp.

As the water rushed back over the ship the suction caused a fearful whirlpool, which carried around in its awful turning crowds of bodies of the dead and living covering the surface of the water. The whirlpool spread, and our raft began to be dragged into it, when a piece of wreckage suddenly struck us a blow which threw us out of the course of the whirlpool, and thus got us out of danger. Around us rose cries of human voices calling and imploring for aid. Some poor creatures who were struggling with death would swim to a raft, and when they would reach it, exhausted, would be turned away, every piece of wreckage being overloaded.

The fog which had surrounded us cleared just then, the sun came out on the scene of the disaster, where


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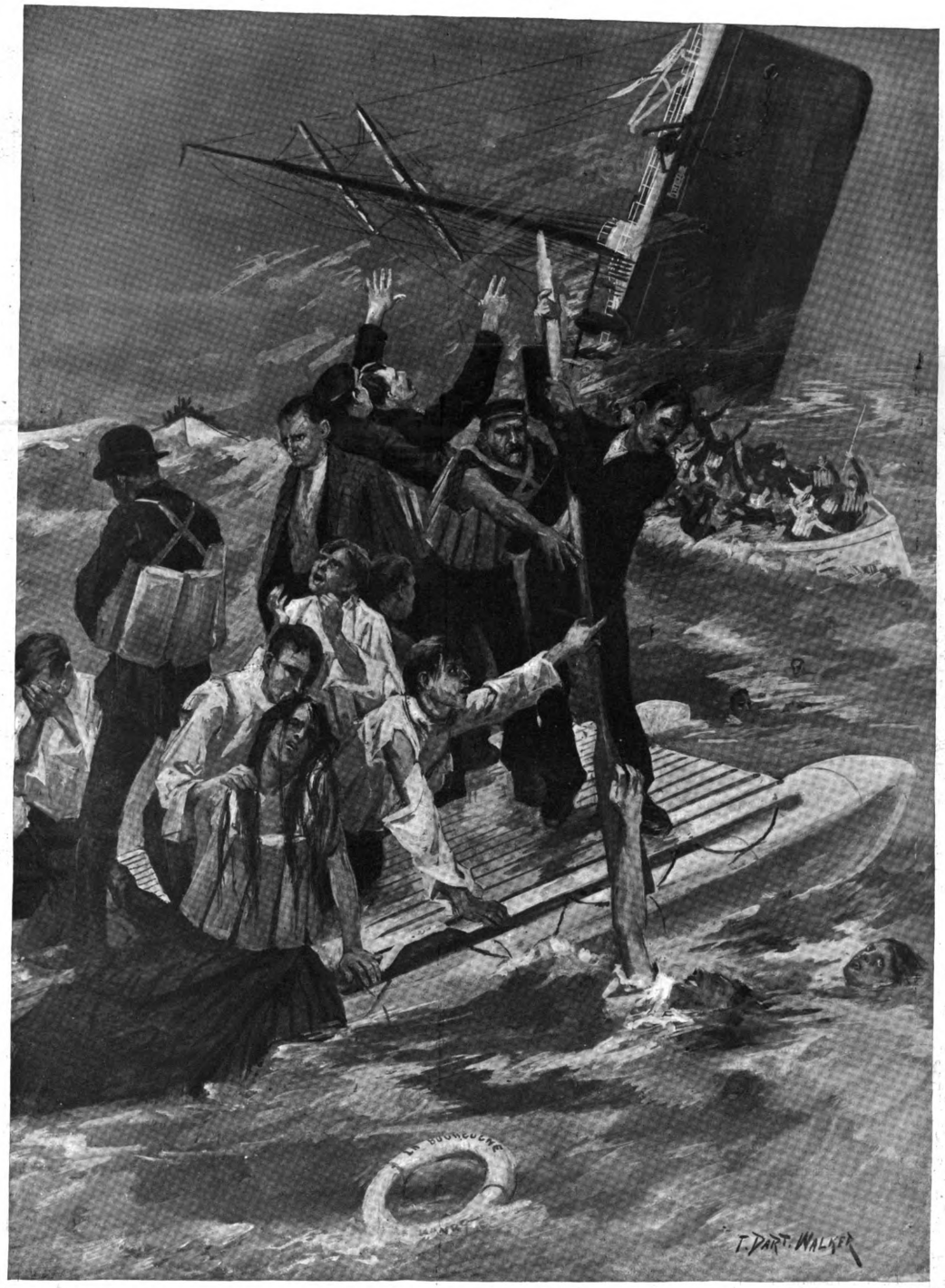
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THE SINKING OF THE FRENCH LINE STEAMER "LA BOURGOGNE," JULY 4.

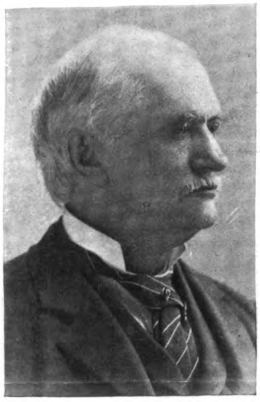
DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER FROM DESCRIPTIONS FURNISHED BY SURVIVORS.

remained only a mass of wreckage, among which were three rafts and one boat, the last being upside down, with about thirty people clinging to it. Two other boats were already far away. A boat filled with women had been unfortunately struck by the funnel of the sinking ship, which caused the loss of the lives of all those in it. Another life-boat, which was filled with men and women, was cut from the davits just as the ship was going down; but it was too late, and, being overcrowded, it sank with all its human load.

For two hours no ship was sighted. It would have been impossible to pass a night on the raft, wet through, as we were partly submerged, hungry, thirsty, and faint. Suddenly a man on board of our raft called out there was a sail in sight. No one believed him at first, but we soon realized that it was truly so. This gave a new energy to us all, and we began to row in that direction. In the mean time our anxiety was terrible for fear the ship would not notice us; but a couple of hours afterwards we came in good sight of her, and realized that it was the ship which had sunk *La Bourgogne*, as her forward part was all crushed. After what seemed to us ages, a boat was detached and sent to our aid. One of the rafts was taken in tow, and two hours after came our turn. A rope was thrown over to our raft and attached to the forward part. But as a swell came up and raised our raft up, and lowered the boat, the rope snapped in two. Three times we tried again, and finally succeeded in being towed to the side of the *Cromartyshire*, where we were taken on board, exhausted and sonked through. Never did a place look so beautiful to me as the quiet cabin of this sailing-ship, with its homelike appearance of birds and plants belonging to the captain's wife.

Four hours later the *Grecian* was sighted and hailed. Small boats took on board the survivors of our ill-fated ship, except my husband and myself. The *Cromartyshire* was towed by the *Grecian* to Halifax, where we landed on July 6. Never did any land look to us more comforting and lovely than the banks of Nova Scotia, and we realized more than ever the horrible nightmare we had been through and our narrow escape from death.

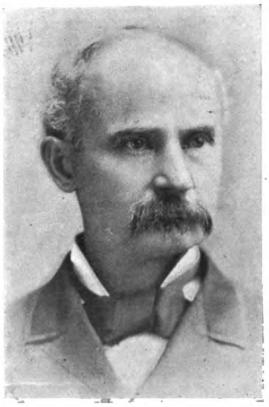
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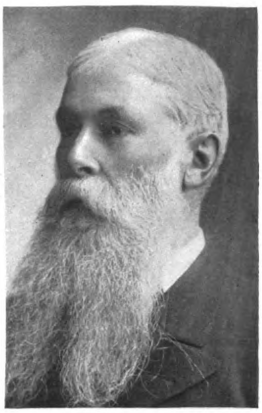
SENATOR MORGAN, OF ALABAMA.
Photograph by Bell.



SENATOR CULLOM, OF ILLINOIS.



CONGRESSMAN HITT, OF ILLINOIS.
Photograph by Bell.



PRESIDENT DOLE OF HAWAII.

COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT McKINLEY FOR FRAMING LAWS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII.

## THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

I.

Two chapters in the story hold most of the plot: two periods separated by a century will take us, if we can realize them, in an instant, almost, and in a glance of the eye, to the essential and significant thing in Hawaiian history. The first period is that of the conquests of Kamehameha I., or Kamehameha the Great—as great a savage as one would have cared to know—and this period includes also the extension and maintenance of his rule as savage autocrat of the island group. And that seems only yesterday, in one way. Kamehameha's war-cloak of mamo feathers draped the bier of Kalakaua in 1891, when the body of the last of the kings lay in state. Into the second period we may gather, and gather without crowding (as three gold pieces may lie easily in a pocket), the overthrow of the monarchy, the establishment of a republic, and annexation to the United States. News of the day, as this page is written, comes in the form of a despatch telling us that the Hawaiian Islands have been attached to the Department of California, now under the command of Major-General Merriam; that orders were issued to-day assigning, for the time being, the First New York Volunteer Regiment of Infantry to the *Department of California, for duty at Honolulu.*

II.

When Captain Cook, seeking a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic in 1778, happened upon this isolated, strangely beautiful outpost of the Western Hemisphere, he noted its attractions to good purpose, and with an enthusiasm that betrays itself in a tendency to exaggerate certain details. A year later, in the winter of 1779, he returned from Alaska, to be worshipped as a god for a time, and then to be killed by the natives, who took that emphatic means of expressing their remonstrance against the human frailties of this bluff famous navigator.

Kamehameha, a nephew of Chief (or King) Kalaniopuu, was living in Hawaii at the time, and, tradition says, was a witness of this tragedy. Now Kalaniopuu died in 1782, and in the division of his estates Kamehameha got control of two districts in the island. The assassination of his only prominent rival, the late King's son, made him lord of the remaining districts in 1791; then by force, by craft, and especially by enlisting the services of English sailors (who appear to have been delighted to do their part with fire-arms and fire-water), he became overlord of at least seven of the eight inhabited islands. This result was attained in 1810. Meantime (1792–1794) Captain George Vancouver visited Hawaii several times, with a better motive and with beneficent results, for he brought cattle and sheep, unknown before, and gifts of seeds and useful plants. Kamehameha died in 1819—not before long-continued success had proved his wisdom in holding and governing new territory (a little empire, in fact), as well as splendid talent for extending his boundaries. The total area of these eight islands is one-third greater than that of Connecticut—not a small matter to keep in hand when voyages from one island to another were made in war-canoes.

That was the heroic age of Hawaii, when its population of Kanakas was perhaps ten times as numerous as at present, and the 300,000 Kanaka men and women were physically as superb, maybe, as those distant South Sea cousins of theirs with whom Robert Louis Stevenson made us so well acquainted. Certainly no other savage or barbarian, in all the stories of all the Pacific islands, is Kamehameha's superior. The race that produced him had possibilities within itself.

But just what possibilities we shall never know. In 1891 (Kalakaua then lying in state under Kamehameha's feather cloak) only 34,436 pure Hawaiians were left, with 6186 half-castes, in a total population of 89,900. In other words, only forty-five per cent. of the total population of the country were then pure Hawaiians or half-castes, while the foreigners—Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and other Europeans and Americans—constituted fifty-five per cent. The census of 1896 shows a further loss for one element and gains for the other elements, as follows: Hawaiians, 31,019; part Hawaiians, 8485; Americans, 3086; British, 2250; Germans, 1432; French, 101; Norwegians, 378; Portuguese, 15,191; Japanese, 24,407; Chinese, 21,616; South Sea Islanders, 455; other nationalities, 600—total population, 109,020. So far as the pure Hawaiians are concerned, this means a decrease of 9.9 per cent. between the years 1890 and 1896. In 1832 the native population was about 130,000. It is apparent from these figures that the rate of decrease among aborigines has of late been somewhat checked, but this is inconsiderable in view of all the circumstances.

And with this statement we find that we have advanced from the beginning to the end of the century; that we are already in the midst of the second period, and know how to explain its happenings.

Liliuokalani was made Queen on the 29th of January, 1891. Two years later, when she had "announced her intention to arbitrarily promulgate a new constitution," as the report of the Committee of Safety put it, a popular uprising dispossessed her. The Hawaiian monarchical system of government was abrogated, and a provisional government was proclaimed, January 17, 1893; and at this juncture the United States cruiser *Boston* (Captain Wiltse), which had opportunely arrived three days before, landed a force of 162 officers and men—marines and bluejackets—with a Gatling gun and a 37-millimetre revolving gun, to protect the lives and property of American citizens. Professor Alexander, in his *History of the later Years of the Hawaiian Monarchy and the Revolution of 1893*, makes the very cautious statement that "the knowledge of the fact that the United States troops were on shore undoubtedly served to repress disorder, and gave the community a grateful sense of security. There was a band concert at the Hawaiian Hotel that evening, which was well attended!"

Commissioners sent to this country to ask for annexation reached Washington at the beginning of February; our minister at Honolulu assumed a protectorate February 9, and President Harrison's message of February 15 recommended annexation. Two days later an envoy of Queen Liliuokalani came to win sympathy and aid for a lost cause, and presently the governments of other nations as well were addressed in favor of her restoration. The treaty of annexation was withdrawn by President Cleveland, who sent ex-Representative James H. Blount, of Georgia, as a special commissioner to take evidence and report the actual condition of affairs (March 11). By Mr. Blount's order our flag was removed from the government building in Honolulu. On May 9 Mr. Blount was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Hawaiian Islands; on the 22d of August he returned to Washington; Albert S. Willis, of Kentucky, received his appointment as minister a fortnight later, and presented his credentials to President Dole, of the Provisional Government, November 7. The ardent controversy that accompanied these "moves," here so briefly stated, makes an interesting chapter by itself; it is not essential in this story, for events proved that the actual power had passed out of Kanaka hands. On July 4, 1894, the Republic of Hawaii was proclaimed, with Sanford B. Dole as President. The commercial relations of the new republic with this country were so intimate that in 1895 the United States took 99.04 per cent. of all Hawaiian exports (total value in that year, $8,474,138 15), while supplying 79.04 per cent. of all Hawaiian imports (total value in 1895, $5,714,017 54). On July 6, 1898, the United States Senate, by a two-thirds vote, passed the Newlands annexation resolution. President McKinley's signature was affixed the next day.

III.

The change wrought during the years that intervened between the apotheosis of Captain Cook and the landing of Captain Wiltse's marines should be shown with rather more detail, for it is perhaps the most perfect example that history offers of the displacement of vigorous barbarians without violence.

While Kamehameha I. lived the King was all—the strongest, bravest, and most skilful warrior; absolute master of the land, and of every life and of every product; defender also of the ancient religion. His reign extended to May 8, 1819. The first American missionaries (from Boston) arrived April 4, 1820. It has been customary to ascribe all the changes to the efforts of Bingham and Thurston and their successors, but the records will not support any such contention. Disintegration of the old system had been begun by European man-o'-war's men, who could work incredible destruction with their powder and shot. These Europeans believed that mere men were superior to the forces of nature which the Hawaiians had blindly worshipped. The Hawaiian, accordingly, learned part of an indispensable lesson from rough seamen.

Kamehameha II. publicly defied the system of "tabu" in October, 1819; the idols and their temples were burnt; and when Bingham and Thurston reached Kailaua Bay, April 4, 1820, some of the rough preliminary work had already been done. The fact seems to be, therefore, that the islanders got the seed of their new faith at a time when the old faith had been uprooted.

In 1823 Kamehameha II. (or Liholiho), accompanied by his wife and six chiefs, visited England. A few weeks after arrival the King and Queen were attacked by disease, and died. Their remains were taken back by Lord Byron (the poet's cousin), commanding the frigate *Blonde.*

The first treaty between the Hawaiian Islands and the United States was concluded in 1826. In the following year Roman Catholic missionaries from France arrived, but never quite succeeded in making themselves at home. In 1832 they were deported to California. Returning in 1837, they barely secured the privilege of landing; and this permission was positively withheld from other representatives of the same faith and nationality. The French frigate *Artémise* reached Honolulu July 9, 1839, requiring an indemnity of $20,000, and a proclamation of full religious liberty. Of course this demand was acceded to; in fact, a "declaration of rights" preceded it by a month, and an edict of toleration by several weeks.

In 1840 the first constitution was proclaimed, providing for a legislature to consist of two houses, on the English plan. Between 1840 and 1843 a series of disputes with France and England culminated in a provisional cession to England, February 25, 1843, which was declined by the government of that country. Near the close of the year a joint declaration by France and England was published, recognizing the independence of the islands, and engaging "never to take possession, either directly or under the title of protectorate, or under any other form, of any part of the territory of which they are composed."

Liberty with a French, English, and American accent was speaking to these islanders who half a century before had been slaves of a clever savage chieftain. But America was coming very near, through the settlement of California. In 1850 the suggestion of a United States protectorate was declined by our government. A constitution providing for universal suffrage in the choice of members of the lower house was adopted in 1852.

The election of David Kalakaua as successor to King William Lunalilo, in 1874, brought to the already insecure office a person whose arbitrary methods alienated his friends, and whose dishonest practices utterly destroyed the credit of the monarchy. But instead of rehearsing the scandals of his reign, we may prefer to remember that they were personal, and therefore all covered (after he had died at San Francisco, in 1891, and after the cruiser *Charleston* had carried his remains back to Honolulu) by the yellow-feather mantle of the founder of the dynasty—who, "when six spears were cast at once at him, caught three, parried two, and avoided the sixth by a quick movement of the body," as Vancouver relates.

Which brings us back to the point of departure.

MARRION WILCOX.

## GHOSTS.

SADLY and mistily they wander
By land and sea,
I watch them roaming here and yonder
Untiringly.
They pass before me like dim seemings
Of living things,
Then melt into the faint star-gleamings
On viewless wings.

Some smile, I think, and some are weeping,
As if they knew
That passionate hearts are striving, reaping,
To crown the few;
That grief is still the lot of many,
That death alone
Is the one certain peace for any,
The one end known.

They pass before me, shadows merely,
In drifting hosts,
Holding their shrouded heads austerely—
These silent ghosts.
These ghosts whose long-forgotten voices
And sightless eyes
Remind me that nature still rejoices,
Though all life dies.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

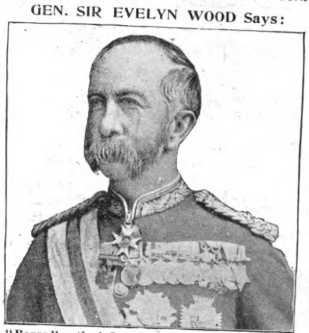
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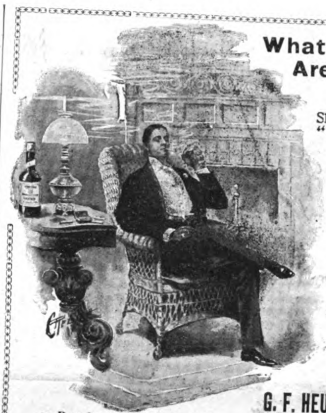
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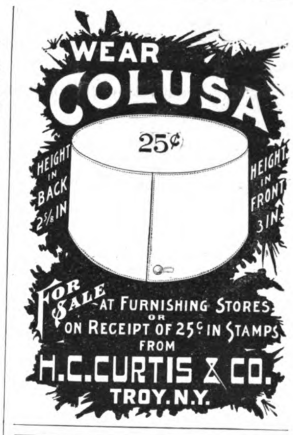
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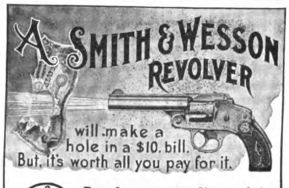



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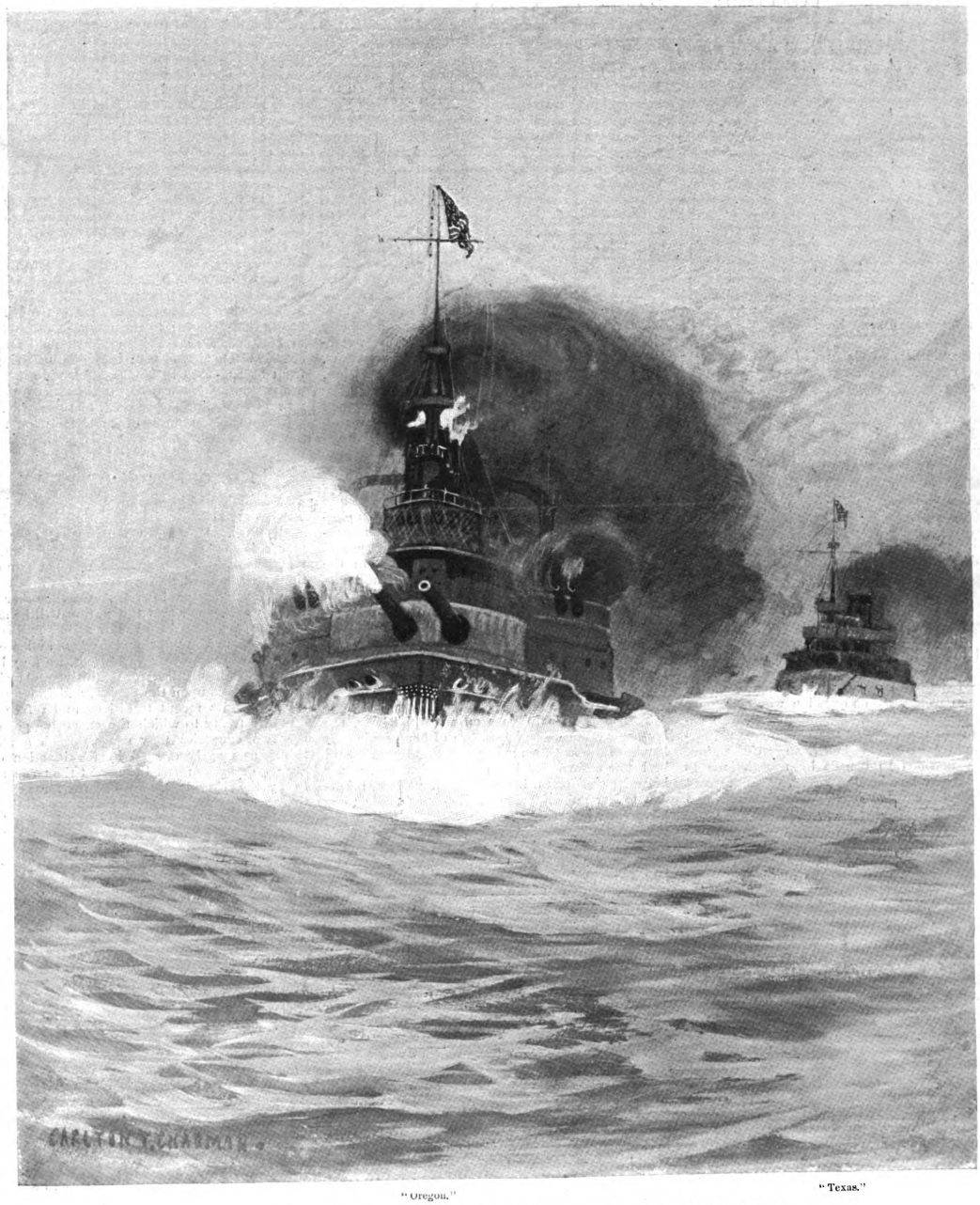
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2171.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

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THE "OREGON" OVERHAULING THE "VIZCAYA" AND "CRISTÓBAL COLON" AT A 16-KNOT PACE, OFF SANTIAGO, JULY 3.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 30, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square


*This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents are following the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.*

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| CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. | JOHN FOX, JR. |
| RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM. | FRANK D. MILLET. |
| FREDERIC REMINGTON. | JOHN F. BASS. |
| T. DE THULSTRUP. | O. K. DAVIS. |
| W. A. ROGERS. | HAROLD MARTIN, |
| T. DART WALKER. | AND OTHERS. |

Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither,* Mr. WALKER *is with* General MILES'S *Expedition against Puerto Rico, and* Mr. MARTIN *at Santiago.*

THE Emperor of Germany is not unfriendly to us to the point of desiring hostile relations on account of the Philippines. His former subjects who are now American citizens, in suggesting the presentation of a battle-ship by them to this country, are probably giving utterance to a sentiment more nearly like that of the people of the German Empire than is that which apparently animates the impolite officers of Admiral VON DIEDRICHS'S fleet. We have little to fear from Germany except that exasperating reports of German misdeeds at Manila may increase the desire of the American people to keep the Philippines.

THE Spaniards and Cubans of Santiago are to have a taste of American administration of the best character. President MCKINLEY, in an admirable paper, full of justice and humanity, as well as of sound sense, has laid down the law for the surrendered province. The merchants are to receive goods from all countries on payment of the lowest duties—that is, the duties heretofore charged on Spanish merchandise. The rights of persons and of property are to be respected, and the laws as they exist are to continue to be administered by the Spanish judges. The administration of the law will be under the supervision of United States army officers, and will therefore be honest—something entirely new in respect to Cuban affairs.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S wish to be represented at the Quebec conference threatens complications incompatible with the scope of the negotiations. If restricted to the discussion of closer commercial relations with this country, such representation may well be permitted; but the introduction of the west shore fishery rights question would at once cause a protest from France, and an indefinite enlargement of the work of the conference. Newfoundland has long held aloof from confederation, although anxious to benefit by negotiations to which Canada has been a party. The present disorganized condition of the island's trade and finances calls loudly for some relief, and there is little doubt that a reciprocity treaty with the United States would be welcomed on lines similar to the BOND-BLAINE treaty of a few years ago. The disallowance of that treaty by the mother-country has since been looked upon as a precedent to discourage the separate action of Newfoundland whenever interests common to that colony and the Dominion are concerned. The general question of the fisheries, apart from the west shore difficulty, is a case in point. To our government the matter is of some importance, as possibly demanding a sharper limitation of certain questions awaiting settlement, and a refusal to entertain them if likely to lead to extra-continental considerations.

THERE is a growing belief in this country that we are henceforth to play a larger part in the world's affairs than we have ever played before, and that this is true is shown clearly enough by the expansion of our foreign commerce. The old walls erected and maintained by the protectionists are breaking down before the peaceful assaults of trade. We are discovering the mutual profit of that intimate relationship which is essential to complete growth, and which cannot prosper except through peace. We say this fully realizing that commercial jealousies and colonial adventures for the expansion of commerce are accountable, more than any other cause, for the present warlike attitude of the nations of Europe, and for the danger of militarism which is threatening this country in consequence of our defeat of Spain, our occupation of her territory, and the temptation held out to us to make England's cause in China our own by undertaking the government of the Philippines. But commerce eventually will overcome war, and when that day comes a colony will be no more valuable to the mother-country than to any other power with which she can trade on equal terms, and not so valuable as to the power that can undersell the mother-country. Protected Europe may secure an expansion through the cost of war, but England has secured her territorial greatness by her liberal trade policy. We can follow her example if we will, and make the distant parts of the world our own by stimulating our commerce along the lines in which it is now flowing and expanding; or we may follow the example of Germany and France, and tax our citizens for making trade for the few, just as we have heretofore taxed them for the enrichment of our protected manufacturers. We can have profitable commerce and civilization with peace, or burdens and barbarism with war.

IT is true, as Mr. HILL asserts, that Governor BLACK'S Election Bureau bill is "based upon the assumption that the people of the city of New York are unable or unwilling to enforce the election and registration laws at their own home." Therefore Governor BLACK proposes that the State shall perform the duty which the people of the city fail or neglect to perform. But this is modern politics. The people of no community in this State—and this is true of other States, for that matter—are able or willing to perform their political duties. Their inability is due to their surrender of their political power to bosses, who are as much personal rulers as the Emperor of Germany or the Czar of Russia. CROKER is the ruler of this city, and PLATT is, or has been, the ruler in the State. These two, having come together, agreed that elections in the city should be controlled by Police Commissioners, composed of friends of the two irresponsible tyrants, each tyrant having two friends on the Commission. Mr. HILL seems to think that because the Mayor appointed these Commissioners, New York city had home-rule to that extent. Not at all, for the people of New York city had nothing whatever to do with the matter, any more than they will have to do with the Supervisor whom Governor BLACK expects to appoint. The reason why Governor BLACK wants to run elections in the city is because he is out with PLATT. He ought not to run elections here, and his measure is bad, as well as unconstitutional, but the system that he replaces, and which left the management of elections in the hands of PLATT and CROKER, was no more a home-rule feature than is Governor BLACK'S scheme, and Mr. HILL is mistaken if he supposes it to be. Home-rule means that the municipal family shall rule the household, not that one of the members of the family, like VAN WYCK, for example, shall act as the agent for absolute rulers like PLATT and CROKER.

THE longer Spain goes on with this war, the harder is going to be the future of her people. It has been the fact for many years that Spain would be better off without her colonies, because, under her misgovernment, her colonies have been a burden to her public treasury, while their commerce has been absorbed by more competent and enterprising nations. Spain has within herself resources sufficient to make her people happy and prosperous and her government stable. If she had dropped Cuba and the Philippines long ago, she would now be well advanced towards solvency, provided her statesmen had turned their attention to her economic condition. We believe she has statesmen who can do this, and who can accomplish practical results in this direction. But in order to set about it with any hope of success, peace should be established as soon as possible. Every day of this war plunges the Spaniards deeper and deeper into insolvency, and if Spain consults her feelings rather than her interest she will come out of the war eventually not only stripped of all her colonial possessions, but so burdened with taxation, so ruined in her credit—such a bankrupt, in short—that revolution is likely to be her lot for years to come, unless, for their own protection, stronger powers of the continent take her in hand, and either divide her up or put her in the hands of a receiver. In any event, the Spanish people have already a hard road before them, and the present and succeeding generations are likely to be burdened with all the taxation that their industry and the fruitfulness of their land can bear. If peace is much longer postponed they cannot bear the burden that full payment of every debt will necessitate. We wish, for their sakes as well as for our own, that the Spanish people would insist upon putting an end to a conflict the result of which is not only inevitable, but is now seen to be inevitable by every intelligent man in Europe, including the Spaniards themselves.

THERE is a good deal of food for reflection in the commercial statistics of the country for the fiscal year which ended on the 30th of June. Notwithstanding the increase in our rates of duties, there has been a very important reduction in our public revenues from customs taxation. This, however, is a phase of our commercial system with which the country has been long familiar, and of which it is growing weary, even the manufacturers becoming accustomed to the belief that the country will not always consent to play the part of a pelican in their behalf. The growth of our export trade is the important fact of the year's statistics. Owing to the falling off in imports, or in what we ought to have expected from them, the exports are double our receipts from abroad, leaving what is called a balance of trade in our favor of $615,259,024. This is more than twice as great as the balance of 1897. How enormous the difference is may be judged from the fact that only in the years 1878, 1879, 1881, 1892, 1894, 1897, and 1898 has the balance reached $200,000,000, and in the best of the years enumerated except 1898—that is, in 1897—the balance was but $286,263,144. The actual value of our exports for the year 1898 was $1,231,311,868. Ten years before, for the year 1888, the export trade of the country was $695,954,507. Last year our exports to Africa amounted to $17,000,000 as against $3,000,000 in 1888. During the decade our exports to Japan increased from $4,000,000 to $21,000,000; to China, from $4,500,000 to $10,000,000; to Austria-Hungary, from $500,000 to $5,000,000; to Belgium, from $10,000,000 to $47,000,000; to Denmark, from $3,000,000 to $12,000,000; to the Netherlands, from $16,000,000 to $65,000,000; to France, from $40,000,000 to $100,000,000; to Germany, from $56,500,000 to $150,000,000; to British North America, from $38,000,000 to $85,000,000; to the United Kingdom, from $362,000,000 to $540,000,000. Moreover, the proportion of exports of manufactured goods is now large, being 29 per cent. of the whole. The aggregate of exports of manufactures reaches nearly $300,000,000.

## THE QUESTION OF PEACE.

PEACE is within our power. It rests with this country to determine the time when the war shall cease. How and when we shall exercise the power is matter for serious consideration. We may permit Spain to understand that our conditions will be hard, and we shall continue to have war for a long time to come. On the other hand, we may assure her that the nation will be as generous to its defeated foe as our sailors and soldiers have been to CERVERA and TORAL, and we may have peace at any time. At least, we may have a cessation of hostilities; for definitive and technical peace depends upon the Senate, which may possibly follow its recent traditions and refuse to accept any treaty to which the executive powers of the two countries may agree. Such a state of things as may be created by the inaction of the Senate, or by its refusal to accept the terms agreed to by the President, may endure for years, and there may nevertheless be a real peace all the time. The President has the matter in his own hands. He may accept overtures and may conclude a treaty. If his treaty require the evacuation of any part of Spanish territory by American forces, he can carry out that requirement while the Senate is debating his treaty, or, better still, before it meets for its consideration.

The question as to the prospects of peace depends entirely upon the terms which we are to exact from Spain. If by these terms she is left with something that she will inevitably or probably lose by a continuation of the war, peace may be had very soon. If, however, our demands, if acceded to, would strip Spain of all her colonial possessions, or would humiliate her beyond endurance, she would probably continue the war for the simple reason that if she is to lose all in any event, she would prefer to lose gloriously by fighting to the death, than to give up while she still possesses soldiers and other resources. As the London *Spectator* says: "If the American people desire that the terms should be hard they will be hard, and, as we think, they will be too hard to tempt Spaniards to abandon their ideas as to what in the way of resistance is demanded of them by honor. There will be peace, no doubt, in the end. Indeed, when bull-dog and blood-hound meet in combat there always is peace, serene peace—for the survivor."

This question of terms is one of great and imme-

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diate importance. The determination which we reach will mean either peace or a continuation of the war, and in the continuation of the war is involved the problem of expansion. Nothing that can happen to us, we think, will go so far to make this country a colonial power like France and Germany, but not at all like England, as the continuation of the war against Spain. The passion of the people, with whom the decision ultimately rests, will be more and more inflamed by the stubborn resistance of the Spaniards, by every battle that is made necessary by such resistance, by the loss of American lives, by the piling up of war expenses, already enormous, by the interruption and depression of trade which is sure to come sooner or later. Besides, we are beginning to believe that we have been mistaken as to the character of the Cuban insurgents; that instead of being a worthy and heroic people struggling for their liberty and for self-government, their soldiers in the field at least are worthless and half barbarous, willing to take what we are ready to give for nothing, willing to stand passively and cowardly by while American soldiers are shot down in what they regard as their own cause, and eager to claim the fruits of our victories, to which they have shamefully neglected to contribute. The Spaniards whom they have shot at most eagerly were the poor victims of CERVERA's fleet as they swam ashore from their wrecked ships. On these helpless men the Cubans seem to have been willing to do murder, but when it came to fighting armed Spaniards in the open, they left that dangerous work to our troops. The war will not have to last much longer before the American people will conclude, unjustly no doubt, that these barbarians in the eastern end of the island are typical Cubans, and will make up their minds that such a people do not possess the capacity for self-government. Not much more fighting, either, will be necessary to convince a large number of Americans that the Philippines ought not to be left under the government of Spain, nor at the tender mercies of the insurgents. In a word, as the war goes on, the chances that we shall keep whatever territory we conquer are stronger and stronger.

The time has not yet passed, however, when we may make peace on the terms on which we began the war; and if we do that, our problem is settled; while if we go on until it becomes impossible or difficult to give up Cuba, or the Philippines, or Puerto Rico, or the Ladrones either to their people or to Spain, we shall be forced to face new political problems, national and international, of the gravest character. Our right to begin the war, or to intervene, as set forth by the President in his message to Congress of April 11, rested on four grounds: first, the cause of humanity; second, our duty to protect our own citizens in Cuba; third, the injury to commerce caused by the "wanton destruction of property and devastation of the island"; fourth, the menace to our peace caused by the condition of Cuba. The resolutions in pursuance of which war was declared stated that the reason for the war was "the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba." They then declared that the "people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent"; that it was the duty of the United States to demand that Spain "relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters." The resolutions then authorized the President "to use the entire land and naval force of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, *to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.*" Finally Congress disclaimed, on the part of the United States, "any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty or control over the island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

The war was begun, therefore, for the liberation of Cuba, and the President's authority to carry it on is actually limited to the accomplishment of the task of driving Spain out of the island. That object accomplished, the professed reason for the war ceases to exist, while we are under a solemn promise to withdraw, and to leave the "government and control of the island to its people." It is true that we have a right to indemnity and to security against the future, and to that end we control Manila and shall control Puerto Rico. Moreover, it is also true that either the Spaniards or the Cubans may so change conditions that our agreement may cease to be binding in conscience. At present, however, there is every reason to insist that if peace shall be made, the stated reasons on which the war was begun cannot be honorably departed from. We must give Cuba to the Cubans, and in the Philippines we can only demand a tenancy, or a right, which shall assure us a fair indemnity for the cost of the war.

The proposition before the country is plain. Either we must make peace at once, returning to our ordinary vocations, looking after our own affairs, withdrawing from expenditures that make taxation onerous, becoming again the republic teaching the blessings of peace, or we must go on with the war. If we accept the latter alternative, we shall doubtless, in the end, assume the government of distant colonies. The people of the islands which we shall take, including Cuba, are opposed to the proposition that we shall govern them. They are unlike us, and most of them are barbarians. We will not colonize these islands, because they are tropical, and white men do not colonize the tropics. We shall be obliged to govern them without their consent. In order to do that we shall be forced to maintain a large navy and a large standing army. The cost of these necessities will be great in money, but greater still in their moral and political effect, for, with large military establishments and distant dependencies, we must have a stronger Executive than we have now, and less meddling from Congress. We must then have an Executive powerful enough to act in a question of war and peace on his own initiative, for our borders will lie next to those of the quarrelling nations of Europe. And we must consider, too, what consequences will follow in our domestic affairs when we arm the Executive with stronger powers and give to him a large army to maintain and enforce them. All these matters must be thought of at once, for if we prolong the war we shall need to change our government; if, on the other hand, we are content with our present conditions, we shall make peace as soon as we can with dignity.

## JUSTICE AND "IMPERIALISM."

ZOLA has been condemned again, and sentenced. It appears that he has run away rather than undergo his sentence. He has appealed to Philip sober, to posterity, to what you will. Only he has admitted by evasion that France is in the mean while too hot to hold a courageous writer who has shown a disposition to tell the truth about a case pending in the French courts.

The American who concludes that the French courts are deliberately doing injustice for the sake of doing it would conclude rashly. French magistrates "average up" very fairly with American magistrates. There is no more popular desire in France than there is in America to do injustice, even upon a Jew, for the sake of doing it. And yet here is the case: A court martial has condemned to a punishment which is almost capital, and which to some temperaments would be more than capital, for an offence which at the most is technical. DREYFUS did not mean to betray his country for hire, and nobody any longer really maintains that he did. And yet, in order to procure the conviction of a man who is otherwise than technically innocent, the Minister of War comes into court to read into a memorandum a name that is not there, the high generals of the army come into a civil court to tell the jury what verdict it ought to find. The judges of the civil courts not only permitted but eagerly promoted this scandalous attempt to prostitute their courts from instruments of justice to instruments for the promotion of discipline in the army, and for the suppression of public criticism upon the procedures of the army.

It is very surprising, very pathetic. There must be a cogent reason for it. This reason is to be sought in the military situation of France. To tell the truth about DREYFUS, or do justice in his case, it has been said a hundred times over, would be to "compromise the national defence." Specifically, it seems that it would be to imperil the Russian alliance. The Russian alliance, in the view not only of the leaders of the army, but of the judges of the tribunals, is more important than the doing of justice between man and man.

We do not, and in the present state of the disclosures we cannot, know how much of truth there is in this view, how much the Russian alliance would be imperilled by the publication of the truth about DREYFUS, and by the permission to ZOLA to justify himself, if he can justify himself, by the production of all relevant and competent evidence. But we are bound to take notice of the predicament in which the French generals and the French judges are placed. If our own country were assailed by powerful enemies, and had but one friend in the world, we should all feel that the support of that friend was worth having at the cost of great sacrifices and of great losses, possibly even at the cost of doing grievous injustice to individuals, possibly at the loss, if we were generals or judges, of our own self-respect.

All that we are entitled to say in the presence of such a conflict is a thanksgiving that we are not subjected to such a temptation, and a prayer that we may be relieved from it. And yet is there not a party—and a very noisy and insistent party—which is bent upon taking us—a nation which has never known temptations of this kind—into the midst of them? France knows now, better than we know, the seriousness of JEFFERSON'S awful warning about "entangling alliances," but perhaps not better than we are doomed to know it. France is a militant nation by the very necessity of her existence. It is true, as BISMARCK said long ago, that she might disarm, and that Europe might disarm, if she would explicitly renounce the project of reconquering the province which Germany conquered from her a quarter of a century ago. But it is true also, as BISMARCK also said, that such a renunciation would be fatal to any French ministry, or to any individual French politician, who should venture upon making it. And so it is a national necessity that France should maintain a standing army of 550,000 men in time of peace; and it seems to be a national necessity also that the representatives of this huge force should be able to dictate the verdicts of juries, and that judges should be content to register the decrees of generals.

But the condition which is the doom of France there are a number of Americans who are insisting that we should incur, without any necessity whatever, and in mere "gayety of heart." Without question, as soon as we embark upon the policy of "imperialism," we shall be compelled to seek for alliances. In isolation we can protect our own coasts, but we cannot, in isolation, protect distant dependencies. We shall be forced to seek alliances; we shall be forced to maintain a great army. And it may very well be that in order to secure our alliances the chiefs of our great army may find it necessary to appeal to the courts to pervert themselves from ministers of justice to ministers of injustice. What a dreadful choice is this between justice and patriotism! If we incur it, we shall differ from France in that we have deliberately brought about the situation which offers such a choice, while she has had the situation thrust upon her.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Saturday, July 16.*—The conditions of capitulation submitted to our government in a despatch from General Shafter were the following: All forces and war material in the territory lying east of a line from Aserradero to Sagua, *viâ* Palma, are included; the United States to transport, with as little delay as possible, all Spanish troops in the ceded district to the kingdom of Spain—the troops to embark at points conveniently near their present garrisons; officers to retain their side-arms, and both officers and men their personal property; Spanish authorities to be allowed to take the military archives belonging to surrendered district; volunteers and guerillas to be allowed to remain in Cuba under parole during the present war, giving up their arms; Spanish forces to march out of Santiago with honors of war, depositing their arms at a point mutually agreed upon, to await disposition of the United States government, it being understood that the American commissioners will recommend that the Spanish soldiers be allowed to return to Spain with their arms.

General Shafter stated that the surrender included about twelve thousand soldiers "against whom a shot has not been fired," and that the number of troops to be returned to Spain was above twenty-four thousand.

The contents of General Toral's letter, dated at Santiago July 15, and beginning, "I am now authorized by my government to capitulate," had already been made known at Washington; it is therefore only necessary to add, in order to show plainly the important successive steps in these negotiations: First, that our government adhered to its original demand that the surrender should be unconditional, thus declining the commissioners' suggestion in regard to the retention of arms by the Spanish troops, and, second, that the commissioners representing Toral and the Spanish government, yielding all other points for which they had stood out, received the promise that Spanish troops (not volunteers or guerillas) should be sent from the ceded district to Spain at our expense.

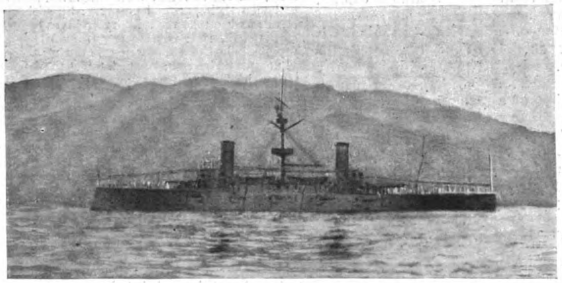
*Sunday, July 17.*—General Shafter and General Toral, with their staffs and escorts, met at a point between the lines of the Spanish and American forces at nine o'clock this morning. The Spanish commander, with a brief statement in his own language to the effect that Santiago de Cuba—city and province—had now been delivered into the custody of the United States, offered to give up his sword, but it was returned to him. The two generals then rode through the city, the American taking formal possession, as he narrates in a despatch of this date to Adjutant-General Corbin. "I have the honor," he says, "to announce that the American flag has been this instant (12 o'clock, noon) hoisted over the house of the civil government . . . . An immense concourse of people was present, a squadron of cavalry, and a regiment of infantry presenting arms, and a band playing national airs. A light battery fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Perfect order is being maintained by the municipal government. The distress is very great, but there is little sickness in town, and scarcely any yellow fever. A small gunboat and about two hundred seamen left by Cervera have surrendered to me. Obstructions are being removed from the mouth of the harbor. Upon coming into the city I discovered a perfect entanglement of defences. Fight-

(*Continued on page 754.*)

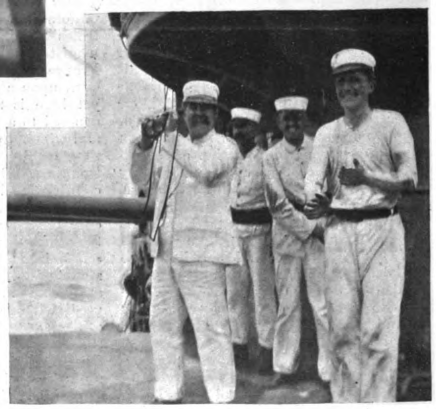
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CREW OF THE "OREGON" CHEERING THE SURRENDER OF THE "COLON."



THE "CRISTÓBAL COLON" ON THE BEACH AT RIO TARQUINO, 48 MILES WEST OF SANTIAGO.



CAPTAIN CLARK AND ENSIGN HUSSEY ARE PLEASED AT A WELL-PLACED SHOT.



MEMBERS OF THE CREW WATCHING THE FALL OF A SHOT.



CAPT. CLARK, LIEUT'S NICHOLSON AND ACKERMAN, ENSIGN HUSSEY, ORDERLIES, AND PART OF CREW OF AFTER 13-INCH TURRET.

ON BOARD THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON" DURING THE CHASE OF THE "CRISTÓBAL COLON," JULY 3.

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TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT PASSING THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF LAS GUASIMAS.



ON THE BATTLE-GROUND OF LAS GUASIMAS—TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT.



GRAVES OF THE ROUGH RIDERS KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF LAS GUASIMAS.



BATTLE OF EL CANEY, JULY 1—CARING FOR THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

In a letter addressed to Senator Hoar, Professor Norton says that the Senator's recent remarks at Worcester about him and his opinions, to which allusion was made in the WEEKLY last week, are based on misinformation. "You assail me," he writes, "for words which you say you have seen quoted as addressed by me to 'the youth of the university' where you and I were classmates more than fifty years ago. If you saw them thus quoted, you were led into error. No such words were addressed by me to the youth of the university. They are garbled sentences from an account in a Western newspaper of an interview with me dishonorably obtained and incorrectly reported. I did say to the youth of the university that this war with Spain was 'inglorious'; that for the accomplishment of the ends which, as a nation, we professed to seek by its means it was 'needless' and, consequently, 'criminal.'" To which Senator Hoar replies, in a letter addressed to Dr. Norton, that the opinions in question, whether literally reported or not, "are in general accord, I am sorry to say, with the sentiments I am constantly in the habit of hearing of as coming from you, both in public utterance and private speech, and of the style with which I used to be not unfamiliar when I occasionally met you." He adds: "All lovers of Harvard and all lovers of the country have felt for a long time that your relations to the university made your influence bad for the college and bad for the youth of the country. It was high time that somebody should say what I have said."

What Senator Hoar said of Professor Norton will do no harm, and may do good. When the Senator says that "*all* lovers of Harvard and *all* lovers of the country" have long felt that Dr. Norton's influence on youth was injurious, he goes too far. But it is true that a great many lovers of Harvard and of the country have thought that certain elements in Dr. Norton's influence were so deleterious as to more than counterbalance the value of that influence in other respects. It is an influence that has been potent for a generation with many of the cleverest men who have passed through Harvard college. It has been strong in kindness, in taste, and in most of the elements of civilization. Its defect in the eyes of those who have distrusted it has been that it has seemed to them to face backwards; to be a quencher of enthusiasm, an influence which disposed young men to regard themselves as citizens of a world which, on the whole, is unworthy, which saw its best days in Greece in the age of Pericles, and has had ups and downs ever since, with downward tendencies ominously noticeable at present. Ordinarily when we say a man is "not of this world," we mean that spiritual interests engross him overmuch; but if we should apply that phrase to Professor Norton we would probably mean that his world was the world of Greece and of æstheticism. We trace back our hopes for our civilization to a manger in Bethlehem, but Professor Norton's civilization has always seemed to look back regretfully, and rather hopelessly, to the Acropolis and the Parthenon. Perhaps these theories do him injustice, but whether just or not they exist.

In his letter to Senator Hoar Dr. Norton says, reproachfully: "You have seen fit, disregarding our almost lifelong relations of friendliness, to make a public attack on me of verbal severity." The implied reproach does not seem to be warranted. If Senator Hoar felt that the opinions imputed to Dr. Norton were doing harm and should be controverted, considerations of personal friendliness should not have excused him from assailing them. His age and his position made him a particularly fit person to say what he has said. Perhaps in manner he has shown some excess of zeal, but there is no trace of malignity either in his speech or in his letter, and in both he made himself clearly understood.

The average American, though he believes in the righteousness of the war with Spain, has no wish at all to humiliate Spain or do her any avoidable injury. Indeed, it is a sorrow to him that in fighting Spaniards we have to hurt them. He believes that there are multitudes of good Spaniards who hate this war far more than we do, and suffer from it immeasurably more than we can suffer. He doesn't want them to suffer any pang that can be avoided, and accordingly he reads with satisfaction of all the incidents of war in which humanity and the touches of nature that make the whole world kin show out against the background of hard knocks and distress. Here is a letter from Manila, dated "United States Ship *Concord*, May 4," which shows how strongly this sentiment of common human kindness, of which most of us are conscious, is felt by our brethren who are doing the actual work of this war:

> To-day I had a most grateful task in ministering to the comfort of the enemy. Two Spanish surgeons came on board of us early this morning in a little dugout, and asked to be permitted to see the Commander-in-Chief about the terrible condition of affairs at Cañacao, where the wounded are. They feared an uprising among the natives, who are largely insurgents and hate the Spaniards. They had only three days' provisions, and were suffering terribly. We did all we could for the poor fellows, who, indeed, looked the pictures of woe. Their uniforms were soiled and torn, and I took one of them into my room and let him have a good wash; he also exchanged his shirt and blood-bespattered trousers for clean ones. As the poor man glanced at my bureau and saw there the pictures of my wife and boys, tears stood in his eyes. "I also have a wife and two sons in Malaga," he said, taking from his pocket a much-worn envelope, and showing me a boyish scrawl at the end of a letter written in a delicate hand. The closing lines were: "Come home soon, dear papa. Your son, Juan." The poor man was almost overcome, and seemed helpless about Spain's prospects. He spoke of her misfortunes with deep feeling, attributing them to bigotry and ignorance. We made both surgeons comfortable in every way, and as they sat down to a good meal in the ward-room, one of them took from his pocket a crust of bread, saying he no longer needed that provision. One of these gentlemen was on the *Castilla*, the other on the *Isla de Cuba*, which latter made such a gallant resistance during the battle, exciting universal admiration. It is needless to say that they saved nothing but the clothes they stood in. When the Spaniards went on shore to the hospitals, where our sailors are on guard, our surgeon accompanied them. Everything will be done for their aid and protection which humanity can dictate.

The feeling shown by this naval officer who fought with Dewey is in interesting contrast to that noticed in a recent issue of an over-zealous newspaper (the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*), which remarked with some anxiety on a tendency to coddle Spanish prisoners of war—a tendency which it traced to the same weak-minded sentimentalism that induces some persons to send flowers to murderers under sentence of death.

Sympathy for our side in our war with Spain comes from two sources, which the reader of history will find particularly interesting. A Philadelphia newspaper, which is quoted by Dr. William Elliot Griffis (editor of the abridged edition of Motley's *Dutch Republic*), prints a letter from a correspondent in Rotterdam, who says that, while most of Continental Europe is inclined to sympathize with Spain, Holland stands out for the Cubans. It is apparent, from the leanings of the Dutch newspapers, that Holland has not yet forgotten Alva.

An analogous report comes from Jerusalem in the form of a copy of a prayer offered at Jerusalem on June 17, at a service in behalf of the American arms, held before a large congregation of Jews in the largest synagogue in the city. "Let Thy face shine, O God," runs this prayer, "on the young men and their leaders who risk their lives for a just cause to save the oppressed from their oppressors. But on their adversaries show Thy might. Avenge the blood of Thy servants that has been shed by a cruel nation, and crush Thine enemies for aye."

Several interesting changes are announced in the world of periodical literature. The *Critic*, after prevailing as a weekly for eighteen years, is to assume the shape and dimensions of a magazine, and to be issued monthly. The *Chap-Book* of Chicago has been bought by the *Dial* of the same town and ceases to exist, except so far as its presence may be detected in the *Dial's* inner consciousness. The *Chap-Book* was started in May, 1894, in Cambridge, by two Harvard undergraduates, and has been issued semi-monthly. One hundred numbers of it in all were published, and there were few dull ones, if any, in the lot. When a periodical sells out and disappears, the inference is that it didn't pay. In the *Chap-Book's* case a good many mourners will be ready to say, "We could have better spared some better-paying paper."

The *Independent* assumes magazine form (like the *Outlook*), but continues to be a weekly. It seems good to be in the fashion, whether the goods concerned are periodicals or millinery, and the magazine form is just now very much the fashion among the unillustrated weeklies.

A comment in the WEEKLY of July 16 about a recent disturbance at West Point which led to the third class being put under arrest gave an impression which seems to have been unjust. It is true that the third class did "holler" for Colonel Mills, the late commandant, now or recently at Santiago, but the cause of their demonstration was not a pressure of martial enthusiasm, but dissatisfaction over sundry innovations in the routine of their summer work which Colonel Mills's successor has introduced. The present commandant has made changes in tactical instruction, and has introduced practical field marches in full field equipment, reconnoissance, outpost duty, and advance-guards, in force with all arms, which has made the experiences of the present third class somewhat more laborious than those of their predecessors. Coming in from a stiff practice march on a warm morning the third class did indicate in a noisy and unauthorized manner their preference for the old way of doing things. That was insubordination, and was "mildly disciplined by the regular punishment prescribed for such an offence." It is proper to add that the practical field-work which the present commandant, Colonel Hein, has substituted for some of the drills on the plain is stated to be in line with advanced modern military methods in use in Europe, and is highly commended by competent authorities. "The work," writes an informant of the WEEKLY, "is novel and arduous, but, I believe, is thoroughly endorsed and appreciated by the cadets themselves."

Contrite acknowledgment is made of a slip in this department of the WEEKLY for July 9, which located the Tuskegee Institute in Mississippi instead of in Alabama. It is in Russell County, Alabama, twelve miles from Columbus, Georgia.

The University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, which, as lately noted, sent an unusually large proportion of its graduating class to the war, has been looking up its war record, and finds that nine of its graduates are commissioned officers in the navy and forty-six in the army—in all fifty-five, besides a good many non-commissioned officers. At least four officers who were graduates of this university are known to have been in the fights about Santiago. Two of them, Lieutenants McCorkle and Bernard, were killed, and one was wounded. The university also had three men in the battle of Manila—Lieutenant Nelson and Assistant-Engineer Delaney of the *Olympia*, and Lieutenant Joynes of the *McCulloch*.

The Chillicothe (Ohio) *Leader-Gazette* communicates to the WEEKLY its approval of the proposal to take the pictures of the Royal Gallery of Madrid in part payment of a war indemnity from Spain. The *Leader-Gazette* says, "The people of Spain prize this collection most highly, and would keenly feel its loss, so that this demand would be an exceedingly proper form of punishment for them."

But are the American people especially bent on devising proper punishments for the people of Spain? A despatch from Santiago, published in the New York *Herald* of July 20, represents General Shafter as saying to a Cuban emissary, who inquired if Santiago was to remain "in the hands of our enemies": "The Spaniards are not our enemies. We are fighting the soldiers of Spain, but have no desire to despoil her citizens." It seems likely that our Chillicothe neighbor will find this sentiment pretty prevalent among the Americans. We do not look upon the Spaniards as our enemies in the sense of wanting to punish them any more than we can help, and we certainly do not want to despoil the citizens of Spain. There seems no probability that the expediency of looting the Royal Gallery at Madrid will be seriously considered in this country. The statement, presumably true, that many of the pictures in it were spoils of former wars does not signify, for they were not stolen from us. The Spaniards of this generation seem to have the sins, political and social, of at least ten generations to answer for. They have enough on their hands without having special punishments invented for them.

A Michigan reader of the WEEKLY is apprehensive that "we who have done so well in the great things of this war are about to make a trifling and humiliating mistake" in our treatment of Admiral Cervera. He fears we will dine the admiral too much and throw him too many bouquets, and lionize him in a way prejudicial to our national self-respect.

It seems likely that our Michigan friend will find his fears without a basis. The admiral and all the Spanish officers who are prisoners of war are practically in mourning. Their country is in straits, and they would be in no humor to be "fêted" even if such a thing were proposed. They are likely to receive the treatment they would naturally prefer, in being well cared for, courteously used, and protected in retirement in some quiet place. As prisoners of war they would seem to be very well off at Annapolis.

It is related—the present version of the story is taken from a London newspaper—that when Alfonso XII., the late King of Spain, lay dying, he was heard to mutter several times: "What a conflict! My God, what a conflict!" He was not suffering greatly at the time, and some one asked him what he meant. The story goes that he said, "I see a conflict in the future."

It ought to be possible to verify so interesting a story if it is true, but what the dying King saw—if he did see it—was no more than was foreseen by some Spanish statesmen in full possession of health and all their faculties.

The government of Spain was warned many years ago, by faithful and distinguished servants of its own, that it could not hope to hold its colonies. A paragraph recently current in the newspapers, though not at this moment available, told circumstantially of one distinguished Spaniard, afterwards Captain-General of Cuba, who entreated the home government to prepare for the amicable separation of the colonies, and if not, at least to strengthen their defences. But the Spanish government did neither. Governments that cannot see, as a rule cannot hear either; nor has there been any recent Spanish government which, if it could have seen and heard and anticipated all that was coming, was strong enough to take such action as would have proved efficacious. Sagasta's predicament seems to be a good deal like Cervera's. He has the choice of being blown up in a harbor or of making a fight for it outside and being driven ashore. Keeping up the war in Cuba is Spain's way of applying an external blister to reduce internal inflammation. The blistering process must go on until more of the fever leaves the patient.

The Municipal Art Society of New York thinks that more suitable provision should be made for the flag which now flies from the staff on the cupola of the City Hall, and has arranged for a competition of designs for a bronze base for a standard similar to those in the piazza of St. Marks in Venice. It offers prizes of $400, $200, and $100 for the best three works submitted, the decision to be made by a jury of fifteen members appointed by the directors of the society. The designs and models must be sent to the secretary of the society (215 West Fifty-seventh Street) on or before October 15, 1898. The cost of the standard must not exceed $3000.

The society's enterprise is particularly opportune. There never was a time when the people of New York seemed more likely to value and appreciate a good base for a flagstaff than at present. There is no money actually in sight to make the base even when the design has been accepted, but the society believes that if the design has merit enough, either the city or some munificent citizen will furnish the funds to realize it in bronze.

Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, who died in Washington on July 12, was one of those fortunate men who find out very early in life what they want to do and spend all their days in doing it. He was born in Ohio in 1820, and was only fifteen years old when he determined, in spite of parental discouragement, to be a midshipman. An appointment was gotten for him in 1836, and after three months of study he was kept at sea nearly all the time for five years. In 1842, after examination, he became a passed midshipman, and in 1849 got his commission as lieutenant. In 1861, after a long period of almost continuous sea duty, he was in charge of the naval rendezvous at Baltimore, but applied at once for active duty. In the civil war, in command of the *Sebago*, he served at the capture of Port Royal, and under Admiral Du Pont in operations on the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. In command of the Monitor *Patapsco* he took part in the unsuccessful attempt on Charleston in April, 1863. As commander of the *Mohican* he took part in the capture of Fort Fisher.

After the war President Grant appointed him chief of the Bureau of Navigation, in which capacity he had the management of the surveys for a canal through Central America. He was greatly interested in that project, and was a member of the board which, after four years' study of the canal problem, reported unanimously in favor of the Nicaraguan route.

In December, 1877, he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, and six months later, at his own request, was retired. He invented the life-raft used on American ships, and designed the ram *Katahdin*, the sluggishness of which he was wont to attribute to changes in her lines for which he was not responsible.

He was an intimate personal friend of General Grant, whose life he is said to have saved on some occasion when both were young men.

The intention of the Common Council of New York to put a stop to the public use of unseemly language in the streets of New York is highly creditable, and it is to be hoped that the measures taken may prove effective. The law already provides against bad language, but its requirements have been so conspicuously neglected that a revival of its force was necessary.

E. S. MARTIN.

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# LONDON.

*July 9, 1898.*

It is long since the Fourth of July engaged as much attention throughout the United Kingdom as it has done during the past week. While serious Englishmen were threshing out the subject at thousands of solemn dinner tables, Colonel Hay's speech at the banquet of the American Society, in proposing the toast "The Day we Celebrate," was an utterance of unusual distinction even for the American ambassador. One hundred and twenty-one celebrations of the Fourth of July have crippled the resources of the English language. Nothing new can be said in praise of the Declaration of Independence or of the great nation that to-day fills the thoughts of white men from Vladivostok to Cape Clear. Europe suffers from an obsession of the United States. When, therefore, Colonel Hay struck a deeper note than usual, every one present at the Fourth of July banquet was touched with genuine emotion. I question if there was a cynic in the room, although cynics are plentiful at the height of the London season. Less given to speech-making than some of his predecessors, the American ambassador manages to fill the eye and to touch the imagination of our people with a dignity and reserve force highly conducive to the best interests of his countrymen. Every one agreed that his speech at the Hotel Cecil reached the high-water mark of the best contemporary oratory. Colonel Hay was not merely eloquent. As spokesman for a victorious nation of seventy millions of people, he made our hearts burn within us. His speech will not be forgotten.

On July 5 an enormous Anglo-American garden party was given by Sir Francis and Lady Cook at Richmond. The news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the defeat of the murderers of Rodriguez was then known to every one. Members of Parliament and men of light and leading, with their families, intermingled with a great company of American citizens. I observed two Scotch members of Parliament, ordinarily very reserved men and totally unused to making advances to "perfect strangers," shyly introducing themselves to a group of American guests from St. Louis, and establishing, in the course of a few moments, a cordial Anglo-American alliance. I mention the incident as a sign of public opinion. It would not have happened a year ago.

Some of the London clubs celebrate the Fourth of July by taking steps to alter their statutes, which provide, in the majority of cases, that only British subjects are eligible for membership. This step is a practical proof of the extent to which American friendship is welcomed by conservative Britons. It cannot be said that this good feeling was merely evoked by recent American successes. Mr. Henry Norman, in the *Daily Chronicle*, writing from Washington, gives a wise word of warning to Englishmen. He tells us that the American people believe that the British people are eagerly seeking an alliance with them. I do not think that is the case. If Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech at Birmingham was open to criticism, not only by his political opponents, it was mainly on the ground that its tendency was to give foreign nations the impression that England was touting for an alliance. England is not suing for the protection of any one, not even for that of her own kith and kin. No one can lay down with dogmatic certainty exactly how far public opinion really goes, but so far as I can interpret the mind of England at this moment it is that she holds that a blow struck at America, or any attempt to wrest from the United States the fruits of her sacrifices in blood and treasure, should be resisted by England precisely as though it were struck at herself. Beyond that point public opinion does not pass—at least to-day. The Fourth of July dinner in London on Monday night was by far the most remarkable celebration of Anglo-American amity that has ever taken place in this country. There is an absurd rumor from Windsor that George III. turned in his grave on the last anniversary of the disintegration of the empire—for which his dull Teutonic obstinacy was mainly responsible—being celebrated in the presence of British bishops and British members of both Houses of Parliament. Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Ripon have both held the greatest offices under the crown, and they belong to opposite sides of politics. When Lord Dufferin and Lord Ripon interchange compliments with the American ambassador in mutual consciousness of the functions of the Atlantic cable, the project of a steady understanding between the two nations stands on a firm foundation. To push the friendship into premature partnership would end it. Solid amity engendered by mutual interests and cemented by common dangers, rather than the fleeting bliss of an international honey-moon of the Franco-Russian type, is the goal at which wise men on this side of the Atlantic are consciously aiming.

During a recent visit to Portsmouth I have had the opportunity of hearing the views of some of our naval and military authorities on the subject of recent achievements of American arms. Lieutenant Hobson's feat is naturally that which most strikes the imagination of naval men. Surprise was expressed that the operation of countermining was not resorted to at Santiago. On board the series of vessels known as the *Vernon* (the torpedo establishment at Portsmouth) a working model is shown of an apparatus intended for the same purpose as that for which the *Merrimac* was sunk by Lieutenant Hobson and his gallant companions. This apparatus enables a vessel, without a soul on board, to be controlled from the flag-ship. Her engines are started and stopped by electricity. Her steering-gear is operated by the same means; and at a given point, within a radius of about two and a half miles, the engines are stopped and the ship herself sunk by touching a key on board the flag-ship, which explodes a charge of guncotton. Naval men at Portsmouth are curious to know whether the American navy is provided with this device.

The admiration and interest manifested in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet are indescribable. Our naval officers look upon it as a splendid achievement, reflecting inexpressible credit on the officers and men of the blockading squadron. The practical immunity from the effects of Spanish fire by Admiral Sampson's fleet is considered as eloquent testimony to the design and construction of the American ships. It is believed that the vogue of the battle-ship will be greatly enhanced by the teachings of the battle off Santiago, and that naval problems left unsettled by the engagement at Yalu will now be elucidated. The fine gunnery traditional in the American navy has been maintained, and to perfect training in fire discipline is the victory largely due. Such is the crushing disparity between the naval capacity of the two nations that it is believed that if the Spanish fleet had been manned and fought by American officers and crews, and Admiral Sampson's squadron led by Admiral Cervera and his officers and men, the loss of life on the American side might perhaps have been greater, but the result would have been the same. If proof were needed, it is supplied by the gallant action of the *Gloucester*, commanded by Lieutenant Wainwright. Wainwright's failure to observe his admiral's signal is Nelsonic. The opinion of the professional experts coincides with that of hard-worked lieutenants of the Channel squadron. It is that the American navy, both as regards *personnel* and *matériel*, is now as near perfection as skill, courage, practice, and discipline can attain, and is quite as good as the best in the world. It may be interesting to add that this result is ascribed partially to the freedom from political interference enjoyed by the fleets of the United States. These views, which are general, were not expressed for publication, and therefore possess such value as attaches to unpremeditated and sincere appreciation. German comment on Commodore Schley's victory is acidulous, but since the achievements of the German navy are still on the knees of the gods, the acerbity of Teuton observations may be borne by Americans with equanimity. The German Emperor is not the type of man to be trusted with battle-ships. In the interests of humanity, it is a pity that he has contracted a taste for colonies. The Germans will have a bitter awakening when they learn that their colonial aspirations will lead to nothing so long as the pickelhaube system of administration is adopted. The German navy is a danger-point.

While touching on naval matters I may mention that the British Admiralty has given an order for two torpedo-boat-destroyers the specification of which provides for a speed of thirty-five knots an hour. The "catchers" in question are to be engined by a rotary motor on the turbine principle invented by the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, a son of the late Lord Ross, whose name will always be identified with the great telescope which he erected at his Irish residence, Birr Castle, in King's County. The officers and men of the United States ship *Brooklyn* will remember how, at the naval review at Spithead in 1897, the *Turbinia*, a little launch of about forty tons, engined on the rotary system, attracted the attention of the whole fleet by the phenomenal pace at which she dashed up and down the line between the British battle-ships and the foreign men-o'-war—among which was the unlucky *Vizcaya*. In the opinion of Mr. Parsons, the inventor, the principle is not only applicable, but can be utilized with greater facility, in the case of large ships than in that of small.

With regard to the military side of the campaign, sympathy is felt with General Shafter for apparently being subject to constant cable instructions from Washington. The lesson of England's wars, great and small, has borne in upon our rulers the necessity for choosing as commander the best man available, supplying him with what he wants in the way of materials and men, giving him a free hand, and then holding him strictly responsible for the results. The extraordinary difficulty of General Shafter's task is fully appreciated on this side, and the spirit displayed by the troops landed on a tropical shore in the worst season, after being cooped up on board ship, is the most remarkable exhibition of dauntless courage, physical stamina, and soldierly instincts that the world has seen for a long time past. The march from Baiquiri to Santiago recalls some of the conditions of Havelock's march to Lucknow, but it must be confessed that the difficulties in General Shafter's path were even greater than those of Havelock.

The epoch-making exploit of Commodore Schley has somewhat obscured the brilliancy of the feat accomplished by General Shafter's force. Military criticism agrees that the advance on Santiago was, under the circumstances, hazardous to the point of rashness, and that nothing but the magnificent material under his command would have brought General Shafter through. The Rough Riders' combat in the jungle against unseen foes, and their final success, are ranked among the finest things recorded in military history. It is amusing to note the changed tone of the German newspapers, obviously inspired by compulsory recognition of the fact that America is as great in war as in peace.

Much speculation has been aroused by the sudden announcement of the Admiralty that the naval manœuvres which have been held annually during the past eleven years will not take place. The reason given by Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is that it is inadvisable to decrease the stock of steam-coal held in reserve, having regard to the fact that the strike or lockout in South Wales might possibly spread to the non-associated collieries from which the royal navy has latterly been mainly supplied. To countermand the manœuvres owing to want of coal seemed to be so extraordinary a statement on the face of it that, although the excuse was accepted without demur in the House of Commons, I at once proceeded to South Wales to investigate the facts for the benefit of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If, as I now know, want of coal was not the real reason for annulling the customary naval manœuvres, then the true cause of the change is probably political, and therefore interesting to readers of the WEEKLY.

Coal suitable for the British navy has been produced in the Taff Valley for marine use since 1848, and is unrivalled for its special purpose, although Japanese and the Pocahontas coal of Virginia are respectable competitors. Its smokeless character, the small quantity of ash, and great steam-producing power are the chief characteristics of this famous coal. This steam-coal is a necessity to the British navy, but to get it to the surface requires peculiar skill and training. Mr. Goschen pointedly omitted to refer to the possibility of obtaining coal of equal quality from other collieries in South Wales. During my recent visit to the coal districts of South Wales, in which I saw the South Wales and Monmouthshire miners' committee, and the representatives of several employers, together with impartial persons not a few, I found complete unanimity in the opinion that there was no necessity to annul the manœuvres so far as an adequate supply of steam-coal is concerned. Supposing 40,000 tons to be the quantity required in order to enable the Admiralty to hold the manœuvres, this quantity could have been supplied by three weeks' extra output from one colliery not affected by the strike. The normal output of the Cambrian mine is about 18,000 tons a week, but at the present time upwards of 4000 men are employed at the mine, working double shift, and they have worked double shift since the middle of April. The extra output of the Cambrian colliery under the present circumstances is about 12,000 tons a week—that is, 30,000 tons weekly in all. There is no danger of the non-associated mines coming out on a strike. The contributions of the men at work are necessary for the maintenance of the men on strike. No difficulty would be experienced even now in obtaining the amount of coal required to hold the naval manœuvres without trenching upon the stock accumulated by the Admiralty. The advance of wages asked for by the men merely means an advance of twenty-five cents a ton on coal. If the Admiralty bought 40,000 tons for the manœuvres, the extra cost to the country involved in respect to the rise in wages would be $10,000—not a very large proportion of the sum of nearly $125,000,000 to be spent on the navy during the current year. It is thus clear that, whatever may be the real reasons for the postponement of the naval manœuvres, the want of coal is not one of them.

Notwithstanding all the denials received from Berlin and elsewhere in regard to any contemplated coercion of America in respect to the final disposition of the Philippine Islands, naval opinion inclines to believe that the assembling of a British fleet of overwhelming strength in home waters is not without meaning. The view at Portsmouth is that if a flying squadron comprising sixteen first-class battle-ships had been suddenly collected much attention would have been attracted all over the world. By the simple process of annulling the manœuvres and uniting the Channel and Reserve squadrons for practice, the desired object was achieved. If the manœuvres had been held, the various ships would have been separated, and possibly sent to a distance, and would certainly not have been available at a moment's notice—as is now the case. The advertisement of a great British fleet of battle-ships at Copenhagen also has its good points. It is intended to send the Channel and Reserve squadrons there during the Tsar's visit to Denmark.

The loss of the *Bourgogne* and the conduct of a portion of the crew recall to mind the struggle at the fire at the charity bazar in the Rue Jean Goujon in May of last year, which resulted in the safety of many men, the death of the Duchesse d'Alençon, the Comtesse de Mun, and scores of other distinguished ladies. The fact that one woman was saved from the *Bourgogne* is regarded here as tolerable evidence that passengers, at all events, are safer on board ships manned by English-speaking crews. The demoralization of France is shown by the ignoble struggle for life. The officers of the ship, including Captain Deloncle, seem to have preserved their reputation; at all events, they went down with the ship. But the fatal absence of self-control in time of stress and peril, and of the discipline which preserved the Rough Riders in their march through the Cuban jungle, is at the root of the decadence of France, and is the condemnation of Rousseau and the other makers of French ideals.

The final struggle for the possession of Khartoum is discussed with eager interest. The Khalifa has intrenched himself on the left bank of the Nile, on a plain covered with stones so white that in the moonlight it glistens like snow. The great final fight between the Dervishes and the Sirdar's troops is to come off at this place, which is called Kerreri, if the Khalifa is to get his way. The ideas of the Khalifa, however, may not be those of Kitchener. There is reason to believe that the Dervish leader will get another surprise. The trade of prophet in the Sudan has not lately been a prosperous one. It is feared that the loss of life in the final assault will be far greater than at the battle of the Atbara. General Gatacre, commanding the division of British troops, has in his force several men and boys trained at the Gordon Boys' Home, established to keep green the memory of General Gordon. General Gatacre writes to the chaplain of the Boys' Home to say that he shall make a point of seeing that those Gordon boys who may be under his command at the time of the assault shall get early into Khartoum. Most of them, however, are bandsmen or drummers, and the general says, with much point, that "if we have to take the place some bayonets must go in first."

The taking of Khartoum will only be the end of one act in the drama of establishing the "open door" at the source as well as at the mouths of the Nile. The French are already at Fashoda. The Russians are understood to have succeeded in poisoning the mind of Menelek, the Abyssinian Emperor, against England; and it is possible that new developments may take place which will put into the shade any difficulties hitherto experienced from the Khalifa. The English resident at the court of Menelek is now in London, but nothing is allowed to leak out as to the real state of our relations with Abyssinia. The treaty signed by Menelek and her Majesty's envoy at Adisabbaba, on the 14th May, 1897, was a one-sided instrument. Article 6 provided that Menelek was to do all in his power to prevent the passage through his dominions of arms and ammunition to the Mahdists, whom he declared to be the enemies of his empire. There is no reason to believe that the Ethiopian monarch has interpreted this article with any pedantic regard to scrupulous good faith. It is, of course, the object of Russia and of France to stir up hostility against England wherever they are able to do so. It is, however, ominous for the future peace of the world that the great task of opening up the heart of Africa to the commerce of all nations should be impeded by illicit intrigues between the powers which aspire to the leadership of the civilized world and barbarian blackamoors.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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71st N. Y. VOLUNTEERS IN THE SPANISH INTRENCHMENTS ON SAN JUAN HILL—BLOCK-HOUSE IN BACKGROUND.



71st N. Y. VOLUNTEERS DIGGING NEW INTRENCHMENTS AT FORT SAN JUAN.



SCENE FROM SAN JUAN FORT, WHERE THE BIG BATTLE TOOK PLACE, SHOWING CAMP OF 71st N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.



THE GROUND OVER WHICH OUR TROOPS CHARGED TO TAKE THE BLOCK-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

SAN JUAN HILL AND FORT. CHARGED AND CAPTURED BY OUR INFANTRY, UNSUPPORTED BY ARTILLERY, JULY 1.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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THE ROUGH RIDERS' DYNAMITE GUN. SERGEANT BORROWE IN COMMAND.

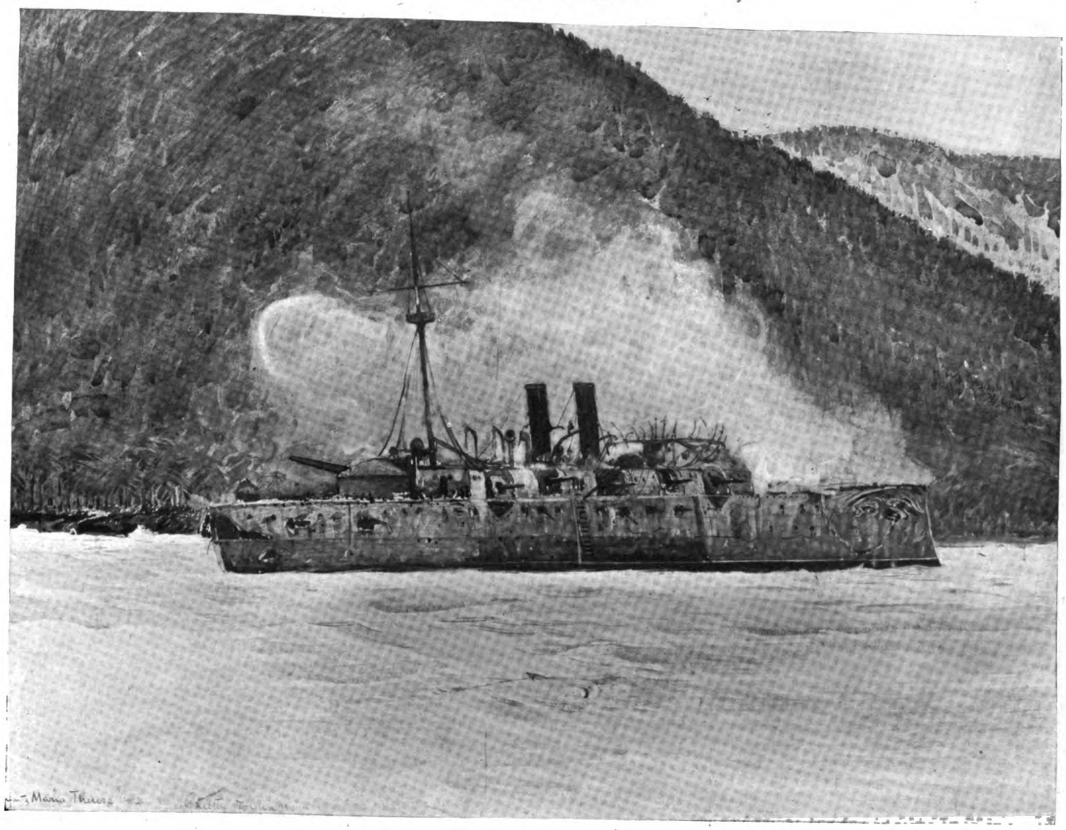


9TH U. S. INFANTRY DIGGING NEW INTRENCHMENTS, AND STRENGTHENING THEM WITH SAND-BAGS.

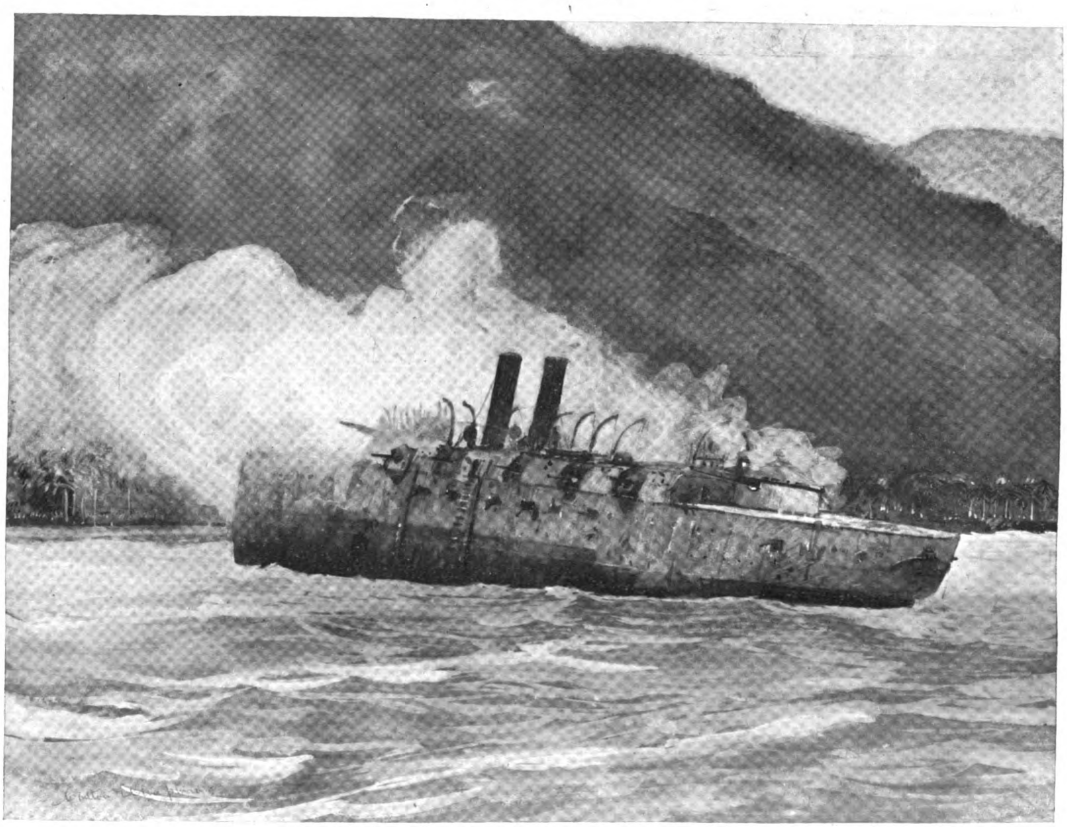
IN THE TRENCHES ON SAN JUAN HILL AFTER THE BATTLE OF JULY 1 AND 2.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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"INFANTA MARIA TERESA."



"ALMIRANTE OQUENDO."

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE—VESSELS OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET ASHORE AND AFIRE, JULY 4, 1898.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The 'Infanta Maria Teresa' was struck thirty-three times above water by the guns of our ships, and the 'Almirante Oquendo' sixty-six times above the water-line. There are many other shot-holes in both vessels, which cannot be counted in the present sunken condition of the ships."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*

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# WITH THE FLEET OFF SANTIAGO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Ensenada de los Altares, *Tuesday, June 28.*

Ensenada de los Altares is the picturesque name of a little cove about six miles from Santiago, and fronting the tiny village of Siboney, on the line of the railroad running from Baiquiri, three miles farther east, to Santiago. The railroad, which was built to carry coal and iron ore from Baiquiri into Santiago, is owned and controlled by Americans, and they have at Baiquiri a large iron pier, on which the cars are run to load vessels when the weather permits their lying in so exposed a harbor.

The hills around Baiquiri and immediately back from the shore are marked with mine-cuttings, and long shoots like toboggan-slides run down their steep sides, by which the ore is sent at a rapid rate to the shore-level, where it can be loaded into cars. These mines are valuable property, as the ore obtained, combined with other grades, produces the finest kind of steel. The railroad runs along the shore out of Santiago, crossing an iron bridge at Aguadores and another one at Siboney, from where it runs inland to Baiquiri. A steep-sided, square-topped, rugged hill separates these two villages along the seafront, and east of Baiquiri are several of these peculiar bluffs in succession, looking exactly like sections of the Palisades of the Hudson, and suggesting an ideal place for a man who wanted to isolate his front yard from all intrusion. The railroad at the foot of the Santiago plateau, and running close to the water, reminds one of those along the banks of the aforesaid Hudson. There is a block-house on the top of the bluff east of Baiquiri, which rises almost perpendicularly above the iron pier and cluster of houses. Along the shore and in the lower range of hills inland these block-houses are dotted every mile or so, and have hitherto been occupied by Spanish soldiers. Here the resemblance to anything American ceases. The railroad is American, the cars and engines. You can tell by looking at them, and there are the makers' names, familiar enough, with New York or New Jersey as their hailing-place; we have ridden behind those kinds of locomotives often enough, and look at them with a jar of homesickness.

But the high rolling hills, untilled and desolate, with here and there scattered houses and tangled growths of wild vegetation, are suggestive of an inhospitable and foreign land.

Tall palms grow near the sandy beach in these little coves, but dirty shanties with unkempt and uncared-for surroundings set them off, and leave you wondering why these people never took more trouble to live up to what nature had provided as an example, for the white beach and the tall clean trees made these places beautiful to begin with.

For a month we have cruised up and down the coast here, and passed frequently close to these two little places. We saw the Spanish flag flying from numerous block-houses, but never a sign of activity or a train running. They stopped, presumably, when the war began.

To-night, however, in this little cove of Altares, there is quite a change. The railroad is running as far as Baiquiri, and the engines puff about and ring their bells as if glad of the change. A track has been laid down on the beach, and they are moving off army stores—piles of yellow-pine boxes stored here temporarily. The two locomotives here were well rusted and uncared-for, but they were soon got going again by the soldier-boys. The bridge over the little valley stream was still there, but it was too good to be true. So a dummy car was given a good push and started over, and sure enough the bridge had been cut in two; but that was quickly repaired, and it is as good as ever to-night. Off the beach and moving about out at sea are a dozen or more transports: lighted up at night, they make a brilliant and comfortable scene. It is long since we have seen any lights on ships but signal-lanterns that flash for an instant and disappear. Boats are moving to and from the shore, and the work of putting supplies and troops ashore still goes on. There is quite a surf on the curving beach, and in spite of an extemporized pier, landing is a difficult matter, and is liable to include a ducking as part of the excitement. Lumber is piled up on the beach, and will be soon converted into a permanent and sufficient landing-stage.

The buildings along the railroad track to the west of the beach have been converted to temporary use as a hospital and headquarters. The railroad round-house and car-sheds are also occupied by the troops, while the Cubans have taken possession of the buildings farther back, at the foot of the hill, which are far more comfortable and clean-looking. Some of them, covered with vines and surrounded by oleander-trees in full bloom, are really pretty.

Along the track for a quarter of a mile are cars filled with coal that have been peacefully side-tracked until they should be needed. Just why the Spaniards did not set fire to so valuable a prize seems hard to discover.

Buildings are scattered along the steep hill-side, and a block-house is perched nearly at the top. The path or trail that leads up and on to Santiago has been worn in the past day or so into a respectable-looking road. Files of men are constantly going and coming up and down, and heavy baggage-wagons, drawn by six or eight army mules, jolt over the ruts and bumps.

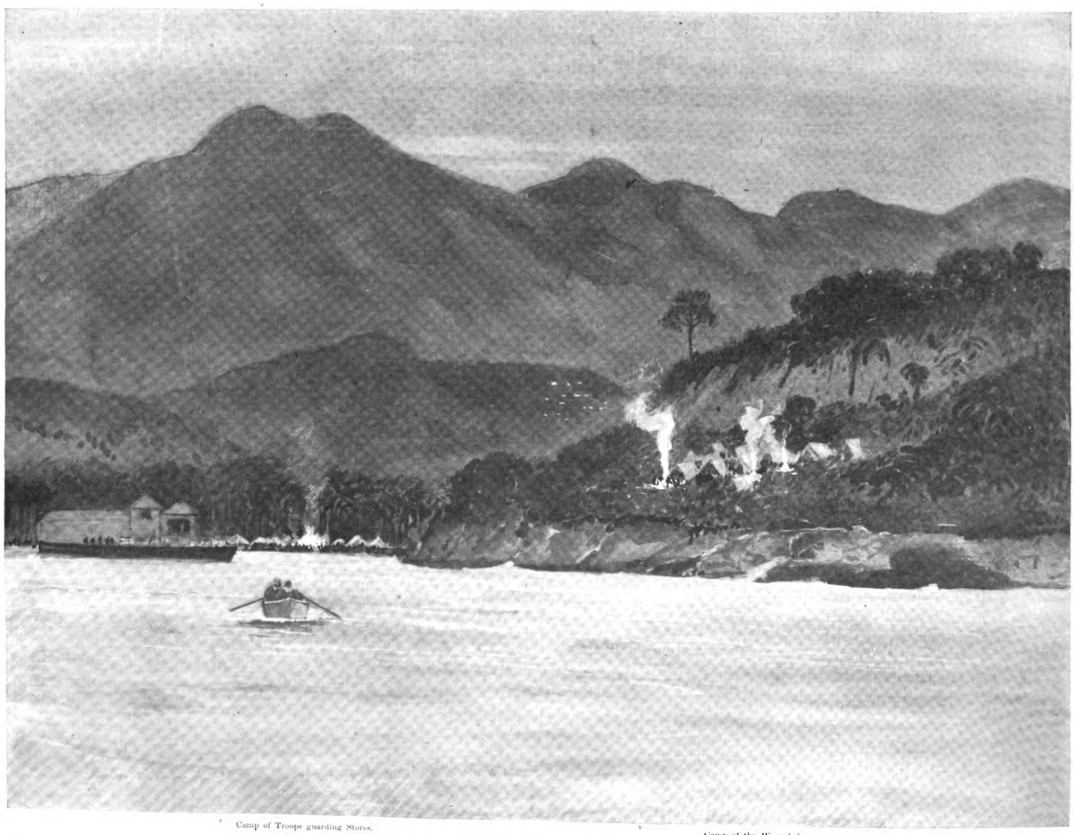
We have come to call this place Thunder Bay, from the frequent and drenching showers that come down with a wild rush off the hills and blot out everything in a gray veil of rain. It is more like standing under a big shower-bath than anything in the nature of rain I have experienced before. Out at sea, a half-mile away, the sun may be shining brightly, but every big cloud that drifts near these hills is ready with a burden of water that is spilled out without warning. Then the sun comes gayly out, and everything steams for an hour and dries up in the heat—all but the roads, that are puddles of mud and water, and in the low places never dry up. Up at Guantanamo the inland hills are usually veiled in rain, but it has not yet rained to speak of at Camp McCalla, and that means a great deal to the good health and comfort of the men in camp.

To-day the Thirty-third Michigan Volunteer Regiment was landed, and portions of the First and Sixth Cavalry, the men scrambling out of the boats upon the little wet dock, taking good care to keep their guns dry, if they got wet themselves. Fully half of the Michigan boys, it seemed to me, went in for a swim at once, and splashed about in the surf and rain like a lot of schoolboys playing hookey. Except for a guard to protect the stores, of which there is nearly a million dollars' worth on hand, the troops are moved as rapidly as possible to the front. Those arriving to-day are camped along the railroad track, their white tents gleaming in the moonlight, and the light of their camp-fires bringing out in relief the groups of moving figures. Until taps are sounded the shore scene is a brilliant kaleidoscope of light and shade framed in the black shadow of the hills and gilded by soft moon and pale star light.

Most of the men who were wounded in the fight of Friday last have been put on board the *Olivette*. Those not so seriously injured are kept in the old whitewashed shed used as temporary hospital: it is a poor place enough, and is crowded too. When the wounded began to come in, which was not till late in the day, the surgical force was totally unprepared for the sudden demands made upon it, and many of the men had to wait for hours to have their wounds properly dressed. Now, however, things are getting in shape. Large hospital-tents will be set up to-morrow, and the men moved to more comfortable quarters.

Aguadores, *July 1, 1898.*

Early this morning the army began a general attack on Santiago, moving in three divisions. The Thirty-third Michigan, forming a portion of one command, was sent up the railroad to the Aguadores bridge. A train made up of twenty-seven coal-cars and two cabooses was used in transporting the regiment, the first division leaving Siboney at three o'clock in the morning. The second portion did not arrive until after nine o'clock, when it came up, pushed by two locomotives, the men filling every particle of space in the cars. They immediately formed, and marched along the shore to a point near the mouth of the river, and then pushed inland through the dense thicket of undergrowth and low trees. On the hill-side west of the river is an old fort with heavy masonry walls, low towers, and turrets, that zigzag up the hill and form one of the outposts of the city a few miles away. Farther up the deep ravine, and commanding both sides of the river which connects the sea with the inner harbor of Santiago, is a masked battery of rapid-fire guns. Both these defences have been repeatedly shelled by the ships, and this morning the *New York*, *Suwanee*, and *Gloucester* were stationed immediately off the mouth of the river, commanding both batteries. The water is deep close in, and the *Suwanee*, particularly, went in within a biscuit's toss of the shore, on which a considerable surf was beating. The railroad crosses the ravine and river here on a long iron trestle, with a block-house at either end, and winds up the valley, which makes an abrupt curve inland. The sides, very high, steep, and rocky, are difficult of access, and the men among the dense foliage at the bottom were unable to see their enemy until

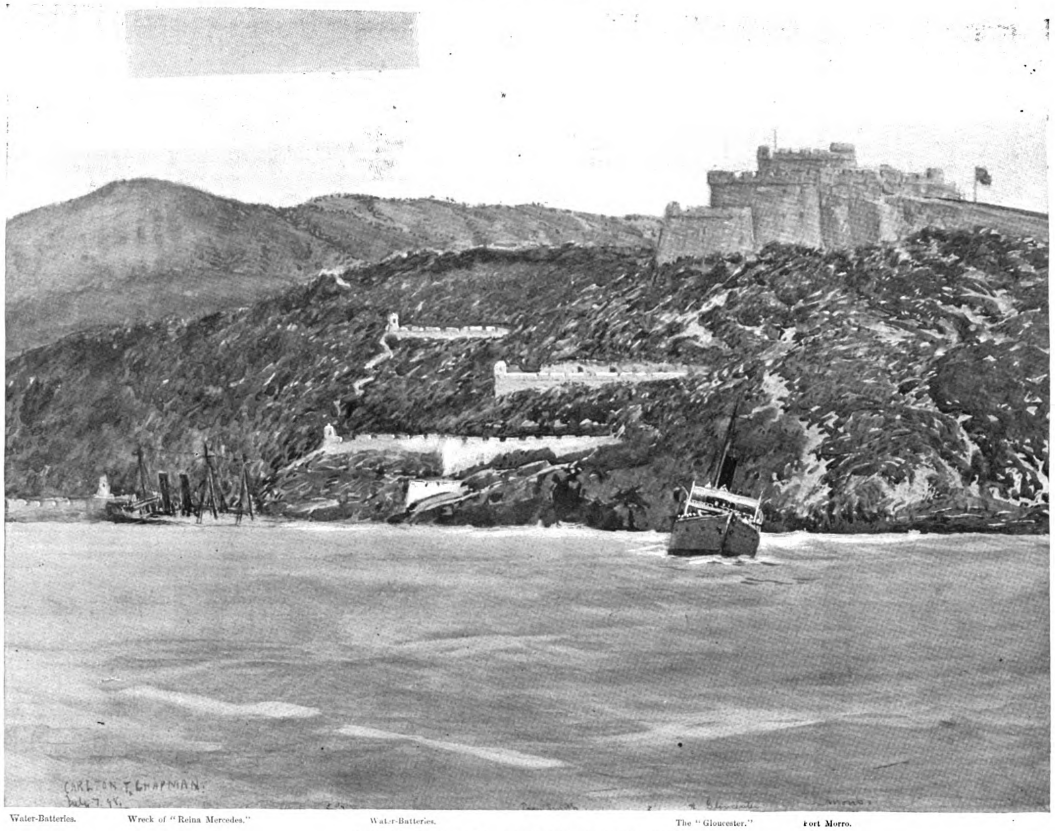


Camp of Troops guarding Stores. Camp of the Wounded.

TWILIGHT AT SIBONEY, JULY 7.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

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THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR, JULY 7.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The Spaniards attempted to sink the 'Reina Mercedes' in the channel Monday night, July 4, but under the fire of the guns of our ships she ran ashore, and lies as shown in the drawing."

well under their fire. Signal-men were posted on the side of the hill, and as soon as the troops were disposed out of the line of fire from the ships the *New York* hoisted the danger-flag, and signal was made to open fire on the fort and masked battery.

A large Spanish flag was flying over the old fort, and the red and yellow stood out in brilliant contrast against the green and gray of the hill-side.

The *New York* began firing soon after nine o'clock, and the *Suwanee* and *Gloucester* joining in, the smoke soon became too dense to admit of accurate work. Accordingly the signal to fire with deliberation was made, and after that it became slow but very beautiful target practice. The *New York*, firing straight up the ravine at the location of the masked battery, succeeded in landing at least one eight-inch shell fairly in the works, and the mass of reddish dust that flew up in the air contained guns, men, and all sorts of débris. Several shots had been landed in the old fort, knocking a corner of the lower wall off, and dumping a mass of crumbled rock and dust down the hill-side.

The signal had been made to cease firing, when the *Suwanee* asked for permission to destroy the flag that still waved over the abandoned fort. Permission was given to knock it down if she could do it "in three shots."

The *Suwanee* opened fire immediately with one of her four-inch guns, the first shot striking the base of the flag-staff, tilting it over, and sending the dust flying. We had supposed there was no one in the fort, but the flag-staff certainly straightened up again, and a second shot followed, which went through the flag and tore a big rent in it. There it hung in the smoke and dust for a minute or two; then a final flash and roar, and flag-staff and flag disappeared in the dust, the staff cut fairly in two by a splendid shot. We felt like cheering this, as it certainly was perfect shooting. Lieutenant Victor Blue sighted the gun, and deserves another feather in his cap. Captain Delahanty has made the *Suwanee* famous in the fleet for his daring and efficient work, and the little gunboat has a ready-for-a-fight look about her that is admirable. Delahanty hoists a flag, when he goes into action, that is half as big as his ship, and looks the largest flag in the fleet.

During the lulls in the firing we heard several volleys ashore, but could see no smoke. As the Spanish use smokeless powder entirely, it is hard to locate their position, and it is an unpleasant feeling to hear or see bullets dropping around you and not know where they come from.

A squad of men came out of the woods soon after the volley-firing began, carrying a Red Cross flag, and helping the wounded back to the train that remained waiting on the track.

Fire from the battery had killed two and wounded several before the *New York's* eight-inch gun put an end to its service for that day. The Michigan men were under fire for the first time, but they behaved splendidly, and it was not their fault that the movement, being a feint, played but an unimportant part in the day's fighting.

OFF SANTIAGO, *July 2, 1898.*

This morning at 5.30 the fleet began bombarding the fortifications of Santiago. In the hard fighting which lasted all day yesterday the army captured and held the outposts of the city on the west, north, and east, and it only remained for the navy to destroy the heavy guns on the south to make the work of investment complete. Of course the ships in the harbor are to be reckoned with, but it is almost a certainty that Cervera will be forced to fight his way out or to destroy the city by his own shells in attempting to drive out the army. So we were in an expectant mood when the ships drew in and opened fire. The morning was brilliant with sunlight, and great domes of white clouds floated above the hills, that shone in tints of green and gray, with deep shadows of ravines streaking their rugged sides. The sea flashed back the glowing sunlight, and rose and fell in long swells to the deep roll of the tide.

Off the entrance to the harbor, and almost under Morro, lay the *Iowa*, grim and silent, her guns swung out, but holding their fire for the possible appearance of the Spanish fleet. On a staff just east of the great round sentinel tower of Morro flew a new and bright red and yellow flag, flapping its folds against the background of the old gray walls.

Morro had been spared while Hobson and his men were there, but now that they have been removed, the picturesque beauty of the old castle could not save it, and many tons of old gray rock were tumbled from its turrets and towers and sprinkled down the hill-side. Shot after shot struck the walls without doing any perceptible damage. The smoke wreathed about the old pile, and clouds of heavy dust spurted up and hung in a thick mass wherever a shot struck.

The weight of fire, as hitherto, was directed against the western battery on the hill top, and shell after shell exploded within the works or immediately in front of them, driving the Spanish away from the guns, and silencing them for a time, as usual. None of their shots struck the ships, or, so far as I could see, anywhere near them, going mostly far out to sea. We were lying off Morro, and were surprised to hear a shell scream over our heads and drop in the water a little way beyond. Whether that was a chance shot from one of our ships or a wild effort from the battery was hard to tell. There were several colliers and transports lying out beyond us, and they all moved away as quickly as possible, but no more shots came in that direction.

There is a general feeling of contempt for the Spanish gunners among the men in the fleet, and they seem unable to sight their guns with anything like accuracy; and any shots that have struck have been purely accidental, as the following ones are away wide of the mark.

The *Oregon* did some fine work this morning, lying off the harbor entrance to the westward, where she got the range of Cay Smith, and sent shell after shell with splendid aim into that stronghold. While our ships are firing rapidly they are almost completely enveloped in smoke, and the effect as it blows along the water and floats away against the green hills is very beautiful.

At half past seven the ships drew off, getting a last shot, as usual, from the Spanish, who return to their guns as soon as the ships cease firing. The position of Santiago, properly defended by skilful gunners, would be almost impregnable from the sea, the high hills and narrow channel making it difficult for an attacking force; but the guns at present are so badly handled that our ships move about with impunity; even the little mosquito fleet sail up and down where they choose, and are never fired on, for fear of the ready answer from the battle-ships, that rarely get out of range.

SIBONEY, *July 2.*

"The Spaniards called us Yankee pigs; now they call us Yankee devils because we don't stop for their guns." This is what a trooper of the Sixth Cavalry said to me today. He was walking about with his coat thrown over his shoulders, and no shirt; the doctors had cut that off in dressing a wound in his shoulder, to which he seemed happily indifferent as he talked vividly about the fight and what our boys had done, paying many compliments to the volunteers, and declaring that the charge of the Light Brigade was not more fine than the charge up the hot hill to take the Spanish intrenchments.

I talked with many men of different regiments, many of them badly wounded, and just unloaded out of a springless wagon after a ride of nine miles over rough rutty roads. You would suppose they would not want to talk, but the spirit of enthusiasm and pride in what they had done was too great to keep back, and they wanted to tell all about it. Not one of the hundreds who were coming in had any time to groan or complain, and it was fine to see the patience and courage exhibited on all sides.

The doctors and nurses in the hospital were working like beavers, cutting off arms and legs and dressing wounds, and still the wounded came in by dozens to be taken care of and given a place to lie down and rest. Dirty and bedraggled they were, with torn clothes, and hasty bandages put on at division hospitals at the front. Jokes were exchanged and good-nature prevailed, though it seemed as if it might be well worn out of them under such circumstances. "Hello, Bill! Where'd you get hit?" "In the head. Look at my hat." And, sure enough, two big holes in it, and a bad bloody-looking pate underneath tied up in a temporary bandage. One big trooper of the Tenth wanted me to draw his picture, and he smiled under a big white bandage around the top of his black head.

A great many men were wounded in the head, and there were any quantity of hats that had holes through them, but there were many more poor fellows who had to be lifted out of the wagons and carried off on stretchers to the care of the hard-worked doctors.

The courage and patience these men showed, not only in the field, but in being brought in and left, in a forgotten sort of way, at the hospital doors, struck me very forcibly as one of the noble attributes of the American sol-

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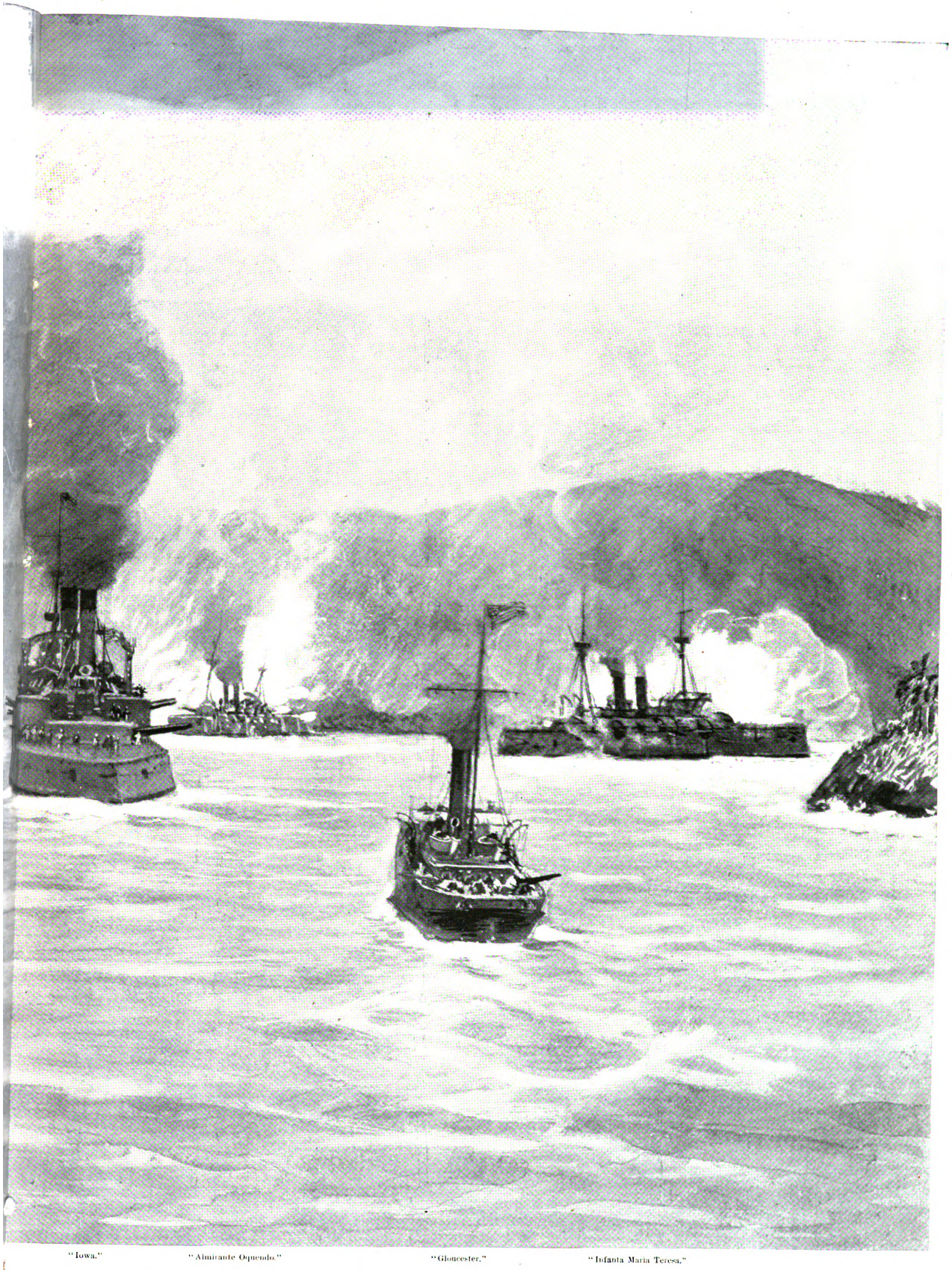

"Cristobal Colon." "Texas." "Vizcaya." "Oregon."
"Brooklyn."

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO—DESTRUCTION O

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST

This Drawing represents the state of Affairs about Forty Minutes after the Fight began. The "Maria Teresa" and "Oquendo" have just

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ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 3.

OR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

n Ashore, the "Iowa" and "Gloucester" remaining by them, while the other American Vessels continue in Pursuit of the "Vizcaya" and "Colon."

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dier, who is not only fearless in battle, but patient in suffering. It was a first fight for most of them, but they behaved like veterans, and after it was over they asked about their friends and for news from home, took their wounds as an every-day matter, and bubbled over with pride in the service. The country may well be proud of such soldiers.

*Sunday, July 3, 1898.*

Admiral Cervera's famous Cape Verd fleet is no more! Sunk, burned, utterly destroyed, it has passed into history, and one more great victory stands to the credit of the American navy. Once more the victor's laurel must be placed on the brow of the American sailor, and new names added to the list of famous naval commanders who have won battles for the nation.

Sunday dawned, a beautiful and calm day, with the ships in their usual stations, saving the *Massachusetts* and *Suwanee*, that had gone to Guantanamo for coal. About nine o'clock the *New York* signalled "disregard the actions of flag-ship," and steamed off toward Siboney, where Admiral Sampson intended to have a consultation with General Shafter. This left Commodore Schley in command of the station, and the usual routine of Sunday inspection was about to begin, when the smoke of Cervera's ships was observed, and the call to general quarters and clear ship for action sounded through the fleet. An officer on the bridge of the *Texas* first observed a column of smoke going straight up in the breathless air behind the wooded hills which shut in the harbor. This was followed by several other columns of smoke, and then a quartermaster reported that the Spanish ships were under way. At first it was thought that they were moving up the harbor, but at 9.35, by the *Texas's* time, the first of the fleet showed around the western hill, and, followed closely by the others, came out and turned to the westward. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, flying the flag of Admiral Cervera, headed the line, followed by *Vizcaya*, *Cristóbal Colon*, *Almirante Oquendo*, and torpedo-boats *Furor* and *Pluton*.

The *Gloucester*, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, has been stationed off Morro lately, and was cruising about in her usual position just east of the channel as this formidable armada passed out. The crew simply held their breath and watched it. But the Spanish ships paid no attention to the little cruiser, holding their fire for bigger game. When the torpedo-boat destroyers appeared, however, the *Gloucester*, which had cleared for action, and was ready with her small battery, promptly attacked them with every gun she could bring to bear.

The land to the westward of Morro curves in slightly, forming a long shallow bay, like the curve of a bow. At the western end the *Brooklyn* was stationed, and straight, like the string of the bow, went the Spanish ships right for the *Brooklyn*. Our ships were in position from east to west as follows: next to the *Gloucester*, but farther out, were the *Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, and *Vizcaya;* the last-named moved immediately outside to give the *Brooklyn* room.

None of the ships had a full pressure of steam up, and as the Spanish fleet moved swiftly out, it looked for a minute as if they had a fair chance of getting away. Smoke poured from their funnels, and they were evidently doing their best to get a good start of their watchful foes. Neither the *Iowa* nor *Indiana* was in a condition to make very good time, nor did they, especially the *Indiana*, get as close in to the fight as they would have wished; but the *Oregon*, *Texas*, and *Brooklyn* moved rapidly in to head off the enemy, and they were immediately engaged by all our ships. The *Iowa*, not being able to use her forward turret, swung around to bring her after twelve-inch guns to bear, but soon afterward got her forward turret working again, and opened fire with her forward and starboard broadside guns. The deep-sea torpedo-boats, or destroyers, as they have been called so often, were the first to suffer from the fire of our ships. A shell from one of the *Iowa's* big guns tore the whole stern off the *Furor*, and both boats were struck repeatedly by the fire of the *Iowa* and *Indiana*. The *Gloucester* then attacked both at once, being between them, and firing from both sides, while the torpedo-boats answered back with their rapid-fire guns. But this did not last long. They got perhaps three miles from the harbor entrance when the *Furor*, in a sinking condition, showed a white flag, and was promptly boarded by a boat from the *Gloucester*. After some lively work they took off her few surviving men and a big cat, the ship's mascot, who was rescued from the water. An attempt was made at first to save the vessel, but she was too far gone, being cut to pieces, and nearly all her crew dead on her decks or below. The sight was a sad one enough, but there was no time to help, and the boat had not been gone five minutes when the *Furor* blew up and sank in 2000 fathoms of water. The *Pluton* meantime, equally damaged, had succeeded in getting close inshore, where she sank, her bow just showing out of water.

While this was going on, the *Brooklyn* was standing the brunt of the fire from the four Spanish ships. The *Maria Teresa* headed straight for the *Brooklyn*, with the evident intention of ramming her; the *Brooklyn* avoided this by clever manœuvring, and poured in such a deadly fire from her 8-inch and 5 inch rapid-fire guns as completely to worst the *Maria Teresa*, and she headed toward shore, flames bursting from her forward and after hatches. The *Oquendo* and *Vizcaya* were hotly engaging the *Brooklyn* at this time, while the *Colon* changed her position inside of the other Spanish ships, holding her fire, and doing her best to get away. At five minutes past ten o'clock the *Texas* and *Oregon* were coming into close range, and joined the *Brooklyn* in her unequal fight. The *Iowa* also was approaching, pouring in an effective fire at long range.

The *Teresa* having dropped out of the fight, the *Oquendo* took her place, with the possible intention of sacrificing herself in giving the *Vizcaya* and *Colon* a chance to escape; both these ships started off at 10.30, cutting inshore from the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon*, and heading straight down the coast. The *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* having practically finished the *Oquendo*, left her to the mercies of the following ships, and started after the *Vizcaya* and *Colon*, followed by the *Texas*, that, now coming up at a good speed, fired a few shots into the *Oquendo*, which was on fire and headed toward shore, and then kept on after the others.

Then began a splendid chase. The *Colon* was rated a 19½ knot armored cruiser, the finest ship in the Spanish navy; the *Vizcaya*, a 21-knot ship, with two 11-inch guns, was supposed to outclass the *Brooklyn* and *New York*, with their 8 inch guns and 19-knot speed. The *Oregon*, a 15-knot battle-ship, was not classed as a speedy vessel, or able to catch a fast cruiser. Just here, however, the *Oregon* proved herself a wonder and the pride of the American navy. She had passed the *Texas* early in the action, doing twelve or thirteen knots, and cut inside of her to get at the foe, firing splendid shots with her first and secondary batteries. But now was her opportunity. The *Brooklyn*, keeping outside of the two fleeing ships, was firing from her forward 8-inch turret-guns and starboard broadside guns, and getting her speed up to 16½ knots, was rapidly overhauling her enemy; but without the help of the *Oregon* it is possible that the *Colon* at least might have gotten away. But the *Oregon* was coming up at a 16-knot gait, smoke and flames pouring from her funnels, and the water piling in huge cascades about her bows and rolling out in long lines of white on either side. From her forward turrets sheets of flames burst at intervals, and her 13-inch guns were sending their shells around the *Vizcaya*, while the *Brooklyn*, nearly abeam, was hammering her with rapid fire that simply drove the Spanish to cover and soon sent the *Vizcaya* in for the land. She was run ashore at Aserradero, seventeen miles west of Santiago, completely wrecked and on fire. A torpedo in the forward tube exploded, tearing a great hole in her bow, and wrecking her completely. The *Iowa* followed up and received the surrender of the ship, and took off the survivors and a number who had gotten ashore.

The *Colon*, meanwhile, having a good start, was doing her best to get away. Her speed, according to her captain, was at one time 17½ knots; but she could not keep this up, and the heavy shells of the *Oregon* falling about her and beyond her, while the *Brooklyn* pounded her with her rapid fire, gradually forced her inshore, and at 1.20 P.M. she ran her bows on the beach at Rio Tarquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago entrance, fired a lee gun, and hauled down her flag. She was practically uninjured; but the Spaniards, having surrendered, treacherously opened her water-valves, pounded out dead-lights, threw overboard the breeches of the guns, and injured the ship in every possible way before her captors could get aboard.

Captain Cook had a boat called away at once, and the men tumbled in just as they were, half naked, blackened with smoke and powder. The crew swarmed out of the suffocating depths of the ship and crowded the deck, cheering and dancing for joy. Captain Cook cautioned his men, as they came alongside the captured ship, not to show any signs of triumph or embarrass their enemy in any way, so in silence the men pulled up to the gangway, and were watched by a motley crowd who filled the ports and looked down from the decks of the *Cristóbal Colon*. Some one shouted out, "Bravo, Americanos," and the crew echoed it, "Bravo, Americanos," and the *Brooklyn* men shouted back, "Bravo, Españoles." The cabin and ward-room tables of the *Colon* were covered with wine bottles and glasses, and many of the crew had been filling themselves with "Dutch courage" also. So they were in a state of indifference as to what happened. The captain of the *Colon* asked on what terms he must surrender his ship, and Captain Cook informed him promptly an unconditional and immediate surrender must be given, and his terms were acceded to in an instant. The *Colon* did not have her two big 10-inch turret guns in place, and in fact they had never been put on the ship; but the ten 6-inch and six 4.7-inch guns, with her ten 6-pounder and ten 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, made her an extremely powerful ship, and every effort should be made to get her off the beach and into service again. The boat from the *Brooklyn* went alongside the *Colon* at 1.40, and soon after two o'clock the *Texas* and *Vizcaya* arrived, the *Oregon* having followed the *Brooklyn* closely in. The *New York* did not arrive until three-quarters of an hour after the *Colon* had grounded.

The *Resolute* soon came up from Santiago to report sighting a Spanish cruiser, and the *Brooklyn* was sent off after her, and again the tired men went to their guns. The cruiser turned out to be the Austrian *Maria Teresa*, however, and the *Brooklyn* had her chase for nothing. The 525 men on the *Colon* were placed on board the *Resolute*, together with some of the officers, those of higher rank being placed on board the *New York* and *Vizcaya*, the *New York*, *Texas*, and *Oregon* remaining by the prize until late at night.

Admiral Cervera and many of his officers and men were rescued by the *Gloucester* and transferred to the *Iowa*. They lowered boats from the *Maria Teresa*, and also jumped overboard to swim ashore or to float in on bits of wreckage. The admiral, in his under-clothes, was trying to escape on a raft which his own son, a lieutenant, was endeavoring to push ashore. Our boats saved many from a watery grave, all being in a perfectly destitute condition. The admiral was received with honors when he came on board the *Iowa*, and heartily cheered by the crew. The *Oquendo* had suffered more than any of the other ships, and her captain committed suicide when his ship ran ashore. Many of her crew got ashore, and were attacked by the Cubans until warned by our ships to desist. About 300 men from *Vizcaya*, *Oquendo*, and *Teresa* succeeded in getting away and into Santiago that night.

The *Iowa* took off many from the *Vizcaya*, and the three ships were left to their fate, flames pouring from their hatches, and the magazines finally exploding, finishing their destruction.

The Spanish loss was four fine ships, two deep-sea torpedo-boats, 600 men killed, and 1300 prisoners. Our loss was one man killed, George H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the *Brooklyn*, who had his head taken off by a solid shot. Several men were wounded on the *Brooklyn*, and one on the *Texas*. The *Brooklyn* was struck forty times, one 6-inch shell going through her side on the gun deck forward, smashed through an ash-shoot, pierced through the deck, and coming up again a foot or so beyond it, broke beams, and, exploding, sent pieces clear across the ship without injuring any one, which is marvellous good luck. The *Texas* was struck three times, one shell going through the chart-house, another through the lower part of her smoke-stack, driving smoke down into the fire-rooms and setting fire to the ship—damage that was quickly remedied.

Admiral Cervera stated, the day following, that his plan had been to strike for the *Brooklyn* and sink her, believing that the battle-ships could not catch his ships. His designs were frustrated, however, by the quick movements of our ships and by the rapid and accurate fire that did such damage as completely to bewilder and confound his men, who were unable to cope with such brilliant work.

The *Colon's* speed averaged only 13⅞ knots, and when the *Oregon* overhauled her the captain's chagrin was unbounded. To be chased by a battle-ship and beaten was adding insult to injury; and, in fact, it did seem incredible that the *Oregon* could develop such speed.

The honors of the day, while shared by the entire fleet, must belong particularly to the *Oregon*, *Brooklyn*, and *Texas*, and their brave officers and crews, who proved themselves worthy to wear the mantles of the heroes who have made famous the American navy in time past.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

# SANTIAGO AND CANEY.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

## II.—THE FIRST SHOT.

*July 2, 1898.*

A STRAY solid shot, or a stray shell that did not explode, dropped into the bushes about twenty yards from the path just after I left headquarters at daybreak for the battle-field. There were creeks to wade, the road was muddy, the sun was hot, and I carried a heavy roll. On the brow of a hill I struck a reserve regiment, standing silent and waiting in the mist and dew along the road where they had camped, and a little farther on was a high knoll, from which the first American shell was to give the signal for the conflict of the day. The hill had been cleared of bushes, the four guns unlimbered and thrown into position against Caney, the caissons drawn to the rear, the horses gathered into the bushes to one side, and officers, aides, and correspondents walked the length of the hill, or stood in groups watching with field-glasses the red town, the stone fort to the right, and the block-house to the right of it, or took shelter by-and-by in the shade of a mango-tree that was heavy with yellow fruit. While everybody spoke in a quiet voice and nobody laughed or jested, nobody was as solemn as the occasion seemed to me to demand. One of those guns was to fire presently, and it was not going to be a salute, nor a sunset gun, nor a Christmas or Fourth of July explosion. It would be loaded with a shell, and was to be aimed at living men, and was meant to kill somebody. Moreover, it might be answered, and a Spanish shell might come back at once and kill somebody on our hill. So when a Spanish column of cavalry was sighted in a lane near Caney, and Captain Capron said, "Give 'em a shell, boys," and artillery-man No. 5 ran to the caisson and got from No. 4 a long little knotty-looking white sack, and something that looked like a country schoolmaster's quart bottle of ink with a red throat and the point of a cartridge, and then ran back to the gun and put this shell into a round glistening hole, and No. 1 stuffed the bag of powder after it, rammed it home, and shut the round little steel door, and the gunner took from a leather case at his hip something that looked like a brass thermometer, fixed it on the gun, and began sighting through it, depressing the gun by means of a wheel-screw with one hand in front of him, and motioning with the other behind him to No. 3 to move the trail to right or left, and finally when No. 2 sprang to the left, leaning away from the gun and slightly forward, and the other artillerymen took rigid positions—my heart was beating high, and I was moving a step or two backwards, surprised and somewhat ashamed that everybody else seemed to be nonchalant and unafraid. Perhaps I was the only one on the hill who did not know that there was no artillery in Caney to answer. When I did learn it, I too became nonchalant and unafraid.

"Fire!"

The man with the lanyard gave a quick jerk. There was a cap explosion at the butt of the gun, a bulging white cloud from the muzzle, the trail bounced from its shallow trench, and the wheels whirled back twice on the rebound, and the shell was hissing through the air as iron hisses when a blacksmith thrusts it red-hot into cold water. You could hear that awful hiss so plainly that you seemed to be following the shell with your naked eye; you could hear it above the reverberating roar of the gun up and down the coast mountain; hear it until six seconds later a puff of smoke answered beyond the Spanish column where the shell burst. Then in eight seconds—for the shell travelled that much faster than sound—the muffled report of its bursting struck our ears, and all that was left of the first shot that started the battle was the thick sunlit smoke of the gun sweeping off through the brush, and the little mist-cloud of the shell rising slowly upward beyond the Spanish column, which seemed not to know that any harm was possible and near.

No harm seemed near, indeed, for the shells went wide; but the first shot started the ripping of cloth, the far-away rumble of wagons over cobblestones, or softened stage-hail and stage-thunder all around block-house, stone fort, and town. At first it was a desultory fire, like the popping of a bunch of fire-crackers that have to be relighted several times, and we could hear the hiss of the bullets even that far away; but at times the fire was as steady as the sputter of a Gatling gun that I heard later in the day. But the powder was smokeless, and we could see nothing other than the straw hats of the little devils in blue, who blazed away from their trenches around the fort, and minded the shells bursting over and around them as little as though they had been bursting snowballs. For the 3.2-inch guns had turned from the Spanish column, after it had ridden quietly out of sight, to the fort, and, with the exception of one gun, the shooting was at first very wild. One shot tore a hole through the wall, then another; another brought down the flag; others tore up the earth at the base of the fort, and the fort was soon silenced. But the rifle-pits were as active as ever, and after throwing a few shells into the town the battery ceased firing. Grimes's battery was thundering to the left of El Poso, the balloon was moving towards Santiago, and I made for the left field of battle. At the road the first wounded man appeared, between two supporting soldiers—Colonel Patterson of the Twenty-second. The brave old soldier had walked in a mile with a bullet through his groin.

"Well," he called, cheerily, as he was being laid down under the mango-tree, "I'm the first victim."

And such was the spirit of all the men, whether fighting, inactive and suffering from wounds, or close to the last agony.

JOHN FOX, JR.

*July 19.*—A note just received from Mr. Fox informs us that the conclusion of this account of the battle of July 1 and 2 was lost between the front and Siboney. Mr. Fox is unfortunately too ill from exposure to rewrite it at present.—EDITOR.

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

### X.—A LADIES' DAY IN CAMP.

TWO days after the rainy day in camp Mr. Archibald determined to take the direction of affairs into his own hands, so far as he should be able. Having no authority over the two young men at Camp Roy, he had hitherto contented himself with a disapproval of their methods of employing their time, which he communicated only to his wife. But now he considered that, as they were spending so much of their time in his camp and so little in their own, he would take charge of them exactly as if they belonged to his party. He would put an end, if possible, to the aimless strolls up and down the beach with Margery, and the long conversations which that young woman had grown to be so fond of, held sometimes with both young men, though more frequently with one. If Clyde and Raybold came into the woods to lounge in the shade and talk to a girl, they could go to some other camp to do it. But if they really cared to range the forest, either as sportsmen or lovers of nature, he would do his best to help them; so this day he organized an expedition to a low mountain about two miles away, taking Matlack with him as guide, and inviting the two young men to join him. They had assented because no good reason for declining had presented itself, and because Phil Matlack earnestly urged them to come along and let him show them what a real forest tramp was like. Before his recent talk with Peter Sadler, Phil would not have dared to go out into the woods in company with the bicycle man.

The two ladies were perfectly willing to remain in camp under the charge of Martin, who was capable of defending them against any possible danger; and as the bishop had agreed to take charge of Camp Roy during the absence of its occupants, Mr. Archibald planned for a whole day's tramp, the first he had taken since they went into camp.

When Martin's morning work was done he approached the shady spot where the two ladies had established themselves, and offered to continue his lessons in fly-fishing if Miss Dearborn so desired. But Miss Dearborn did not wish to take any lessons to-day. She would rest and stay with Mrs. Archibald. Even the elder lady did not care to fish that morning. The day was hot and the shade was grateful.

Martin walked away dissatisfied. In his opinion, there had never been a day more suitable for angling; this was a day which would be free from interruptions, either from two young fellows who knew nothing about real game-fishing, or from Matlack, who always called him away to do something when he was most interested in his piscatorial pedagogics. This was a day when he could stand by that lovely girl, give her the rod, show her how to raise it, wave it, and throw it, and sometimes even touch her hand as he took it from her or gave it back, watching her all the time with an admiration and delight which no speckled trout or gamy black bass had ever yet aroused in him, and all this without fear that a gentleman out on the lake might possibly be observing them with the idea that he was more interested in his work than the ordinary guide might be supposed to be. But luck was against him, and Martin, who did not in the least consider himself an ordinary guide, walked up and down in moody reflection, or grimly threw himself upon the ground, gazing upward at the sky—not half so blue as he was—but never walking or resting so far away that he could not hear the first cry from her should snake, bear, dragon-fly, or danger of any kind approach her.

To the ladies, about half an hour later, came the bishop, who, newly shaved and brushed, wished them good-morning, and offered his services in any manner which might be desired. If Mrs. Archibald wished to fish by the side of the lake, he was at her service; but Mrs. Archibald did not care to fish.

"This is a most charming day," said the bishop, removing his hat; "but I suppose it is more charming to me because it is my last day here."

"And so you are really going to go?" said Mrs. Archibald, smiling.

"I suppose you think I am not likely to get there," said he; "but really I have staid here long enough, and for several reasons."

"Sit down," said Margery, "and tell us what they are. There is a nice little rock with some moss on it."

The bishop promptly accepted the invitation and seated himself. As he did so, Martin, at a little distance, scowled, folded his arms, and slightly increased the length of his sentinel-like walk.

"Yes," said the bishop, brushing some pine leaves from his threadbare trousers, "during the time that I have accepted the hospitality of those young gentlemen I feel that I have in a great measure repaid them for their kindness, but now I see that I shall become a burden and an expense to them. In the first place, I eat a great deal more than both of them put together, so that the provisions they brought with them will be exhausted much sooner than they expected. I am also of the opinion that they are getting tired of eating in their own camp, but as I make a point of preparing the meals at stated hours, of course they feel obliged to partake of them."

"By which you mean, I suppose," said Mrs. Archibald, "that if they had not you to cook for them they would be apt to take a good many meals with us, as they did when they first came, and which would be cheaper and pleasanter."

"I beg, madam," said the bishop, quickly, "that you will not think that they have said anything of the sort. I simply inferred, from remarks I have heard, that one of them, at least, is very much of the opinion you have just stated; therefore I feel that I cannot be welcome much longer in Camp Roy. There is also another reason why I should go now. I have a business prospect before me."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mrs. Archibald. "Is it a good one?"

"I think it is," said the bishop. "I have been considering it earnestly, and the more I fix my mind upon it the greater appear its advantages. I don't mind in the least telling you what it is. A gentleman who is acquainted with my family and whom I have met two or three times, but not recently, possesses a very fine estate some thirty miles south of this place. He has been in Europe for some time, but is expected to return to his country mansion about the end of this week. It is my purpose to offer myself to him in the capacity of private librarian. I do not think it will be difficult to convince him that I have many qualifications for the situation."

"Has he so many books that he needs a librarian?" asked Margery.

"No," said the bishop; "I have no reason to suppose that he has any more books than the ordinary country gentleman possesses, but he ought to have. He has a very large income, and is now engaged in establishing for his family what is intended to become, in time, an ancestral mansion. It is obvious to any one of intelligence that such a grand mansion would not be complete without a well-selected library, and that such a library could not be selected or arranged by an ordinary man of affairs. Consequently, unless he has a competent person to perform this duty for him, his library for a long time will be insignificant. When I shall put the question before him, I have no doubt that he will see and appreciate the force and value of my statements. Such a position will suit me admirably. I shall ask but little salary, but it will give me something far better than money—an opportunity to select from the book marts of the whole world the litera-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

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ture in which I delight. Consequently, you will see that it is highly desirable that I should be on hand when this gentleman arrives at his estate."

With a look of gentle pity Mrs. Archibald gazed at the smooth round face of the bishop, flushed with the delights of anticipation and brightened by the cheery smile which nearly always accompanied his remarks. "And is that your only prospect?" she said. "I don't want to discourage you, but it seems to me that if you had some regular business—and you are not too old to learn something of the sort—it would be far better for you than trying to obtain the mythical position you speak of. I see that you are a man of intelligence and education, and I believe that you would succeed in almost any calling to which you would apply yourself with earnestness and industry. You must excuse me for speaking so plainly, but I am much older than you are and I do it for your good."

"Madam," exclaimed the bishop, radiant with grateful emotion, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said. I thank you for your appreciation of me and for the generous motive of your words, but, to be frank with you, I am not suited to a calling such as you have mentioned. I have many qualities which I well know would promote my fortunes were they properly applied, but that application is difficult, for the reason that my principal mental characteristic is indefiniteness. When but a little child I was indefinite. Nobody knew what I was going to do, or how I would turn out; no one has since known, and no one knows now. In whatever way I have turned my attention in my endeavors to support myself, I have been obstructed and even appalled by the indefiniteness of the ordinary pursuits of life. Now the making of a private library is in itself an indefinite occupation. It has not its lines, its rules, its limitations. But do not think, kind lady, that I shall always depend upon such employment. Should I obtain it, I should hold it only so long as it would be necessary, and it may be necessary for but a little while. Do you care to hear of my permanent prospects?" said he, looking from one lady to the other.

"Certainly," said Margery; "we would like to hear all you have to tell."

"Well then," said the bishop, folding his arms and smiling effusively, but with a gentle curbing of his ordinary cheerfulness, "I will inform you that I have an uncle who is a man of wealth and well on in years. Unfortunately, or fortunately it may be, this uncle greatly dislikes me. He objects so strongly to my methods of thought and action, and even to my physical presence, that he cannot bear to hear me speak or even to look at me, and the last time I was in his company, about four years ago, he told me that he would leave me a legacy on condition that he should never hear from me or see me again. He promised to make the proper provision in his will immediately, but declared, and I know he will keep his word, that if he ever received a letter from me or even saw me or heard my voice he would instantly strike out that clause. I appreciated and respected his feelings, and accepted the condition. From that moment I have not written to him, nor shall I ever write to him, and I shall never go near him so long as he is alive. As I said, he is of advanced age, and it is impossible that he can long survive. When his demise takes place my circumstances will, I believe, be satisfactory."

"Did your uncle say how much he would leave you?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"No, madam," returned the other, "he did not, but I feel sure that the sum will be measured by his satisfaction in knowing that his existence is entirely freed from me."

"Really," said Mrs. Archibald, "there is nothing about you so indefinite as your prospects."

"And it seems horrible to me," said Margery, "to be hoping that some one may die in order that you may be better off, and as you want money so much, you must hope that your uncle will die."

The bishop smiled and rose. "And now," said he, "I suppose I must go to prepare the dinner at Camp Roy. There is nobody there to eat it but myself, but I have assumed the duty, and it must be performed. Good-morning. By your leave, I shall look in upon you again."

Mrs. Archibald had a mind to ask him to stay and dine with them, but having noticed an unfriendly expression on the face of Martin when his gloomy walk brought him in her direction, she thought it would not be wise to do so.

### XI.—MARGERY TAKES THE OARS.

AFTER dinner Mrs. Archibald prepared herself for a nap, the most delightful thing she could think of during the warm hours of such a day. Margery, after seeing the elder lady comfortably disposed in the shady sitting-room of the cabin, went out of doors with no doubt in her mind as to what would be for her the most delightful thing to do. She would take a row on the lake all by herself.

She went down to the boat, which was partly drawn up on the beach and fastened to a heavy stake. But when she reached it she was disgusted to find that the chain was secured to the stake by a padlock. The oars were in the boat, and she could easily have pushed it into the water, but she could not set it free without the key to the padlock.

"I do believe," she exclaimed, "that the will of that horrid Mr. Sadler is like gas. It goes everywhere, even to the tops of the houses and under the beds." But she did not give up her intention. She tried to detach the chain from the boat, but finding this impossible, she thought of going for Martin. Perhaps he might have a key. This idea, however, she quickly put aside. If he had a key, and gave it to her, she might get him into trouble, and, besides, she did not believe that he would let her go alone, and in any other way she did not wish to go. Standing with her pretty brows knit, and one heel deep in the soft ground into which she had stamped it, she heard approaching footsteps, and turning, saw the bishop. He came forward with a buoyant step.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Dearborn?" he said. "Do you wish to go out on the lake? Do you want some one to row you?"

"Yes and no," said Margery. "I want to go out in the boat, and I don't want anybody to row me. But that chain is fastened with an abominable padlock, and I cannot launch the boat."

"One of your guides is here," said he. "Perhaps I can get a key from him."

"No, no," said Margery, quickly; "he must not know about it. There is a Sadler law against it, and he is employed by Sadler."

"It is very securely fastened," said the bishop, examining the lock and chain. "It is the work of the guide Matlack, I have no doubt. But, Miss Dearborn," said he, with a bright smile, "there is a boat at Camp Roy. That is not locked, and I can bring it here in twenty minutes."

"No," said Margery; "I don't want that boat. I've seen it. It is a clumsy old thing, and, besides, it leaks. I want this one. This is just the kind of boat I want to row. It is too bad. If I could get off now there would be nobody to hinder me, for Martin is washing the dinner dishes, or doing something of that kind, and whenever he does house-work he always keeps himself out of sight."

The bishop examined the stake. It was a stout little tree trunk driven deep into the ground and projecting about five feet above the surface, with the chain so wrapped around it that it was impossible to force it up or down. Seizing the stake near the top, the bishop began to push it backward and forward, and being a man of great strength, he soon loosened it so much that, stooping, he was able to pull it from the ground.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Margery. "It came up just like pulling a tooth."

"Yes," said the radiant bishop; "the good Matlack may be very careful about fastening a boat, but I think I have got the better of him this time; and now I will put the stake, chain and all, in the bow. That is the best way of disposing of them. Are you sure that you prefer going alone? I shall be delighted to row you if you wish me to."

"Oh no," said Margery; "I am just wild to row myself, and I want to hurry and get off for fear Martin will be coming down here."

"Are you sure you understand rowing and the management of a boat?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I can row; of course I can. I will get in, and then you can push off the boat."

"Allow me," said the bishop. But before he could reach her to help her, Margery had stepped on the side of the boat and was about to seat herself.

"If you will take the seat next to the stern," said the bishop, holding the boat so that it would be steady, "I think that will be better. Then the weight of the stake in the bow will put the boat on an even keel."

"All right," said Margery, accepting his suggestion and seating herself. "Now just wait until I get the oars into the rowlocks, and then you can push me off."

"Which way do you intend to row?" asked the bishop.

"Oh, I shall go down toward the lower end of the lake, because that way there are more bushes along the banks and Martin will be less apt to see me. If I go the other way I will be in plain sight of the camp, and he may think he ought to do something—fire a gun across my bows to bring me to, may be, as they do at sea."

"Hardly," said the bishop; "but let me advise you not to go very far from the shore, so that if you feel tired you can come in easily, and if you will allow me I will walk down the shore in the direction in which you intend to row."

"Oh, I am not going to get tired," said she. "I could row all day. It is splendid to be in a boat all by myself and have the whole management of it. Now please push me off."

With some reluctance, but with a sincere desire to make the young girl happy, which could not be overcome by prudence—at least by such prudence as he possessed—the bishop, with a strong steady push, sent the boat well out on the surface of the water.

"That was beautifully done," Margery called back to him. "Now I have room enough to turn around without any trouble at all."

She turned the boat about with its bow toward the lower end of the lake, but it was not without trouble. "I have not rowed for a good while," she said, "but I am getting used to the oars already. Now then, I'm off," and she began to pull with a strength which, had it been suitably paired with skill, would have made her an excellent amateur oarswoman. But the place of skill was supplied by enthusiasm and determination. Once or twice an oar slipped from the rowlock and she nearly went over backwards, and several times one of the blades got under the water with the flat side up, so that she had difficulty in getting it out. She raised her oars much too high in the air, but she counterbalanced this by sinking them very deep into the water. But she got on, and although her course was somewhat irregular, its general trend was in the direction desired.

The bishop walked along the bank, keeping as near to the water as he could. Sometimes masses of shrubbery shut off all view of the lake, and then there would be an open space where he would stop and watch the boat.

"Please keep near the shore, Miss Dearborn," he called; "that will be better, I think, and it is certainly more shady and pleasant than further out."

"I know what you mean," cried Margery, pulling away in high good-humor; "you think it is safer near the shore; but I am not going to row very far this time, and after a little while I may pull the boat in and rest for a time before starting back," and then she rowed on with renewed energy.

The next time the bishop was able to hail the boat, it was at a point where he was obliged to push his way through the bushes in order to see out upon the lake.

"Miss Dearborn," he called, "I think you are a great deal too far from shore, and you must be getting very tired and hot. Your face is greatly flushed. I will hurry along and see if I can find a good place for you to stop and cool yourself."

"I am all right," cried Margery, resting on her oars. "I get along very well, only the boat doesn't steer properly. I think it is because of the weight of that stick in the bow. I suppose I could not get rid of it?"

"Oh no!" cried the bishop, in alarm; "please don't think of it! But if you touch shore at the first open space, I think I can arrange it better for you."

"Very good," said she; "you go ahead and find such a place, and I will come in."

"If you touch shore," said the bishop to himself, "you don't go out again in that boat alone! You don't know how to row at all."

The bishop ran a hundred yards or more before he found a place at which a boat could be beached. It was not a very good place, but if he could reach out and get hold of the bow, that would be enough for him. He was strong enough to pull that boat over a paved street.

As he looked out over the water he saw that Margery had progressed considerably since he had seen her last, but she was still further from shore than before.

"Row straight toward me!" he shouted. "Here is a fine landing-place, cool and shady."

She looked around and managed to turn the boat's head in his direction. Then she rowed hard, pulling and splashing, and evidently a little tired. She was strong, but this unusual exercise was a trial to her muscles. Perhaps, too, she felt that the bishop was watching her, and that made her a little nervous, for she could not help being aware that she was not handling the oars as well as when she started out. With a strong pull at her right oar to turn the boat inland, she got her left oar tangled between the water and the boat, so it seemed to her, and lost her hold of it. In a moment it was overboard and floating on the lake.

Leaning over the side of the boat, she made a grasp at the oar, but it was too far for her to reach it; and then, by some spasmodic movement of the other oar, the distance was increased.

The bishop's face grew pale. As he looked at her he saw that the distance between her and the oar was increasing, and now he understood why she had progressed so well. There was a considerable current in the lake which had carried her along, and was now moving the heavy boat much faster than it moved the oar. What should he tell her to do? If she could put her single oar out at the stern, she might scull the boat; but he was sure she did not understand sculling, and to try it she would have to stand up, and this would be madness.

She now took the other oar from the rowlock, and was about to rise, when the bishop shouted to her.

"What are you going to do?" he cried.

"I am going to the stern," she said, "to see if I cannot reach that oar with this one. Perhaps I can pull it in."

"For Heaven's sake, don't do that!" he cried. "Don't stand up, or the boat will topple, and you will fall overboard."

"But what can I do?" she called back. "I can't row with one oar."

"Try rowing a little on one side, and then on the other," said he. "Perhaps you can bring the boat in that way."

She followed his suggestion, but very awkwardly, and he saw plainly that she was tired. Instead of approaching the shore, the boat continued to float down the lake.

Margery turned again. "Bishop," she cried, "what shall I do? I must do something, or I can't get ashore at all."

She did not look frightened; there was more of annoyance in her expression, as if she thought it impertinent in fate to treat her in this way, and she would not stand it.

"If I had thought of the current," said the bishop to himself, "I would never have let her go out alone, and she can't be trusted in that boat another minute longer. She will do something desperate." So saying, the bishop took off his hat and threw it on the ground. Then he unbuttoned his coat and began to take it off, but he suddenly changed his mind. Even in that wilderness and under these circumstances he must appear respectable, so he buttoned his coat up again, and hastily took off his shoes, and, without hesitating, walked into the water until it was above his waist, and then calling to Margery that he was coming to her, he began to swim out into the lake. He did not strike out immediately for the boat, but directed his course toward the floating oar. Turning his head frequently toward Margery, he could see that she was sitting perfectly still, watching him, and so he kept on with a good heart.

The bishop was a powerful swimmer, but he found great difficulty in making his way through the water, on account of the extreme tightness of his clothes. It seemed to him that his arms and legs were bandaged in splints, as if he had been under a surgeon's care; but still he struck out as well as he could, and in time reached the oar. Pushing this before him to the boat, Margery took hold of it.

"You swim splendidly," said she. "You can climb in right here."

But the bishop knew better than that, and worked his way round to the stern, and after holding on a little while to get his breath, he managed to clamber into the boat.

"Was the water very cold?" said she.

On his replying that it was, she said she thought so because he seemed stiff.

"Now, Miss Dearborn," said he, "I have made the stern seat very wet, but I don't believe you will mind that, and if you will sit here I will take the oars and row you in."

"Oh, I think I can do that myself," said Margery. "I am rested now, and I am ever so much obliged to you for getting my oar for me."

Under almost any circumstances the bishop could smile, and now he smiled at the ridiculousness of the idea of Margery's rowing that boat back against the current, and with him in it.

"Indeed," he said, "I must insist. I shall freeze to death if I don't warm myself by exercise." So, reaching out his hand, he assisted Margery to the stern, and seating himself in her place, he took the oars, which she had drawn in.

"I don't see why I could not make the boat go along that way," said she, as they began to move steadily toward the camp. "And I believe I could do it if people would only let me practise by myself; but they always want to show me how, and I hate to have anybody show me how. It is funny," she continued, "that you seem so very wet all but your collar. That looks as smooth and nice as if it had just come from the laundry."

The bishop laughed. "That is because it is gutta-percha," he said, "intended for rough use in camp; but the rest of my habiliments were not intended for wet weather."

"And you have no hat," said she. "Doesn't the sun hurt your head?"

"My head does feel a little warm," said he, "but I didn't want to row back to the place where I left my hat. It was not a good landing-place, after all. Besides," he said to himself, "I never thought of my hat or my shoes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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LIGHT ARTILLERY MOVING TO A NEW POSITION.



SAN JUAN HILL—PORTION OF THE LINE HELD BY THE 9TH U. S. INFANTRY.



HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EWERS, SAN JUAN HILL.



GENERAL WHEELER'S HEADQUARTERS, SAN JUAN.

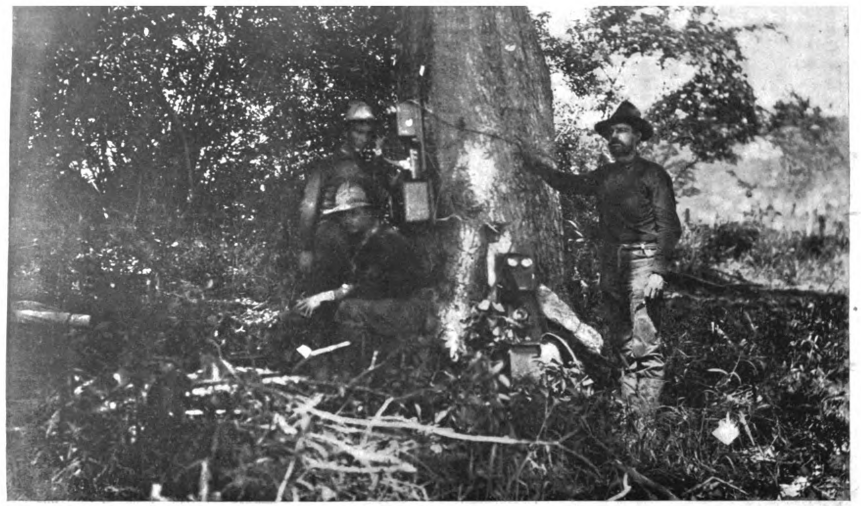
AFTER THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN, JULY 1 AND 2.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

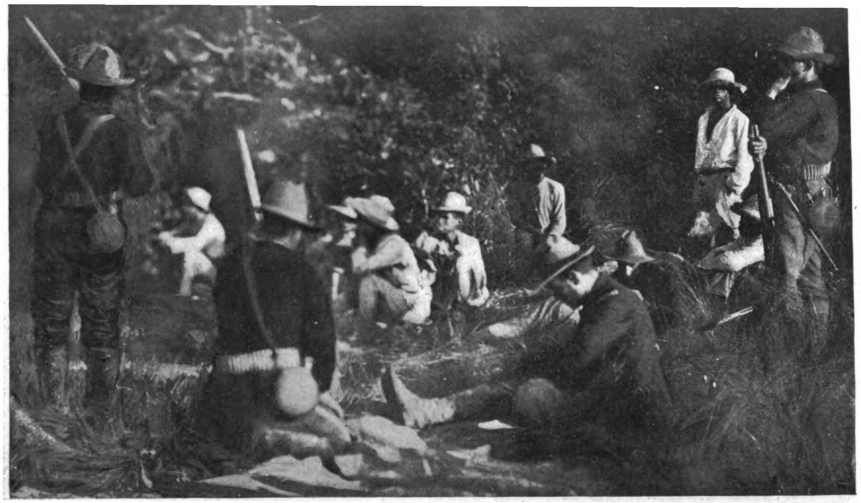
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ENGINEER CORPS PUTTING UP A FIELD TELEPHONE.



THE SPANISH PRISONERS EXCHANGED FOR HOBSON AND HIS MEN.

INCIDENTS IN THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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MULE-TRAIN WITH AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES.



WAGON-TRAIN WITH COMMISSARY STORES.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE-GROUND OVER WHICH OUR TROOPS FOUGHT THEIR WAY ON JULY 1.



THE 7TH U. S. INFANTRY FORMED LINE HERE BEFORE THE FINAL ASSAULT.
Empty Cartridge-Cases in Foreground.



BLOCK-HOUSE AND FORT DEMOLISHED BY OUR ARTILLERY.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF EL CANEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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## THE ANSWER.

"The Whelps of the Lion answer him."
—*Recent anonymous poem in English paper.*

THE old lion stands in his lonely lair;
The noise of the hunting has broken his rest;
He scowls to the Eastward: tiger and bear
Are harrying his jungle; he turns to the West;

And sends through the murk and mist of the night,
A thunder that rumbles and rolls down the trail;
And tiger and bear, the quarry in sight,
Crouch low in the covert, and cower and quail;

For deep through the night-gloom, like surf on a shore,
Peals thunder in answer, resounding with ire;
The hunters turn stricken: they know the dread roar:
The whelp of the lion is joining his sire.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

# WITH THE ROUGH RIDERS AT LAS GUASIMAS.

I.

*June 25, 1898.*

LA GUASIMA is a tree that bears nuts and has low wide-spreading boughs, from which it is easy to swing a noose. Therefore the Cubans use it for the fattening of pigs and the hanging of criminals. Where a spur of La Gran Piedra mountains joins a curving ridge of foot-hills, about five miles from Baiquiri, and the road starts on a gentle downward slope into Santiago, this tree thickly covers ridge, spur, and point of contact. There American met Spaniard yesterday in the first battle on Cuban soil, and therefore the first fight is called Las Guasimas. There was another fight of Las Guasimas in the ten years' revolution in the seventies. Gomez remembers that battle, for it made him famous. The Rough Riders, for the same reason, will remember the fight of yesterday. The Spaniard will remember both: in one he lost a thousand men; in the other he learned the temper and marksmanship of the American soldier—regular and volunteer. "The Americans do not fight like other people," said the Spaniard. "They advance under a heavy fire, when by the rules of civilized warfare they should give way." Therefore the Spaniard, rather than wrestle longer with such an ignorant barbarian, gave way himself, and printed at Santiago that with four thousand men he had held back the whole American army. That at least is the word brought through our lines by the poor starving devils who were allowed to leave Santiago—that at Santiago there might be fewer mouths to feed—and come out and trade yellow mangoes for the hardtack of the advancing soldiers. As a matter of fact, the Americans engaged were 244 from the First United States Cavalry, and 220 from the Tenth United States Colored Cavalry—loss 8 killed and 17 wounded; and 500 of the Rough Riders, whose casualties were 9 killed and 46 wounded. How many the Spaniards were is not known, the highest estimate so far being 4000—which estimate came through refugees from Santiago—the lowest being 1500. Thirty-nine dead Spaniards were found after the fight, according to General Wheeler's report, and six wagon-loads—so the Cubans say—of wounded were carried into Santiago.



CAPT. A. M. WETHERILL,
6th U. S. Infantry. Killed in the Attack on San Juan.

There has been much criticism of that fight, especially from the regulars, among whom there is not a man who does not give it the highest praise. The zeal of the regulars and Riders led them too far beyond the reach of the commanding general. They were caught in an ambush. The end did not justify the means; the position could have been gained with less loss—perhaps with no loss; the Spaniards might have been cut off in the rear, surrounded, and annihilated by the forces already landed, if they had been allowed to come up before the fight began. The moral effect gained, if good and great, was lost through inability to follow it up, and the subsequent inactivity for want of rations, several days—all of which is problematical, a question distinctly with two sides, and not to be settled finally except by future developments and the word of the Spaniard at Santiago when he is ours. But, all granted, for the sake of argument, what then? Who remembers a military mistake when there is a deathless ideal of courage under it? I imagine the Riders would prefer a reprimand for being too far in front to one for being too far behind. As for the moral depression of the Spaniard, the fight of Las Guasimas left the way open to the picket-line around Santiago, along a road that is practically a narrow defile through rough country and impenetrable brush, where ambush is possible every hundred yards, and where a thousand Spaniards, say some of our officers, should be able to hold back the whole army. It is fair to presume that the Spaniards could have blocked our way at any good position along the road if they had been able to hold their own at Las Guasimas.

As for getting caught in an ambush, the Americans knew where the enemy was, and were flushing him as a pointer flushes a quail; so the theory, if true, only adds another advantage to the already perfect stronghold of the Spaniard, and another branch to the laurels the Riders won for dislodging him with such an inferior force. If there had been more Americans attacking, it is fair to suppose that there would have been more killed, as it is sure that more Spaniards would have been left on the field. Besides, the fight, after all, was only a skirmish, and the loss was small; but neither fact matters at all. The fight was a perfect exhibition of dauntless courage. So let critical lips be dumb. Let Old Glory and the flag of the one star wave together, and wave long and high. And from American and Cuban, to regular and Rider, with one throat—and for the Rider let it be opened wide—Hail!

II.

The stars and stripes were on the way to Santiago long before they streamed from the first captured Spanish block-house at the first landing-place at Baiquiri. Before General Chaffee was ashore General Lawton had a line of battle formed, Cossack outposts thrown out, and the flag was fluttering up the valley towards Santiago, rapidly, as were the Spaniards rapidly. That night he had it planted over Siboney. Being the last correspondent ordered ashore, I followed in the wake of the army—forty-eight hours late.

It was hot, very hot, but the road was a good hard path of clean sand, and now and then a breeze stirred, or a light cool rain twinkled in the air. At that hour the Rough Riders were charging a blazing Spanish line of battle, and, far in the rear, and all unknowing, I walked through strange plants, strange flowers, strange trees, to the music of strange birds, with nothing to see that was familiar except sky, mountain, running water, and sand, nothing homelike to hear but the twitter of swallows and the whistle of quail. Cactus, cocoanut-trees, guava-bushes, Guinea grass that is good for fodder, mangoes, mammonsilios, wild lemon, and over all the trembling crown of royal palm. And the birds! Judios—black birds with a strange oval tail—Jews, so called because they go in flocks, have a cry of complaint, are easy to thrive, and bear the aggressive beak of the chosen; the toti, his cousin, with all his traits and half his length; the hermit tocoloro, the French soldier of the tropics, with a body that is red and wings that are blue; the brilliant iridescent tiny colibri—fly-bird in English, oiseau-mouche in French—the spotted pitirre, that seemed to have the same spite against the buzzard that our bee-martin has for the crow; the bijirita, whose claw is raised against every other wing in the air (Spaniard calls Cuban, for that reason, bijirita); and the sparrow gorrion, which the Cuban calls Spaniard, because he is imported from another land and an unwelcome guest. There were no flowers—they are gone now until others come in July—except one flower that, like the Spanish flag, has a yellow heart and a border of blood; and, about a burnt hacienda, and emphasizing its desolation, a big bush of brilliant flamboyants and rioting vines of pale red corallelo—"little coral." Poetic and interesting as it all was overhead, however, that path underfoot was no road for a hard-drinking man to travel. There were too many hideous things crawling across the road and rustling into the cactus—spiders with snail-houses over them; lizards with green bodies and yellow legs, and green legs and yellow bodies; hairy tarantulas that are said not to be poisonous; and hideous land-crabs standing three inches from the sand, and watching you with hideous little eyes as they shuffled sidewise into the bushes. Moreover, I was following the trail of an army by the signs in its wake—the débris of the last night's camp: cans, bits of hardtack crackers, bad odors, by-and-by odds and ends that the soldiers discarded as the sun got warm and the pack heavy—drawers, under-shirts, coats, blankets, knapsacks, an occasional gauntlet or legging, bits of fat bacon, canned meats, hardtack—and a swarm of buzzards in the path, in the trees, and wheeling in the air—and smiling Cubans picking up everything they could eat or wear.

This I was taking in when the Riders were fighting their way forward, foot by foot, and making the charge that won the day.

"Cease firing and advance!"

No wonder the Spaniards ran—they must have thought that the superb nerve of that charging line had the muscles of the whole army supporting it close behind.

At a big spring I was overtaken by two men. One had a smooth face that suggested subdued temptations, and the other called him, I thought, "captain." The one was a trooper, but the other, the smooth-faced man, was a chaplain. He wore a six-shooter, handled it with loving familiarity, said he asked no odds of any man, could settle a Spaniard at fifty paces, did not mean to be taken by surprise, and therefore, mounted on a mule as high as a dromedary, he carried his "gun" drawn, and almost wept next morning when his colonel told him that the articles of war forbade him to carry a weapon; and yet he was a man of the cloth, from Arizona, and to the Rough Riders—chaplain. The chaplain was much disturbed when we first heard of the fight of Las Guasimas, and groaned in genuine distress when he was told that the adjutant had seen Colonel Wood fall, and had got from his lips a dying message to his wife. The rumors were so thick, conflicting, and wild, however, that we were not sure there had been any fight at all. But by-and-by we met a white man on foot with his arm in a sling. Then came, on a litter, a negro with a shattered leg; then another with a bullet through his throat, and another and another. On horseback rode a sergeant with a bandage around his brow—I could see him smiling broadly fifty yards ahead—and the furrow of a Mauser bullet across his temple and just under his skin. After him we passed a camp of insurgents, little, thin, brown fellows, ragged, dirty, shoeless—each with a sugar-loaf straw hat, a Remington rifle of the pattern of 1882, or a brand-new Krag-Jorgensen donated by Uncle Sam, and the inevitable and ever-ready machete swinging in a case of embossed leather on the left hip. They were very young and very old, and were wiry, quick-eyed, intelligent for the most part, and in countenance vivacious and rather gentle. There was a little creek next, and climbing the bank of the other side, I stopped short, with a start, in the road. To the right and on a sloping bank lay eight gray shapes muffled from head to foot, and I thought of the men I had seen asleep on the deck of the transport at dawn. Only these were rigid, and I should have known that all of them were in their last sleep but one, who lay with his left knee bent and upright, his left elbow thrust from his blanket, and his hand on his heart. He slept like a child.

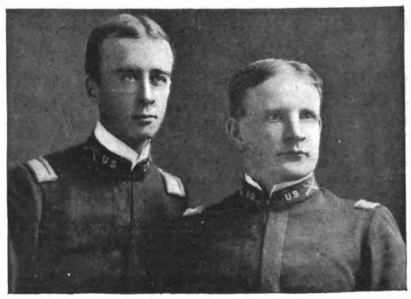
Beyond was the camp of the regulars who had taken part in the fight. On one side stood General Young, who himself had aimed a Hotchkiss gun in the fight—covered with grime and sweat, and with the passion of battle not quite gone from his eyes; and across the road soldiers were digging one long grave. Half a mile further, on the top of the ridge and on a grassy sunlit knoll, was the camp of the Riders, just beyond the rifle-pits from which they had driven the Spaniards. Under a tree, to the right, lay another row of muffled shapes, and at once I walked with Colonel Wood to the hospital, a quarter of a mile away. The path, narrow, thickly shaded, and dappled with sunshine, ran along the ridge through the battle-field, and was as pretty, penceful, and romantic as Lovers' Walk now is at White Sulphur. Here and there the tall grass along the path was pressed flat where a wounded man had lain. In one place the grass was matted and dark red; near by was a blood-stained hat marked with the initials "E. L." Here was the spot where Hamilton Fish fell, the first victim of the fight; there brave young Capron was killed. A passing soldier bared his left arm and showed me three places between his wrist and elbow where the skin had merely been blistered by three separate bullets as he lay in front of Capron after the latter fell. Farther on lay a dead Spaniard with covered face. A buzzard flapped from the tree over him as we passed beneath. Beyond was the open-air hospital, where were two more rigid human figures and where the wounded lay.

That night there was a clear sky, a quarter-moon, and an enveloping mist of stars, but little sleep for any, I imagine, and but restless battle-haunted sleep for all. Next morning followed the burial. Captain Capron was carried back to the coast. The rest were placed side by side in one long broad trench, with their feet to the east. In the bottom of the grave was a layer of long thick green cool leaves of Guinea grass, and over the brave fellows were piled the green plumes of the royal palm as long as the grave. At the head of the trench stood the chaplain; around it, the comrades of the dead; along the road straggled a band of patient ragged Cubans, and approaching from Santiago a band of starving women and children for whom the soldiers gave their lives. No man could ask a braver end, a more generous cause, or a kindlier grave—a soldier's death, a brother's freedom, and a last resting-place in leaves and white sand.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," sang the soldiers.
And the tragedy of Las Guasimas was done.

III.

Everybody has perfect faith in the American regular, and knows what he can and what he will ever do. General Young did, then, what the nation knew he would do, and his negro troopers fought bravely and well. But the interest of the fight would centre in the gallant conduct of Roosevelt's Rough Riders—or Wood's Weary Walkers, as they were dubbed at Tampa after their horses were taken from under them—even if they had not borne the brunt of the fight. Never was there a more representative body of men on American soil; never was there a body of such varied elements; and yet it was so easily welded into an effective fighting-machine that a foreigner would not know that they were not as near brothers in blood, character, occupation, mutual faith, and long companionship as any volunteer regiment that ever took the field. The dominant element was the big-game hunter and the cowboy, and every field-officer and captain had at one time or another owned a ranch. The majority came from Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory, though every State in the Union was represented. There were graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell, University of Virginia, of Pennsylvania, of Colorado, of Iowa, and other Western and Southern colleges. There were members of the Knickerbocker Club of New York and the Somerset of Boston, and of crack horse organizations of Philadelphia, New York, and New Jersey. There were revenue officers from Georgia and Tennessee, policemen from New York city, six or eight deputy marshals from Colorado, half a dozen Texan Rangers, and one Pawnee, several Cherokees and Chickasaws, Choctaws and Creeks. There were men of all political faiths, all creeds—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. There was one strapping Australian and one of the Queen's Mounted Police, though 90 per cent. of all were native-born Americans. And athletes a plenty—Wrenn, who twice saved America the tennis championship over England, and Larned, the second-best player in the land; Goodrich, the captain of Harvard's crew in '97, and Bull, who rowed on that crew; Dean, the best quarter-back in Harvard's history, and Greenway, the best end in the history of Yale; Channing and Church, who played football at Princeton; Hollister the runner and Waller the high-jumper of Yale; Stephens the polo-player, and Ferguson and Thorpe, the members of Roosevelt's old polo team at Oyster Bay; and besides these, who were all troopers, Lieutenant Devereux, who played good football at Princeton, and Lieutenant Woodbury Kane, who did the same at Harvard, and who helped win his commission washing



2D LIEUT. JOS. N. AUGUSTIN, JR., 24th U. S. Infantry. Killed in the Attack on San Juan.

2D LIEUT. JOHN A. GURNEY, 24th U. S. Infantry. Killed in the Attack on San Juan.

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dishes on a cooking detail for a New Mexico outfit, and washing them, as a superior said, "d——d well."

And more: Sergeant McElhinny, the Louisiana planter, who has an island of his own; Captain Jenkins of South Carolina, son of the Confederate general; Captain O'Neill, ex-mayor, ex-sheriff, and hunter of Indian and white desperado, populist and free-silver man; Captain Llewelyn, who carries four bullets in his body; Captain Luna, who demanded at Tampa that he should be permitted to go to the front and show his loyalty because he was the only man of pure Spanish blood holding a commission in the American army; Sergeant Darry, who was Speaker of a Lower House and Gold Democrat candidate for Congress; Heffner, who, though shot mortally, got Colonel Roosevelt to give him his gun, and, propped against a tree, kept firing until the line went forward; and Lieutenant Thomas, whose father fought in the civil war, whose grandfather was killed in the Mexican war, who had two grandfathers in the war of 1812, three grandfathers in the war of the Revolution, while the fourth was Patrick Henry—all these were citizens of New Mexico. Lastly, there was Captain Capron, who fell—the fifth from father to son in the United States army, a captain of Indian scouts, an expert in Indian sign-language, and a great hunter. There were no laggards in that little struggle. Marshall, the correspondent, kept with the advancing line, taking notes as he advanced, and when shot through the spine kept on writing his "story" between periods of unconsciousness and spasms of pain. Caspar Whitney stood near a Hotchkiss gun and took the fire as coolly as any regular under General Young. Colonel Roosevelt picked up a rifle and led his men on a charge across a space where he thought they needed encouragement; and Richard Harding Davis gave the good service of an officer in the beginning, and afterwards took the gun of a wounded man and fought with the rest.

Such were the men who fought the good little fight of Las Guasimas, and would to Heaven I had been with them! And so, once more, to the Riders, one and all—Hail!

IV.

*June 30.*

Quiet, modest, forceful Colonel Wood moves on Santiago to-morrow in command of a brigade. Roosevelt's Rough Riders go as Roosevelt's in fact as well as in name. Colonel Roosevelt has made his word of peace good in war. JOHN FOX, JR.

## LIEUTENANTS GURNEY AND AUGUSTIN.

WE publish in this issue a picture of Lieutenants John A. Gurney and Joseph N. Augustin, Jr., officers of the regular army, who were killed in the charge up San Juan Hill, July 1. They were graduates of West Point of the class of '95, and they were only boys.

Lieutenant Augustin was born in New Orleans in 1874; Lieutenant Gurney, in Hart, Michigan, in 1872. They entered the Military Academy together in 1891, and were graduated together in 1895. At the time of his death young Augustin had been married less than a year. Gurney was graduated near the head of his class; he was the president of his class, and one of its best loved men, and Augustin had as many good traits as he.

A most pathetic feature in the fate of these two young men is the strong affection that existed between them. They were chums during the four years at West Point; they went into the same regiment, the Twenty-fourth Infantry, so as to be together. When they went together to Santiago they arranged with each other that if one were killed the other should break the news. They fell together. In the charge, when every officer in Gurney's company was struck, Gurney and Augustin were killed. The picture of them is from a photograph which they sat for together only a short time ago.

Certainly all good, kind people owe these brave young men a thought for the happy and hopeful lives they laid down for their duty on San Juan Hill. WILLISTON FISH.

## HOW THE "OREGON" CHASED THE "COLON."

BY THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ON BOARD.

ON this ship the first call for quarters, 9.25 A.M., had just sounded, and all hands were in their best clean white, and the decks all straightened up for Sunday inspection. The officers of the deck noticed the masts of a ship moving inside the harbor, but no one thought of it seriously, because Sunday was looked upon as a day of rest, and during the month we have been blockading no shots have been fired on that day. But as these masts kept coming in sight, we quickly went to quarters, and ran up the signal, "The enemy is escaping."

When the alarm-gongs rang, the people belowdecks all thought, "Well, somebody has pushed the button for 'general quarters' by mistake," but nevertheless the ship was ready for action in an instant, and all hands were thrilled with a glad excitement to see that Cervera was going to make a dash with his twenty-knot squadron and give us a fight, after all.

Captain Clark ordered one of the marines to fire a 6-pounder at the entrance to call attention to our signal, and I can assure you that our ships were not long in answering.

Well, out came the Spanish ships, described to Captain Clark in a cipher despatch to Rio Janeiro from the Navy Department, which, when translated, read thus:

Four armored cruisers, heavy and fast.
Three torpedo-boats, sea-going class.
Beware!

This was the cream of the Spanish navy, which we supposed to be after our ship when we ran up the coast of South America, and cheer after cheer went up when we saw that there was to be a real fight at last.

We commenced a rapid fire, which was kept up during the whole engagement, and was only broken by a howl of delight when a good shot was fired, or by yells when a torpedo-boat could be seen through the smoke. But the reports of the 6-pounders soon interrupted the latter.

As soon as they got out of the harbor, Cervera took enough time to form his fleet, and then steamed to the "four bells." The *Iowa*, *Texas*, and *Brooklyn* were west of us, but we soon passed all but Commodore Schley's flag-ship, and with forced draught joined in the chase.

The *New York*, *Massachusetts*, *Newark*, and *New Orleans* were, so far as the Spaniards could see, out of the fight, so they most likely thought that if they could escape the battle-ships they would have only the *Brooklyn* to contend with. But they had not counted on the *Oregon*, which, with the *Brooklyn*, outstripped all our fleet, and gained steadily on the flying enemy.

We kept up a continuous fire on the nearest ships, and, as they headed inshore one after the other, paid no attention to them, except to send a parting shot from our after-guns to "boost" them along a little faster.

Finally only the *Vizcaya* and *Cristóbal Colon* were left. We had given the *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa* some pretty hard knocks, and, as the remainder of the fleet were "dusting along" right merrily far astern, we left the ships we had disabled to their tender mercies.

We concentrated our fire on the *Vizcaya*, about 3000 yards on our starboard bow; the *Brooklyn* was well off-shore of us, on our port bow, sending shot after shot into the unfortunate ship. Finally the *Vizcaya* too made for the beach, and with a cheer we sped on after the *Colon*. For a few moments we did not fire, but finally opened on her at a range varying from 9500 to 8500 yards with the forward 13-inch and 8-inch turrets.

Finally we were gratified to see that the *Cristóbal* too was making for the shore, about 50 miles to the westward of Santiago. She hauled down her colors at 1.12, and afterwards ran aground on a shelving gravelly beach. At 1.30 we slowed down, and with the *Brooklyn* ran near the prize.

The *Brooklyn*, being senior ship, sent a boat aboard to receive her surrender, while we ran near, keeping everything ready in case she should open fire again. The *New York* and *Texas*, which had been hull down to the eastward, finally came up, with the *Resolute* and *Vixen*, and preparations were made immediately to transfer prisoners and to attempt to save the ship.

On the *Oregon* the most intense enthusiasm prevailed. As other ships dropped astern it became more and more exciting, so that it was almost impossible to keep the men clear of the decks and behind armor. They insisted upon lining up on the forecastle and on top of the turrets, as the pictures will show; and when all of our ships were out of signal-distance we could look back on the *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo*, which we ran on the beach, and congratulate ourselves on being on a 16.5-knots battle-ship. The *Oregon*, by-the-way, has the name of "Yankee Devil" or "Bull dog" among the Spaniards.

When the *Colon* was run on the beach the Spanish took the time used in making official visits to open all sea-connections and to break the valve-stems so that she would founder. The breech-plugs of most of the guns were thrown overboard, and everything possible was done to disable the ship. All of her crew had been very liberally supplied with liquor, so that they were *hors de combat* in more senses than one; the officers looked rather forlorn, but the men were happy and contented. The ship was bountifully supplied with provisions, there being five cows on the forecastle, to say nothing of flour and beef in the fore-hold.

Having done what we could to save the ship, our prize-crew all left her before midnight. She was slowly settling; and after the *New York*, by a very skilful piece of seamanship, pushed her further up on the beach, she was left to her fate. In the morning we saw that she was listed heavily to starboard and resting easily on good bottom, so we steamed slowly towards Santiago.

On the way back we passed the cruisers that had been run ashore; most of them were afire, and it certainly was sad to see such fine ships going to ruin. However, we paid them back for the *Maine*, with interest, so we were happy to give such good news to our countrymen for the Fourth.

The *Cristóbal Colon* was magnificently furnished in her officers' quarters. Silver plate galore, cut glass, statuettes, silk hangings, and other finery were there in profusion.

It was demonstrated yesterday that torpedo-boats have only a small chance in the daytime, and that wood-work is very dangerous. But that is nothing new.

## ALLIANCE.

*Editor "Harper's Weekly":*

Reading a Seattle paper on Sunday, while my ship, the *James Nesmith*, of New York, was loading coal at Union Bay, B. C., for St. Michaels, I got in a sentimental mood, and composed the following lines, not intending to have them printed. The other American captains insisted on having them sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY, so I hereby send them.

Yours, respectfully, Captain C. H. MCLEOD.

YOU'VE used us well, John Bull, we'll own,
Far better than we thought,
When all the world we faced alone
And Cuba's freedom sought.
You've showed your hand as well befits
The glorious fighting race,
That in its zenith proudly sits
In honor's chiefest place.

And we have read the signs, John Bull,
And feel the sweeping tide
That makes the hearts of nations full
While battling side by side.
There is a Providence that rules
In all affairs; it swells
Beyond the wisdom of the schools—
And then, it's blood that tells.

And so, while England touches strings
With no uncertain sound,
The Yankee drops all meaner things,
To meet on common ground.
When Anglo-Saxon can attack,
With hands across the sea,
The Stars and Stripes and Union-Jack
Can set the whole world free.

The thin red line that never yields,
The hearts of oak that dare,
Could face the foe on any field
If Yankees, too, were there;
Could dare a frenzied world in arms
'Mid shot and bursting shells,
And answer Europe's wild alarms
With loud triumphant yells.

Your hand, John Bull, your honest hand;
There'll nevermore be war
Between two nations that must stand
For righteousness and law.
Our jealousies have passed away,
The times we fought are done,
And grandly proud we stand to-day
Like father and his son.

And soon the world will hear a song
In every plain and valley,
As resonant it rises strong,
While millions join the rally.
And "Yankee Doodle" will awake
Your English meadows green,
While Yankee tongues from sea to lake
Will sing "God Save the Queen."

C. H. MCLEOD.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK.

IN 1856 Gail Borden introduced condensed milk, and from small beginning an enormous industry has resulted. The product of tens of thousands of cows is required to supply the demand for this superior infant food. No other equals it.—[*Adv.*]

"BLUE MONDAY" made bright with ABBOTT'S—The ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS—as a spirit revivifier. Good stomach makes light heart. Get only ABBOTT'S. —[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American Tonic. —[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Hosiery.
Plain and Fancy Lisle-Thread, Silk, and Cashmere Hose and Half-Hose.
Summer Underwear.
Cartwright & Warner's
Celebrated Underwear.
for Children, Ladies, and Gentlemen.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.


BRASS BAND
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, *mailed free*. It gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.
LYON & HEALY, 17 Adams St., Chicago.

Pears'
Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both: that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.
The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.
Either you do not wash effectually, or you wash too effectually; you do not get the skin open and clean, or you hurt it.
Remedy—Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it often.
All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

A Leather Lesson
Thick leather isn't always durable. Thin leather isn't always comfortable. Oily leather isn't always waterproof. Dear leather isn't always cheap. Vici Kid is always reliable. This is the reason it is fast superseding all other leathers. Vici Kid is the only leather that repels the cold, yet absorbs no heat. It is the only leather free from oil, yet impervious to water. It is the only leather soft enough for comfort, strong enough for any kind of wear.
VICI KID

makes the most beautiful shoes for women, the most comfortable shoes for men, the most durable shoes for children (all colors). The genuine never varies in quality no matter where you get it. Genuine Vici Kid is made only by R. H. Foerderer. To insure getting it and not an imitation, ask your dealer for Foerderer's Vici Kid. Vici Leather Dressing makes all shoes look better and wear better.
Ask your dealer for it. A book about buying, wearing and caring for shoes mailed free.
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Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.
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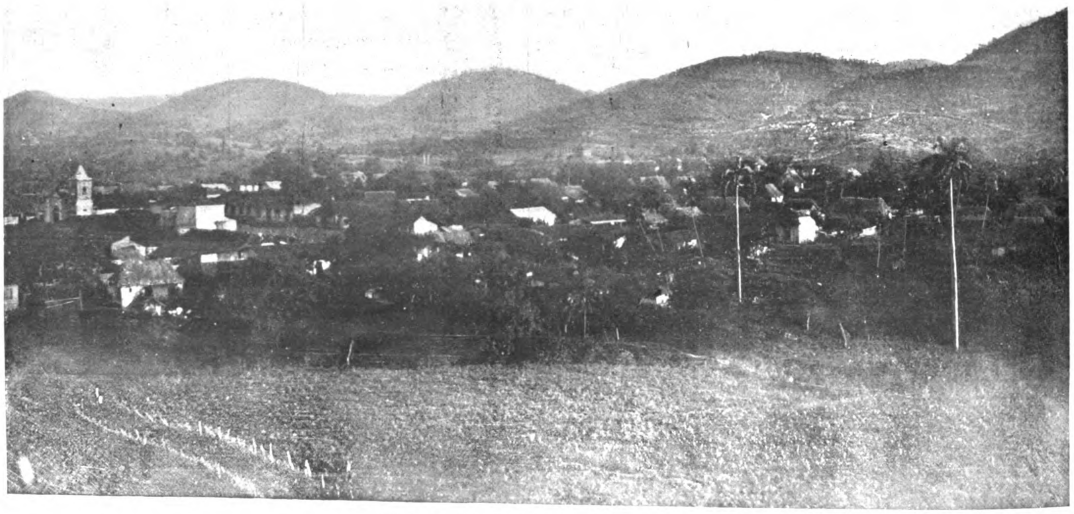
TAKING IT EASY—A PACK-TRAIN OF OUR CUBAN ALLIES.



ARRIVAL OF COMMISSARY STORES—HUNGRY REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO WAITING FOR UNCLE SAM'S RATIONS.



THE OLD CHURCH—REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO LINED UP EAGER FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF EL CANEY.

AFTER THE BATTLE—SCENES IN AND ABOUT EL CANEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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3d Class Protected Cruiser "Gefion." 2d Class Battle-Ship "Deutschland," Prince Henry's Flag-Ship.



2d Class Battle-Ship "Kaiser," Admiral von Diedrichs's Flag-Ship. 2d Class Protected Cruiser "Irene." 2d Class Protected Cruiser "Kaiserin Augusta."

PRINCIPAL VESSELS OF THE GERMAN SQUADRON IN ASIATIC WATERS.

THE "IRENE" IS THE VESSEL WHOSE CAPTAIN ATTEMPTED TO PREVENT THE SEIZURE OF ISLA GRANDE IN SUBIG BAY.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

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## OUR SPANISH PRISONERS OF WAR.

With Admiral Cervera and 745 of the officers and men of his late command on board, the auxiliary cruiser *St. Louis* arrived in the harbor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from Santiago, on the morning of July 10. Among the prisoners were Captain Eulate of the *Vizcaya*, who was wounded three times, and Captain Emilio Diaz Moreau of the *Cristóbal Colon*, second in command on the illfated Spanish fleet. Besides these there were about forty commissioned officers from the vessels *Vizcaya* and *Colon*.

The other Spanish prisoners from Cervera's fleet were sent to Portsmouth on the *Harvard*. The quarters prepared for the reception of the prisoners are on Seaveys Island, in the Piscataqua River, opposite Portsmouth.

The city lies about two miles from the sea, on the south side of the stream, which is wide and deep, and noted for its strong tides. Across the stream, on the Maine side, is the town of Kittery, and the naval station known as the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

Down stream from the navy-yard, and reached from it by a short iron bridge, is Seaveys Island, a rock-bound and rugged bit of land of 100 acres or so. At its lower end, on a point by which the tides of the Piscataqua rush fiercely back and forth, is the site of the prison camp. No better place could have been chosen for such a purpose. The land is high, and slopes gently from a sharp ridge toward the rocky shore. On the crest of the ridge, from which the land toward the interior of the island runs back in a kind of plateau, have been built the barracks of the marines guarding the camp, 240 in number. On either end of the ridge, and high above the camp, is placed a Gatling gun, each of which is manned every minute in the day. These guns are above the level of the high board fence that encloses the camp on the land side. Outside this fence there is a "dead line," which is patrolled by a sentry all the time. Inside the camp a large force of sentries pace back and forth, their rifles in the bend of their arms, ready to be thrown to the shoulder at any moment.

The prison camp consists of a number of low one-story wooden barracks and a cook-house. In the cook-house are twenty-one large ranges, on which a force of cooks prepare the food for the prisoners. Soup and bread are the staples.

The sleeping-quarters of the prisoners are comfortable, but hardly elaborate. Mattresses are put on the floors of the barracks at night, and are piled up in the corners in the daytime. Bunks will be built later. Each man has a couple of blankets. There are hooks for hammocks in the barracks, and those who prefer them, and have the money to buy them, are allowed to choose this form of bed.

The day the prisoners were landed from the *St. Louis* forty-seven sick Spanish sailors were taken into the Marine Hospital, and cared for by the doctors there as carefully as if they had been from the American navy. They were all suffering from fever, the result of their exposure in the water and on the beach after the battle of Santiago. The hospital is a fine brick building at the upper end of the island. Two wards, built of wood, have been added since the prisoners arrived.

As the men filed down the gangway of the *St. Louis* to board the landing-barge, Admiral Cervera shook many of them by the hand. He was visibly affected.

By invitation of Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* many of the commissioned officers among the Spaniards went to the landing on the tug towing the barge and witnessed the debarkation.

The Captain of the *Colon* volunteered to assist Captain Goodrich in checking off the names of the prisoners as they landed. But after it was over, and his men were about to be marched away to the camp over the hill from the landing-place, he embraced many of the begrimed and unkempt sailors in the line and wept.

Winfield M. Thompson.

## WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

U. S. Flag-ship "San Francisco," off Havana, *July 8, 1898.*

We woke up this morning to find ourselves lying, with scarcely any motion, about eight miles off Havana. There is hardly a ripple on the waters, and a breeze laden with lotus drowsiness is lazily fanning the ship. The white city of Havana looms in the distance, and with a glass one can easily distinguish houses and the frowning forts of Morro. But both sea and sky are so suggestive of peace that it is hard to imagine that we are engaged upon a blockade, standing guard over that distant city, and ready to fire upon any ship that comes or goes without warrant. Off to starboard the auxiliary cruiser *Prairie* floats upon the still waters, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and close upon our port is the Monitor *Amphitrite*.

The latter recalls humorous memories to a group of young officers sitting fanning themselves upon the poop-deck of the *San Francisco*, and they chant in a rhythmic chorus,

> O Perry Garst, so high and mighty,
> Tell us true, and tell us right,
> Is that ship the *Am-phi-trí-te*,
> Or do you call her *Am-phi-tríte*?

Lieutenant-Commander Perry Garst was at one time the head of the department of English at the Naval Academy, and this was a problem in pronunciation that used to be laid before him in poetical form.

A French protected cruiser, the *D'Estaing*, has come quietly in, and lies about a mile astern, but I cannot find out what her mission is, and she does not seem to excite any particular interest or concern, and not even a discussion has arisen concerning the correct pronunciation of her name.

A little while ago the cruiser *Montgomery*, one of the blockading fleet, ran alongside within a hundred feet or so. She was hungry for news, and had not heard of Sampson's victory. So the chief incidents of that great fight were wigwagged to her, and when the news had been translated and given out, loud and enthusiastic were the cheers that arose. It did seem to my unsophisticated mind that the news might have been conveyed with greater speed and ease by simply having it called out, as the *Montgomery* was within easy hearing distance, and the day was so still that you could hear the whir of a flying-fish's wings—but then this is merely a landlubber's point of view. A sailor probably prefers to make mystic signs with a flag to lifting his voice rudely and hoarsely across a hundred feet of sea. Besides, the flag method of conveying intelligence is infinitely more poetic and picturesque.

The *San Francisco* left Key West yesterday evening at six o'clock. She is still the flag-ship of Commodore Howell, who has been placed in command of the blockading squadron off the northern coast of Cuba, succeeding Commodore Watson. Besides the *San Francisco*, three ships of the former Northern Patrol Squadron are engaged upon this blockade—the *Prairie*, the *Badger*, and the collier *Southery*. Altogether there are fifteen ships in the squadron—so many Cerberuses jealously guarding the gates to the capital city of Cuba. But the only sop that can be thrown to these watchers must come in the form of shot, and woe unto any ship that tries this game! I have seen little flags twenty inches square perforated at a thousand yards, and God save any larger mark!

Yesterday I spent part of the day at the convent hospital at Key West, listening to stories of the great landbattle about Santiago, from the mouths of wounded men. The evening before, the hospital ship *Iroquois* had come in to Key West, bearing 312 wounded and sick men. Most of these men were convalescing and able to walk about, though some of them limped painfully, and others had arms in slings, while others still were laid out upon cots in the hospital.

The hospital was formerly a health resort for ailing nuns of a Canadian order, but it lately has been placed by the order at the disposal of our government, and a number of trained nurses have been sent down to take care of wounded and disabled soldiers.

I found several of Roosevelt's Rough Riders among the wounded. To them the fight had been particularly hard; for, as they said, they had enlisted as a cavalry, not as an infantry regiment, and most of them were entirely unused to marching. They had been so boomed in the papers, however, that pride kept them from backing out under any conditions, and so they bravely burned their bridges and left their horses behind them. From their descriptions, the march through a thick jungle filled with huge cacti in a hot and enervating climate must have been a terrible one. Now soaked by heavy rains, now blistered by the sun, they marched on, subjected to galling volleys from enemies in ambush. Smokeless powder gave the Spaniards a terrible advantage; for the Rough Riders—dead-shots as most of them are—could see nothing to shoot at. They could not form more than four abreast at any time, owing to the narrowness of the pathway, and often they were obliged to proceed in single file.

Altogether this attack upon Santiago has been extraordinary in the annals of war. Men with rifles in their hands, and undaunted courage in their hearts, have performed a work which artillery alone should have attempted. But though the soldier evidently knew that some one had blundered, he went bravely on and did his whole duty without flinching.

I was told that the medical attendance was entirely inadequate. The doctors worked like beavers, but there were not enough of them. Some of the wounded were obliged to wait over a day before their needs could be attended to. On the hospital-ship *Iroquois* there was no ice, and the water was warm, so I was informed, and unfit to drink. Fresh meat or fresh vegetables without ice are out of the question in a hot climate. Why cannot some ship-loads of ice be sent down to the hospital-ships? But there are doubtless many pertinent questions to be asked; some might call them impertinent questions.

A few hours before the *Iroquois* came in, about four thousand troops started for Santiago in six transports, under a convoy composed of the *Machias*, *Wilmington*, and *Leyden*. Great enthusiasm prevailed upon the transports as they pulled out, and cheer after cheer rolled over the waters. May the country for whose sake these men go forth to battle so gladly look well after them should the hour of trouble come!

Henry Collins Walsh.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 731.*)

ing as the Spaniards did the first day, it would have cost five thousand lives to take it. Battalions of Spanish troops have been depositing arms since daybreak in the armory, over which I have [placed a] guard...."

A man to be reckoned with, the Archbishop of Santiago, was the most conspicuous figure among those who were present at the reception held at the Governor's palace, where the civil Governor and other officials of the city and province met the American commander. After the ceremony of raising and saluting our flag and taking over the city, the American officers returned to their camp. In the course of the day our troops also took possession of Morro Castle and the batteries at the mouth of the harbor; mines in the channel were removed or exploded; the Red Cross steamer *State of Texas*, passing the sunken *Merrimac* and *Reina Mercedes*, made her way towards the city; refugees crowding back to their homes found that order had been re-established—by conquest—and was to be maintained. As between the American and Spanish soldiers, there were manifestations of good feeling, but already a note of discontent is heard from the insurgents, who have had to play minor parts to-day or be omitted altogether, and who resent Shafter's decision not to displace the Spanish civil officials at present.

The second military expedition from San Francisco arrived at Cavité, Manila Bay. General Anderson now has 6000 troops under his command.

*Monday, July 18.*—A letter from President McKinley to Secretary Alger contains directions to the "military occupant" at Santiago, with a full statement of the general principles to be observed in the government of that city and the ceded district. Some of the specially significant passages follow: "We come not to make war upon the inhabitants of Cuba, nor upon any party or faction among them, but to protect them in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights.... The judges and other officials connected with the administration of justice may, if they accept the supremacy of the United States, continue to administer the ordinary law of the land, as between man and man, under the supervision of the American Commander-in-Chief. The native constabulary will, so far as may be practicable, be preserved.... While the rule of conduct of the American Commander-in-Chief will be such as has just been defined, it will be his duty to adopt measures of a different kind if unfortunately the course of the people should render such measures indispensable to the maintenance of law and order. He will then possess the power to replace or expel the native officials in part or altogether, to substitute new courts of his own constitution for those that now exist, or to create such new or supplementary tribunals as may be necessary.... All public funds and securities belonging to the government of the country in its own right, and all arms and supplies and other movable property of such government, may be seized by the military occupant and converted to his own use. The real property of the state he may hold and administer, at the same time enjoying the revenues thereof, but he is not to destroy it save in the case of military necessity. All public means of transportation, such as telegraph lines, cables, railways, and boats belonging to the state, may be appropriated to his use, but unless in case of military necessity they are not to be destroyed. All churches and buildings devoted to religious worship and to the arts and sciences, all school-houses, are, so far as possible, to be protected; and all destruction or intentional defacement of such places, of historical monuments or archives, or of works of science or art, is prohibited, save when required by urgent military necessity.... While it is held to be the right of the conqueror to levy contributions upon the enemy in their seaports, towns, or provinces which may be in his military possession by conquest, and to apply the proceeds to defray the expenses of the war, this right is to be exercised within such limitations that it may not savor of confiscation. As the result of military occupation, the taxes and duties payable by the inhabitants to the former government become payable to the military occupant, unless he sees fit to substitute for them other rates or modes of contribution to the expenses of the government. The moneys so collected are to be used for the purpose of paying the expenses of the government under the military occupation, such as the salaries of the judges and the police, and for the payment of the expenses of the army. Private property taken for the use of the army is to be paid for, when possible, in cash at a fair valuation, and when payment in cash is not possible receipts are to be given. All ports and places in Cuba which may be in the actual possession of our land and naval forces will be opened to the commerce of all neutral nations, as well as our own, in articles not contraband of war, upon payment of the prescribed rates of duty which may be in force at the time of the importation."

Despatches from Havana and London: "Seven American war-ships bombarded Manzanillo (the most important place in the southwestern portion of Santiago province) this morning. Three steamers of the Mendez line were set on fire. Several gunboats that were in the harbor were stranded."

A despatch to the *Sun* from Cavité, *vid* Hong-kong, says that after the *Irene* incident in Subig Bay "some correspondence took place between Admiral Dewey and Admiral Diedrichs, the German commander, the result of which has been a better understanding."

*Tuesday, July 19.*—The destruction of the Spanish steamship *Santo Domingo* by the auxiliary gunboat *Eagle* near Cape Francés, Cuba, July 12, was reported by the *Nashville* at Key West to-day. The *Santo Domingo*, a vessel of 5400 tons, was laden with grain and cattle for Havana, and was well armed. The *Eagle* was formerly the yacht *Almy*.

The first troops for Puerto Rico, numbering 6200 men, embarked from Tampa last night and to-day.

The United States transport *Seneca*, with sick and wounded soldiers, who had suffered greatly from lack of proper accommodations, medical attendance, and supplies, arriving at New York Harbor, was detained at Quarantine.

*Wednesday, July 20.*—The contract for transporting to Spain the officers and men surrendered by General Toral was awarded to the Compañia Transatlantica Española.

General Leonard Wood, formerly colonel commanding the Rough Riders, has been appointed military Governor of Santiago, succeeding General Chambers McKibbin, who filled the office temporarily, and who now resumes command of his brigade.

General Garcia has resigned his position as commander of the insurgent forces in eastern Cuba, and has withdrawn his troops from the neighborhood of Santiago. His letter to General Shafter, explaining his action, is a resentful statement of grievances: neither he nor his officers were invited to be present at the ceremonies on the occasion of taking over the city; the Spanish authorities have been left in power; the most unfavorable views of the motives and conduct of his army are entertained by the Americans. That is the substance of his letter, and he concludes, "I withdraw my forces to the interior."

*Thursday, July 21.*—The following statement of our government's policy in relation to Puerto Rico, characterized as practically official, or semi-official, was made to-day:

> Puerto Rico will be kept by the United States. That is settled, and has been the plan from the first. Once taken, it will never be released. It will pass forever into the hands of the United States, and there never has been any other thought. Its possession will go towards making up the heavy expense of war to the United States. Our flag, once run up there, will float over the island permanently.

A despatch of this date from General Miles says: "We have *Massachusetts*, *Dixie*, *Gloucester*, *Cincinnati*, *Annapolis*, *Leyden*, and *Wasp*, with *Yale* and *Columbia*. We expect to sail at three o'clock." The war-ships mentioned convoy the transports taking the main body of the military expedition to Puerto Rico. Sailing from Guantanamo to-day, General Miles's command should reach Puerto Rico early next week, or about the same time as the detachment which left Tampa last Monday. Other detachments are also under way. Two of the three vessels carrying General Wilson's division (First, of the First Army Corps) and General Ernst's brigade left Charleston last night, and General Schwan's brigade is sailing from Port Tampa to join the invading force off the coast of Puerto Rico.

*Friday, July 22.*—A despatch from General Anderson at Manila says: "Aguinaldo declares dictatorship and martial law over all the islands. The people expect independence."

M. W.

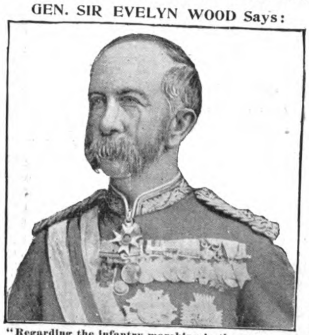
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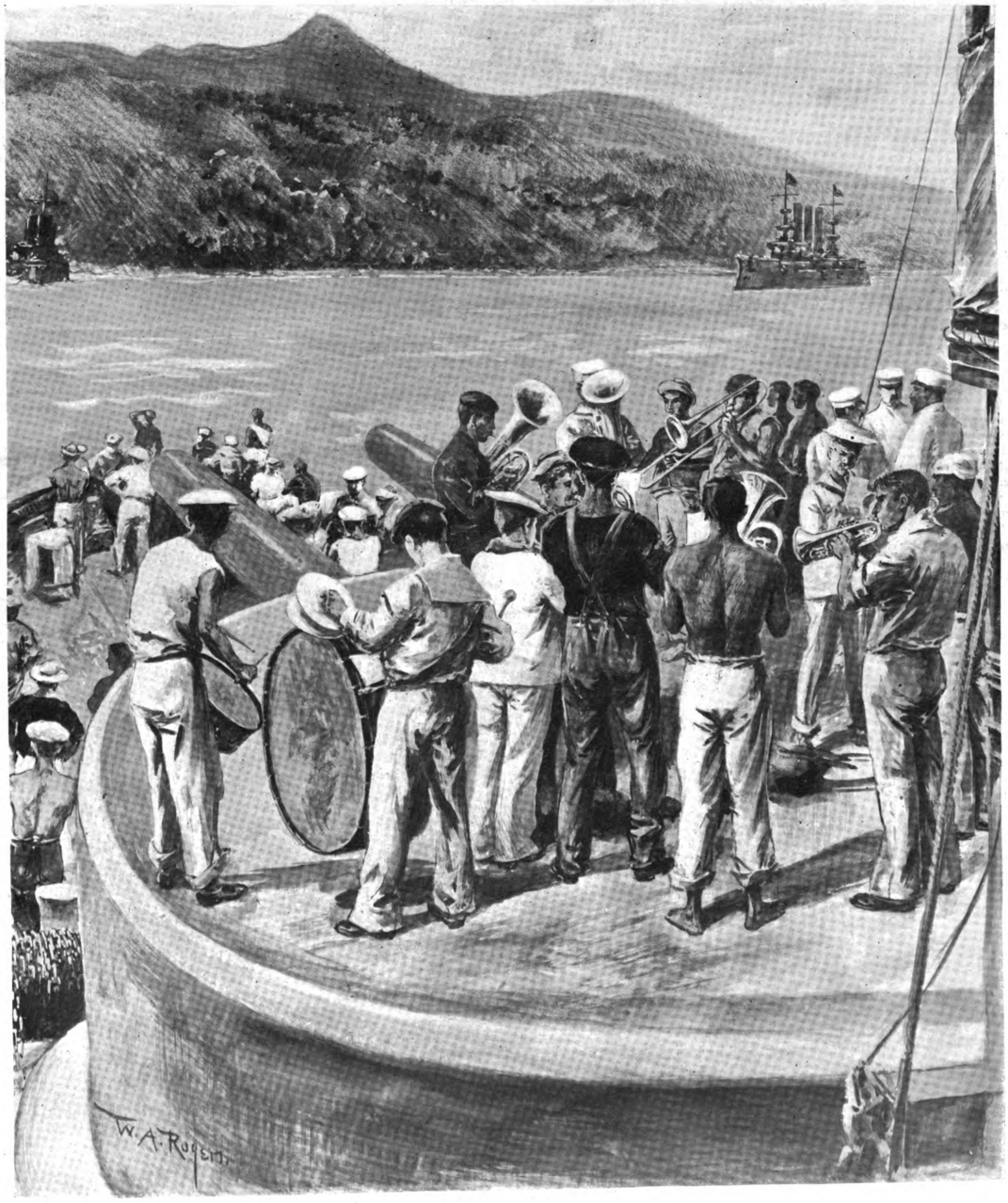
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VOL. XLII.—No. 2172. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



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"Cristóbal Colon." "Brooklyn."




"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

THE BAND OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON" ON THE FORWARD 13-INCH-GUN TURRET CELEBRATING THE VICTORY, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE "CRISTÓBAL COLON," JULY 3.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 6, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square


*This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents are following the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.*

| ARTISTS. | CORRESPONDENTS. |
|---|---|
| CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. | JOHN FOX, Jr. |
| RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM. | FRANK D. MILLET. |
| FREDERIC REMINGTON. | JOHN F. BASS. |
| T. DE THULSTRUP | O. K. DAVIS. |
| W. A. ROGERS | HAROLD MARTIN, |
| T. DART WALKER. | AND OTHERS. |

MESSRS. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither*, MR. WALKER *is with* General MILES'S *Expedition against Puerto Rico, and* MR. MARTIN *at Santiago.*

GENERAL SHAFTER showed a wise moderation and a just appreciation of SYLVESTER SCOVEL when he declined to try the latter for his journalistic outbreak, and contented himself with metaphorically kicking him out of the lines. Equally commendable was his arrest and expulsion of the yellow correspondents who endeavored to stir up angry feelings against the surrendered Spaniards, and to sell their disreputable sheet, by sticking up posters in Santiago calling upon the passers-by to "remember the *Maine*." Vigorous doses of equal and exact justice liberally administered would be a wonderful cure for the yellows.

GENERAL SHAFTER'S position towards GARCIA and the Cubans is dignified and correct. The war is between the United States and Spain, and the Cubans are not to be considered until it is ended. Eventually the government may be turned over to them in accordance with the promise which we have made. But in the mean time Spain's rights must be recognized, and especially must Spanish people and property be protected from Cuban plunderers. Even if the Cubans were worthy of respect, General SHAFTER'S attitude would be right, but, as a matter of fact, they have shown themselves entirely unworthy of special consideration. Our troops are reported, doubtless correctly, as ashamed of their allies.

WE are inclined to think that Mr. HILL is too much of a statesman to control the Democratic party of New York. He has theories about currency, the tariff, our foreign policy, the constitutionality of laws, and even civil service reform. It is true that his views are generally those which he thinks will please the "boys" rather than those which satisfy his own intellectual processes, but the Democrats of New York do not recognize fine distinctions, and are coming to regard their ancient wire-puller as a "doctrinaire." When a modern New York Democrat begins to talk about anything but the "stuff," he at once becomes an object of suspicion. He appears like an educated man, an independent, a mugwump. MURPHY and CROKER and Boodle are good enough for New York Democrats, and these will control the party convention this year, and will throw away any opportunity which PLATT'S rule may have given the decrepit organization. If Mr. HILL wants his leadership restored, he must stop writing about the constitutionality of the BLACK election dodge and all other "hifalutin" notions, and confine himself strictly to business, as "NED" MURPHY and "DICK" CROKER do.

IT is perfectly true, as suggested by the *Outlook*, that this country cannot conduct the government of such a dependency as the Philippines would be in accordance with the principles of the Declaration of Independence. The *Outlook* is not a Republican party journal, and may therefore be entitled to the belief that despotic government is better for some kinds of people than self-government, although, in our opinion, any American who believes that our republic can wield absolute rule over alien people is getting ready to agree that democracy is a failure. There are, however, Republicans, men who, for party reasons, turned over the Southern States to "negro domination," who are now equally sure that there may be some rule better than that of self-government for such savages as those of the Philippines and that we can administer it. We are not disposed to dispute the general proposition with these advocates of democratic despotism, but we are quite sure that a mixed government, such as they advocate—viz., self-government for ourselves and a despotism for islanders of the sea—would prove a disastrous failure, and that there would be great danger to the democratic part of it. Democracy, we insist, is not capable of maintaining a despotic rule over alien peoples, but the advocates of Philippine annexation are now confessing that, if we take the islands, we must rule them ourselves without regard to the wishes of their people.

SPAIN has at last asked for peace. Naturally the Queen Regent chooses the French ambassador as the medium through which she appeals to the President for terms. France has been Spain's friend. Spain has had enough of war, and is in deep distress. She has practically no navy left. She cannot begin to pay the interest on her indebtedness and maintain the forces necessary to carry on even an unsuccessful war, being already nearly a year in arrears to her troops in Cuba. There is nothing but gloom in her near future, and absolutely no hope whatever for her unless peace is made. The Queen Regent and the SAGASTA government have been deterred from asking for peace, on account of conditions at home. It is true that the commercial classes favor peace, for peace is the breath of their nostrils, and that the people at large are described to be callous and indifferent, morally and mentally benumbed. The army, however, has insisted on fighting to the last, and it is from fear of the army that the government has refrained from making overtures. Now that the Carlists are threatening, and Don CARLOS is apparently making his way to the frontier, Spain has her domestic enemies actually on her back, and needs peace more than ever—needs it absolutely if the present dynasty is to be maintained. As for ourselves, we have certainly had enough of war, victors though we are. Enough American lives have been sacrificed for the ungrateful Cubans, and enough American money has been expended for the furtherance of the ends of the Jingoes. We have got out of the war all the good that can be obtained from it, and we have had enough of evil and sorrow. The longer the war goes on, the greater will be the evil and the deeper will be the sorrow—also the more widespread will be the corruption that always attends war. "Let us have peace," as General GRANT said—as all real soldiers always say when honor is satisfied and the objects of a war have been attained. And in making peace let us be generous.

IT is not for the purpose of self-laudation that the WEEKLY recalls the fact that it was the first journal to ask justice for the regular army from the daily newspapers that were giving all the honors of the war to the volunteers, even the honors that the regulars were winning, but for the purpose of saying that the daily newspapers have done better by the army since then, and to show how keenly alive are the faithful public servants of the army to evidences of appreciation. In proof of this we give the following extracts from personal letters written to the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY by officers of the regular army. One writes:

> Why is it? Three of the West Point graduates who have only been out since April have fallen, either killed or wounded. Not a word to their memory in the papers. It is pleasing and gratifying to know that at least one paper appreciates what the army is to the country, and is willing to give them credit for what they do; and it is earnestly hoped that now and then a word of praise or some mention of a heroic deed may be read from the pages of HARPER'S.

And another says:

> Let me thank you on behalf of many officers of the regular army for the action of your paper in showing the real part played by the regulars in the series of battles in the vicinity of Santiago. I can assure you that, although only regulars, we appreciate the praise which, until given by HARPER'S, was as carefully omitted in the New York papers toward us as it was lavishly given to the three volunteer regiments which were fortunate enough to be at the front.
>
> Somewhat slowly, since your article, has come a recognition that the (about) twenty regular regiments present did at least the duty, expected of course, of professional soldiers.

We trust that these letters, written as they are from full hearts, will convince the daily newspapers that regulars love justice and appreciate recognition of the services which they willingly render to the country. Certainly they can reap little honor besides kind words. Even professional rewards of a permanent character cannot be won by our soldiers as they are won by the soldiers of other countries. At the best, honors gained on the field of battle are temporary, and the most valuable of them go to volunteers.

THE reports of Admiral SAMPSON, Commodore SCHLEY, and the captains of the squadron are clear and convincing accounts of the splendid fight which ended in the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet. They show, as Admiral SAMPSON said:

> When all the work was done so well, it is difficult to discriminate in praise. The object of the blockade of CERVERA'S squadron was fully accomplished, and each individual bore well his part in it—the commodore in command of the second division, the captains of ships, their officers and men.

And Commodore SCHLEY says that the "victory seems big enough for all of us." In the presence of this fine spirit, the politicians and newspapers that have sought to make trouble by offering exceptional honors to SCHLEY in depreciation of SAMPSON ought hereafter to remain silent. It is clear enough that each ship fought on its own account its full and gallant fight, and that the fleet was prepared because SAMPSON had maintained his watchful guard of the harbor. One fine incident of the fight is brought out by these reports—the heroism displayed by officers and men in their efforts to save the lives of the Spanish officers and sailors from the burning wrecks. Speaking of this, Admiral SAMPSON said:

> This rescue of prisoners, including the wounded, from the burning Spanish vessels was the occasion of some of the most daring and gallant conduct of the day. The ships were burning fore and aft, their guns and reserve ammunition were exploding, and it was not known at what moment the fire would reach the main magazines. In addition to this a heavy surf was running just inside of the Spanish ships. But no risk deterred our officers and men until their work of humanity was complete.

We cannot omit, either, Captain EVANS'S splendid tribute to his men:

> The officers and men of this ship behaved admirably. No set of men could have done more gallant service. I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen, but when the flag came down they were as gentle and as tender as American women.

And Captain CLARK of the *Oregon* said, speaking of his ship's company:

> I feel that they rendered meritorious services to the country, and while I cannot mention the name of each officer and man individually, I am going to append a list of the officers, with the stations they occupied, hoping that this may be of service to them should the claims of others for advancement above them ever be considered.

And so in such deeds and words, civilization, humanity, generosity, and their kindred virtues shine through the smoke of battle, and reveal the nobility of our fighting brother.

## THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

IT is too early to say positively that the Santiago campaign will fully justify itself, although there can be no doubt that very much of value has come out of it already, while much more is well within the possibilities. Good may even come out of the evils and weaknesses which accompanied and marked the preparation of the army, its transportation, and its glorious triumph, if Congress will consent to be impressed by the lessons which are manifest to every intelligent observer of the campaign, and will act upon them with the same unselfish dutifulness and devotion to the country which have animated the officers and the soldiers and sailors of the army and navy. That the campaign is immediately successful, that its direct object has been attained, is, of course, the obvious fact in favor of its conception and its conduct, but more than this has been gained, and we are especially glad of the opportunity to recognize the merits of the campaign, since we were convinced that it set out without that due preparation which time did not permit the administration to make, and at a season of the year which is full of danger, especially to unseasoned men, from the most dreadful of tropical diseases. That these reasons against the departure of the expedition in the summer existed, and were strong, is now shown to be true by the unnecessary discomforts from which the men have suffered, and from the breaking out of yellow fever in the ranks of the regular army. But we shall not now indulge our sympathies, which may, indeed, only call forth a bluff expression of patriotism and indifference to hardships from the safe and luxurious fastness of the War Department building at Washington. The most important question at present is as to the military and political value of the capture of Santiago.

Besides the success of the expedition, which was made possible by the co-operation of the navy, the country has, as we have said, other results of the campaign to be grateful for. First of all, we have discovered the enormous value of the regular army, its absolute trustworthiness.

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This is due not only to the skill and education of the officers, but to the confidence felt in them by the rank and file, and to the excellent training which the men have received. West Point and the army have paid the whole cost of their maintenance in this campaign, and it is to be hoped that the politicians, with whom, in the end, rests the fate of these admirable institutions, will realize the fact that the war has demonstrated the essential value of the highest order of education and of training for the military establishment. We do not speak now of the high courage and devoted patriotism which have been manifested by our land and naval forces—courage and patriotism which have called forth encomiums from foreign observers and students of the military art. American courage has spoken for itself and needs no eulogist. It was the common characteristic of both the regular and the volunteer. If any one lacked it before El Caney or on the heights of San Juan, it was because his presence there was not entirely voluntary. But the great virtues besides mere courage that shone forth in the splendid charges by which those points were captured, charges that at the moment were declared by foreign officers to be foolish and impossible, were the coolness of the regular officers, their unselfish solicitude for their men, and the devotion and confidence of the latter, the belief that they were being conducted through the hail of Spanish bullets in the wisest manner. We have in mind the testimony of a volunteer soldier who did his duty at San Juan, and who, unable to find his own officers, joined the regulars in their bloody march up the now famous hill. So moved was he by the moral influence of the regular officers over their men, he says, that the moment he found himself with them he no longer felt alone, but as if under a guiding and protecting power that had his welfare and safety in mind and at heart. And this splendid confidence, which was his by association, as it was his temporary comrades' by training, strengthened his nerves and steadied his hand and step. It is of enormous value to the country to have learned this of its fighting force, not only because it makes us sure of our officers and soldiers, but because it increases our regard for American citizenship and for American institutions, which have made such men as these possible.

This is the great moral gain of the campaign, and that we are able to count this precious gain is due to the fact that by reason of a badly planned movement, for which, we understand, no officer was responsible, the fight was one of regimental and line officers and of their men, in some instances of men without officers. To these simple and dutiful Americans was the victory, and from these we receive an inspiration which even now seems to have changed the spirit of the nation, to have made it more proud of itself. If the stimulus of pride and self-respect be lasting, we may expect to find the people demanding of their civil servants the same unselfish and self-sacrificing patriotism which led their servants with the colors through tropical jungles and up the heights at Santiago in the face of almost certain death, and, under the ungrateful system established and clung to by our politicians, with no hope of reward save the consciousness of duty done and the gratitude of private fellow-citizens.

There are other gains, to be sure. The administrative force of the army, which is the creation of Congress and of influential politicians, has been weak, but American enterprise, ability, and tireless industry have accomplished wonders. The army was not ready to start from Tampa. It still lacks the uniforms for the tropics that it ought to have had before going aboard the transports. There was too large a proportion of raw men in the ranks. There was, and is, no powder of the right kind. There was a dangerous lack of horses and artillery. The men had too little to eat, and their food was not of the proper kind. Above all, there was a cruel disregard of the comfort and welfare of the sick and wounded. The want of medical preparation and the consequent suffering of the troops were criminal. But a great deal was actually accomplished, and nearly all the preparation for transportation was made after the declaration of war. The regulars, as they were before the new recruits joined, were ready to move at once. Some of them, especially the regiments on the Pacific coast, did move in an incredibly short time after receiving their orders. The credit for this readiness, however, is due to officers of the line, and not to any civilian, or to a staff hampered and limited in every way by politicians. Finally, we have the material gains of the campaign, the eastern end of Cuba, the city and harbor of Santiago, the prisoners taken from Blanco's force, the guns, and the ammunition. We have also the opportunity to show both the Cubans and the Spaniards the advantages of decent and honest government. If now the victory will induce a speedy peace, the campaign at Santiago will vindicate itself. That is the one gain which will excuse the undertaking before complete preparation for it was made, and the needless sacrifices, including the deaths from yellow fever, few or many, that were the consequences of lack of such preparation. If peace comes before November, the Santiago campaign will be justified. But otherwise it will not be, because all the other gains, moral and material, might have been had after the rainy season at a much smaller cost to the army.

From the evils and weaknesses that have attended the triumph, one great lesson has been learned—that Congress is unfit to control the military force, and that it ought not to exercise the war power unless it is also willing to make ready for war. The condition of the defences of the country when war was declared was disgraceful to the war power. Six weeks after the war broke out New York Harbor was so defenceless that almost any fleet could have entered it. Now that this condition of affairs is over, and the harbor is thoroughly protected, it can be safely revealed that some weeks after war broke out the forts in New York Harbor had so small a supply of ammunition that the newly recruited artillerymen could not be drilled in gun practice. The country had been drifting towards war for a year or more, and Congress had done nothing to make ready for it. If the war had been declared against any other European power than Spain, we fear that the country would have been greatly humiliated. We owe our victory not only to the virtues of our own troops, but to the weaknesses and military vices of our enemy. For our own condition of unpreparedness Congress is entirely to blame, and the effect of Congressional control of military matters is also lamentably shown in the disposition of civilians in authority at Washington to interfere with soldiers in the field. If our politicians learn the lesson of their own folly from what has happened, if they can be induced to appreciate the narrowness of our escape as a consequence of that folly, again the Santiago campaign will not have been in vain. But if they do not learn this lesson, then nothing remains but an early peace, compelled by General Shafter's success, to serve as an excuse for this too early campaign in the tropics, in winter clothes, with insufficient food, without necessary war material or transportation, without sufficient medical supplies against yellow fever, and Spanish infantry armed with Mauser rifles and supplied with smokeless powder.

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT FOR GOVERNOR.

Nothing could be more interesting than the commotion that has been raised by the mention of the name of Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York. The mention is the more exasperating to the Republican politicians because their violent objections to it are none of them such as can be avowed. The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for Governor would be as unobjectionable from the point of view of party politics as from that of public service. His numerous and persistent and pugnacious efforts for political reform have all been made "within the party." Nobody pretends that he ever supported a Democratic candidate or a Democratic measure. He was a Republican member of the Legislature a good many years ago. Not quite so long ago he ran a deliberately losing race as the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty of New York, although his sanguine disposition blinded him, after he had actually entered it, to the certainty of failure. This is the kind of party service that is held, according to the strictest political casuists, to constitute a "claim"—as the fact that the candidate is away fighting the battles of his country, and doing nothing whatever to promote his own candidacy, is held to constitute an availability. The evident fact is that Mr. Roosevelt is a "good Republican," and that he has "served up" to the Governorship. There is no producible or available reason why he should not be nominated.

The real objection is one that cannot be produced. It is that, good Republican as he is, Mr. Roosevelt's Republicanism ceases when it becomes incompatible with common honesty. He was not a good Republican as Civil Service Commissioner because the acceptance of that office imposed upon him the necessity of laying aside his partisanship while he was in it. He was not a good Republican as a Police Commissioner of New York for the same reason. He did not understand bipartisanship as a means to "deals," and he took no account whatever of the "political faith" either of an applicant for appointment or promotion or of a violator of the law. The impetuosity and gusto with which, in enforcing the laws, he moved along the line of most resistance constitute his principal political weakness. For they made it appear to be his belief that the chief end of a Police Commissioner was to prevent a German from gaining access to beer on Sunday. But the Republican politicians cannot openly allege that as a reason against his candidacy either. For the law, which was expressly drawn to prevent the drinking of beer on Sunday, was a "good Republican" law. If its friends and supporters expect that in practice the enforcement of it could be tempered by political considerations, they will not have the face to make their expectation a cause of offence against the Police Commissioner who enforced it against all saloon-keepers and all drinkers alike.

In addition to his other claims, Mr. Roosevelt has the distinction of the only new "war record" within reach of the Republican party of New York. His service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was, in the judgment of those best qualified to judge, highly creditable to himself and highly useful to the country. That service does not constitute so much of a "war record" in the eyes of conventions, and possibly of voters, as his subsequent service in the field, though it may well be questioned whether it was not of much more national importance. However that may be, it will hardly be disputed that the First Volunteer Cavalry has shown that it constitutes the most efficient fighting force of raw men, or rather of a raw regiment, that has ever been assembled. If it be true that it was got into trouble by the inexperience of its officers, it was got out again by its own tenacious courage as well as by the help of a regiment of regulars; and in courage there was no deficiency or difference among officers or men. The assemblage of this unique body could hardly have been managed except through the personal influence and energy of Mr. Roosevelt. And if even this feat is less important than what he might have done if he had remained at his desk in the Navy Department, and continued to kindle the enthusiasm of his chief, the fact that he has been risking his skin in Cuba constitutes a more obvious claim upon his party than any term of possibly more useful but less showy work in a bureau.

The real and unproducible reason why the Republican politicians object to the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for Governor is the reason why the Republicans who do not live by politics should favor it. It is that his Republicanism is limited by his honesty and his manliness. He would be of no more use to one of the factions into which the Republican party is happily split than to the other, and consequently neither of the machines "has any use" for him. A disgraceful proposition conveyed from Governor Black through Superintendent Payn would have no more attractiveness for him than a like proposition coming from Senator Platt through Congressman Quigg, and *vice versa*. He would doubtless make his share of mistakes. But they could not prevent him from being the most useful Governor New York has had since Grover Cleveland. That means a much larger measure of public usefulness than is open to him in the army.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

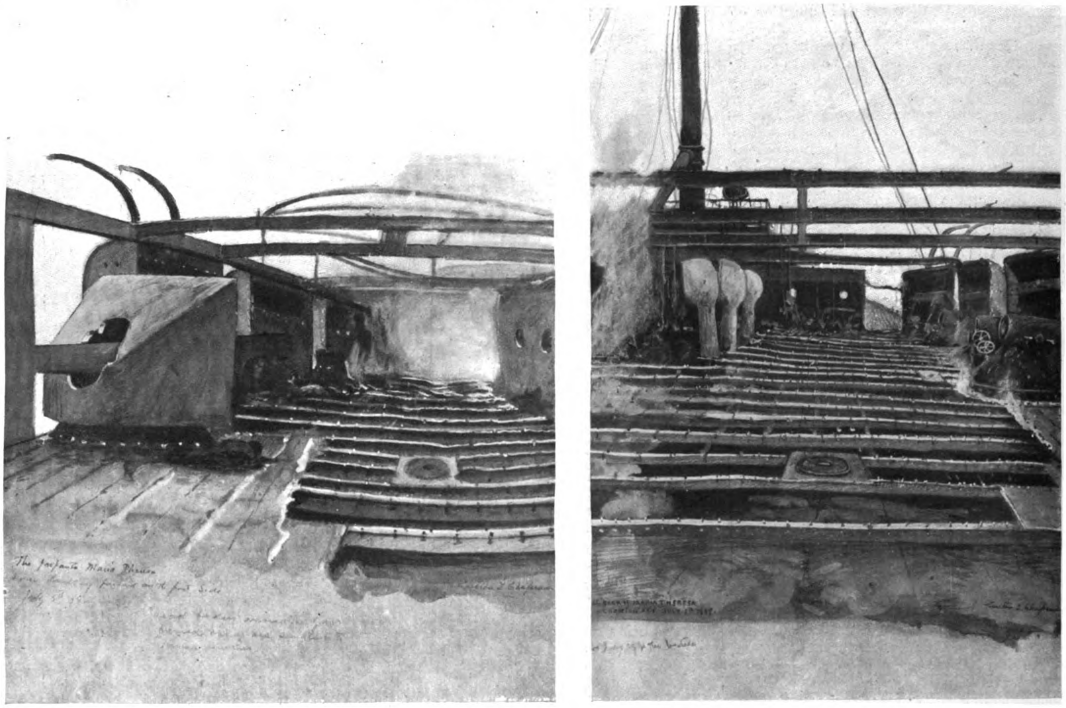
*Friday, July 22.*—At Manila the situation has several new elements of interest in addition to the declaration of a dictatorship by the insurgent leader Aguinaldo. The disembarkation of the troops of the second expedition began last Tuesday at a point two miles from the city; the attacks of the Filipinos upon the Spanish outposts have been more vigorous of late; the statement is made that Aguinaldo has been so much encouraged by his successes that he is now trying to create conditions in the islands which will necessitate the recognition of their independence by America as well as by other powers. So far as Germany is concerned, it is felt at Washington that the situation has improved, and that the observance of a strict neutrality by that nation is assured. A good deal of significance is attached to the German ambassador's friendly call at the White House this morning.

Another of the President's visitors to day was Lieutenant Hobson, who came to Washington in obedience to a letter of instructions from Admiral Sampson, to "explain the position and condition of the *Cristóbal Colon*," and to urge that steps be taken immediately so that "this fine ship may be saved to the United States navy." Of the other vessels that composed Cervera's fleet only the *Maria Teresa* will be saved.

The Navy Department has received Admiral Sampson's official statement in regard to the bombardment of Nipe yesterday. (Nipe is a port on the northern coast of Santiago province, lying between the ceded territory and Holguin, where the Spanish forces remaining in the western part of the province have their headquarters.) "The expedition to Nipe," Admiral Sampson says, "has been entirely successful, although the mines have not been removed. The Spanish cruiser *Jorge Juan*, defending the place, was destroyed without loss to our side. The *Annapolis* and *Wasp* afterwards proceeded to assist in the landing of the commanding general of the army and troops upon arrival at Puerto Rico."

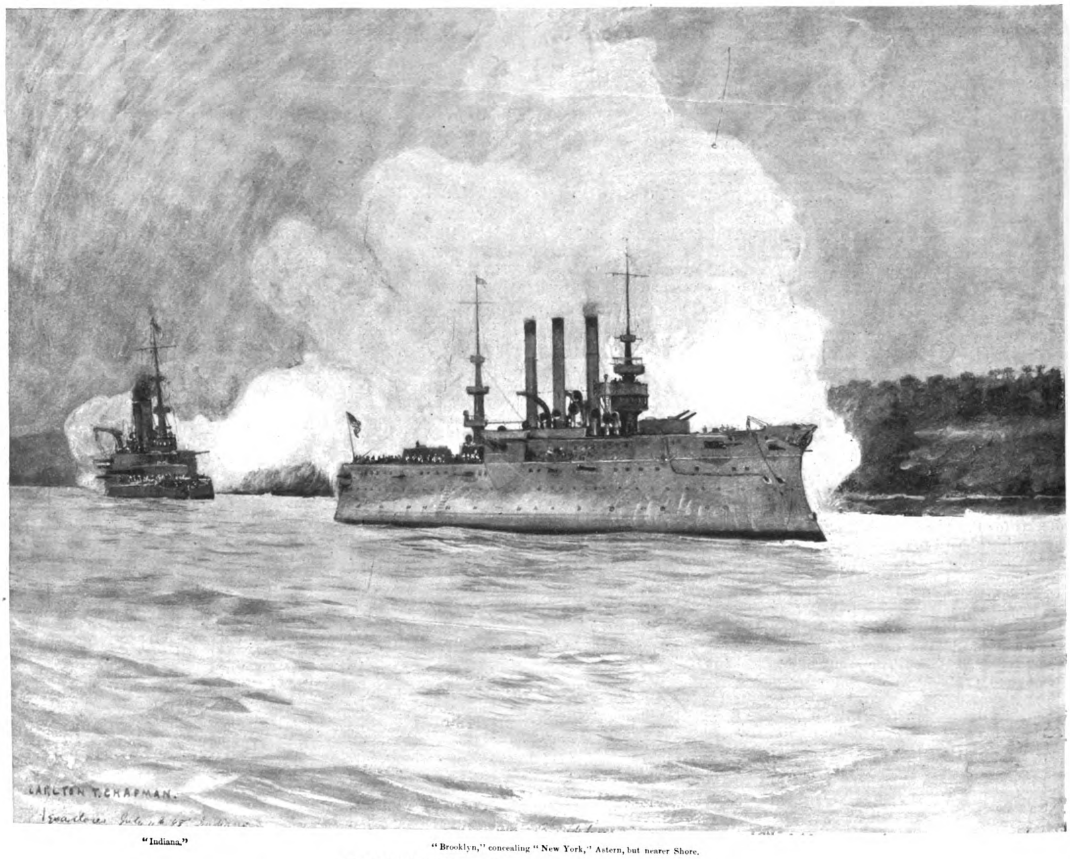
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ON THE SPAR-DECK OF THE "INFANTA MARIA TERESA," JULY 5, TWO DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.

Looking Forward, Port Side. Fearfully charred Bodies lying around the Guns. Looking Aft.




"Indiana." "Brooklyn," concealing "New York," Astern, but nearer Shore.

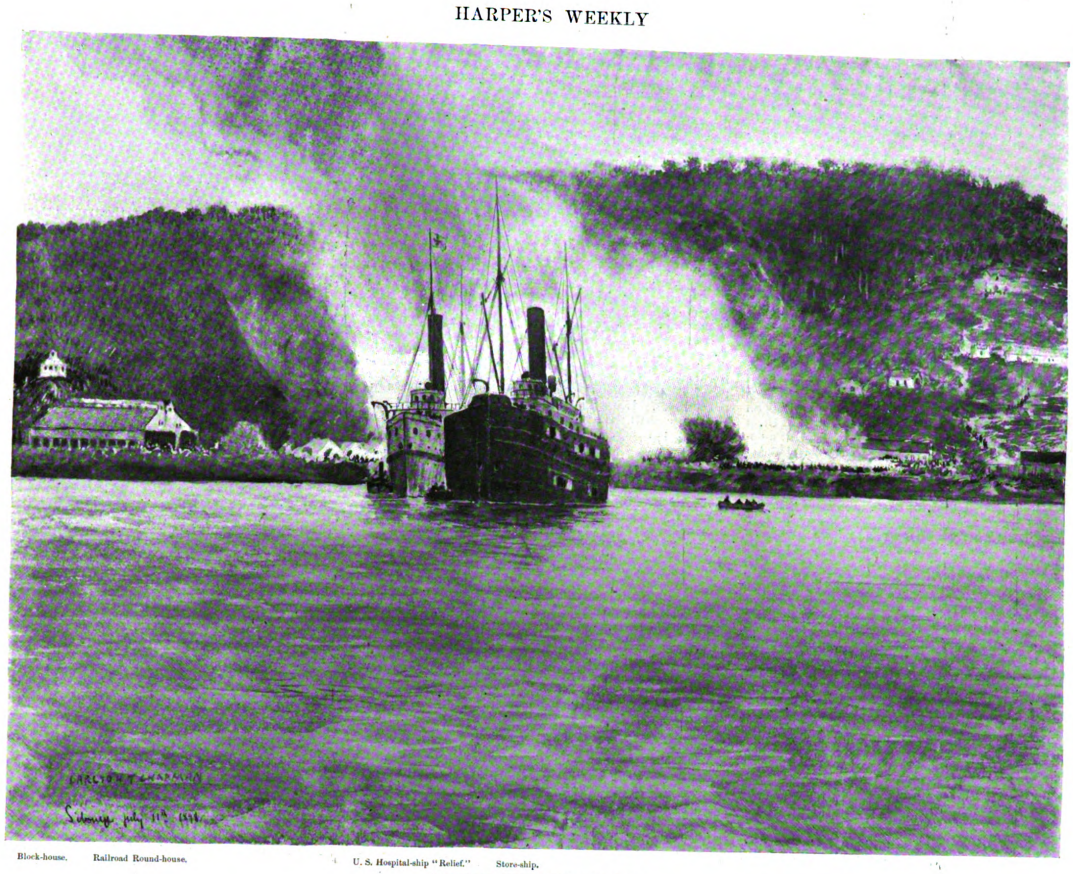
BOMBARDING THE CITY FROM OFF AGUADORES, JULY 11.

The "Indiana," listed to Starboard by swinging out her big Guns, is firing her 8-inch Broadside.

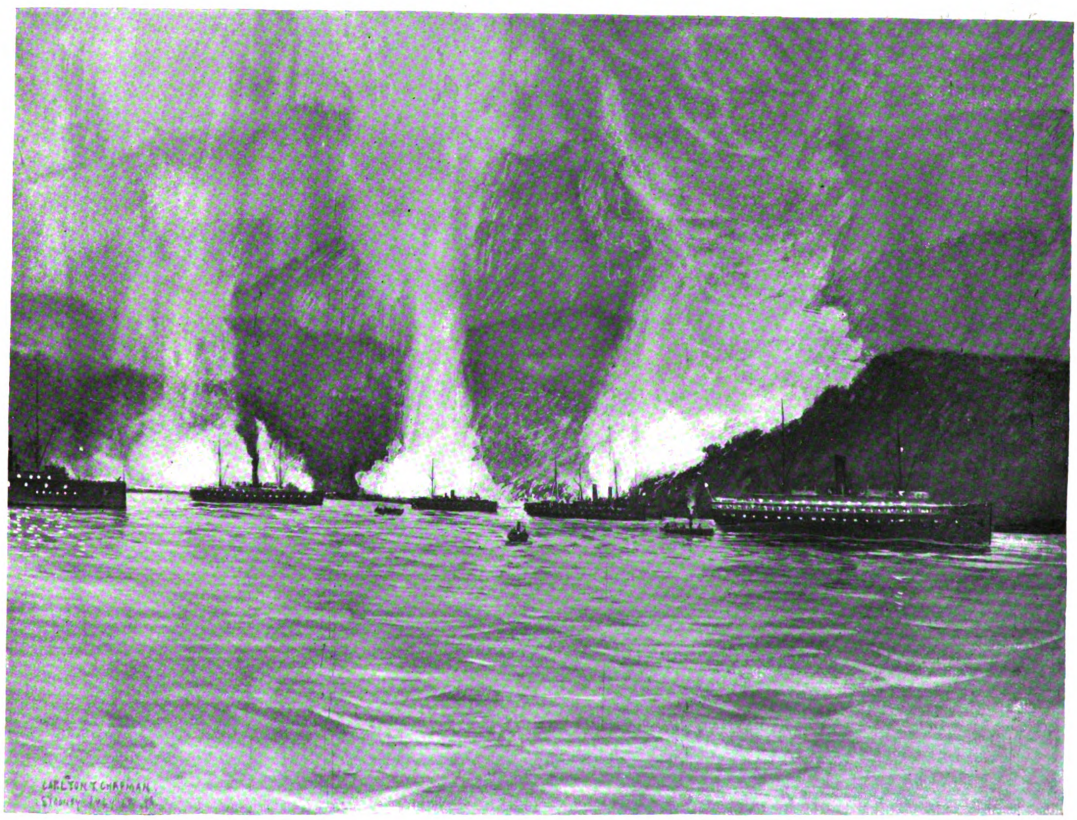
CLOSING SCENES AT SANTIAGO.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

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STARTING THE BLAZE, JULY 11.



VIEW OF HARBOR WITH TRANSPORTS, JULY 12.

BURNING THE FEVER-INFECTED BUILDINGS AT SIBONEY.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

All the Buildings excepting the Railway Stations and Round-house were destroyed, July 11 and 12.

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

An allusion in this department of the WEEKLY to a movement undertaken by certain members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union against root-beer has brought a letter from one of the editors of a Methodist paper in Cincinnati, declaring that it is "a very cheap thing indeed to sneer at the order of the White Ribbon." "If you dare," says this gentleman, "smite the saloon and the saloon-keeper." Another letter, from Georgia, disapproves courteously, but with feeling, of a paragraph in the WEEKLY in which an opinion was expressed that the more moderate ideas of temperance reform represented by Lady Henry Somerset were preferable to the extreme opposition to drink which seems in favor with the American branch of the W. C. T. U. This latter correspondent assumes that alcohol is a poison, and that a law to prohibit traffic in it is quite as just and as far more important than the law that put down the Louisiana Lottery.

Prohibition and the fight against the saloon are subjects too big to discuss in a paragraph, but as for criticisms on movements undertaken in the name of the W. C. T. U., it may be observed that they are not inconsistent with a desire for the highest success of that organization. The W. C. T. U. has a vast amount of zeal, and its general purpose to abate the drink evil is one with which all good people must be in sympathy. But the greater its strength and the devotion of its members, the more important is it that they should be effectively used to accomplish feasible things, and not wasted on endeavors that are foolish or impracticable, or that restrain unduly the liberties of the individual. The ideal condition as to drink is not that no one should be able to get an intoxicating drink when he wants it, but that no one should want to drink to his own detriment. All that the W. C. T. U. can do to induce people to deal warily with intoxicants or eschew them altogether is likely to be useful, but the effort to abolish intoxicants altogether and root out the use of them seems so sure to fail that it appears to be time wasted.

In the WEEKLY of July 16, Mr. Poultney Bigelow says, in his "Yankee in Spain," that he cannot remember seeing a drunken man in Spain, even among the soldiers, "and Spain is the country where wine is cheaper than milk—at times not dearer than pure water." "For myself," he adds, "I believe in total abstinence from alcoholic drink, but the best way to fight alcohol is to make light wine abundant and cheap." Two inferences seem deducible from these observations of Mr. Bigelow: first, that a people may be temperate and yet be far from being ideal folks; next, that general temperance is not necessarily inconsistent with an abundant supply of cheap wine. Most of us believe that the smaller the consumption of whiskey and all spirits in this country, the better; most of us, while we tolerate beer and drink it when we choose, think not much better of it than that it is less dangerous than whiskey. Most of us believe in the reasonable regulation of the liquor traffic (especially on Sunday) and in local option, but we also believe that professed total abstinence, though expedient for thousands of individuals, is not necessary to the well-being of the mass of the people. Therefore, when the W. C. T. U. or any other organization presses total abstinence upon us as a duty, we demur; and when it urges the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicants, we are incredulous of the possibility of such an achievement, and even of its expediency if it could be done. But in so far as the W. C. T. U. teaches that alcoholic beverages are dangerous, and tries to teach people to have sense about using or avoiding them, and tries to promote such regulation of the liquor traffic as seems reasonable, we are all with it, and value its efforts.

Doubtless a good deal is done in the name of the W. C. T. U. by auxiliary societies which the controlling minds of the organization do not endorse. It is hard to believe, for example, that so important an organization should bestir itself against so feeble a thing as root-beer. It is possible that, on the principle of hitching to a star, the organization accomplishes more by undertaking the impossible and alleging the doubtful than it would if it limited its efforts to what was more clearly feasible and its allegations to what was beyond dispute. But this last possibility may be doubted, for an organization whose members make extravagant attempts and statements is apt to suffer in its reputation for sense, and so in its influence.

Few episodes of the war with Spain have made more people happy than General Shafter's gentle rebuke to yellow journalism at Santiago. It was an exceedingly mild rebuke, all things considered. We are told that when the Americans got into Santiago two representatives of the *Journal* proceeded to placard the town with great posters inviting folks to Remember the *Maine* and to Buy the *Journal*. This demonstration struck General Shafter as inexpedient in a captured city where every effort was being made to calm animosities and promote peace, and he had the *Journal* men arrested and expelled from the province, with orders not to come back.

Sylvester Scovel's exploit was so exceedingly grave that comment upon it was generally suspended until it was known what the result would be. Being hindered from taking part personally in raising the first American flag over Santiago, he resented interference with violent language, and getting no satisfaction from General Shafter, completely lost his head and tried to strike him. Instead of having him tried by court martial, General Shafter merely ordered him to be sent away. No explanation has been given of Scovel's extraordinary proceeding. It will be remembered that on the day when the Americans went into Santiago food was scarce and drink plenty. Scovel's discretion may have been upset by overindulgence in stimulants, or it is possible that he was entirely carried away by a sense of his importance as the representative of the *World* and lost his bearings. Persons who have had relations with the yellow journals report that the service of those periodicals affects the individuals engaged in it most curiously. It is the policy of these papers to represent themselves as centres of the universe and mainsprings of events. They represent daily that government waits on their utterances, and that nothing of importance is settled in Washington until the one-cent morning papers arrive from New York. It is said that the men who are employed to make these curious representations come in time to believe in them, and to regard the papers which they serve as sources of vast authority, and to look upon themselves as the real representatives of the people, and as persons of more actual power than members of the cabinet or generals in command. Megalomania of this strange sort may have developed in Scovel with such intensity as to carry him off his legs. His father is said to have gone to look after him, and that is well, for he undoubtedly needs competent attention. After years of superabundant means of expressing his views, what agony it must be to him now not to be able to "talk back"!

It will not grieve the Americans at home if the news is confirmed that Miss Schley, of the Paris Peace Society, who went to Madrid to make peace with the Queen-Regent, failed to get access to the Regent or any responsible authority, and was politely urged to get out of Spain. Self-constituted peace-makers who have tried to go ahead without authority have not been very fervently blessed in this war. Much as we want the war to stop, the majority of Americans will be content to have the peace negotiations conducted at Washington by our authorized representatives. If the President can't strike a bargain with Spain, we shall have to wait, and we will doubtless wait with due patience.

It will not be surprising if Dr. Benjamin Andrews, late of Brown University, should find the woollen West very much to his taste. Dr. Andrews likes to talk, and has plenty to say. Since he became Superintendent of Schools in Chicago he has made a speech at Madison, Wisconsin, in which again, as once before, he predicted a great European war, to come pretty soon, with Uncle Sam concerned in it. He calls our traditional policy of non-intervention in European matters "keeping the rôle of the hermit nation," and talks of our "taking a hand in the settlement of the Eastern question." With ideas of this sort running in his head, such a personal experience of territorial expansion as is incident to the transfer from Providence to Chicago must be grateful to his feelings.

Apropos of Senator Hoar and Professor Norton, the New York *Sun* accuses the mugwumps of miscellaneous depravities and futilities, and declaring that they are no longer influential at Harvard, says, "The hero of that university community is Theodore Roosevelt, and Professor Norton is only its laughing-stock."

It may be that Colonel Roosevelt is the Harvard hero of the hour, and no discreet person would venture rashly to impeach his qualifications for the place, but it is far, far from true that Professor Norton is Harvard's laughing-stock. No doubt there are plenty of Harvard men who disagree with his political opinions (though many don't), but the very reason why it was important that his views should be disputed, as they have been by Senator Hoar, is that he has been for many years, and still is, so greatly regarded in the Harvard community that his personal opinions carried exceptional weight.

For a good many years one of his courses in Fine Arts has been the most popular course of instruction in Harvard College. It was given for the last time last year. His pupils, most of them, went to him to learn about art and to absorb "culture," rather than for instruction in political ethics. They got what they went after, and got it in large measure, and however Dr. Norton's views on the character of the American people and the policy of the government may differ from theirs, they will be found to be utterly disinclined to think of him as a "laughing-stock." They will not renounce his views of the architecture of Appleton Chapel and the Fogg Museum merely because they have a better opinion than he of the qualities of the American people, and more sympathy than he has with the present war.

What, oh, what would Professor Norton think of American civilization and manners after witnessing a game of baseball as played on the grounds of the New York Baseball Club?

Mr. William Tudor, of Boston, who undertook to collect money to provide comforts and necessaries for Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, announced a fortnight ago that he had money enough. The fund at that time amounted to $697.

Mr. Winthrop Chanler, who went to Cuba on the *Florida* to help Gomez, was shot through the arm while trying to land at Tunos de Zarza, and came home in due time to let his wounds heal. He did not come home, however, until he had been ashore in Cuba long enough to see something of the Cubans with General Gomez, and what he has found to say about them has come very opportunely to modify the pessimistic views about our Cuban allies which have lately come from Santiago. He says he found the Cuban officers with Gomez to be cultivated gentlemen, and the men of the insurgent army impressed him as being excellent fighters, though they have done little fighting for three months past, because the Spanish soldiers all stay in the towns, and the Cubans are not properly equipped to attack towns. He represents, however, that the officers with Gomez distrust the intentions of the Americans in Cuba, and believe that they simply intend to take possession of the country. After hearing from Santiago that the Cubans there are of no use, it is somewhat reassuring to listen to Mr. Chanler. Yet even he is not excessive in his praises, and though he advocates sending supplies to General Gomez, his report of the distrustfulness of General Gomez's officers seems to furnish grounds for hesitation about strengthening them overmuch. One thing is plain enough about the Cubans, whether with Garcia or Gomez—that they are sensitive, and require to be handled with patience and with much tact. It is obvious that it will take time and pains to bring the various elements of the Cuban population into such relations with one another and the rest of mankind that they will work together for good.

The reduction of the assessment on the property of Mr. William Rockefeller at Tarrytown from $2,189,555 to $343,775 is so considerable that it must afford Mr. Rockefeller very marked relief. The ways of assessors often seem past finding out, but the intentions of Mr. Michael Martin, who arranged the valuation of Mr. Rockefeller's property, as disclosed by witnesses, seem to have been no more recondite than merely to take the taxes off the poor and put them on the rich.

The discussion between Surgeon-General Sternberg and the supporters of the Red Cross as to the case of the *Seneca*, and the general management of the hospital service at Santiago, is something to be approached with caution. Miss Jennings, the Red Cross nurse, who came from Siboney to New York on the *Seneca* and did such good work on the voyage, has spoken her mind freely about the over-crowded state of the transport and the lack of supplies and fit provision for the wounded. Her facts are hard to get over, yet some things have been explained. We are told, for one thing, that the object in taking the less seriously wounded men off the *Relief* and sending them home on the *Seneca* was to make room on the *Relief* for the cases that were expected to result from the storming of Santiago. So far the explanation explains, but in the matter of the shortage of supplies and lack of surgical instruments the question seems to be merely who was to blame, for there was failure somewhere, and failure for which the Surgeon-General's department would seem to be responsible.

If the war lasts long enough, we shall probably see the army surgeons and the Red Cross people working together in entire harmony, and all finding plenty to do. Meanwhile one of the victories of the war, so far, was that won by Miss Barton and her accomplices in having the *State of Texas* at Siboney in the nick of time, and in being able to carry supplies and aid to the front in an emergency when the medical corps was overtaxed.

The Nashville *American* reports agitation in Trinity College, North Carolina, because Mr. Washington Duke, of the American Tobacco Factory, has proposed to give the college $100,000, but Judge Clark, a trustee, objects to receiving it because the money came from the sale of cigarettes. It does not appear whether Judge Clark's objection is that cigarettes are unwholesome or that the American Tobacco Company is a trust; but, whatever disturbs him, it seems not improper to suggest to Mr. Duke that Barnard College in New York is asking for $100,000, and would doubtless be glad to receive the whole or any part of it from him. As Mr. John D. Rockefeller has been in the past a liberal benefactor of Barnard, and has lately promised to give $10,000 towards the present fund, it may be inferred that the institution has no prejudice against the earnings of trusts; while as for cigarettes, none are used at Barnard, and neither the students nor officers of that college have any means of knowing (except by hearsay) whether they are deleterious or not. So if Trinity doesn't take Mr. Duke's money, Barnard probably would. But Trinity had better take it.

Barnard's $100,000 must be raised before October 3.

Yale has made one more step towards the possession of the rich legacy left to her by William Lampson, of Leroy, New York. On July 26 the Appellate Court at Rochester decided that the Surrogate at Leroy was right in admitting the Lampson will to probate in spite of objections made in behalf of the decedent's aunt. The estate is worth about $500,000, and nearly all goes to Yale.

The Fayerweather estate, or part of it, is still in litigation, and promises for years to come to afford relief to the necessities of able members of the bar in many States.

The relations between our fighting-men, both on sea and land, and the military and naval representatives of foreign governments who came here to inspect the fighting, seem to be exceedingly cordial. The inspectors seem to have been fully satisfied with the fighting, and the fighting-men with the inspectors. Ashore several of the foreign representatives were actually with our troops, and one hears many stories and reads many more in the newspapers about the intense interest of some of them in the performances of our soldiers, and of their solicitude for the safety of the men, and that the right thing should be done in the right way. There is a natural tendency to want the side to win which you happen to be with, and that seems to have come out strong in these foreign officers who were with our men. There are good stories in circulation about a British military observer in the fighting around Santiago, and of his ejaculations about "our boys," and what "our boys" were doing and what they ought to do. The French observer has spoken with the warmest admiration of the quality of the American soldiers as individuals, and of their remarkable "initiative," which seems to mean the capacity for fighting, each man on his own hook. The capacity of the American soldiers to see and think for themselves was remarked in the civil war. The German military representative has also been very cordial in his appreciations, and has contrived apparently to make himself exceedingly acceptable personally to the Americans with whom he has come in contact.

Napoleon's observation that a soldier could be made in three months but that it took six years to make a sailor is illustrated by the different courses that have been followed by our government in this war in providing officers for the army and the navy. There has been some little talk of favoritism and political influence in the assignment of commands in the navy, but, at the worst, Washington has only meddled in so far as to determine which of several trained officers of a rank approximately equal should be chosen for a particular service. There has been no putting in of volunteer commodores over seasoned sea-dogs. But in the army, while the regular army has been the backbone of the existing military machine, there has been a prodigious hoisting of new-made soldiers into good places, while many first-rate men whose life's work has been soldiering, and who have been long at it, have had no promotion, and little chance to win it. The sad part of it, from the regular army point of view, must be that the volunteer officers in many cases seem to be so efficient. Whatever credit or emolument of any sort there has been in our naval victories has gone to professional naval officers, but of the credit for our land fights, and of the emoluments of war, like promotion and increased pay, a very large share has gone to the volunteers.

E. S. MARTIN.

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# MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

BY HON. JOHN BARRETT, LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER-RESIDENT TO SIAM.

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" TO MANILA.

MANILA, the capital of the Philippines, Spain's late resourceful colony of the East Indies, in whose spacious bay Admiral Dewey's fleet is now at anchor, after winning the first naval victory of the present war, is one of the fairest, richest, and most remarkable cities of the Far East. Warmed by the rays of a tropical sun, cooled by the breezes of surrounding seas, and favored by features of climate and commerce which permit men to grow rich while they remain lazy and content, it is the ideal home of the Spanish official, merchant, or adventurer who would seek his fortune in distant colonies, but still enjoy conditions that ever remind him of his own home land.



THE LUNETA, MANILA.

As I drove leisurely round and round the beautiful Luneta, a broad circular parkway on the water's edge of Manila Bay, where, in the cool of the late afternoon and early evening, society, official and mercantile, Spanish and mestizo, turns out on dress parade to see itself, and breathe the fresh air that comes in from the broad sweep of the China Sea or down from the highlands of the interior, I could easily imagine myself in one of those sunny Spanish ports of the Mediterranean where men lead a dreamy sort of life. What a shock it must have been to the proud pleasure-lovers and old residents who had never failed to boast of Castilian prowess, or missed an opportunity to frequent the Luneta after a day's semblance of work or a long siesta, to realize that Admiral Dewey had suddenly and skilfully dropped a ten-inch shell into the very centre of this little park simply to remind them of the perils of bombardment at the hands of American gunners!

The fleet was lying several miles away, and at that hour the boulevard was deserted, but the gunner's aim was accurate, and the effect even better than if some one of the thirteen churches in the Intramures, or walled city, had been destroyed. That is what might be termed an object-lesson of war. When, later, the inhabitants, recovering from the first paralyzing fear of death and ruin, and led by curiosity, visited this scene of pleasure and target practice, and saw how the shell had landed in the heart of their promenade, like the bullet of a rifle striking the bull's-eye, they beheld grim evidence of the force and skill that had sent their proud ships, that early morning of the 1st of May, to the bottom of the bay.

## I.

At this writing the American fleet is at anchor well out in the harbor, near Cavité, with the exception of the little *Petrel*, which is slowly cruising back and forth from the mouth of the river Pasig to the forts of Cavité, doing blockade duty. The admiral's flag-ship—the *Olympia*—the *Baltimore*, the *Boston*, the *Raleigh*, the *Concord*, the *McCulloch*, and the prize *Callao* are all there, ready for action if necessary, but patiently waiting for the capitulation of Manila and the arrival of troops and supplies from home. The *Zaphiro*, one of the transports, on which, by kind permission of Secretary Long and Admiral Dewey, I was a passenger, has gone to Hong-kong with despatches. We shall anxiously look for her return with news from the Atlantic. The officers and men of our brave squadron here had not expected that the glory of engaging in the first regular naval battle of the war would be theirs; but now that they have brilliantly and successfully done their duty, they are impatient to hear of a victory won by their comrades in home waters. They realize the possibility that another Spanish fleet may seek to recover the Philippines, and that in the fight that would result they could not hope to escape unscathed as before; but there is not the slightest suggestion of nervousness, from the admiral down to the stokers, over the issue. They have been under fire once, and they have had practice that ten years' peaceful cruising could not give them.

The criticism has been made by naval experts, mostly foreigners, that when the hour of actual battle should come the crews of our ships, from the lack of homogeneous nationality and from the presence of so many foreign-born men among them, would be lacking in that true courage and devotion which is essential to win victories. The officers of our fleet who watched the men and mingled with them through the hottest of the fight in Manila Bay are unanimous in declaring that their attention to duty and intense earnestness, even after a sleepless night, a breakfastless morning, and an unrelaxed exchange of fire beneath a burning tropical sun, was extraordinary and even beyond their expectations. So intent were they on complete victory, that they showed signs of disappointment when the admiral signalled to withdraw for breakfast after destroying the Spanish fleet and before proceeding to silence the forts at Cavité. And then what an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm and cheering when the battle was over! Old officers who had participated in all kinds of national celebrations and witnessed incidents at home and abroad that had stirred men to the heart state that they never saw so much feeling exhibited, and never were so near the point of tears themselves as when the ships, in passing, cheered one another to the echo, repeated, and cheered again until actual hoarseness forced them to unwilling silence.

## II.

Turning from these reminiscences of the battle, which may yet make the Philippines an American possession, we find in this wonderful group of islands and its metropolis, Manila, subjects well worthy of study and investigation. The more that is known and seen of them, the more they please and surprise. Cuba may be rich and a land of vast opportunities, but the Philippines are richer and capable of greater development. Their location on the map of Asia is similar to that of Cuba in its relation to North America. Each lies to the southeast of the mainland and occupies a position of immeasurable commercial and strategical importance. As Cuba commands the Caribbean, so the Philippines do the South China Sea. Both are lands of sunshine and storm, of continued droughts and long rains, of sugar and tobacco, and of elements in control and rebellion that will no more unite than will oil and water.

On the north Manila is approached from Hong-kong direct; on the south, from Singapore. The former route is over a course of 640 miles, and requires about three days. The latter is longer, or about 1200 miles, and consumes six days, unless one travels on a regular Spanish liner, when the distance is usually covered in four and a half days. Fast boats can make Manila from Hong-kong in forty-eight hours or less. The transport *Zaphiro*, conveying the Naval Department's important messages and a few war correspondents, carried us into Manila Bay in about sixty hours, despite her splendid qualities as a roller and promoter of seasickness among those of us who were better landlubbers than sailors. Although there were moments when I did not care much whether a Spanish cruiser overhauled us or not, the hospitable natures of the commander and officers, with their stories of how the battle was fought, from the moment the fleet in pitch darkness stole into the harbor past Corregidor until the last gun at Cavité was silenced, kept me in a cheerful mood, and made me regret that I too had not been a naval officer, and so had the glory of participating in a combat that will mark an epoch in our history. Had Uncle Sam been good enough to have excused me two weeks earlier from my duties as minister to Siam, I might have at least witnessed the fight.

As one approaches the island of Luzon, the largest of the group, the coast presents a varied appearance, with numerous indentations which often afford excellent harbors or anchorages, and with alternating low and high land making here a beautiful valley and there a plain or broad plateau. Barren rocks are set off against wooded mountains, and sandy beaches slip away into green fields that climb up the hills, which in turn roll back into lofty ranges, from whose summits typhoons descend and at whose base earthquakes have their origin.

## III.

The entrance to Manila Bay is accomplished by two passages separated by Corregidor Island, which stands like a mighty sentinel challenging all who may enter. Upon it is a light-house with a revolving light that may be seen a distance of thirty miles. This light, as all others on the coast of the Philippines, was extinguished upon the declaration of war, but the navigators of the American fleet knew their way too well for the Spaniards, and kept their bearings at midnight as if it were mid-day. The guns of the Spanish forts on this island had no terrors for our ships; but if new fortifications were erected and equipped with heavy modern cannon, and the channels properly mined, no fleet in the world could pass this gateway. If Manila becomes an American possession, one of our first steps should be to fortify Corregidor Island, and thus render Manila safe from attack. I never entered a harbor that impressed me as easier of protection, and it is a source of astonishment that the Spanish government had not taken adequate advantage of this natural opportunity to defend its great colonial capital in the East.

From a few miles beyond Corregidor the bay widens with a grand sweep to the east and north. Steaming almost due northeast, we see Cavité on the right, with its own small harbor, across which, and under the forts of the town, was waiting the Spanish fleet when attacked in the early morning by our squadron. Further to the north on the rounding shore can be seen the walls and battlements of old Manila, with the tower of the observatory and the spires of the cathedral and many other churches rising above the lower level of the surrounding city. The anchorage for large vessels is about three miles from the mouth of the river Pasig, which flows through the heart of Manila, but ships drawing thirteen feet and less can cross the bar of this busy stream into the inner harbor afforded by its waters. The main bay appears like a small inland sea or a broad lagoon, and has a circumference of over one hundred miles. It is ordinarily as peaceful as a sheltered lake, but in the typhoon season waxes now and then into exceeding wrath. To escape its fury vessels then seek the lesser and more protected limits of Cavité Harbor or run out to Subig Bay, an ideal haven above Point Marivales on the north side of the entrance, which the Spanish government has for some time intended to make a naval station. From Corregidor to Manila the distance is about twenty-five miles.

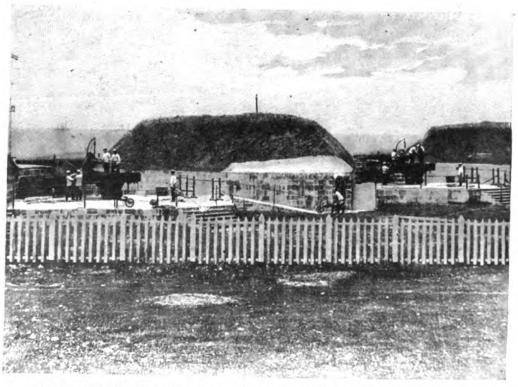
Before describing Manila itself it is well to take our bearings and learn just where we are. On a fair Monday evening we said good-by to Hong-kong—England's mighty Gibraltar and commercial *entrepôt* of the Far East, a magnificent monument of British enterprise and an impregnable outpost of her empire—and steamed out of Kowloon Harbor, where the *Zaphiro* was anchored just over the line in Chinese waters beyond the limits of neutrality. Our course was almost due southeast for 640 miles. Then we stood east and northeast into Manila Bay, arriving alongside the *Olympia* on a Thursday morning, about sixty hours from Hong-kong. Manila itself, according to the chart, is approximately north latitude 14° 36′ and east longitude 120° 57′, on the same parallel as Nicaragua and the Barbadoes, and due south on the same meridian as Shanghai, very nearly seven thousand miles west by south from San Francisco. These points are cited in detail in view of the possibility of American occupation, when every citizen may wish to be familiar with the exact location of America's Oriental capital.

## IV.

Manila is always interesting. It grows on one. The second impression is better than the first, and the third better than the second. It has its dark, unwholesome side, its tales of woe, misery, and corruption, as well as its bright and cheering features and its stories of joy, comfort, and legitimate ease. It is a metropolis of moods. To-day it is quiet as a graveyard, even sombre and intensely sad—it is a day of special masses by the holy orders. To-morrow it is as lively as Madrid when a mighty bull is to bellow his challenge to the favorite matadore, even gay and hilarious without restraint—it is a day of festivals, celebrations, and cock-fights. The latter days, however, far outnumber the former, and enable Manila to be rated the equal or superior of Saigon, France's pride of the East, and a little Paris in the jungles of Cambodia.

One can walk, ride, drive, or cycle in Manila. The principal streets are hard and fairly paved, and the main roads good, except in the middle of the rainy season, when they often become boggy. Everybody drives who can afford a pair of the wonderful little ponies and a small victoria. Large horses are not numerous and appear out of place, but more are being introduced each year. Bicycles are eventually sure of great popularity with the multitude of suburban roads or paths and the beautiful Luneta, or sea boulevard, with the long avenues reaching out to it and in other directions. I have already described this parkway, but it forms such a popular feature of life in Manila that further reference to it is not out of place. A few miles from the filth and heat of the crowded business section, and open to the bay, lighted by electricity, enlivened by the music of an excellent band, and provided with a promenade, as well as driveway, where the belles and beaux can exchange glances and words while chaperons rest on the comfortable settees, it is indeed a favorite rendezvous for all classes except the English and German communities, who have clubs of their own where they gather in leisure hours.

The new English Club is delightfully located beyond

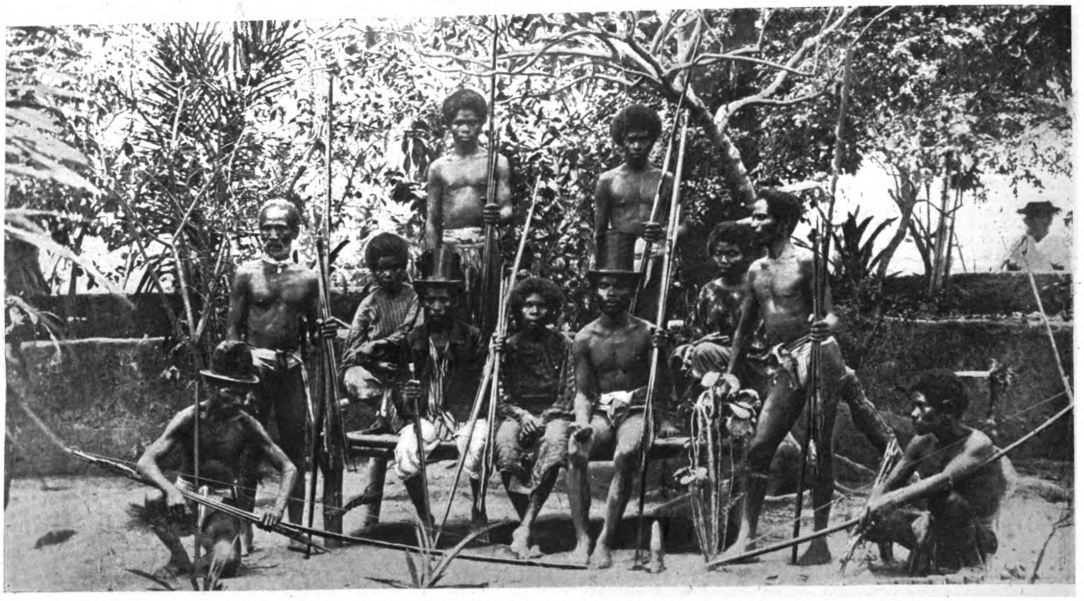


FORT AND EARTH-WORKS, CAVITÉ, SILENCED AND CAPTURED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY.

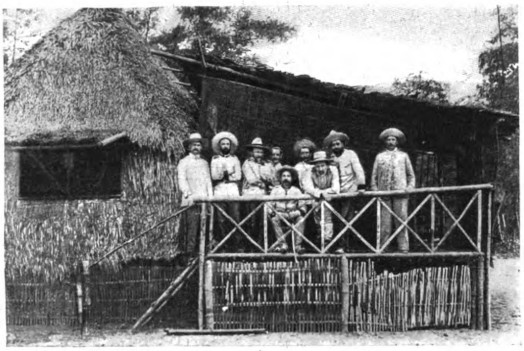
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CHIEF AND ESCORT OF AETAS, OR NEGRITOS, THE ORIGINAL NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINES, LIVING IN MOUNTAINS.



HEADQUARTERS OF OFFICERS OF SPANISH ARTILLERY.



AN INDIAN RESIDENCE, BOHOL.

Don Mariana Llanera, Second in Command. Don Pedro Alejandro Paterno, Arbiter between Rebels and Spanish, Spanish Captain, Aide to Prima de Rivera. Col. Yutong. Lieut.-Col. Miguel Prima de Rivera, Spanish Officer in Charge of Rebels. Col. Gregorio del Pilar, Adjutant to Aguinaldo. Primitivo Astarcho. Col. Thomas Mascard.



Don V. B. Guerra, Secretary to Minister of War. Brig.-Gen. Manuel Irno. Vincendan Vinegra. Emilio d'Aguinaldo, Rebel Leader. Montenegro. Benito Nativadad. Kabington.

REBEL LEADERS, AND SPANISH OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THEIR DEPORTATION FROM THE ISLANDS.

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

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SUNDAY SERVICE ON THE SPANISH CRUISER "REINA CRISTINA," DESTROYED IN THE ENGAGEMENT WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON.

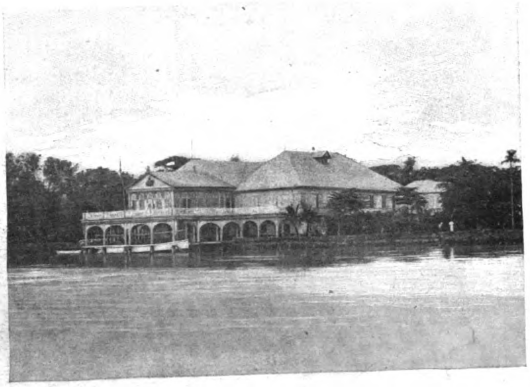



THE ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE OF MANILA.

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

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the Luneta on the bay shore, and is a neat, hospitable, and well-managed institution. It has billiard-rooms, a reading-room and library, dining-room, bar-room, and accommodation for six or seven guests who may find the hotels uninviting. Facing the water, it is always cooled by the breezes and free from the noxious air of the city. On its veranda the British colony watched the great naval battle from the first to the last gun, and all agreed that it was the most spectacular and thrilling performance they had ever witnessed. When the admiral signalled the fleet to retire for breakfast, the president of the club jokingly suggested that the members invite him to tiffin with them, and direct the remainder of the battle from their veranda. An obtuse Spaniard, on hearing this, rushed off and told the governor-general, with the result that a guard of two hundred soldiers immediately surrounded the club building and demanded of each man who he was before permitting him to pass their cordon. Even the British consul had to carry "two stone" extra of dignity in order to penetrate the line of soldiery, and more than one young fellow intending to dine with a fair mestizo missed his engagement.

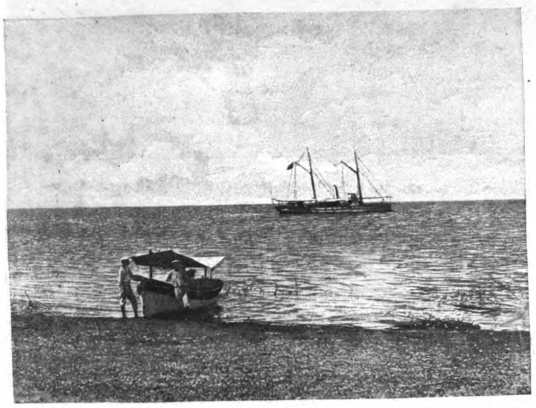


OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES, FRONTING THE RIVER PASIG.

Connected with this club is a tiffin or lunch-room annex in the business centre, where all the foreign merchants congregate between twelve and one. The Germans also have a club, which is supported by a considerable number of their countrymen. The Spanish officials, naval and military, likewise have their clubs, so that life in Manila has at least some antidotes to loneliness and dulness. These are supplemented by tennis, golf, boating, shooting, and racing clubs, which prevent monotony, provide exercise, and add to the attractions of the place.

V.

Manila's amusements are not overwhelming in number, variety, or interest, but the buoyancy of the average Spaniard requires some life and gayety to make his stay



SPANISH GUNBOAT DESTROYED BY UNITED STATES FLEET—CAVITÉ HARBOR.

in the tropics agreeable. Business and pleasure are duly mingled in each day's routine, and needed rest and sleep to overcome the enervating effects of the tropics are not forgotten. With Englishmen, whose home life and surroundings are similar to our own, daily exercise is taken and required. Without it they could not stand the climate; and although the conditions of health in Manila, as in other cities of the hot belt, are unfavorable compared with those of the temperate zone, and men are more easily and frequently stricken with fatal illness, this adverse influence can be largely, if not completely, counterbalanced by exercise, moderation in drinking and eating, precaution against the sun in the middle of the day, and abundance of sleep, including a daily siesta. In Manila men engaged in business usually reach their offices between eight and nine; lunch comes at twelve, and work is practically suspended until two, during which interval, and after the meal, the siesta is enjoyed; work is resumed until four-thirty, when the Englishman goes for his exercise, to be followed by a visit to the club, and the Spaniard takes his chocolate, followed by a drive to the Luneta. Later come occasional dinner parties, but these are mostly confined to the different sets—the Spanish official, including military and naval, the mercantile and mestizo, and the foreigners. There is little exchange of social courtesies between the official Spaniards and foreigners, unless at formal gatherings where consuls and heads of large firms are invited. The usual dinner hour is eight. Calls are seldom if ever made, except among the closest friends, after that, but are confined to the short period of the late afternoon or early evening, when chocolate is served by the lady of the house. This is a most refreshing drink, characteristic of Manila, and much preferred to tea. It is prepared from the beans of the cacao-tree by the servants of each household, and much pride is taken in having only the best that can be made. If you praise a Spanish lady's chocolate you win her smiles at once.

The food-supply of Manila leaves much to be desired. Fresh provisions, meats, and delicacies of good quality are difficult to obtain, and the markets are limited in what they supply. Nearly everybody has the same fare, cooked in the same style. Perhaps for this reason dinner parties are not more popular. Special care must also be taken during the hotter season of the year in regard to certain kinds of fresh supplies—such as fish, fruits, and salads. Dysentery and like afflictions are always in evidence, which usually have their cause in unwholesome food. Fever easily attacks foreigners when not in good general form. The conditions of health, food-supply, and the sanitary arrangements of the city could be vastly improved if it was occupied by a government that would make needed improvements and by people that would encourage better markets. Yet I would not suggest that Manila is an unhealthy city for foreigners, nor that they suffer from a limited variety of food. No one complains particularly, and all seem to keep well and enjoy life who accept things philosophically as they find them, are cautious in regard to their habits, and do not foolishly expose themselves to the heat of the sun. Lest I fail to give the warning elsewhere, let me advise every American, whether sent to Manila as a soldier or travelling thither as a tourist, to provide himself with a large pith hat or helmet to wear during the dangerous hours of the day, from ten to four, when the rays of the sun beat down with killing force. Such headwear for out-door experience, together with an ample equipment of light white duck clothing and thin underwear, will enable a man to keep well and be comfortable at all hours.

Manila supports a theatre, uninviting in appearance, but where very good Italian and Spanish operas are heard during the cool season, which are attended on special nights by all the ladies in evening dress. Especially prominent are the mestizo girls and young women, daughters of the richer merchants, who usually wear brilliant gowns, and are blessed with bright eyes, pretty complexions, and vivacious manners. A stranger who enters pit or loge is stared at from head to foot, and if he either holds a high official position or is handsome and has plenty of money, he will soon find these stares are only the first skirmishes for better acquaintance, and even charming hospitality. If my opinion were asked of the beauty, style, and dress of the better class of Manila women, whether Spaniards or mestizos, I should speak in complimentary terms. The majority of them are well bred and educated, have good manners and carriage, and dress becomingly. There are exceptions, some of whom were quite noticeable after the declaration of war and during the first days of the siege, in their efforts to insult by act and word anybody and anything that suggested America or American; but they are calming down now, and may yet grow to like us. The Spanish women dress much the same as in Spain, and even in the hottest days wear no hats, content with the ancient and honored mantilla and an umbrella or covered landau. The average well-to-do native woman wears a satin skirt of brilliant perpendicular stripes, and a waist dress, or chemisette, without corsets, and with short wide sleeves. Over the shoulders is thrown a cloth, which stands high at the back of the neck, falls to a point behind, and is fastened décolleté to the chemisette in front.

The Spanish men and advanced mestizos and natives dress like Europeans and Americans; but there is one class that is peculiar because they wear long shirts outside of their trousers. Inasmuch, therefore, as the shirt is a prominent feature of their dress, it is often made, as is the neck cloth of the women, of a rich and rare texture of pine and hemp, woven with extraordinary skill, and possessing a delicate finish.

I have digressed from amusements to describe dress. Perhaps, in truth, that is not as inconsistent as it might first appear, but the main subject should not be dismissed without mentioning the cock-fights. So popular have they become that they are now farmed out to the highest bidder, who has an exclusive monopoly of the sport in the city or province. There are special laws enacted to cover the size and age of the cocks, and the kind of spurs and helmets they can wear. Wild excitement prevails around a pit, and betting goes on without limit when the birds are well matched. Men will rise from death-beds and soldiers shirk their watch to witness a cock-fight. Gambling goes on among the Chinese and natives to an extensive degree, but this is also farmed and regulated.

There is a series of horse or pony races each year for both gentlemen and professional riders, but I hear that, as the management has fallen into doubtful hands, the Englishmen are planning to form a new and more select organization, or Gymkhana club. Tennis tournaments come at stated intervals, while the supporters of golf, boating, riding, and cycling are increasing in number each year.

VI.

The river Pasig is the main water artery of the city, and the Escolta is the leading business thoroughfare. Before the blockade the river was thronged with myriads of craft of all kinds, small and large, steam and sail, which were coming and going. The Escolta contains the principal Spanish or European retail establishments, while the wholesale hemp, sugar, and tobacco houses are distributed through the business centre, or Binondo. Tram-cars drawn by mules that might be antiquities preserved from the days of Legaspi or Magellan, if speed is a measure of age, run or crawl along the Escolta. The Rosario is the trading centre of the Chinese, who form a large portion of Manila's population. These streets and sections are on the left as one enters the city, or to the north of the Pasig.

On the south side is the famous old city with castellated walls, heavy grim embrasures, and ancient cannon upon their grassy top—once impregnable, but now no protection against the guns of our ships. Surrounded by a double moat and approached by numerous drawbridges, it looks like the ideal abode of those mysterious men who welcome not the Americanos, and preach destruction and damnation for all who will not rise to drive out the ruthless barbarians! It is the home of cathedrals, churches, and chapels of all the many orders that have exploited the Philippines for long years.

If the United States takes full possession of the islands, a serious problem will be the separation of church from state. The ecclesiastics control the government, the finances, law, and politics of the Philippines, and the civil officers that are sent out from Spain are powerless in their hands. Even the governor-general can accomplish little without the permission and co-operation of the archbishop and heads of the different orders. It is a system of church feudalism that has no counterpart in the world. Under its cover undoubtedly the gravest misrule has gone on for centuries, until, unable to bear the yoke longer, the more independent and enlightened natives have been forced into open rebellion. The reforms demanded by the insurgents in the late insurrection were nearly all confined to the taxes exacted by the friars and to the other impositions of religious orders. There may be some redeeming features about this domination, including the education of the natives and the conduct of civilizing and advanced scientific institutions in Manila, as well as hospitals and homes for the indigent, aged, and crippled; but a continuance of the present autocratic sway cannot last long, whether the United States or Spain guards the future of the 7,000,000 inhabitants concerned.

VII.

The first of these ecclesiastics to exploit the Philippines were the Augustinians, who came with Legaspi from Spain in the middle of the sixteenth century. They have been followed by the Franciscans, Dominican Fathers, Religious Devotees, the Society of Jesus, and finally the Capuchins. The Society of Jesus has charge of the famous Meteorological Observatory, where typhoons are discovered and analyzed with the skill of a chemist working on a favorite compound. They also direct the



SPANISH TROOPS HEARING MASS.

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

### XII.—THE BISHOP ENGAGES THE ATTENTION OF THE GUIDES.

WHEN the boat touched the shore Margery ran to the cabin to assure Mrs. Archibald of her safety, if she had been missed.

The bishop was sticking the stake in the hole from which he had pulled it, when Martin came running to him.

"That's a pretty piece of business!" cried the young man. "If you wanted to go out in the boat, why didn't you come to me for the key? You've got no right to pull up the stakes we've driven down. That's the same thing as stealing the boat. What's the matter? Did you tumble overboard? You must be a pretty sort of an oarsman! If the ladies want to go out in the boat, I am here to take them. I'd like you to understand that."

As has been said before, the bishop could smile under almost any circumstances, and he smiled now, but at the same time his brow wrinkled, which was not common when he smiled.

"I am going down to the shore to get my hat and shoes," he said, "and I would like you to come along with me. I can't stand here and talk to you."

"What do you want?" said Martin.

"Come along and see," said the bishop; "that is, if you are not afraid."

That was enough, and the young man walked behind him until they reached the spot where the bishop had taken to the water. There he stopped, and explained to Martin all that had happened.

"Now," said he, "what have you got to say?"

Martin, now that he knew that the bishop had plunged into the water for the sake of the beautiful Margery, was more jealously angry than when he had supposed he had merely taken her out to row.

"I haven't anything to say," he answered, shortly, "except that parsons had better attend to their own business, if they have any, and let young ladies and boats alone."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said the bishop, and with a quick step forward he clutched the young man's arm with his right hand, while he seized his belt with the other, and then with a great heave sent him out into the water fully ten feet from the shore. With a splash like a dropped anchor Martin disappeared from view, but soon arose, his head and shoulders above the water, where he stood for a moment, spluttering and winking and almost dazed.

The bishop stood on the bank and smiled. "Did you fall overboard?" said he. "You must be a pretty sort of a boatman!"

Without replying, Martin began to wade ashore.

"Come on," said the bishop; "if you can't get up the bank, I'll help you."

But Martin needed no help; he scrambled to the bank, shook himself, and then advanced upon the bishop, fire in his eye and his fist clinched.

"Stop, young man," said the other. "It would not be fair to you if I did not tell you that I am a boxer and a heavy weight, and that I threw you into the water because I didn't want to damage your face and eyes. You were impertinent, and I am satisfied, and the best thing you can do is to go and change your clothes before any one sees you in that plight. You are better off than I am, because I have no clothes to change with." And so saying, he sat down and began to put on his shoes.

Martin stood for a moment and looked at the bishop; he thought of Margery and a possible black eye, and then he walked as fast as he could to his tent to get some dry clothes. He was very wet, he was very hot, he was very angry, and what made him more angry than anything else was a respect for the bishop which was rising in him in spite of all his efforts to keep it down.

When Mr. Archibald and his party came back to camp late in the afternoon, Margery, who had already told her story to Mrs. Archibald, told it to each of the others. Mr. Archibald was greatly moved by the account of the bishop's bravery. He thoroughly appreciated the danger to which Margery had been exposed. There were doubtless persons who could be trusted to sit quietly in a little boat with only one oar, and to float upon a lake out of sight and sound of human beings until another boat could be secured and brought to the rescue, but Margery was not one of these persons. Her greatest danger had been that she was a child of impulse. He went immediately to Camp Roy to see the bishop and express his gratitude, for no matter how great the foolish good-nature of the man had been, his brave rescue of the girl was all that could be thought of now.

He found the bishop in bed, Mr. Clyde preparing the supper, and Mr. Raybold in a very bad humor.

"It's the best place for me," said the bishop, gayly, from under a heavy army blanket. "My bed is something like the carpets in Queen Elizabeth's time, and this shelter-tent is not one which can be called commodious, but I shall stay here until morning, and then I am sure I shall be none the worse for my dip into the cold lake."

As Mr. Archibald had seen the black garments of the bishop hanging on a bush as he approached the tent, he was not surprised to find their owner in bed.

"No," said the bishop, when Mr. Archibald had finished what he had to say, "there is nothing to thank me for. It was a stupid thing to launch a young girl like that out upon what, by some very natural bit of carelessness, might have become to her the waters of eternity, and it was my very commonplace duty to get her out of the danger into which I had placed her, and this, my dear sir, is really all there is to say about the matter."

Mr. Archibald differed with him for about ten minutes, and then returned to his camp.

Phil Matlack was also affected by the account of the rescue, and he expressed his feelings to Martin.

"He pulled up the stake, did he?" said Phil. "Well, I'll make him pull up his stakes, and before he goes I've a mind to teach him not to meddle with other people's affairs."

"If I were you," said Martin, "I wouldn't try to teach him anything."

"You think he is too stupid to learn?" said Matlack, getting more and more angry at the bishop's impertinent and inexcusable conduct. "Well, I've taught stupid people before this."

"He's a bigger man than you are," said Martin.

Matlack withdrew the knife from the loaf of bread he was cutting, and looked at the young man.

"Bigger?" said he, scornfully. "What's that got to do with it? A load of hay is bigger than a crowbar, but I guess the crowbar would get through the hay without much trouble."

"You'd better talk about a load of rocks," said Martin. "I don't think you'd find it easy to get a crowbar through them."

Matlack looked up inquiringly. "Has he been thrashing you?" he asked.

"No, he hasn't," said Martin, sharply.

"You didn't fight him, then?"

"No, I didn't," was the answer.

"Why didn't you? You were here to take charge of this camp and keep things in order. Why didn't you fight him?"

"I don't fight that sort of a man," said Martin, with an air which, if it were not disdainful, was intended to be.

Matlack gazed at him a moment in silence, and then went on cutting the bread. "I don't understand this thing," he said to himself. "I must look into it."

### XIII.—THE WORLD GOES WRONG WITH MR. RAYBOLD.

THE next morning Mr. Archibald started out very early on a fishing expedition by himself. He was an enthusiastic angler, and had not greatly enjoyed the experience of the day before. He did not object to shooting if there were any legitimate game to shoot, and he liked to tramp through the mountain wilds under the guidance of such a man as Matlack; but to keep company all day with Raybold, who, in the very heart of nature, talked only of the gossip of the town, and who punctuated his small talk by intermittent firing at everything which looked like a bird or suggested the movements of an animal, was not agreeable to him. Clyde was a better fellow, and Mr. Archibald liked him, but he was young and abstracted, and the interest which clings around an abstracted person who is young is often inconsiderable, so he determined for one day at least to leave Sir Cupid to his own devices, for he could not spend all his time defending Margery from amatory dawdle. For this one day he would leave the task to his wife.

That day Mr. Raybold was in a moody mood. Early in the morning he had walked to Sadler's, his object being to secure from the trunk which he had left there a suit of ordinary summer clothes. He had come to think that perhaps his bicycle attire, although very suitable for this sort of life, failed to make him as attractive in the eyes of youth and beauty as he might be if clothed in more becoming garments. It was the middle of the afternoon before he returned, and as he carried a large package, he went directly to his own camp, and in about half an hour afterward he came over to Camp Rob dressed in a light suit, which improved his general appearance very much.

In his countenance, however, there was no improvement whatever, for he looked more out of humor than when he had set out, and when he saw that Mrs. Archibald was sitting alone in the shade, reading, and that at a considerable distance Harrison Clyde was seated by Margery, giving her a lesson in drawing upon birch bark, or else taking a lesson from her, his ill-humor increased.

"It is too bad," said he, taking a seat by Mrs. Archibald without being asked; "everything seems to go wrong out here in these woods. It is an unnatural way to live, anyhow, and I suppose it serves us right. When I went to Sadler's I found a letter from my sister Corona, who says she would like me to make arrangements for her to come out here and camp with us awhile. Now that suits me very well indeed. My sister Corona is a very fine young woman, and I think it would be an excellent thing to have two young ladies here instead of one."

"Yes," said Mrs. Archibald, "that might be very pleasant. I should be glad for Margery to have a companion of her own sex."

"I understand precisely," said Raybold, nodding his head sagaciously; "of her own sex. Yes, I see your drift, and I agree with you absolutely. There is a little too much of that thing over there, and I don't wonder you are annoyed."

"I did not say I was annoyed," said Mrs. Archibald, rather surprised.

"No," he answered, "you did not say so, but I can read between the lines, even spoken lines. Now when I heard that my sister wanted to come out here," he continued, "at first I did not like it, for I thought she would be some sort of a restraint upon me; but when I considered the matter further, I became very much in favor of it, and I sent a telegram by the stage telling her to come immediately, and that everything would be ready for her. My sister has a sufficient income of her own, and she likes to have everything suited to her needs. I am different. I am a man of the world, and although I do not always care to conform to circumstances, I can generally make circumstances conform to me. As Shakespeare says, 'The world is my potlle, and I stir my spoon.' You must excuse my quoting, but I cannot help it. My life work is to be upon the stage, and where one's mind is, there will his words be also."

Mr. Raybold was now in a much more pleasant mood than when he came to sit in the shade with Mrs. Archibald. He was talking; he had found some one who listened and who had very little to say for herself.

"Consequently," he remarked, "I ordered from Mr. Sadler the very best tent that he had. It has two compartments in it, and it is really as comfortable as a house, and as my sister wrote that she wished a female attendant, not caring to have her meals cooked by boys, a very flippant expression, by-the-way, I have engaged for her a she-guide."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"A person," said he, "who is a guide of the female gender. She was the wife of a hunter who was accidentally shot, Sadler told me, by a young man who was with him on a gunning expedition. I told Sadler that it was reprehensible to allow such fellows to have guns, but he said that they were not as dangerous now as they used to be. This is because the guides have learned to beware of them, I suppose. This woman has lived in the woods and knows all about camp life, and Sadler says there could not be a better person found to attend a young lady in camp. So I engaged her, and I must say she charged just as much as if she were a man."

"Why shouldn't she," said Mrs. Archibald, "if she is just as good?"

To this remark Raybold paid no attention. "I will tell you," he said, "confidentially, of course, and I think you have as much reason to be interested in it as I have, why I came to view with so much favor my sister's coming here. She is a very attractive young woman, and I think she cannot fail to interest Clyde, and that, of course, will be of advantage to your niece."

"She is not my niece, you know," said Mrs. Archibald.

"Well," said he, "it is all the same. 'Let it be a bird wing or a flower, so it pleases'—a quotation which is also Avonian—and if Clyde likes Corona he will let Miss Dearborn alone. That's the sort of man he is."

"And in that case," said Mrs. Archibald, "I suppose you would not be unwilling to provide Margery with company."

"Madam," said the young man, leaning forward and fixing his eyes upon the ground, and then turning them upon her without moving his face toward her, "with me all that is a different matter. I may have occasion later to speak to you and your husband upon the subject of Miss Dearborn."

"In which case," said Mrs. Archibald, quickly, "I am sure that my husband will be very glad to speak to you. But why, may I ask, were you so disturbed when you came here, just now? You said the world was going wrong."

"I declare," said he, knitting his brows and clapping one hand on his knee, "I actually forgot! The world wrong? I should say it was wrong! My sister can't come, and I don't know what to do about it."

"Can't come?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"Of course not," said he, all his ill-humor having returned. "That fellow, the bishop, is in our camp in Clyde's bed. Clyde foolishly gave him his bed because he said the cook-tent was too cramped for a man to stay in it all day."

"Why need he stay?" asked Mrs. Archibald. "Has he taken cold? Is he sick?"

"No indeed," said Raybold. "If he were sick we might send for a cart and have him taken to Sadler's, but the trouble is worse than that. His clothes, in which he foolishly jumped into the water, have shrunken so much that he cannot get them on, and as he has no others, he is obliged to stay in bed."

"But surely something can be done," said Mrs. Archibald.

"No," he interrupted, "nothing can be done. The clothes have dried, and if you could see them as they hang up on the bushes, you would understand that that man can never get into them again. The material is entirely unsuitable for out-door life. Clyde proposes that we shall lend him something, but there are no clothes in this party into which such a sausage of a man could get himself. So there he is, and there, I suppose, he will remain indefinitely; and I don't want to bring my sister to a camp with a permanently occupied hospital bed in it. As soon as I agreed to Corona's coming I determined to bounce that man; but now—" So saying, Mr. Raybold rose, folded his arms, and knit his brows, and as he did so he glanced toward the spot where Margery and Clyde had been sitting, and perceived that the latter had gone off, probably to get some more birch bark; and so, with a nod to Mrs. Archibald, he sauntered away, bending his steps, as it were accidentally, in the direction of the young lady left alone.

When Mr. Archibald heard that evening of the bishop's plight and Raybold's discomforture, he was amused, but also glad to know there was an opportunity for doing something practical for the bishop. He was beginning to like the man in spite of his indefiniteness, so he went to see the bedridden prelate who was neither sick nor clerical, and with very little trouble induced him to take a few general measurements of his figure.

"It is so good of you," said the delighted recumbent, "that I shall not say a word, but step aside in deference to your conscience, whose encomiums will far transcend anything I can say. You will pardon me, I am sure, if I make my measurements liberal. The cost will not be increased, and to live, move, and breathe in a suit of clothes which is large enough for me is a joy which I have not known for a long time. Shoes, did you say, sir? Truly this is generosity super-eminent."

"Yes," said Mr. Archibald, laughing, "and you also shall have a new hat. I will fit you out completely, and if this shall help you to make a new and a good start in life, I shall be greatly gratified."

"Sir," said the bishop, the moisture of genuine gratitude in his eyes, "you are doing, I think, far more good than you can imagine, and pardon me if I suggest, since you are going to get me a hat, that it be not of clerical fashion. If everything is to be new, I would like everything changed, and I am certain the cost will be less."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald. "I will now make a list of what you need, and I will write to one of my clerks, who will procure everything."

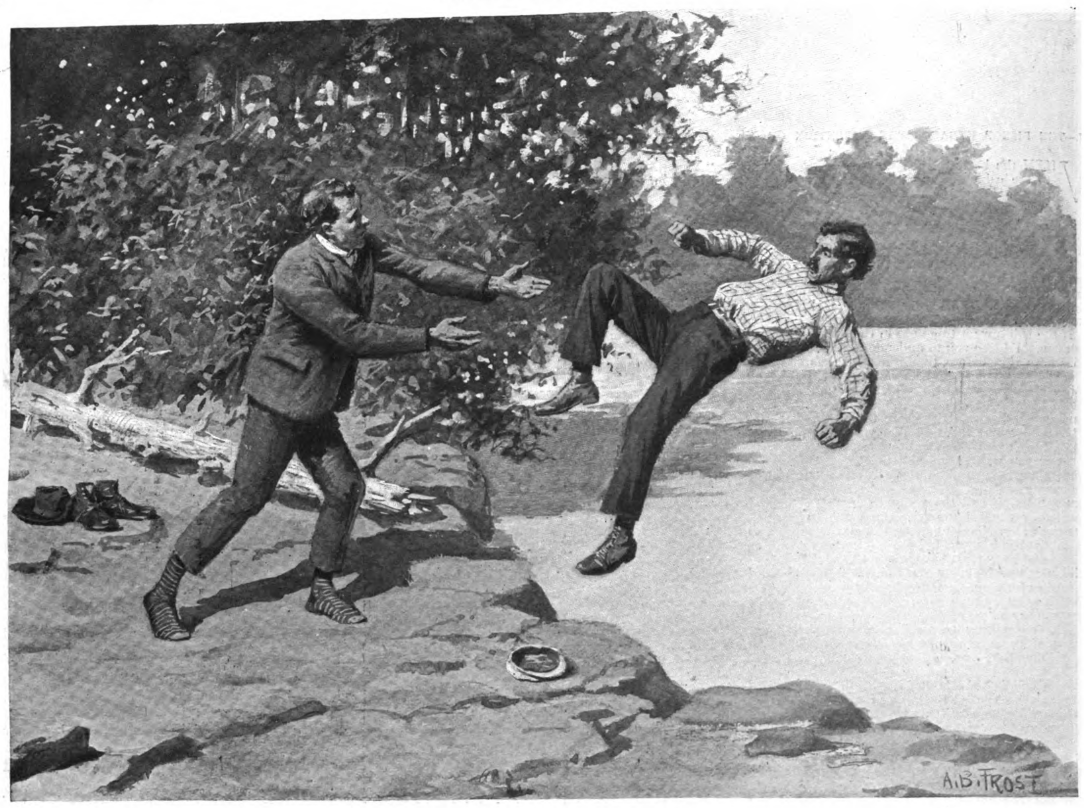
When Mr. Archibald went back to his camp he met Raybold, stalking moodily. Having been told what had been done for the bishop's relief, the young man was astonished.

"A complete outfit, and to him? I would not have dreamed of it; and besides, it is of no use; it must be days before the clothes arrive, and my sister wishes to come immediately."

"Do you suppose," exclaimed Mr. Archibald, "that I

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

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"'OH, THAT'S ALL, IS IT?' SAID THE BISHOP."

am doing this for the sake of your sister? I am doing it for the man himself."

When Mr. Archibald told his wife of this little interview they both laughed heartily.

"If Mr. Raybold's sister," said she, "is like him, I do not think we shall care to have her here; but sisters are often very different from their brothers. However, the bishop need not prevent her coming. If his clothes do not arrive before she does, I am sure there could be no objection to her tent being set up for a time in some of the open space in our camp, and then we shall become sooner acquainted with her; and if she is a suitable person, I shall be very glad indeed for Margery to have a companion."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald; "let her pitch her tent where she pleases. I am satisfied."

### XIV.—THE ASSERTION OF INDIVIDUALITY.

It was a week after her brother had sent her his telegram before Miss Corona Raybold arrived at Camp Rob, with her tent, her outfit, and her female guide. Mrs. Archibald had been surprised that she did not appear sooner, for, considering Mr. Raybold's state of mind, she had supposed that his sister had wished to come at the earliest possible moment.

"But," said Raybold, in explaining the delay, "Corona is very different from me. In my actions 'the thunder's roar doth crowd upon the lightning's heels,' as William has told us."

"Where in Shakespeare is that?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

Mr. Raybold bent his brow. "For the nonce," said he, "I do not recall the exact position of the lines." And after that he made no more Avonian quotations to Mrs. Archibald.

The arrival of the young lady was, of course, a very important event, and even Mr. Archibald rowed in from the lake when he saw her caravan approaching, herself walking in the lead. She proved to be a young person of medium height, slight, and dressed in a becoming suit of dark blue. Her hair and eyes were dark, her features regular and of a classic cut, and she wore eye-glasses. Her manner was quiet, and at first she appeared reserved, but she soon showed that if she wished to speak she could talk very freely. She wore an air of dignified composure, but was affable, and very attentive to what was said to her.

Altogether she made in a short time an extremely favorable impression upon Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, and in a very much less time an extremely unfavorable impression upon Margery.

Miss Raybold greeted everybody pleasantly, even informing Matlack that she had heard of him as a famous guide, and after thanking Mr. and Mrs. Archibald for their permission to set up her tent on the outskirts of their camp, she proceeded to said tent, which was speedily made ready for her.

Mrs. Perkenpine, her guide, was an energetic woman, and under her orders the men who brought the baggage bestirred themselves wonderfully.

Just before supper, to which meal the Raybolds and Mr. Clyde had been invited, the latter came to Mr. Archibald, evidently much troubled and annoyed.

"I am positively ashamed to mention it to you, sir," he said, "but I must tell you that Raybold has ordered the men who brought his sister's tent to bring our tent over here and put it up near her's. I was away when this was done, and I wish to assure you most earnestly that I had nothing to do with it. The men have gone, and I don't suppose we can get it back to-night."

Mr. Archibald opened his eyes very wide. "Your friend is certainly a remarkable young man," said he, "but we must not have any bad feeling in camp, so let everything remain as it is for to-night. I suppose he wished to be near his sister, but at least he might have asked permission."

"I think," said Clyde, "that he did not so much care to be near his sister as he did to be away from the bishop, who is now left alone in our little shelter-tent."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "Well," said he, "he will come to no harm, and we must see that he has some supper."

"Oh, I shall attend to that," said Clyde, "and to his breakfast also. And, now I come to think of it, I believe that one reason Raybold moved our tent over here was to get the benefit of his sister's cook. The bishop did our cooking, you know, before he took to his bed."

That evening Miss Raybold joined the party around the camp fire. She declared that in the open air she did not in the least object to the use of tobacco, and then she asked Mr. Archibald if their two guides came to the camp fire after their work was done.

"They do just as they please," was the answer. "Sometimes they come over here and smoke their pipes a little in the background, and sometimes they go off by themselves. We are very democratic here in camp, you know."

"I like that," said Miss Raybold, "and I will have Mrs. Perkenpine come over when she has arranged the tent for the night. Arthur, will you go and tell her?"

Her brother did not immediately rise to execute this commission. He hoped that Mr. Clyde would offer to do the service, but the latter did not improve the opportunity to make himself agreeable to the new-comer, and Raybold did the errand.

Harrison Clyde was sitting by Margery, and Margery was giving a little attention to what he said to her and a great deal of attention to Corona Raybold.

"More self-conceit and a better-fitting dress I never saw," thought Margery; "it's loose and easy, and yet it seems to fit perfectly, and I do believe she thinks she is some sort of an upper angel who has condescended to come down here just to see what common people are like."

Corona talked to Mr. Archibald. It was her custom always to talk to the principal personage of a party.

"It gives me pleasure, sir," said she, "to meet with you and your wife. It is so seldom that we find any one—" She was interrupted by Mrs. Perkenpine, who stood behind her.

The she-guide was a large woman, apparently taller than Matlack. Her sunburnt face was partly shaded by a man's straw hat, secured on her head by strings tied under her chin. She wore a very plain gown, coarse in texture, and of a light blue color, which indicated that it had been washed very often. Her voice and her shoes, the latter well displayed by her short skirt, creaked, but her gray eyes were bright, and moved about after the manner of search-lights.

"Well," said she to Miss Raybold, "what do you want?"

Corona turned her head and placidly gazed up at her. "I simply wished to let you know that you might join this company here if you liked. The two men guides are coming, you see."

Mrs. Perkenpine glanced around the group. "Is there any hunting stories to be told?" she asked.

Mr. Archibald laughed. "I don't know," he said, "but perhaps we may have some. I am sure that Matlack here has hunting stories to tell."

Mrs. Perkenpine shook her head. "No, sir," said she; "I don't want none of his stories. I've heard them all mostly two or three times over."

"I dare say you have," said Phil, seating himself on a fallen trunk a little back from the fire; "but you see, Mrs. Perkenpine, you are so obstinate about keepin' on livin'. If you'd died when you was younger, you wouldn't have heard so many of those stories."

"There's been times," said she, "when you was tellin' the story of the bear cubs and the condensed milk, when I wished I had died when I was younger, or else you had."

"Perhaps," said Miss Raybold, in a clear, decisive voice, "Mr. Matlack may know hunting stories that will be new to all of us, but before he begins them I have something which I would like to say."

"All right," said Mrs. Perkenpine, seating herself promptly upon the ground; "if you're goin' to talk, I'll stay. I'd like to know what kind of things you do talk about when you talk."

"I was just now remarking," said Miss Corona, "that I am very glad indeed to meet with those who, like Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, are willing to set their feet upon the modern usages of society (which would crowd us together in a common herd) and assert their individuality."

Mr. Archibald looked at the speaker inquiringly.

"Of course," said she, "I refer to the fact that you and Mrs. Archibald are on a wedding-journey."

At this remark Phil Matlack rose suddenly from the tree-trunk and Martin dropped his pipe. Mr. Clyde turned his gaze upon Margery, who thereupon burst out laughing, and then he looked in amazement from Mr. Archibald to Mrs. Archibald and back again. Mrs. Perkenpine sat up very straight and leaned forward, her hands upon her knees.

"Is it them two sittin' over there?" she said, pointing to Margery and Clyde. "Are they on a honey-moon?"

"No!" exclaimed Arthur Raybold, in a loud, sharp voice. "What an absurdity! Corona, what are you talking about?"

To this his sister paid no attention whatever. "I think," she said, "it was a noble thing to do. An assertion of one's inner self is always noble, and when I heard of this assertion I wished very much to know the man and the woman who had so asserted themselves, and this was my principal reason for determining to come to this camp."

"But where on earth," asked Mr. Archibald, "did you hear that we were on a wedding-journey?"

"I read it in a newspaper," said Corona.

"I do declare," exclaimed Mrs. Archibald, "everything is in the newspapers! I did think that we might settle

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CAPTAIN CAPRON'S BATTERY IN ACTION BEFORE EL CANEY, JULY 1.
The Second Shot carried away the Flag on the Block-house.
Photograph by William Dinwiddie.



9TH INFANTRY FIRING IN THE RAIN, FROM INTRENCHMENTS, AT FORT SAN JUAN, JULY 9.
Photograph by James Burton.

BEFORE SANTIAGO—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN UNDER FIRE.

down here and enjoy ourselves without people talking about our reason for coming!"

"You don't mean to say," cried Mrs. Perkenpine, now on her feet, "that you two elderly ones is the honeymooners?"

"Yes," said Mr. Archibald, looking with amusement on the astonished faces about him, "we truly are."

"Well," said the she-guide, seating herself, "if I'd staid an old maid as long as that, I think I'd stuck it out. But perhaps you was a widow, mum?"

"No, indeed," cried Mr. Archibald; "she was a charming girl when I married her. But just let me tell you how the matter stands," and he proceeded to relate the facts of the case. "I thought," he said, in conclusion, turning to Matlack, "that perhaps you knew about it, for I told Mr. Sadler, and I supposed he might have mentioned it to you."

"No, sir," said Matlack, relighting his pipe; "he knows me better than that. If he'd called me and said, 'Phil, I want you to take charge of a couple that's goin' honeymoonin' about twenty-five years after they're married, and a-doin' it for somebody else and not for themselves,' I'd said to him, 'They're lunatics, and I won't take charge of them.' And Peter he knows I would have thought that and would have said it, and so he did not mention the particulars to me. He knows that the only things that I'm afraid of in this world is lunatics. 'Tisn't only what they might do to me, but what they might do to themselves, and I won't touch them."

"I hope," said Mrs. Archibald, "that you don't consider us lunatics now that you have heard why we are here."

"Oh no," said the guide; "I've found that you're regular common-sense people, and I don't change my opinions even when I've heard particulars; but if I'd heard particulars first, it would have been all up with my takin' charge of you."

"And you knew it all the time?" said Clyde to Margery, speaking so that she only could hear.

"I knew it," she said, "but I didn't think it worth talking about. Do you know Mr. Raybold's sister? Do you like her?"

"I have met her," said Clyde; "but she is too lofty for me."

"What is there lofty about her?" said Margery.

"Well," said he, "she is lofty because she has elevated ideas. She goes in for reform; and for pretty much all kinds, from what I have heard."

"I think she is lofty," remarked Margery, "because she is stuck-up. I don't like her."

"It is so seldom," Corona now continued, "that we find people who are willing to assert their individuality, and when they are found I always want to talk to them. I suppose, Mr. Matlack, that your life is one long assertion of individuality."

"What, ma'am?" asked the guide.

"I mean," said she, "that when you are out alone in the wild forest, holding in your hand the weapon which decides the question of life or death for any living creature over whom you may choose to exercise your jurisdiction, absolutely independent of every social trammel, every bond of conventionalism, you must feel that you are a predominant whole and not a mere integral part."

"Well," said Matlack, speaking slowly, "I may have had them feelin's, but if I did they must have struck in, and not come out on the skin, like measles, where I could see them."

"Corona," said her brother, in a peevish undertone, "what is the good of all that? You're wasting your words on such a man."

His sister turned a mild steady gaze upon him. "I don't know any man but you," she said, "on whom I waste my words."

"Is assertin' like persistin'?" inquired Mrs. Perkenpine at this point.

"The two actions are somewhat alike," said Corona.

"Well, then," said the she-guide, "I'm in for assertin'. When my husband was alive there was a good many things I wanted to do, and when I wanted to do a thing or get a thing I kept on sayin' so; and one day, after I'd been keepin' on sayin' so a good while, he says to me, 'Jane,' says he, 'it seems to me that you're persistin'.' 'Yes,' says I, 'I am, and I intend to be.' 'Then you are goin' to keep on insistin' on persistin'?' says he. 'Yes,' says I; and then says he, 'If you keep on insistin' on persistin' I'll be thinkin' of 'listin'.' By which he meant goin' into the army as a regular, and gettin' rid of me; and as I didn't want to be rid of him, I stopped persistin'; but now I wish I had persisted, for then he'd 'listed, and most likely would be alive now, through not bein' shot in the back by a city fool with a gun."

"I do not believe," said Mrs. Archibald to her husband, when they had retired to their cabin, "that that young woman is going to be much of a companion for Margery. I think she will prefer your society to that of any of the rest of us. It is very plain that she thinks it is your individuality which has been asserted."

"Well," said he, rubbing his spectacles with his handkerchief before putting them away for the night, "don't let her project her individuality into my sport. That's all I have to say."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER FIRE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

SAN JUAN, *July 8, 1898.*

JULY 1 will forever be a memorable day in American history. On that day the United States army, under General Shafter, stormed and took, after several hours' fighting, the two Spanish strongholds El Caney and San Juan. I was with the Seventh United States Infantry, of General Chaffee's brigade, which took El Caney. The brigade consisted of the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth regiments. On Thursday evening, June 30, about five o'clock, the brigade received orders to march. We were taken away up into the mountains, through paths that permitted our advancing only in single file, and were ankle-deep with thick black mud, into which our feet stuck at every step, making the climb up the mountain-side a very laborious one.

We reached a nice field of grass, and went into camp just as darkness was coming on. No tents were allowed to be erected, nor were any fires lighted, the men and officers having to lie on their shelter-tents on the damp ground and go to sleep "coffeeless." It was a strange, impressive scene, this camp on the eve before the battle, men gliding about ghostlike and silent, scarcely speaking above a whisper. All commands were given quietly, and perfect order was preserved.

At five o'clock next morning, July 1, just as daylight was driving the moon and stars from the cloudless sky, the camp was quietly aroused, and within thirty minutes the field was clear, and the brigade on the march once more, plodding through the thick mud.

At seven o'clock we heard a gun from one of the batteries on a distant hill boom forth what seemed like a challenge hurled at the Spanish fortifications, but it was almost eight o'clock before our brigade became engaged.

As we were marching along, listening to the music of the far-off artillery and rifles, we were suddenly halted, the men being ordered to throw off their packs and advance as quickly as possible. Within five minutes we were in the midst of a heavy shower of bullets from the Mauser rifles of the Spanish, and between two fires—one from a small block-house on our right, the other from the strong stone block-house at El Caney, immediately in front of us.

The men were at once ordered into cover and opened fire, and almost before I realized what had happened I found myself, for the first time in my life, under fire, right up in front, on the firing-line of the Seventh Regiment.

I suppose every one has a different sensation when for



6TH INFANTRY IN THE CREEK-BED OF SAN JUAN, JULY 1,
Where the Bullets were cutting the Branches from the Trees in a steady Shower.
Photograph by William Dinwiddie.



LIEUT. MILEY, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL SHAFTER,
Under a fearful Fire, cautioning the Men to be cool and brave as they crossed the bloody Angle of San Juan River.
Photograph by William Dinwiddie.

BEFORE SANTIAGO—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN UNDER FIRE.

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the first time he finds himself with bullets whistling around him on all sides, yet seeing nothing, only hearing them as they rush by, crashing through the leaves and twigs on their deadly errand; but in my own case the seriousness and danger of the situation did not strike me until I heard several heavy thuds near me, and, on looking around me, saw some of our men on the ground, dead or wounded. Then it came home to me that this was war in earnest, and I found myself wondering if I should be the next—whether I should be killed or merely wounded, and where I should be hit. But this feeling rapidly wore off, and I soon became so accustomed to the rattle of the bullets that I began to take no notice of them at all, and even the sight of dead and wounded failed to move me. But I shall never forget my feelings when I first heard the bullets sink into the heads or bodies of those that fell. Some were killed instantly, and sank with scarcely a groan, some with a curse, and others with the name of God on their lips, whilst most of the wounded swore terribly at the Spaniards, and at their bad luck at being stopped so early in the day, and so unable to see the battle through; but every one was brave and patient, some of the wounded having to lie two or three hours before they were attended to, owing to the great lack of surgeons and medical attendants. Litter-bearers were conspicuous by their absence, soldiers having to leave their companies to take their wounded comrades to the rear. The few surgeons worked like Trojans, and were unremitting in their care of the wounded. Meanwhile the firing was fast and furious, bullets falling all around like hailstones, and one found one's self wondering why many more were not shot down.

The troops were calm and brave, following and advancing step by step, as their officer called upon them. General Chaffee was a towering example of what a man and a soldier should be in battle; he was here, there, and everywhere, ordering, commanding, beseeching, and imploring in turn. What did he care that he was walking round in open space exposed to the enemy's fire? He was commanding the brigade and had a duty to perform, and nobly he did it.

The small block-house which I have mentioned had now been silenced, and was in possession of our troops, and gradually we were closing in on the large one, the firing being as heavy as at the commencement. Presently the artillery, which had moved into a good position at closer range, dropped a few shells into the fort, the brigade drew closer and closer, and at about half past one the Twelfth Regiment charged and captured it, taking about one hundred prisoners.

The brigade had won a great victory. It had been opposed by an enemy in intrenchments and shooting through loop-holes in a block-house and a fort, and had lost a large number of men, the Seventh being the greatest sufferer in this respect.

Although I was thus on the first firing-line, and many men were wounded and killed all about me, as you will see by my photographs [published in last week's number], I found it impossible to make any actual "battle scenes," for many reasons—the distance at which the fighting is conducted, the area which is covered, but chiefly the long grass and thickly wooded country. JAMES BURTON.

## AFTER THE GREAT SEA-FIGHT.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

OFF SANTIAGO, *July 7.*

THE 4th of July off Santiago was a rough, boisterous day, a fresh southeast wind whipping up a lively sea. The fleet drew closer together, and at twelve o'clock fired a salute of 21 guns in honor of the day. For it was truly a day to celebrate, and there was great rejoicing among all, forward and aft, for a great victory and providential escape from harm; for it seemed nothing less than a miracle that the storm of shot and shell that swept over our ships on the day before should have done so little damage.

There was great enthusiasm among the transports and the troops at Siboney, and when the *Brooklyn* left the fleet and passed by, bound up to Guantanamo for coal, she was greeted as a conqueror. The value of the rapid-fire gun is now established beyond all question as one result of this engagement. The testimony of the Spanish officers and the marks on the ships themselves show the havoc wrought by the steady rain of projectiles from the handy quick-firing guns. The deadly broadsides from the *Brooklyn* had practically decided the fate of the *Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo* before the *Oregon* and *Texas* completed their destruction. The *Texas* fired only eight shots from her 12-inch guns, but used her secondary battery with great effect. The *Oregon* is said to have fired 1776 shots, mostly at the fleeing *Vizcaya* and *Colon*, and to her belongs in a large degree the credit for their finish. The *Oregon* also fired the first and last shots, the first being a warning shot from a 6-pounder, fired when the Spanish fleet came in sight, followed by signals, which were made on all the ships almost at the same moment, the *Oregon* immediately opening fire, and moving in to engage the enemy, as did all the ships in line.

Both the western and eastern batteries opened fire on our ships, but they did no damage, and were taken no notice of during the fight.

Those who knew the navy best were not surprised at the result, nor at the cool judgment and accurate firing which won so complete a victory in so short a time. It seems remarkable, however, and is quite another matter, that so few were injured. In view of this event, the alarm caused by the appearance of the *Vizcaya* in New York Harbor last spring seems rather ludicrous, the amount of damage threatened by such a vessel on a warlike errand being out of all proportion to the childish tales set in motion at that time, and believed by a great many people. As a matter of fact, our four smaller cruisers could have taken care of the *Vizcaya* had her firing been as inaccurate as it was on Sunday, the 3d. Nor can guns on any ships of the present type be elevated to be effective at anything like the distance supposed. The batteries at Santiago have had a great advantage in this respect over our ships. High above the sea, one plunging shot striking the deck of a vessel would make terrible havoc if fairly delivered, while the fire from the fleet, striking short of the batteries or going over, would do and did but little harm, except by chance, and a close view of the heavy western battery shows it to be in good shape after repeated bombardments.

Monday night, the 4th, the search-lights of the fleet disclosed a vessel coming out of the harbor at Santiago, and fire was immediately opened upon her.

The Spanish attempt was plainly to sink the vessel in the channel, but under the fire of our guns her crew became confused and got her on shore, bows on, where she swung around with her stern pointing toward Morro, and broadside on to one of the water batteries. In this position two twelve-inch shot from the *Texas* struck her fairly abeam, fire and smoke bursting out from the effect of the shells. The *Indiana* also struck home with several well-directed shots, when the *Reina Mercedes*, for such she proved to be, heeled over and sank, her upper deck being about flush with the water, and her spars and smoke-stacks showing from quite a distance.

The *Mercedes* lies quite near the sunken *Merrimac*, whose masts and smoke-stack show above the water, but neither obstructing the channel, which, however, is narrowed considerably.

At the first opportunity we went down to see the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo*, which lie in a little cove a few hundred yards apart, both bows on to a hard sand beach, at the foot of high hills that come down to the sea less steeply than usual, and are separated from the water by a stretch of flat, low, grass-grown land adorned with tall cocoanut-palms. The two beaches, neither more than 300 yards in length, are separated by a bluff of precipitous rock. High and gloomy hills to the north shut in the view, while the heavy ground-swell rolls in its heavy voice against the shore. This cove, five and one-half miles from the entrance to Santiago, was most opportune for the two hard-pressed ships, as the usual coast-line is steep, rocky, and it would be impossible for ships or men to have survived for a minute the thundering breakers.

Smoke still poured from the two ships, and blew away in a thin veil against the dark hills; the surf beat along their sides, and swept in and out through the stern-ports and through shot-holes and torpedo-tubes. It was quite a climb up the tall sides of the *Maria Teresa*, and once in the gangway the scene that met our eyes was one of utter ruin. Bad as the ships looked from the outside, the paint all burned off, or hanging in folds where the water had cooled its farther progress, guns slewed every which way, and wire rope and tackle hanging over the side in wild disorder, the scene on deck was so much worse as to leave one speechless with dismay.

The spar-deck was nothing but an array of twisted sagging iron beams, set with copper bolts that had held the deck-planking, and now stuck up in ragged rows or bent over as the fire had left them. Around some of the broadside 5-inch guns bits of deck still remained and smouldered, sending up wreaths of pale blue smoke. Around the guns and scattered about between the smoke-stacks and ventilators were charred bodies that gave out an unpleasant odor. The forward military mast had fallen, mixed up with guns, davits, and iron plates, on the starboard side. The bridge was a mass of twisted iron and brass. Smoke-stacks and ventilators sagged, and some of the latter had fallen down entirely. There was a great hole where the magazines had been, forward and aft; they had exploded from the bottom up, in the line of least resistance, ripping the deck beams away entirely, so you could look down to the bottom of the ship, where the water swashed around. The iron deck aft was bent and twisted and buckled under the weight of the big turret and 11-inch gun. The main-deck, made of iron plates, still remained, and was covered with ashes and débris fallen from above. The forward part of the ship was full of dead, and was too hot to admit of much investigation. Sailors from the *Texas* swarmed over the vessel while we were there, and brought up from below rifles, cutlasses, and souvenirs of all sorts. One man had a hat full of silver money that had melted and stuck together. The hammock nettings were full of burned tin boxes that had held canned food, wine-bottles and such litter were scattered about, and from forward and aft were brought many books of a doubtful character.

There were 33 shot-holes visible above the water, and as the ship had settled aft many were hidden there by the water.

It will be possible to get the ship off, no doubt, as her hull below the water-line is comparatively uninjured, and she rests easily on the sloping beach. All her boats were gone and the davits swung out; the remaining boat-falls swayed back and forth in the wind with melancholy creaks.

The *Oquendo* is much more badly damaged; her keel is broken, her masts gone; she is completely gutted by fire and riddled with shot, 66 distinct holes being counted in her sides and upper works, and in her bow a ragged hole big enough to drive an ox-team through. The *Vizcaya* is in about the same condition as the other ships, the guns, minus breach-blocks, being about the only part of value remaining. Pontoons have already been sent from New York to raise the *Cristóbal Colon*, and it is hoped to get her off, her injuries being slight.

All our ships look somewhat rusty, and now that there is no necessity for guarding the port of Santiago, they will go, one by one, to Guantanamo and recoal and repaint. The ships designated for Watson's squadron are already there, engaged in preparations for immediate departure.

AGUADORES, *July 11.*

Sunday afternoon the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, and *Indiana* began shelling the city of Santiago, taking stations off Aguadores and firing by compass at a distance of six miles. The day was rainy, and heavy clouds hung over the land, the sea streaked with rain squalls. The firing was deliberate, and the echo of the exploding shells reverberated like heavy thunder among the hills. This morning the *New York*, *Brooklyn*, and *Indiana* resumed the bombardment, firing in all 101 shots. Signal-men on shore kept the ships informed of the result of their firing, wigwag signals passing back and forth constantly, the signal-men ashore being in communication with the front by telephone. The *Brooklyn*, right near us, used her 8-inch guns, the heavy projectiles sailing over the hills and exploding with loud reports.

Most of the inhabitants had left the city, nearly 20,000 refugees having fled to El Caney, utterly destitute, and fighting for food like wolves, the condition of those remaining in the city being most deplorable, having neither food nor water, the half-starved and desperate soldiers plundering everything they could lay their hands on.

Monday afternoon General Miles arrived on the *Yale*, and the work of destroying the tumble-down buildings at Siboney began—a job that should have been done before the troops landed at all. Fires lit up the picturesque harbor that night, and continued during next day. A fever-camp has been established, and a strict quarantine against Siboney is now in force. The roads to the front are almost impassable, the mud being knee-deep, and the daily downpours of rain making them daily worse. So it is a difficult matter to get sufficient food to the front. The rain here is so violent as to nearly drown one, and it comes down without warning off the high hills, usually late in the afternoon, so it is impossible to get dried off before the night with its chilling dew comes down.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

## "PUT UP THY SWORD INTO HIS SHEATH."

WITH folded arms, my Country, speak thy will.
Clean be those hands of thine from smirch of trade.
Let the sheathed sword hang idle. They persuade
The baser course who, not content to kill,
Would carve out cantles of the spoil, and fill
The sacred edge of that victorious blade
With stain of plunder. Never was there made
The sword that could be knife and weapon still.

Thou sawest God's Angel at the anvil stand
And forge the steel. He smote it blow on blow.
Wrathful he seemed; yet ever from above
He stooped, the while, and swiftly dipt the brand
In tears, yea, tears; that he might make thee know
How vain were vengeance unannealed by love.

WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON.

## THE "GLOUCESTER'S" FIGHT.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER BY ASSISTANT-ENGINEER ANDRÉ MORTON PROCTER, OF KENTUCKY.

ON BOARD U.S.S. "GLOUCESTER."

IT was Sunday morning—a calm, clear, hot day.

The crews were at inspection; and had a vote been taken, not one vote in the squadron would have been cast in favor of the opinion that the Spanish would ever come out.

It was like thunder out of a clear sky.

The sight of the Spanish ships steaming out was a sensation.

Of everything that happened, that first glimpse of those black, ugly-looking ships darting past Morro, and spitting out volumes of dense red flame, leaves the strongest impression.

It was a sight which comes to very few men more than once in a lifetime.

I had the deck at the time, but had hardly time to ring full speed and put the helm over before the captain was on deck.

We were to the eastward of Morro, and one by one as the ships came out we fired at them, until the last was out.

It was then that the captain did the best thing that he will ever have a chance to do. He was as cool and deliberate as it is possible for any man to be under the circumstances. He expressed his belief that the destroyers were coming, and his intention to wait for them.

It may have been seconds; it may have been ten minutes.

The fleets were steaming to the westward, and the *Gloucester* was waiting for her chance. At last they came, and the *Gloucester* had her chance—the chance for which she had been hoping, the chance to justify her existence.

When I say the *Gloucester*, I mean Wainwright; he is the one hero.

The *Gloucester* is a fine, able ship, and her crew of officers and men are a plain, ordinary lot of humans, who did just as any other lot of Americans would have done—the best they knew how; and if they were afraid, not to show it. I was on the bridge most of the time, and my admiration of him is of the kind which cannot be expressed by the ordinary methods of language.

From that point we saw only the destroyers. The other Spanish ships and our own were forgotten as completely as if they were in another hemisphere.

The fact that we were not destroyed seems attributable to a divine Providence. They fired over us and under us, ahead of us and all around us, and we received the fire of everything in sight.

The fire of the destroyers when they first came out was terrific, but they were very soon sickened.

I will not pretend that I remember what happened with any degree of distinctness.

I was supposed to be a sort of aide to the captain. I saw things and reported things to him, but in all this time the most thoroughly lucid interval that I had was when the boats were stopped—and it was at this moment that the captain made one of his strikes. Both boats showed signs of distress about the same time; volumes of steam enveloped them, and they began to act queerly, and we thought that they were trying to return. At this time our range was six hundred yards.

Just before I had seen two Spanish ships. I examined them carefully, and reported to the captain that they were coming back. Without a moment's hesitation he ported his helm and ran for the torpedo-boats. The Spanish ships were coming on, and it seemed as if they were going to pass outside of us to seaward. For an instant things looked desperate. The Spanish *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa* were coming back, but only, as it proved, to find a safe place to beach themselves. We ran in between the destroyers, but all was over with them. The *Pluton* was ashore, broken in two, and soon exploded. The *Furor* was in a pitiable condition—riddled, strewn with dead, burning from stem to stern; she was slowly swinging in her death struggle, her engines slowly turning over, and her helm jammed a-starboard. It is a source of satisfaction to us that we saved more men than we killed. Our efforts immediately turned from death and destruction to

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saving souls. While the forts were still firing at us, and some of our own ships were still firing from a distance at the torpedo-destroyers, three boats left the ship. Wood, Norman, and I started out for the drowning men. I made for the *Pluton*, picked up a boat-load, and returned. They boarded the *Furor*, and found a state of things beyond description. I returned to the *Pluton*, and attempted to board her; but the surf was too heavy, breaking over her deck. I picked up a boat-load, and then landed in a cove near the wreck. In the mean while the other boats were picked up, and the *Gloucester* steamed out of sight. I tried, and finally succeeded with difficulty, in boarding one-half of the *Pluton*, but the surf was so heavy and she was bouncing around at such a rate that I could not see much. The mortality was not great from our fire, but large numbers were drowned. I spent some time on shore—hours, I think—for I had lost all track of time. I collected another full boat-load of half-drowned and wounded, and sent a number aboard a press-boat, and started for the ship. I captured a Spanish officer, and have his pistol. I had some difficulty in launching my boat through the surf. The Spaniards are helpless, can't swim, and afraid of the water. My officer friend I had to grab by the back of the neck and throw him into the boat. Their greatest fear was lest I should leave them on the beach. Their next greatest fear was of the water.

After a pull of four miles or so I reached the *Gloucester*, off the wrecks of the *Infanta* and *Oquendo*. These ships were beached, and were on fire from stem to stern. This was the *Gloucester's* best work, but it is not my story. I missed it by being left on the beach. The *Gloucester's* boats saved over five hundred lives from these burning ships, among them the Admiral and a number of officers of high rank.

It has only been since this happened that I have realized the tension that we were under on that day. Hours passed like minutes. While picking up survivors, I turned and saw the *Furor* settle astern, rise almost perpendicular, and sink, with as little concern as I would watch a cable-car pass.

I was ashore bareheaded for hours, overboard half a dozen times, with scarcely a feeling of fatigue. I saw some horrible sights without feeling a sensation, and passed by men who might be dead in favor of others more alive with as little concern as if they had been rabbits.

The dumb, animal-like gratitude of the men taken from the water was pitiable. They wound their arms around our men's necks, and covered them with kisses. One fellow tried it on me, but I couldn't stand it, and had to repulse him.

## A DIVERTING DIARIST.*

"It is something to remember, amid the bustle and bitterness of active life, that one once had youth, and hope, and eagerness, and large opportunities and generous." There is a seriousness in this graceful admission that does not sound the note of an almost uninterrupted liveliness and humorous anecdote, which is the main quality of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's *Collections and Recollections*. It is an unusually diverting volume, and that is something not nearly so common as we deceive ourselves into believing the case. Its authorship is not a secret, though the book appears anonymously. It is from an Englishman, a member of the House of Commons during a great part of an active life—though, by-the-by, he is not yet among the elderly men of his day. It sketches at first hand a group of notable men with whom his political career has brought him into actual personal contact; and it sets down, either in connection with these or apart from them, more new and amusing and suggestive stories, more clever repartees, more curious phases of British social life, either new or unhackneyed, than any similar printed scrap-books have included in many years. It is, in fact, rather the scrap-book than the diary—although it is generously a bundle of reminiscences of the type figured forever in Horace Walpole's Dairy, *The Greville Memoirs*, Caroline Fox's *Memories of Old Friends*, Mrs. Byrne's *Social Hours with Celebrities*, and a long list of classic and recent collections. The author by no means restricts himself to things that are personal to his acquaintance and time, or that have not seen print until now. But the book contains little that has not to this generation a flavor of newness, if one takes into account the endless flood of anecdotes over which we are amused, without more than a vague remembrance of having met them earlier. The author does not always cite his anecdotes quite correctly, as witness his way of telling the famous story of "Beau" Brummel's impertinence to the lady who urged him to come and "take tea" with her. But he is terse and usually literal. In incident, in repartee, and all that belongs to brief, sketchy, and varied social reminiscence from himself or others the author has compiled an absolute treasury. He has made a free chapter arrangement that permits him to group his thousand and one stories effectively. Such titles as "Cardinal Manning" (an admirable little outline portrait), "Lord Houghton," "Lord Beaconsfield," three chapters on "Conversation," and "Flatterers and Bores," "Parliamentary Oratory," and "The Queen's Accession," suggest how the mosaic is put together. It is not without a serious value, too, in the pages where one story here and another story there point out (as will nothing but anecdote point out) the emphatic progress of modern civilization, the growth of practical morality, of decency, and of education within a couple of generations. To quote one story from such a book is a foolish license, for a reader is tempted to copy out a score of things; but, illustrating how manners, so called, have been mended in high life within decade more than a century, let one read what Lord Robert Seymour wrote of a Prince of Wales's breeding in 1788, and see how pretty an idea of fun had he and his titled circle: "Prince of Wales, Mrs. Fitz Herbert, the Duke and Dutchess of Cumberland, and Miss Pigott, Mrs. F.'s companion, went a Party to Windsor during the absence of *The Family* fm. Windsor; and going to see a Cold Bath, Miss P. expressed a great wish to bathe, 'this hot weather.' The D. of C. very imprudently pushed her in, and the Dut. of C., having the presence of mind to throw out the Rope saved her when in such a disagreeable State from fear and surprise as to be near sinking. Mrs. F. went into convulsive Fits, and the Dut. Fainted away, and the scene proved ridiculous in the extreme, as report says that the Duke called out to Miss P. that he was instantly coming to her in the water and continued undressing himself. Poor Miss P.'s clothes entirely laid upon the water and made her appear an awkward Figure. They afterwards pushed in one of the Prince's attendants." This was the atmosphere of the Regency to a breath—its elegance and refinement in the Court. And as to justice, temperance, and righteousness, surely the Anglo-Saxon world has improved since 1788, when there were one hundred and sixty capital offences by English laws, when burning alive was a statutory penalty for forgery, when the prize-ring was the sport of male aristocracy; when lunatics in Bedlam were kept chained in their straw over each Sunday, and left without attendance; when drunkenness was almost a rule among beneficed clergy, and school-children were taken in a body to see hangings and quarterings. Of quips and drolleries in the volume an example comes in the story of Mr. Delane, baldpated and kindly, who complained to Lord Granville that he wanted to send a wedding-present to a young lady, a Rothschild. "It would be absurd to give a Rothschild a costly gift. I should like to find something not intrinsically valuable, but interesting because it is rare." "Nothing easier, my dear fellow; send her a lock of your hair." There are twenty-six chapters in *Collections and Recollections*, and almost every one entertains in every page. It is dedicated, by-the-bye, to the one man, so much lamented by all who knew him, who might have made a collection of as much life and fascination—the late James Payn. The gravest day and dullest mood will pass with such cheery literature.

* *Collections and Recollections.* By "One who has Kept a Diary." With one Illustration. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50. New York and London: Harper & Bros.


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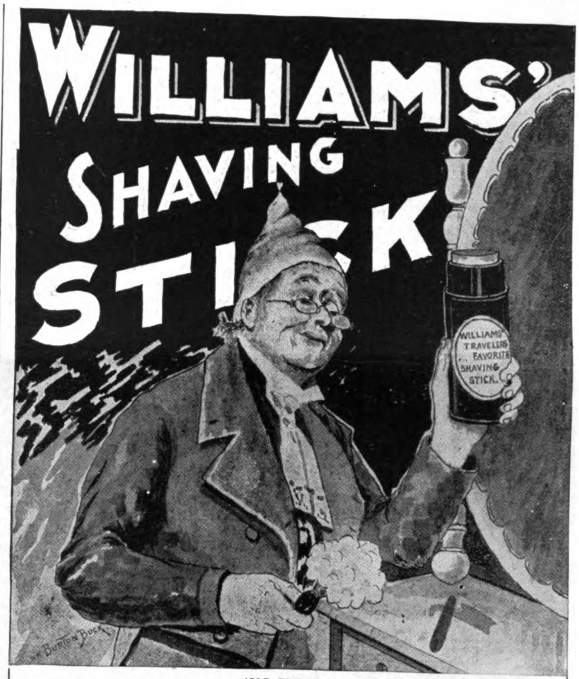
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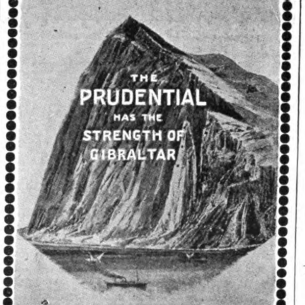
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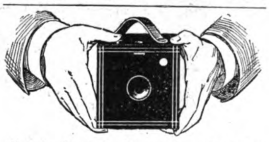
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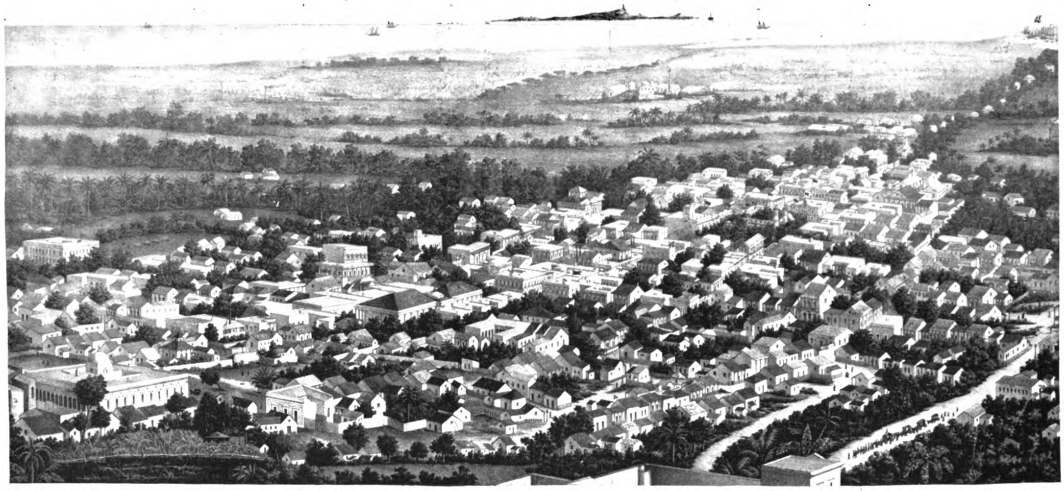

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CONVENT OF ST. JOSEPH, SAN JUAN.



THE PLAZA, SAN JUAN.

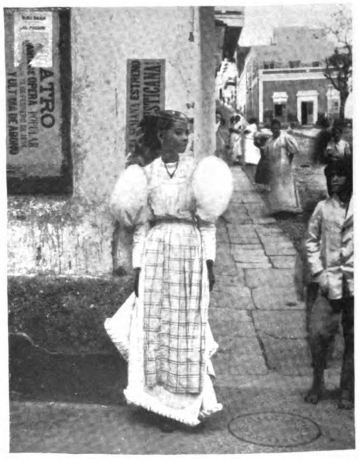


Military Barracks. Hospital Tricoche. | Barracks of Civil Guard. Military Hospital. | Market-Place. | Catholic and Protestant Cemeteries. | Catholic Cathedral. | Protestant Church. | Hospital Madera.

THE CITY AND HARBOR OF PONCE.



NATIVE HOUSES, PUERTO RICO.



A PUERTO RICO BELLE.

IN PUERTO RICO.

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PUERTO RICO AND SAN JUAN—SHOWING THE FIRST LANDING-PLACE OF GENERAL MILES'S ARMY, GUANICA, THE POINT OF ATTACK, SAN JUAN, AND THE ROAD THITHER, THROUGH YAUCO AND PONCE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

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## TO THE POWERS.

SUGGESTED TEXT FOR AN OPEN POSTAL CARD TO EMPEROR WILLIAM, THE CZAR, ET AL.

WHAT shall we do with the Philippines?
Well, Europe, peep behind the scenes,
And what you see tell your marines.

Our plans, of course, are not complete;
Won't be till Merritt takes his seat,
Backed up by Army and by Fleet.

That done, we'll choose the fairest spots,
Divide 'em up in city plots,
And sell 'em off as corner lots.

And where the Spanish foe now loots
Mayhap you'll find some substitutes,
Like vaudeville and chuting chutes.

And possibly we'll take those Isles,
Whereon sweet peace so rarely smiles,
And give them to our men of wiles.

To Croker one, and one to Platt,
And one to Bryan—men like that—
So that *we'll* know just where *they're* at.

But one thing's fixed as any star:
We will not move those Islands far,
But let them stay just where they are.

We hope, dear Concert, great and square,
This answer strikes you as most fair.
If not, why—*well, old Dewey's there.*

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 759.*)

General Miles has sent the following summary of troops composing the detachment of the Puerto Rico expedition under his immediate command — *i. e.*, sailing from Guantanamo Harbor: "Four light batteries of the Third and Fourth Artillery; Lomin's Battery B. Fifth Artillery; Sixth Illinois; Sixth Massachusetts; 275 recruits for Fifth Corps; 60 men of Signal Corps, and Seventh Hospital Corps—3415 men all told." The four light batteries referred to are C and F of the Third Artillery and B and F of the Fourth. General Miles is now proceeding along the northern coast of Haiti, as appears from the circumstance that a despatch to the War Department this afternoon is headed, "On board U.S.S. *Yale*, Mole St. Nicholas, July 22."

*Saturday, July 23.*—Five troops of cavalry now at Camp Alger, Virginia, have been ordered to Newport News for embarkation on transports for Puerto Rico. These are Troops A and C of New York Cavalry, the Governor's Troop, Penn., and the Philadelphia City Troop.

The *City of Rio de Janeiro* sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, with Brigadier-General H. G. Otis, Volunteer Companies A, C, D, E, F, G, L, M of the First South Dakota Volunteers, 32 officers, 669 men, 104 recruits for the Utah Light Artillery, staff officers, and clerks. Total, 50 officers, 840 enlisted men, and 10 civilians.

The following despatch to the War Department shows that the sailing of the Tampa detachment of the Puerto Rico expedition was delayed until to-day:

TAMPA, FLORIDA, *July 22.*

The transports *Arkadia, Whitney, Miller, Clotilda,* and *Cherokee,* with General Schwan's headquarters, sailed between ten and half past twelve to-day with two light batteries Seventh Artillery, one troop Second Cavalry, two companies Eleventh Infantry, full regiment Nineteenth Infantry, and two sections of the general pack-train. The *Mohawk,* which can easily overtake these boats, cannot sail before ten o'clock to-morrow. It will carry ten companies of the Eleventh Infantry, about 600 pack-animals, the brigade ambulance train, and Red Cross ambulances. JOHN I. RODGERS, Brigadier-General.

About thirty-five thousand men in all are to be sent to Puerto Rico from the several points of embarkation.

A petition to President McKinley, which has been signed by two thousand inhabitants of Santiago, expresses the hope "that the present state of affairs in Santiago, where the Spanish have still in their hands the administration and our interests, fate, and property, will be short, and that the city will be turned over to the Cubans."

*Sunday, July 24.*—The number of Spanish troops in Santiago province surrendering now, when notified of the fall of the city, is somewhat larger than General Toral reported. General Shafter says of those at Palma and San Luis that they "all apparently were greatly delighted at the prospect of returning home," for "they were on the verge of starvation." General Shafter continues: "And I have to send them rations to-morrow. If the numbers of troops keep up as they have, there will be about 24,000 to ship away. Nearly 12,000 are here—3000 from San Luis, 6000 from Guantanamo, and over 2000 at Sagua and Baracoa."

*Monday, July 25.*—Preparation for another expedition to Puerto Rico is now being made at Tampa. The three Southern regiments at that point—First Florida, Second Georgia, and Fifth Maryland—have orders to embark as soon as possible.

About 5500 men are now ready to embark at Newport News for Puerto Rico.

Brigadier-General Charles King said to-day: "It is my personal opinion that every man of the expeditionary force will be wanted in the Philippines, and will go there. Even should Manila be taken from the Spanish and the war settled in the Orient, as far as Spain is concerned, with the forces now there or already ordered to depart, it is still not to be doubted that General Merritt will be glad to have fifty thousand men before he is through with Aguinaldo."

Rumors of negotiations for peace now fill so much space in the daily newspapers that they must have a place in this diary as a part of the "news." And of course *quot relatores, tot sententiæ,* for in Spain you may have any answer that you expect. The Spaniard's emphasis is not upon matter, but upon manner, and he defines the agreeable man as the man who agrees. So to correspondents expecting peace, peace talk is accorded, while those who fear their livelihood would be more precarious in a "piping time" have the invincible Spanish peasant waved in their faces, so to speak. He used to be waved in Roman faces before Horace's time, but Spain became a splendid province. The most pointed of to-day's Madrid despatches says that "the Spanish government has drawn up a message proposing an armistice for the purpose of discussing the terms upon which peace with the United States can be arranged."

The popularity of the war loan is shown in a statement published to-day (when the first shipments of the bonds are being made) that there are about 300,000 persons to whom bonds will be allotted, and only those persons offering to take the bonds in small amounts (up to $4500) will receive them.

A landing at Puerto de Guanica, near Ponce, on the southern coast of Puerto Rico, was made by the military expedition under General Miles which sailed from Guantanamo Bay last Thursday. The selection of this point is referred to by the press despatches as a "surprise" to correspondents as well as to the enemy, but it will not greatly surprise readers of the WEEKLY, who recall the careful investigation made in the neighborhood of Ponce last May by Captain H. H. Whitney, now of General Miles's staff.* The landing was prefaced by a skirmish between Spanish troops and the crew of the *Gloucester's* launch, in which a number of the Spaniards fell.

*Tuesday, July 26.*—Details of the landing on the southern coast of Puerto Rico yesterday are contained in a despatch from General Miles to Secretary Alger. "Circumstances were such," the commanding general says, "that I deemed it advisable to take the harbor of Guanica first, fifteen miles west of Ponce, which was successfully accomplished between daylight and 11 o'clock. Spaniards surprised. The *Gloucester,* Commander Wainwright, first entered the harbor; met with slight resistance, fired a few shots. All the transports are now in the harbor, and infantry and artillery rapidly going ashore. This is a well-protected harbor; water sufficiently deep for all transports; the heavy vessels can anchor within a few hundred feet of shore. The Spanish flag was lowered and the American flag raised at 11 o'clock to-day. Captain Higginson, with his fleet, has rendered able and earnest assistance. Troops in good health and best spirits. No casualties."

The French ambassador at Washington, M. Jules Cambon, on behalf of the government of Spain, and at the request of the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, presented to President McKinley this afternoon, at the White House, a message designed to open the door to negotiations for peace.

Admiral Sampson's report to the Secretary of the Navy, made public to-day, gives an account of the naval battle of July 3, outlining the action from the very moment when the head of the column of Cervera's squadron appeared (at 9.31 A.M.) to the moment when the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon,* overhauling the enemy's best and fastest vessel, the *Cristóbal Colon,* "opened fire and got her range, the *Oregon's* heavy shell striking beyond her," and thus proving so conclusively that escape was impossible that "at 1.20 the *Colon* gave up without firing another shot, hauled down her colors, and ran ashore at Rio Tarquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago." The positions of all the vessels engaged are given, and the achievements (or fate) of each. An important paragraph is that in which we find both explanation of Cervera's dash in broad daylight and intimation of Admiral Sampson's plan: "I regard this complete and important victory over the Spanish forces as the successful finish of several weeks of arduous and close blockade, *so stringent and effective during the night that the enemy was deterred from making the attempt to escape at night, and deliberately elected to make the attempt in daylight.*" The manner in which this was accomplished is described, and reports from Commodore Schley and the captains of the American war-ships are given. Altogether the document is of uncommon interest as well as of high importance, and the writing is that of gallant gentlemen.

*Wednesday, July 27.*—In anticipation of peace negotiations, London traders sent the price of Spanish fours up to 39⅞. Yesterday's closing price was 38¼.

General Shafter's report on the sanitary situation in Santiago: "Total sick, 4122; total fever cases, 3193; new cases of fever, 822; cases of fever returned to duty, 542."

The surrender of Guantanamo, province of Santiago de Cuba, reveals conditions there which are worse than those at Santiago before our forces, with coercion in one hand and relief in the other, took over the provincial capital. The Guantanamo troops are literally starving, and there are two thousand sick.

*Thursday, July 28.*—A detachment of the Puerto Rico expedition, under command of Major-General Brooke, sailed from Newport News.... At San Francisco the First Battalion South Dakota Volunteers, and recruits for Colorado and Minnesota regiments, embarked for Manila on the transport *St. Paul.*

Madrid newspapers protest against the continuance of hostilities by the United States "after Spain has sued for peace," and the following statement is attributed to Prime-Minister Sagasta, in a despatch to a London newspaper: "We resolved upon peace many days ago, and made known our resolution to the United States. I regard as null and void and as destitute of good faith everything the Americans have done since. I am ready to formally protest [to the powers]." The fact is that there were no overtures for peace of which the State Department at Washington was officially informed, before the visit of M. Cambon, Tuesday afternoon. The suggestion then made by the French ambassador was not of such a nature that it could be regarded as a warrant for stopping the war. Peace must wait upon the acceptance of conditions which have not yet been proposed, or even formulated; and it is not at all plain that a truce, too easily obtained, would advance the much-desired conclusion. M. W.

* See HARPER'S WEEKLY, June 25, 1898.

## PARIS.

### THE FRENCH PRESS AND THE WAR.

*June 24, 1898.*

THE Spanish war throws an interesting light on those astonishing organizations known as French newspapers. Whether, as has already been said by the WEEKLY, in their recent attacks upon us they have reflected true French feeling, does not concern us in the least. We need to care what Continental Europe may say about us only in case unfriendly sympathies are strong enough to lead those who entertain them into a hostile attitude towards the United States. But we are asked to believe that apparently almost the entire press of a country is not to be taken seriously; and, as a matter of fact, any one who has lived in Paris for many years, as I have, in touch with all sorts and conditions of men, knows that the press is not to be believed, and that the amount of credence to be placed in almost any paper may be estimated in inverse proportion to its importance and the number of its sales. This is a paradox worth looking into, especially as a time might come some day when it would be useful to us to know how to go to work to get a printed sentiment which the French themselves would avow.

To judge at all of French journals we must look at the principles underlying them, the first of which is, naturally, to make them pay. Every French paper has three sides —the *coté administratif,* or business side; its reportage, or news; and what is called *grand journalism,* those brilliant articles signed by well-known names which are famous the world over. All papers have at their head a group of politicians who are not only of a party, but the *nuance* of a party, and many of them have secret funds from the government. As the French do not understand advertising, that is not a source of revenue; and the business interests of the paper are maintained by a certain profession of faith called its politics, determined almost entirely by its capacity for making money.

Drument, for instance, makes *La Libre Parole* pay by popularity gained by dragging the government and the Jews through the mud. The campaign he leads is not only anti-Semitic and socialistic, it is distinguished by the *nuance* of Catholic socialism. Everything that is not Catholic—such as the American war against Spain—is against Drument. As the socialistic working-man who buys *La Libre Parole* must be regaled with strong language, the result is the violent and vulgar insults that have been heaped upon the American people.

Other people buy Drument to see what Drument is saying. He is a personnage and a man to read, even while but few take him seriously. Outside of his leaders, the paper is nothing but a journal of affairs, filled up with no matter what, provided it be strong. The French are so used to hearing the heads of their own government characterized as gredins, crapules, fripouilles, in such papers as *La Libre Parole,* that what these turbulent organs said of another government left them indifferent, until they found that such utterances were precisely the ones most translated and commented on by their enemies and on the other side, and that they were taken seriously by the American people.

No French paper, politically, represents anything more than a certain shade of a certain sentiment of a certain party. The *Figaro,* the *Gaulois,* and the journal of M. Cassagnac, *L'Autorité,* which have a combination with the extreme royalists among the nobility, must support a Catholic and royalist government in Spain for political and business reasons at the same time that these papers are bought by the largest part of their readers for their literary criticism, their signed articles—for anything but their politics. Rochefort, who has been hurling invectives against the government since the time of the Empire, makes no more impression for us than the others against us, because his republicanism implies also communism, whither few are inclined to follow him, the socialism of France lying outside of the lines of *L'Intransigeant.* The men of weight in French papers are the "grand journalists" like Jules Lemaître, for instance, entirely outside of the political business affairs of the various organs.

Outside of the exaggerations of the newspapers, for political reasons, a certain mild sentiment against the war has existed all along in Paris among people of all shades of opinion; very much such a feeling as one encountered at first among Americans who had been long away from home, and upon whom the immediate settlement of the Cuban question by arms fell like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. With the French, setting apart their interests in Spanish bonds, it came from the fact, as an Englishman intimately connected with diplomatic circles said to me, that they are the peace-makers of Europe. The key to the Dreyfus affair was their dread of complications that might bring on war. The very word of war, in a country where almost every man is a soldier, is a terror to them. It brings up the dreadful and poignant souvenirs of 1870—the invasion of the country, the incessant roar of the cannons advancing on Paris, the ambulances gorged with wounded too numerous to be cared for, the cold, famine, and crushing defeat. "From the New World we looked for progress towards peace," is the substance of what I have heard a hundred times from men of weight, "and you have taken the worst thing of the old régime."

All the French asked was to be allowed to go on peacefully to the end of the century and have their exposition, when we suddenly brought them face to face with the most disagreeable thing known to their consciousness. It is French instinct to put aside, if possible, the painful side of serious things, which is the direct consequence of that sensibility, which is their greatest charm.

The change in their feeling is not only for commercial reasons, and because of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, but because the serious element of the French people at large has looked the war squarely in the face, instructed itself, and learned to understand us better. As I said in the beginning, it is a matter of small moment to us what the sentiment may be, but it is nevertheless well to do a certain justice toward the nation that sent us Lafayette, that has most generously thrown open all the advantages of its schools to the student officers from our navy free of charge, and has given us proof of friendship in numberless ways. ALLEN SERGEANT.

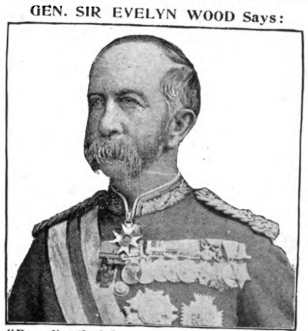
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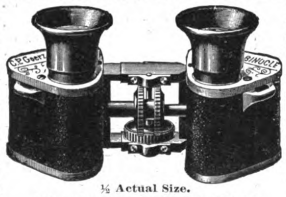
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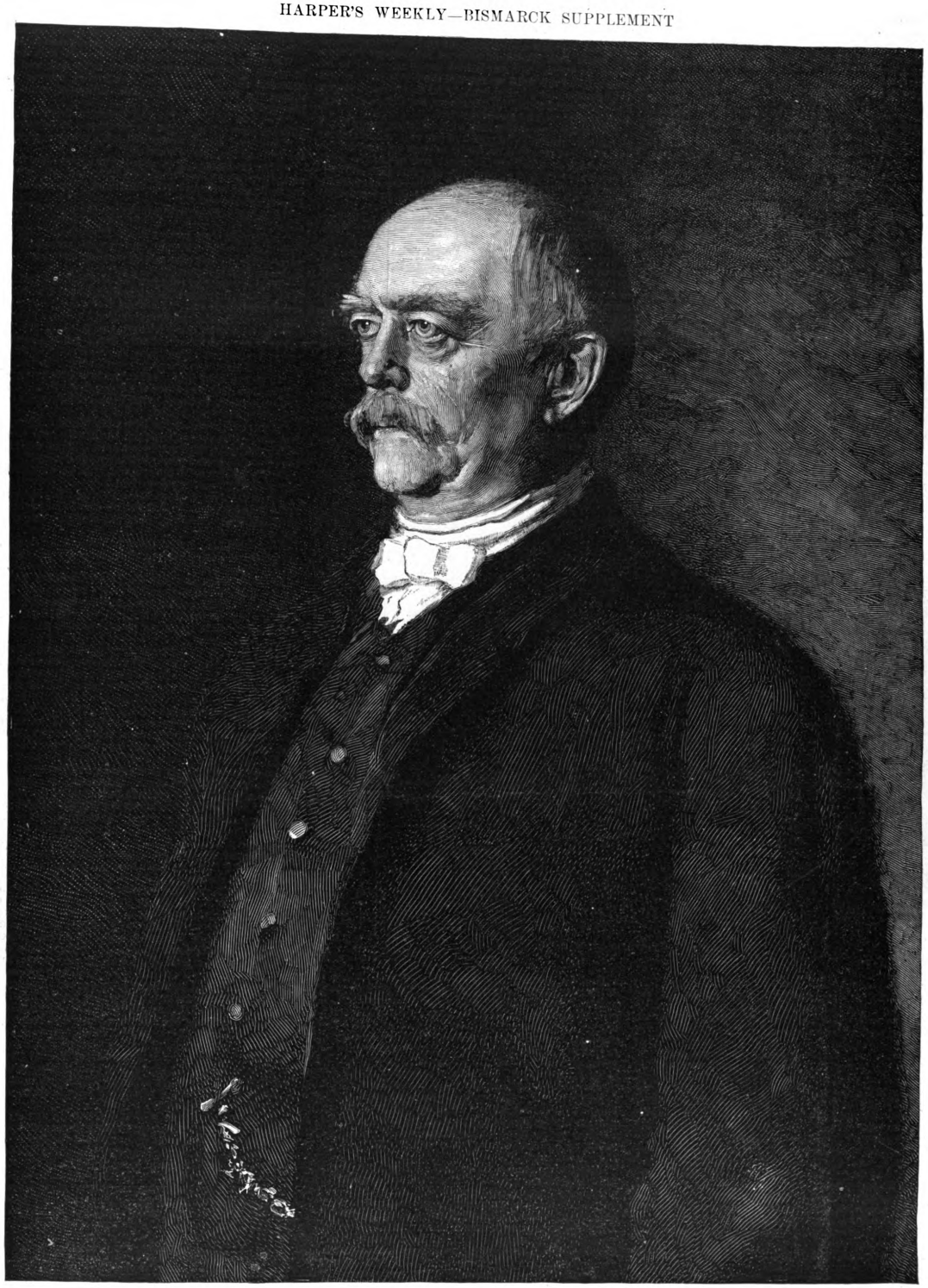
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PRINCE OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK.

# BISMARCK AND HIS PEOPLE.

TO know Bismarck, one must not seek him at Friedrichsruh, which, after all, is but a show-place, nor lay too much stress on a knowledge of his public doings, heralded by the press of all the world off and on, nor assume that a study of his Hamburg newspaper organ gives a clear insight into his character at this stage of his career.

It is true, one may catch him in his shirt sleeves at the country-seat near Hamburg, and "catch him tripping" at those minor public occasions as well as in his editorial work, but for all that we see only the *official* Bismarck—official, though without office—not the Bismarck who in his innermost heart confesses to the *homo sum* of the true philosopher.

The Bismarck *as he is*, is only to be met with at Varzin, the feudal estate in far-off Pomerania, which the Prince bought with the money raised by grateful citizens.

Starting from Berlin, it takes from twelve to fourteen hours' journeying to get there, and this probably explains the fact why the multitude of people who make it their business to write about the ex-Chancellor collect their material anywhere but at Varzin; it also accounts, no doubt, for Bismarck's *sans façon* way of living at this lonely tusculum.

The route leads through a bleak and almost desolate country, the ancient margravinate of Brandenburg, into the former dukedom of Pomerania, fully as cheerless and destitute as the other.

After eight hours' weary ride, interrupted by innumerable stoppages at stations where it was impossible to get anything beyond stale beer and the national black bread and herring, we arrived, towards five o'clock P.M., at Schlawe, a little town some few miles from the East Sea. There we were transferred to a branch line, a special passenger-car containing a first-class carriage being attached to a freight train for our benefit. Our miseries were, how-

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ever, not yet ended, for after three-quarters of an hour of crawling along, the train halted with a jerk in the thick of a forest, and the conductor came to tell us that we had arrived at Zollbrück, and were to again change cars for Hammermühle, terminus of the branch. After another hour of slow torture, that place was reached. There was no regular post-chaise to Varzin, but, luckily for us, there was a special mail delivery on that day, arranged for the benefit of Prince Bismarck and his guests, and we were allowed to ride to the village in a springless cart loaded down with packages and letter-bags.

It was nearly eight o'clock, when, in view of the first houses of Varzin, and as our cart was just swinging around the corner into the village street, the driver sharply drew in the reins and said, "There comes his Grace; I nearly ran into him."

True enough, there were the historical boar-hounds, racing along, barking and howling, and close behind them an open barouche of heavy make, drawn by two immense chestnuts. On the right sat a tall, broad figure, enveloped in a plaid to ward off the drizzling rain that had been falling for an hour or so. Now he raises his slouch-hat before the strangers in the mail-wagon, and in the twilight we recognize Bismarck.

Our driver did not attempt to follow in the Prince's wake until the rattle and clank of wheels and hoofs and the hounds' barking had thoroughly died out. Only then we entered upon the lanternless road, at the further end of which the inn was situated. Such an inn! Like a mediæval stronghold, it was surrounded by a pool of greenish water. A woman, milk-pail in hand, introduced herself as the landlady.

After a supper of eggs and potatoes, the cheese was impossible, and a night on feather beds, the feathers of which had not been "cured," we awoke betimes, and after a hard struggle for a tub of water, indulged in a hasty breakfast of bread and milk, which we found in the lower room. We had about finished, when our hostess and a man in a white cap and apron broke in upon us, and seeing us feasting, cried out: "They have eaten the rolls of our *gnädiger Herr!* What *shall* we do? What *shall* we do? Ah, and they have drunk his cream!"

We were informed that Prince Bismarck was the only person in Varzin indulging in the luxury of white bread, especially made for him by the woman's husband, the baker. These people were also bound by their contract of tenancy to save their cream for his Grace. All we could do was to offer a monetary equivalent for the damage done. Then we started upon a tour of the village.

Varzin, like most Pomeranian hamlets, consists of one street only, with the manor-house marking the upper terminus, and the premises of the head keeper (in this case the *Oberförster*—master of the forest) at the other end. The houses of the tenants are in every respect low, slovenly, and neglected, and, like our hotel, surrounded by a pool of stagnant water, collected from the refuse of the stables, the kitchens, and occasional rain showers. A single plank serves to bridge the chasm between the road and what is generally used for sidewalks—here a sloppy mire, in which numerous ducks and geese take their pleasure. These fowls are everywhere in the village. Here we find them waddling Indian file, or grouped in veritable battalions, a hundred heads strong, in the middle of the roadway; there they compel little children to seek shelter with their mother, or march unceremoniously through the passages of houses, peeping into the very rooms for prey. Some five minutes' walk from the manor-house there is a small lake literally covered with these birds.

The houses of the post and school masters are noteworthy exceptions to the prevailing carelessness, and the former makes quite a pretty picture of rural simplicity.

Being advised that Prince Bismarck was never visible before eleven o'clock, we took our time in looking about.

From the village we turned our attention to the manor-house or castle, whose yards and outbuildings reach down to the street, flanked at that point by poplars on both sides. It is probably due to the aristocratic notions of the founders of the estate that the residential buildings turn their back upon the village. The approach, covering nearly half an acre of ground, leads over a slight incline fortified with cobblestones, very trying to a city man, and between a succession of stables, which for all the world look like a number of the village cottages joined together. The yards and sheds appeared to be deserted, and not until we reached the newly built annex did we encounter a living soul. And this belonged to no less a personage than Dr. Chrysander, the Prince's reader, medical adjunct, and quasi-secretary.

The doctor is a tall slim man with a strange, raggy beard all around his face. The report of our visit and intentions evidently had preceded us, for he at once volunteered the information that "Prince Bismarck was not in the habit of receiving strangers at Varzin." For this piece of intelligence we were duly thankful, but having confidently expected the rebuff so promptly put forth, proceeded on our errand without further parley.

The annex already mentioned is a severely plain two-story-and-basement brick structure with plaster facings, and, like the rest of the buildings, yellow-washed. On the entrance floor is the secretary's office, containing a few pieces of rough furniture, besides two large tables, usually loaded with newspapers, which Dr. Chrysander has to read and mark for the benefit of his master. This room connects by a corridor with Prince Bismarck's own bedchamber in the adjoining manor-house, where his Grace receives the doctor's press reports and his mail immediately on awakening, and while taking his tea in bed. The Princess also has her room on the ground-floor, the whole of which is devoted to the old people's use. The fact is Frau von Bismarck, who in her husband's affectionate letters figures as such a robust and lively woman, is nowadays so crippled by old age as to be incapable of ascending stairs. The upper floor of the manor-house has been given over entirely to the Prince's children, grandchildren, and occasional guests.

We walked past the Prince's private stables and car



PRINCE BISMARCK AT VARZIN.

riage-sheds, forming a sort of inner court with the rear of the manor and annex, and entered the park expanding in front. There a really pretty picture met our eyes. The greater part of the front is covered by a creeper, and mighty trees rise on all sides. The flower-beds facing the house are laid out tastefully without being artificial in design. There are no rare plants, no elaborate china vases, there is no evidence of the hot-house or the landscape-gardener's art. Everything is natural, simple, homelike, a lovely spot that any good housewife might keep in perfect order. The park covers many acres, finally to merge with the forests and fields belonging to the estate. Bismarck, standing on the roof of his house, might turn his face to the north or south, to east or west, and exclaim, with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine as far as the eye travels."

With exploring the nooks and corners, the shady avenues, and fenced meadows where the colts are kept, the time had passed speedily, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when an attendant from the castle announced that the Prince was about to take his usual morning stroll, and would be pleased to see us in the avenue leading to the spring. This spring is situated in a hollow near the house, and is credited with containing a certain amount of mineral matter. His Grace takes a glass of the water whenever he goes for exercise. Just now a man-servant was coming from the spot with a tumbler in his hand.

He had no sooner disappeared into the side entrance of the house when the boar-hounds came bounding along the avenue, followed by their master and Count Herbert. A young lady—the daughter of Baron von Merckh of Hamburg, as I afterwards learned—was trying to catch up with them.

The two tall men formed a splendid object for the instantaneous camera we were carrying.

"Ah!" cried Bismarck, when within hearing distance, "that is what I call a photographic *attentat!* Never mind; I have endured worse cases of assault."

The boar-hounds meanwhile had succeeded in reversing our private opinion about their alleged ferocious selves. They are splendid beasts with silklike bluish-gray coats, and as docile and amiable as kittens. They thrust their snouts into our hands, and otherwise tried to belie the bad name given them by politicians and reporters to whom their master had denied himself. The Prince said he had been advised we were neither political scandal-mongers nor persistent interviewers. "You come from London," he added; "well, what is the latest from across the Channel?"

We gave some instances of public life and doings, in which his Grace seemed much interested, and then branched off into literature, mentioning, among other things, the forth-coming English edition of some well-heralded memoirs.

"Yes, yes," said the Prince, "the memoirs of the great offer the most interesting study for those coming after us."

"And your Grace is credited with being engaged on the most memorable of them all."

"They credit me with a good many things—my friends and my enemies alike," answered Bismarck, with a knowing smile and a shrug of the shoulders, "but I assure you I have nothing ready."

"But you are preparing memoirs, are you not?" I persisted.

"I thought you were not an interviewer," said the Prince, somewhat seriously, and at once turned the conversation into other channels by inviting us to take a good look around his farm.

"This is a healthy country," he continued, pointing his stick in the direction of the broad expanse of woods and meadows before us. "I always feel quite young when stopping at Varzin, and would indeed be thoroughly contented with my lot if my wife were in better health."

These last words were uttered in a voice of almost womanly tenderness. The great man evidently felt deeply concerned about his *Frau*, as he called the Princess.

We were told by him that her Grace was losing strength all the time, and that since the beginning of the year she had been unable to attend to her household duties, in which she was so much interested.

"She is deprived of the best tonic Varzin offers, poor woman"—these were the fond husband's own words—"exercise in the fresh and bracing air. That's what keeps me so well. I am almost constantly out-doors—"

"Rain or shine," I interrupted, "as we observed last night, first thing after our arrival."

"Was that you?" gasped the Prince, with an amused twinkle in his eye. "Oh dear! oh dear! and in the open mail-cart too! Surely you are not stopping at our local hotel?"

We settled his mind on those points, and, in his turn, he congratulated us on our "passion for self-abnegation and self-sacrifice."

Walking along towards the fields, Bismarck indulged in the little pastime peculiar to his late master, Kaiser Wilhelm I., asking about our homes, parents, and studies. Of America he spoke with much warmth, dwelling on her inexhaustible resources of nature and the successes of her government.

After a while he bade us adieu, shook hands heartily, and repeated his invitation to make ourselves at home.

It is almost needless to say we followed his advice. In doing so we had the good fortune of again meeting the great man, when a party of ladies and children from one of the neighboring seats waited on him in the afternoon. He appeared as pleasant and cheerful as in the morning, and even displayed a certain amount of gallantry as he took the flowers offered by the fair donors. (See illustration.)

Bismarck's daily life at Varzin is of the simplest; there is no ceremony of any kind; he is hardly regarded as a Prince or a great man at all. The estate he occupies has been for hundreds of years in the hands of the lesser nobility, that is, persons endowed with the almost vulgar privilege of affixing a "von" in front of their family name. The old serfs called their masters and mistresses *Gnädiger Herr* and *Gnädige Frau* respectively, and this custom prevails among the tenants of the present day, in spite of the fact that their landlord's name and title are recorded in the Almanach de Gotha, Part II.

From all I hear and see, Bismarck is not an exacting master. He walks, drives, and rides among his quasi subjects with the *nonchalance* of a city man, accepting their reverence where it is freely offered as part and parcel of his station, but never insisting on any prescribed formality to another's discomfort. There was a time when, upon his arrival in his domain, the cottages appeared in all the glory of fresh whitewash and greens, when flags were hoisted and the tenants donned their best; but learning by personal application that he, the master himself, paid for this joyous display, either directly or indirectly, the Prince gave strict orders that such demonstrations should be discontinued. Although very fond of farming, and the general business and prerogatives of the feudal land-owner, he never interferes directly in administrative matters, and thoroughly abhors to treat with his tenants upon monetary affairs. If any of them has a grievance, or desires a release or loan, he must address himself to the *Oberförster*.

The tenants may be thorough Germans, as they claim, but in their appearance and manners cannot deny their Sclavonian origin, their descent from the old *Kassuben*, that Wendish tribe notorious in western Prussia for sluggishness, boorishness, and general dislike to water. Their wages are meagre, as the soil they till is poor, but they have a roof over their heads, plenty of potatoes, black bread, and herrings to eat, and even a little money for schnapps. The men earn from 40 to 45 pfennings per day (4 pfennings equal 1 cent), the women 30 pfennings, aside from free land, dwelling, and wood. Any extra hand in a household (aside from man and wife) receives 75 pfennings daily wage. This is the average pay for rural labor in Pomerania. The Prince pays neither more nor less than any other landlord; if he *did* go above the average, he would only foster drunkenness among his people.

We heard the Prince's own statement regarding his health, and it only remains to say that his looks and manner bore out his words.

Having lost his *embonpoint* under the skilful treatment of Professor Schwenniger, he appeared even taller than in the days of his glory; being unhampered by arduous duties and the thousand and one vexations of office, his temperament had softened and his natural cordiality had returned.

Did he look like a disappointed man?

Far from it. To the unprejudiced he appeared as one taking his comfort—and taking it in the most decided and deliberate fashion at that. And who knows but that the evident discomfort of his chief enemy does not materially contribute to his enjoyment of perfect ease?

HENRY W. FISCHER.

VARZIN, *October 10, 1893.*

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# PRINCE BISMARCK.

On the 1st of April, 1815, there was born to a quiet Prussian squire of Schönhausen, in the province of Brandenburg, a son, who was destined to make the name of Bismarck more famous than that of any statesman or ruler of his time. It was the year of Waterloo. Prussia, was a subordinate member of the German Bund, of which Austria, under the House of Hapsburg, was the acknowledged chief. Exhausted by the efforts it had made in the Napoleonic wars, the ruling House of Hohenzollern conformed its foreign policy to that of the Diet of Frankfort, which was the maintenance of a mild but steady inertia on the part of the Bund, believed then to be necessary to the maintenance of the "balance of power" in Europe. Little did the proprietor of Schönhausen dream that his second son was one day to convert the loosely joined, inert body of petty German states into a vast German Empire, instinct with the vital force of nationality, deeply influencing, and often dominating the destinies of the continent, and strongly affecting those of the whole world.

Certainly nothing in the life of Bismarck for the first thirty years gave sign of his splendid future. He passed through the common routine of the education of his time and class, but made slight use of the opportunities it offered. It is even disputed whether the late Chancellor of the German Empire ever passed the state examination, which is in his country a condition precedent to public employment. In college he was famous only for his wild life, his numerous duels, his skill in swimming and in horsemanship, and enjoyed as well as earned the title of *flotter Bursche*, a "jolly student." Leaving the university, he adopted rather than practised the profession of law, travelled frequently, took his turn in the landwehr, and gained a lieutenant's commission, but finally, at the age of twenty-four, with his elder brother, Bernhard, took charge of the family estates in Pomerania, with a residence at Kniephof. Here he succeeded in management, but led the social life of a wild country squire—a mighty hunter, a deep drinker, ready at feast or fight, known to the neighboring garrison as "the mad Bismarck" (*der tolle Bismarck*). A dozen years passed in this fashion, at the end of which he won the love and the hand of the Fräulein Johanna von Putkammer, in despite of much natural reluctance on the part of her parents.

Urged by his brother, who was alone in thinking that Bismarck was "by inclination and natural disposition made for the public service, and that sooner or later he must engage in it," he secured an election to the Diet of Saxony, and as deputy went, in 1847, to the first United Diet of Prussia. He immediately took a prominent place in the front rank of the ultra-conservative party. He attacked the Radicals and even the Liberals with tremendous energy, and quickly made himself noted for the vigor and freedom with which he announced his extreme views, and the trenchant and bitter sarcasm which he rained on his opponents. He held that nothing should be demanded of the King, and everything left to his Majesty's goodness; and to the claims of a democratic orator of Berlin, he savagely declared that "all the great cities ought to be destroyed and razed to the ground as the eternal homes of revolution and constitutionalism." Of constitutionalism, which he held in great contempt, he said that it was only *la démocratie endimanchée* (democracy in Sunday clothes). He had little respect and less taste for parliamentary life or methods. It was not by debate, he thundered, in one of those bursts of eloquence which occurred in his usually awkward oratory, that the decision could come between authority and revolution; "that decision will only come from God, from the God of battles, when he lets fall from his hand the iron dice of destiny."

His course won him some attention from the king, Frederick William IV. In December, 1848, he was elected from Brandenburg to the Second Chamber of the German Diet under the new constitution, and showed himself still not only an extreme conservative, but an ardent partisan of the supremacy of Austria. At this time he took a passing part in journalism, and wrote for the *Kreuz Zeitung*, whose motto may, more justly than would at first appear, be regarded as the one he followed through life: "*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*" ("With God for King and Fatherland"). He sustained the ministry even in its humiliating concessions to Austria at Olmütz, and was, in May, 1851, sent as first secretary of the Embassy to the Diet of Frankfort, where, a few months later, he was made ambassador. He thus entered on a diplomatic career which was of immense service to him, though every instinct of his imperious and fiery mind revolted against it. Two things in his experience at Frankfort, which lasted eight years, are of special note. One was the intimate and lasting friendship which sprang up between him and the Count Gortschakoff, the future Chancellor of the Russian Empire; the other was the prompt perception at which he arrived of the unfitness of Austria to be the leader of Germany, with the conviction that it was within the duty and the power of Prussia to take that post. As ambassador, with indomitable perseverance, he bent his energies to the task of undermining the Austrian influence, and instilling into the minds of the leaders of Prussia an idea of her possible future.

But his part was still relatively modest, and the interest of the record of this period of his life, for which his letters to his beloved sister, the Countess von Arnim, ten years his junior, furnish ample material, lies in the racy and piquant pictures of the diplomatic world and the actors in it. In 1858 the mind of the King of Prussia gave way, and his brother, afterward the Emperor William I., was declared Prince-Regent.

In the change of Ministry which followed, Bismarck foresaw his possible dismissal, and regarded it with his usual rude philosophy. He "would retire under the guns of Schönhausen" and watch. "The prospect of a fresh and honest struggle," he wrote, "without any official shackles in political bathing-drawers (if I may say so) has nearly as much charm for me as a continued *régime* of truffles, despatches, and grand crosses. . . . With my simple wants I am independent; and if God keeps my wife and children in good health, I say *vogue la galère!* whatever the waters may be."

The "waters" on which Bismarck's ship was to set sail were to be changed; but he was far from being retired, or allowed to retire. He was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he arrived April 1, 1859. He remained at the Russian Court three years. During that time he cemented yet more closely the friendship with Gortschakoff—one of the most remarkable in the history of statecraft—and made many valuable connections with Russian leaders of politics and society. He labored earnestly to prevent Prussia from siding with Austria in the Italian war of 1859, and was incessant in his representations to his government of the necessity of a change in the relations of Prussia to the German Confederation. In one of his letters at this time occurred the forerunner of the famous phrase "blood and iron." "I perceive," he wrote, "something defective in our position in the Bund, which, sooner or later, we shall be obliged to repair *ferro et igni* unless we submit it in time and at a favorable opportunity to serious treatment." His efforts, however, were practically in vain. Prussia failed to arm in the cause of Austria only because that power, with fatal insolence, demanded that the troops so offered should be under the command of the Austrian generals; and King William listened with interest and admiration, but without acting upon them, to the vigorous ideas of his ambassador. Bismarck fell sick and was deeply discouraged. "I seem," he wrote in January, 1862, "like a sick circus-rider," but he would "go on doing his duty in a homespun way." He would like to go to Paris: the "climate would suit the children better"; but "sickness comes everywhere, and misfortunes too. With God's help one withstands them, or bows in submission to His will! locality has nothing to do with it." He had been spoken of as Minister; he was "downright afraid of the post as of a cold bath."

Again Bismarck's theatre of action was to be changed, but his rather sombre view of his future was not to be justified. William I., now become King (January 1, 1861), had so far yielded to the views of Bismarck—with which, indeed, in this regard, he warmly united—as to place General von Roon in the War Office, with orders to bring the army to the highest perfection as rapidly as possible. Bismarck was brought from Russia and sent to Paris preliminary to his appointment at the head of the Ministry. In this brief interval he saw Napoleon III. at Biarritz, made a rapid journey to the south, from whence he wrote fascinating letters to his wife and sister, visited London, where he made the most lively impression, and returned to take his place as President of the Ministry September 23, 1862. His aims were very clear in his own mind, but the task of their accomplishment was herculean. He proposed to himself nothing less than a united Germany under Prussia, from which Austria was to be expelled, possibly by peaceful means, probably and even preferably by force. The first step was the strengthening of the army. The Chamber obstinately refused it. It was dissolved, and the work went on without its sanction. The Minister was intensely unpopular, and was bitterly denounced for usurpation. He foresaw possible revolution as a consequence of his action, but he did not shrink. He only hastened the events which were to make revolution impossible. He strengthened himself on the side of Russia by a cruel offer of aid in crushing Poland, and in return obtained Russian neutrality in his plan for the dismemberment of Denmark. In this he enlisted Austria, and the two powers seized the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein under the sanction of the German Diet, for the professed purpose of securing satisfaction for the German elements in the population. But Austria had no sooner assumed her share of the joint occupation and administration than Bismarck proceeded to pick a quarrel with her, and to come to an understanding not only with her natural enemy, Italy, but with Napoleon III., her natural ally. Space does not allow the tracing of the complex and crafty negotiations by which the French Emperor was induced to withhold his hand. Bismarck's course was astute and unscrupulous. In June, 1866, the Emperor's intimates at Paris were discussing what should be claimed of one and the other party to the impending war to aggrandize France. On the 2d of July Bismarck wrote to his wife from the bloody field of Gitschin: "The ground is still heaped up with corpses, horses, and arms. Our victories are much greater than we thought. . . . Send me some French romances to read, but not more than one at a time."

The "French romance" which he had read completely, and to which he had furnished the prodigious *dénouement*, was the one in which Napoleon III. had dreamed of a Europe in which his word should be decisive, and in which Bismarck had been pictured as a "wild diplomat," who could be made useful to France. The "Seven Days' War" closed before the fortress of Königgrätz; Austria was expelled from the Bund; Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Hesse-Homburg, the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, the free city of Frankfort, and the principality of Hohenzollern were joined to Prussia, while the remaining states of Germany were embraced in the "North German Confederation," of the armies of which Prussia was to have the command. The instrument was finally ratified on the 16th of April, 1867.

The next three years were devoted by Bismarck, who became Chancellor of the Confederation, to consolidating its powers at home and adjusting its relations abroad. France, under the guidance of the Emperor, was bitterly disappointed, chagrined, and sullen. Bismarck foresaw that the necessities of the Emperor would impel him to seek a foreign war, and strove, on the one hand, to win him to some sort of understanding which should turn his armies away from Germany, and, on the other, to prepare for the worst if war must come. His efforts in the first direction failed; in the second they were supremely successful. The splendid triumph of his policy with reference to the Confederation had given him something like autocratic power, and every particle of it was devoted to perfecting the army, under the sagacious lead of von Roon and von Moltke.

In 1870, Napoleon, sore pressed by the "party of action," and desperate at his failure to win to his support the Liberals, whom he had sought to conciliate by the constitutional changes made through the Ollivier ministry, seized upon the incident of the nomination to the throne of Spain of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to make demands on Germany, which were repelled, and followed by a declaration of war. It has been often asserted that Bismarck entrapped the Emperor into this quarrel. The public records do not sustain the statement. If he did so, he had the consummate art to make every authentic document support the opposite view. The weight of testimony is that Napoleon rushed blindly upon his fate, deceived by his advisers, more deeply deceived by himself.

Bismarck accompanied the armies to the field, and for many months the government of Germany was guided from the headquarters of the King. The result is fresh in the minds of our readers. Bismarck's "instrument," as he had called the army, worked to the amazement and admiration of the world. In January, 1871, Napoleon was a prisoner in Wilhelmshohe; the best army of France was locked in Metz; Paris was prostrate under the German guns; and King William (January 18th), in the stately palace of Versailles, assumed the title of Emperor of Germany. In the next month the preliminaries were signed of that treaty which gave Alsace and Lorraine to the new empire and poured a thousand millions of dollars into the German treasury. Bismarck was made a Prince, and, naturally, Chancellor of the German Empire, while he retained his position as first Minister of Prussia.

The years that followed the great war, by the fiery trials of which the various and varying elements of German nationality were roughly but incompletely fused, were nearly twice as many as those of Bismarck's previous career, but they did not strengthen, they hardly sustained, his reputation as a statesman. Two great problems presented themselves urgently—the consolidation of the imperial political system, and the maintenance of the power and influence of the empire in Europe. With the second the Prince was able to deal, for there was no one in public life in any country who was nearly equal to him in force, in foresight, or in the skilful handling of individual men. Slowly and gradually, but with increasing success, he established the position of Germany as practically the arbiter of Europe. He limited her function to the preservation of the peace, but he assumed that that function involved her possession of the best and strongest army that her resources could supply and the most effective alliances that she could form. The first "triple alliance," as it was commonly called, was the fruit of that masterly policy by which Russia had been prevented from interfering in the struggle with France, and it was not until the influence of Bismarck had begun to wane that any serious approaches were made between the republic and Russia. This alliance was followed by the replacement of Russia by Italy, which was the only alternative after Russia became "impossible." It was a much weaker combination, and there is evidence that Bismarck would have preferred to keep Russia as an ally, and take Italy as an enemy and an ally of France, had he been allowed his choice. Whether the long-latent prejudice against Russia and the hostility bred by the contact of the two peoples along their border were too strong for him it is difficult to say, but the change came, and Bismarck has never ceased to express his regret for it.

In the course of his efforts to consolidate the political system of Germany, Bismarck came in conflict with the Papacy through the reactionary and separatist sentiment of the German Catholics fostered and guided by the priesthood. This led to the famous *Kulturkampf*—an attempt by law to diminish the power of the priesthood by restricting the privileges of the Pope, and extending those of the imperial government in the organization of the higher offices of the Church in Germany. It was a long and heated struggle, lasting from 1872 to 1886, but in the end, by the concessions of the latter year, Bismarck was substantially defeated. The almost passive but unyielding resistance of the Church was, in the long-run, invincible to the aggressive and arbitrary methods he employed.

Nor did the great Chancellor succeed in forming any permanent party in the imperial legislature on which he could rely. He gained his points when he did gain them, by a series of shifting combinations; one section after another acting now in his support, and now against him. The one thing that he accomplished was the steady development of the military force of the empire, though he failed to maintain that complete executive control of the treasury as to this object, which was one of the cardinal points of his policy, and several times he brought Europe to the very verge of war to force his army measures through. Meanwhile his strength in the Reichstag was in great part secured by the adoption of a protective tariff, which hampered the development of the national resources, and ultimately became a source of grave political weakness. He also undertook a system of colonial expansion in the South Pacific and in Africa, by which he hoped to turn the tide of German emigration, stimulated by the intolerable exactions of the military system, to lands where the German flag should cover and the German government control the young men who would not remain at home. It has been a very costly experiment, and though it is too early to pronounce it a failure, its success has been very limited so far.

After the death of the old Emperor William there was a belief that Bismarck would not retain his full influence with Frederick, the successor, whose inclinations were known to be toward a much more liberal policy. But Frederick's premature death brought disaster to the Prince from quite different causes. The present Emperor, quite as absolute as Bismarck's ideal required, did not see in Bismarck the safest, much less the sole, guide for the exercise of his power. He had ideas of his own, particularly with reference to winning the affection of the laboring classes and binding them to the throne, which the Prince could neither restrain, modify, nor tolerate. After the curious defeat of the government in the elections of February, 1890, Bismarck offered his resignation. Possibly to his surprise, and certainly to his deep chagrin, it was accepted as brusquely as it had been tendered. He retired to his estate at Varzin. He soon reentered public life as a member of the Reichstag, but his course was almost without influence upon the great empire he had, in one sense, created. It was one of peevish opposition, sometimes coming sadly near to being unpatriotic. He soon withdrew to private life almost wholly, and appeared to the world only as a bitter and spiteful, though still a strong old man.

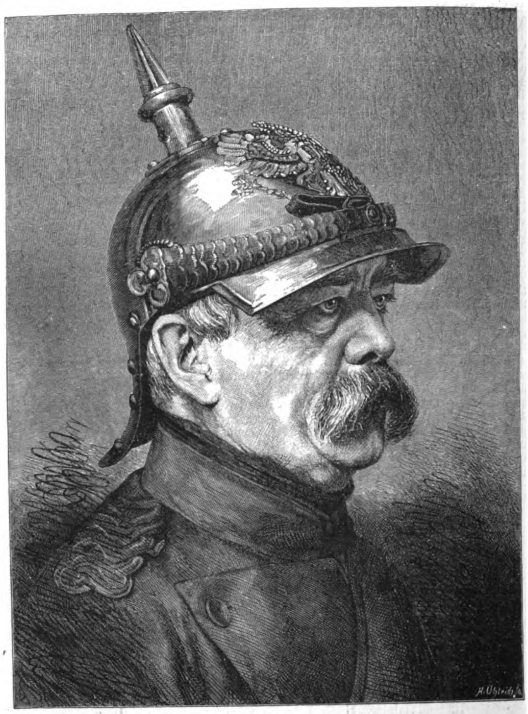
It is impossible to doubt that he will pass into history as by far the greatest of his class of public men in his time, or, with the exception of Napoleon, of the nineteenth century in Europe. His private life, the purity and tenderness of his family relations, his simple and unaffected piety, will always redeem in part what there was cruel and even monstrous in his public ideas and actions. His monument will be united Germany, but it is practically certain that the verdict of the future will be that he was unequal to guiding, in harmony with the tendencies of his age, the tremendous force that he had called into being, or, what is worse, to permitting the German nation to develop itself in harmony with those tendencies.

EDWARD CARY.

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BISMARCK IN 1847-8.



BISMARCK ABOUT 1876.



BISMARCK AS CHANCELLOR, 1878.



BISMARCK AS CHANCELLOR, 1884.



BISMARCK ABOUT 1880.
From the painting by Franz v. Lenbach, photographed by the Photographische Union, Munich.

BISMARCK IN PORTRAITURE.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

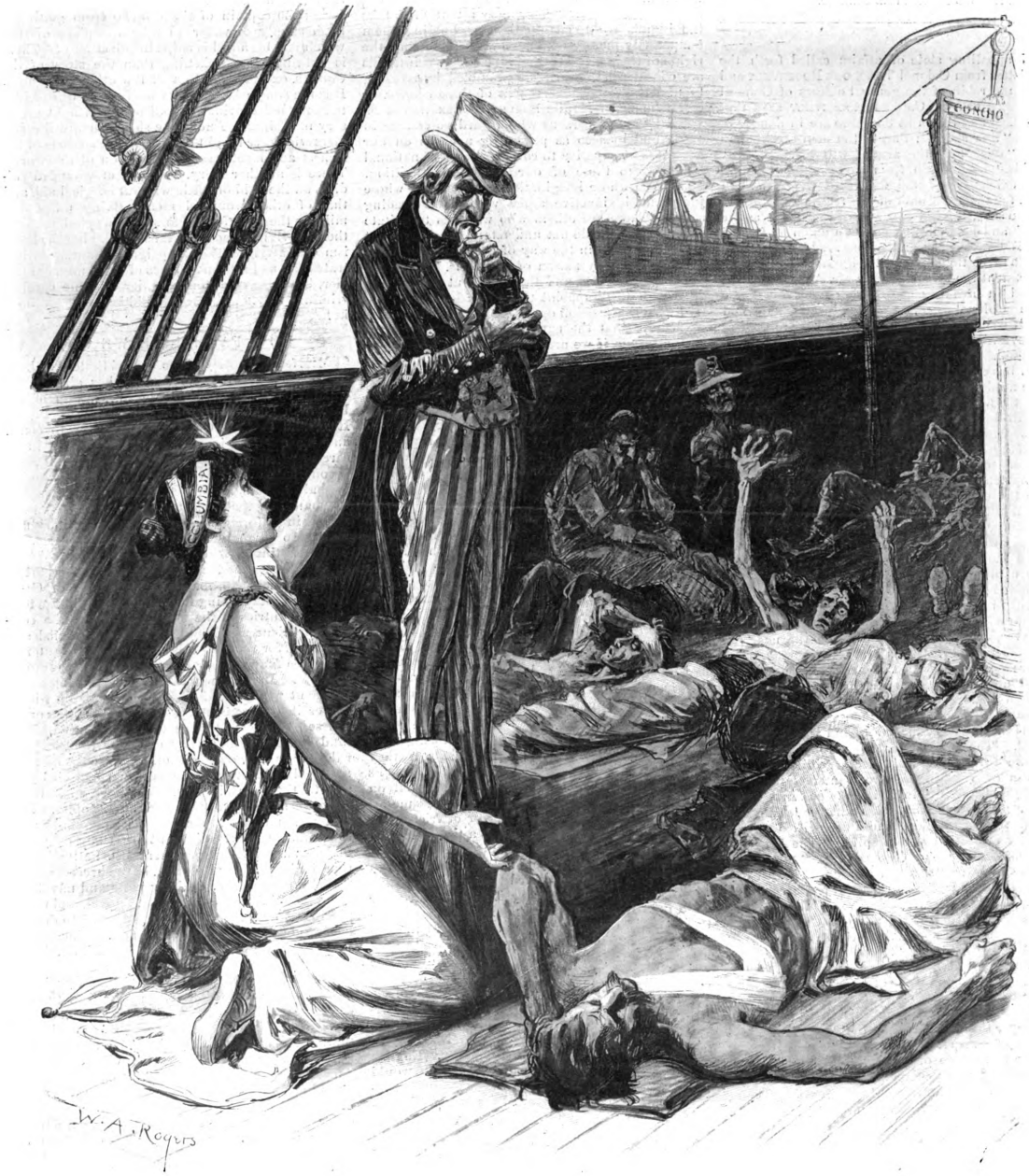
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLII.—No. 2173.


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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

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## WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

COLUMBIA TO UNCLE SAM: "THE GOVERNMENT MUST FIX THE RESPONSIBILITY, OR THE COUNTRY WILL."


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

*This Paper is the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents have followed the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere have been accurately portrayed.*

Messrs. RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM *and* T. DART WALKER *are at Puerto Rico,* Messrs. FRANK D. MILLET, JOHN F. BASS, *and* O. K. DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither, and* Mr. HAROLD MARTIN *is at Santiago.*


AN appalling state of affairs called forth the letter from Colonel THEODORE ROOSEVELT and the round robin of the general officers of General SHAFTER'S army. Colonel ROOSEVELT says that the officers and men at Santiago are in danger of dying "like sheep"; that if the men are kept in Cuba "over half the army" will die. "This," he adds, "means ruin, from the stand-point of military efficiency, of the flower of the American army, for the great bulk of the regulars are here." He also says, "Not ten per cent. are fit for active work," and he writes "to avert a doom as fearful as it is unnecessary and undeserved." This is a terrible revelation, and an arraignment of the War Department the force of which Mr. ALGER will not succeed in breaking by printing a private letter which Colonel ROOSEVELT naturally supposed he was writing to a gentleman, and by reproving ROOSEVELT'S pardonable enthusiasm for his own command. Mr. ALGER must remedy the wrong which has evidently resulted from his indifference to the needs of the brave men whose courage alone saved the honor of the nation, or he and his memory will be execrated by his countrymen to the end of time. Moreover, the President himself is in danger; and if he continues to stand by his Secretary of War, after the latter's carelessness and incompetence have been proved, he will have to share the odium. The round robin signed by the general officers of the regular army is an extraordinary document. Soldiers such as these men have shown themselves to be do not engage in such a movement unless they are driven to the verge of desperation. They say that "the army is disabled by malarial fever to the extent that its efficiency is destroyed, and that it is in a condition to be practically destroyed by an epidemic of yellow fever, which is sure to come in the near future." They add: "This army must be moved at once or perish. As this army can be safely moved now, the persons responsible for preventing such a move will be responsible for the unnecessary loss of many thousands of lives." Here is the situation succinctly and vigorously expressed. The soldiers that have fought our battles are threatened with death, while the authorities at Washington are contemplating the use of the transports in which the suffering men might be carried to Montauk Point for taking unneeded volunteer soldiers to Puerto Rico purely for the gratification of local pride. The War Department must bring General SHAFTER'S army home at once, and this can be done if it will display the energy which marked the preparation for the expedition. For every death resulting from unnecessary detention of the army in Cuba the Secretary of War is responsible.

MR. E. T. HOOLEY has failed as a company-promoter, but he has succeeded splendidly in shocking the British public into one of those fits of moral indignation whose periodic recurrence it regards as the proper thing. This time the shock is felt in a tender spot—respect for the peerage. Mr. HOOLEY saw the advantage of titled dignitaries as officers and directors of his companies, and in order to get them he had to pay for them. It was a costly bargain, and the cash details came out during Mr. HOOLEY'S examination as a bankrupt. Lord DELAWARR received $125,000; Lord ALBEMARLE, $62,500; Lord WINCHILSEA, $50,000; and other noblemen were paid smaller sums, the total expenditure amounting to more than half a million dollars. The disclosures will certainly not tend to strengthen British belief in the nobility as in any special sense the depository of honor, though cooler heads will reflect that such purchasable persons as DELAWARR and the rest are very poor representatives of the British peerage. An example of more shameless venality—in fact, of downright rascality—was given not long ago in the case of JABEZ BALFOUR, a middle-class company-promoter, and supposedly pious Non-conformist, who looked upon fashionable life as born of Satan, but who used his unctuous reputation to cheat the confiding poor without stint. The incident only confirms the familiar truth that roguery of this sort is found among all classes; but *noblesse oblige* will soon become an obsolete phrase if the HOOLEYS and their kind are able to continue such work. It should be added that one of the implicated peers has since denied that the money received was for influence, and asserts that it was for services rendered.

THE terms proposed by the President as a basis for peace negotiations are hard, but not harder than were to have been expected. The question of the Philippines has been left open, and we think this an error, at least in this, that the President should have renounced any intention to take the islands for the United States, holding them temporarily merely with a view of protecting the rights of their people. So far as our own interests are concerned, they will be promoted by refusing to undertake the government of these islands, or of Luzon or of Manila alone. Annexation is favored by a few persons who regard commerce in sugar and tobacco as possessing a claim on our government superior to considerations of national honor or to those of our republican tradition. Some men whose imagination is warm and whose judgment is inactive agree with these trading souls. There are others who want us to imitate Europe, but who do not understand precisely what Europe is doing in the way of colonizing, or what it is suffering by reason of its efforts. These are our annexationists, and the President would have done well to disappoint them in advance. Now he leaves the question open for politics; and while we believe that the expansionists will be beaten by the people, if we are to have a fair discussion, no one can predict wisdom on the part of the Senate. It is significant that the Indiana Republicans at their State convention last week did not demand territorial expansion. Spain is evidently ready to take our terms, whatever they are, because she must, and peace is assured. But peace may bring us heavier burdens than war, if we are unjust and ungenerous, or too greedy for our own welfare.

THERE is a growing instead of a decreasing or even halting interest in favor of a good and friendly understanding between Great Britain and the United States. In a large way this is as it should be, for not only are the interests of the two peoples much the same, notwithstanding their diametrically opposite commercial policies, but, what is greater still, their conception of the rights of the individual and of his liberty is the same. By all means the two nations should be friends, and the best way to promote such a friendship is to adopt a general policy of arbitration. It would do more for the advancement of Christianity in the world if Americans and Englishmen should agree never to fight each other without first submitting their difference to peaceful arbitration, than if they should agree to fight together against each other's enemies. The latter agreement may be well on occasion, but the first is good and wholesome all the time. We are now in a fervor of friendship, and so are the Englishmen. It is a time when we need to recover command of ourselves. It must be borne in mind that the English have a foreign policy which must be carried through, and which ought to be carried through with a much stronger hand than Lord SALISBURY'S. It is England's interest that we should acquire territory in the Pacific, because then we would probably have to fight her cause in China. Shall we take the Philippines, where expenses are bound to be out of proportion to revenue, and which will continue to be the home of alien and largely of savage peoples, in order that we may protect England in China against Russia and France and Germany? No English friend of ours thinks we ought. Many English friends of ours think that England herself would be better off if Russia or France or Germany, instead of the Chinese, controlled the lands now under the nominal sway of the Emperor.

WHO is responsible for the medical and sanitary conditions prevailing at Santiago de Cuba? The stories that come to us from the field of battle and from the transports coming North with the sick men of the army are heart-rending. We know that the lack of medical appliances, of medicines, of ordinary comforts, of doctors and nurses, was criminal. We know that if it had not been for the Red Cross Society, conditions would have been more murderous than they actually have been. But who is responsible? Whoever it may be, the severest punishment will be mild compared with the wrong which he has inflicted on our soldiers. At the very outset of the expedition from Tampa the wrong began. Whether sufficient medical supplies for the army were taken or not, not nearly enough reached the front. We are told that a sufficient supply was forwarded, and that a sufficient supply of good and nourishing food, including canned soups and fresh meat, was actually shipped on the transports to Santiago, but we know that the soldiers never had them. Who is to blame for this? Who is to blame for leaving needed supplies behind at Tampa? Who is to blame for not giving the soldiers what was actually on the transports at Siboney? Is it the Surgeon-General, or the Quartermaster-General, or the Commissary-General, or is it General SHAFTER? Who is responsible for the horrors of the transports that have brought back the stricken soldiers? Did General SHAFTER really forbid the captain of the *Concho* from getting a fresh supply of water to take the place of that which had been in his ship since last May? There is nothing more sickening than the story of the *Concho*, except it be that of the other transports. It is the story of men sick with fever, crowded into noisome holes, drinking foul water, without necessary medicines. And these sick men are the soldiers who have fought our battle, the soldiers of the richest and most resourceful nation of the world. There is another story, too, that of wounded soldiers on the field of battle without surgical aid, and that of other wounded men walking miles and miles to the rear for doctors and hospital, some of them surviving, and all of them displaying the heroism of martyrs. The campaign of Santiago illustrated the magnificent virtues of the American soldier, but it gave an opportunity to some careless criminal, to whom justice should be done. Who is he?

## HOW FAR SHALL WE GO?

THE foreign policy of the United States has been changed. Our government has already become a colonial power by the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, it is doomed to acquire Puerto Rico, and to hold Cuba for some time to come, and the question is whether it shall go on in its career; whether, to use the modern phrase, it shall become a "world power"—in other words, whether it shall imitate absolute powers like Russia and Germany, or that curious democracy of France, which, in its foreign policy and in its military system, is so much like an absolute power as to be hardly distinguishable from its neighbors. There is, be it understood, no disposition on the part of our politicians to follow the example of Great Britain in establishing free democracies in the temperate countries of the world. So far as the colonial experiences and policy of England furnish any precedent for the course in which we have entered, it is to be found in her rule of India and the crown colonies. In other words, we are beginning an experiment which has failed whenever or by whomsoever it has been undertaken. It is not true, of course, that we are to repeat the experience of England in this country, for we are not to attempt to rule our own people without their consent, or to monopolize their trade to our own expected gain and to their certain loss. We have undertaken the government of distant and alien peoples, whose customs, manners, morals, religion, habits of thought, are utterly different from our own. In undertaking similar experiments, the nations of Europe, including Great Britain, have succeeded in establishing expensive military posts and naval stations. Spain's experiment is at an end, and we are picking it up where she was compelled to drop it, having abundantly proved her wretched incapacity. That we shall give to all the old Spanish dominions which have come within our power a better government than Spain has given them goes without saying. It is impossible for an American to be so cruel and so oppressive as Spanish officials habitually are, and it would be equally impossible for the most dishonest of our politicians to be so rapacious as Spanish captain-generals have been. American government can never become so corrupt or so indifferent as to turn a plunderer like WEYLER, for example, into rich colonial pastures in order that he may satiate his ambition on the money that he may extort and steal from the subjects of his country. But we must nevertheless expect to be disgraced abroad by the politicians who will seek and obtain colonial offices, just as we are shamed by them at home—at least until, in the remote future, Congress shall yield to a public clamor that is sure to become violent before it attains its object, and shall establish a colonial service offering rewards to able and honorable men.

We are no longer at the parting of the ways.

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We have chosen our path, and we have only to decide how far we shall walk in it. We must govern Hawaii and Puerto Rico, and we must hold Cuba until its people establish a stable government. Shall we go on acquiring, or shall we stop with what we have until Congress has shown its capacity for colonial government—at least until it has established a system and enacted necessary laws? Our experience with Congressional government of the Territories and of Alaska does not encourage us to believe that this new experiment will be a brilliant political success, at least until we become more careful in our selection of Congressmen. Alaska, it must be remembered, was purchased more than thirty years ago. The power of Congress to govern it has never been questioned. Some of the newspapers have recently been expressing wonder and surprise at a decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in California, in which is set forth the liberal power of Congress over territories belonging to the United States. But the decision is merely a restatement of decisions of the Supreme Court, several of them as early as the chief-justiceship of MARSHALL. The truth is that the power of Congress over territory outside of the States is practically unlimited; but, so far as Alaska is concerned, it has been exercised so unintelligently and with such lack of diligence and interest that Alaska is still almost without government. The explanation of this is, of course, that Congressmen are too much devoted to the material and pecuniary interests of their districts and of influential private citizens to care for law and justice generally. If there is money for any one in proposed legislation for a distant colony, we may expect the enactment of a law; if the proposed legislation merely contemplates the welfare of the colonists, the establishment of a just and equitable rule over the subjects of the republic, we may expect to wait for many years before Congress will become sufficiently interested to consider the measure seriously and to establish the law. And even then the *personnel* of Congress must be greatly improved if our subjects are to have a competent and wise body of laws. At least our experience with Congress justifies us in expecting a halting, feeble, incomplete, and inefficient government of our colonies. The improvement that will take place in the government of Puerto Rico and of Cuba will be due to the superior character of the administration which the Spanish-ridden people will enjoy.

We start out in our colonizing career absolutely without experience, without a system, without the machinery necessary for colonial government, and with a Congress and under a condition of politics which suggest grave doubts of our ability to govern wisely. Already we are catching a glimpse of the future through Hawaii. The Americans who live there, many of whom were born there, are competent to carry on the government of the islands. However much we may dislike the manner in which Mr. DOLE came to the Presidency of the so-called republic, he is evidently a competent man, and he enjoys the confidence of the minority which has dominated the islands. But the moment annexation was assured, Mr. DOLE seems to have been dropped as a possible head of the local government, and politicians, notably Mr. HAROLD SEWELL, of Maine, began to pull wires for the first governorship. In other words, we are apparently about to apply the worst features of our politics to these distant lands, and the natives and residents of them are about to become dependent upon Congress for law and justice. In view of the history of the past, have we not enough material for the new experiment? Before taking on other territory, ought we not to insist that Congress shall learn its task of colonial government with what we already have on hand? Many years are to pass before that task is to be properly learned; much bitterness of conflict and vast expense are to be endured by our patient people before we shall be proud of our colonial governments. So much trouble is to be ours, we fear, that it is a matter for sincere rejoicing that we have for contemplation and remembrance the splendid examples of the essential virtues of American manhood given by the army and navy at the threshold of the test to which the American politician is to be put.

There are other considerations which may well give us pause. The question of expansion is no longer one of principle with us; it has become practical. Will it pay this country to take the Philippines, for example? We think not. Indeed, it is clear that many years must elapse before any of our colonies will begin to pay. We are in the position of one who has purchased a landed estate which must be developed before it will begin to make return of revenues. We must at once greatly increase our army and navy for the defence of the territories which we already possess. The necessary annual expenditures for our army are now in the neighborhood of $25,000,000. This does not take into account the cost of new fortifications. Our new acquisitions necessitate an expenditure for the army of at least $60,000,000 a year. If we take the Philippines, we shall be compelled, according to Admiral DEWEY'S estimate, to maintain a large force for their defence against the natives. Most of the islands really govern themselves. Their people are savages, who have never heard of Spain, much less of the United States. We should probably leave them in their present condition, undertaking only the government of Luzon and a few of the larger islands. But we would have to hold our possessions by force of arms. Are we willing to expend from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 a year for soldiers for the Philippines alone? Then we have the navy to consider. Not counting the cost of new ships, the maintenance of the navy costs the country about $20,000,000 a year. We shall be obliged to add, say, $10,000,000 to this for the defence of our new outposts. If we take the Philippines, our naval expenditure must be doubled. In other words, to the ordinary yearly expenses of the army and navy we have already added $45,000,000 at least; and the question is whether, for the sake of holding three or four of the Philippine Islands, governing an unwilling people, we shall take upon ourselves, in addition to our present expenditure, an annual burden of from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000, besides an annual expenditure of from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 for an indefinite number of years for the construction of new ships and new forts.

These are questions to be considered gravely and thoughtfully before we take on more territory than we have now acquired. For ourselves we believe that, so far from being of value to us, the Philippines will be a constant source of trouble, a constant threat of war—of war from which we will derive nothing that we cannot have now without war by the simple process of keeping on good terms with the powers among whom China is to be ultimately divided. But, moral and remote causes aside, ought we not, in common prudence, to refuse to undertake the government of the Philippines at a cost entirely out of proportion to their full value; and ought we not to be content with our present possessions until we learn how Congress is to carry on its task in Hawaii and Puerto Rico?

## BISMARCK AND GERMANY.

NOBODY will dispute that the Germans have a right to be proud of BISMARCK. He was so typical a German, and he avoided so many of the defects that commonly go with the German qualities. He was under no illusions, sentimental or otherwise, about the world he lived in. He knew the levers that move men, and he knew how to operate them. His direct, practical businesslike methods were rather English than German. Not since FREDERICK the Great has there appeared a German in high place who showed so perfect an adaptation of means to ends.

But it is necessary, in appraising his achievements, to consider the ends for which he wrought. To admire a display of force, as such and unreservedly, is to fall into a dangerous state of mind. BISMARCK-worship is such an unreserved admiration, just as NAPOLEON-worship was. We are at a distance from NAPOLEON, which enables us to appraise exactly his achievements. We see that "they have become void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level." Will it be different with those of the only other man of the nineteenth century who is worthy to be named with him as an example of sheer personal force?

Nobody has thought or will think of praising BISMARCK as a friend of humanity. He himself would have been the first to reject such a pretension. The epitaph he composed for his own tombstone shows in what light his life appeared to himself. He was a "faithful German." That he was a patriotic German, according to his lights, cannot be doubted. His life-long desire was that his Prussia should be aggrandized, and the great work of his life was the bringing of all Protestant Germany, including even some states which are not nominally Protestant, into one powerful confederation under the primacy of Prussia. His efforts were crowned with a great success. United Germany is his work. He was the only man who can be said to have been indispensable to its accomplishment. Even now, looking back over a generation, it is hard to see how the union could have been brought about if BISMARCK had not been. The dreams of the "ideologists" could not have been realized without this "business man." From his own point of view his success was unmixed. He found his country not higher than fifth in the list of European powers. It would be hard to find a "good German" who would admit that he has left her even the second.

This was not a success that came of any of the modern political forces that have come into the world. It was not the result of free discussion or of constitutional government. It was a success of "blood and iron." It was a success of diplomacy, too, in the Bismarckian sense. No statesman ever knew better how and when to appeal to the interests or even the sentiments of others, nor, when it suited him, to manage their susceptibilities. But in the last analysis German unity was achieved under BISMARCK by the same means by which the Prussian monarchy was built up under FREDERICK, by having not only the best-disciplined army, but the best-disciplined nation in Europe. The scattered principalities were welded into one powerful empire by the same means by which the great empires of history were established.

It was not to be supposed that a statesman whose method had achieved such a success would abandon it when the success had been achieved. And, in fact, the German Empire under BISMARCK followed the traditions of the Prussian monarchy. He could skilfully cajole the leaders of parliamentary opposition. But in the last resort he governed by force, which it never became necessary for him actually to use. The knowledge that he possessed it was enough both for him and for those who opposed him, and opposition was not carried beyond the danger-point. "The consent of the governed" was of no more necessity in BISMARCK'S scheme of politics than in Julius Cæsar's. Accordingly, paternalism took the place of individualism, and took the form of "state socialism." What in more modern communities are held to be the rights of the people came to them in BISMARCK'S Germany as "graces" from the throne. He was anxious to allay popular discontent in every way except the one needful way of admitting the right of the people to govern themselves. When it came to that, he always let it be understood that the army was at the door of the Reichstag. Accordingly, individualism was repressed; paternalism was substituted; and in respect to political civilization, the last state of the German people is worse than the first.

It was the irony of fate that BISMARCK himself should have perished at the hands of the monster which he had built up. There is a human pathos in his appeal to the constitution and to public opinion against the masterfulness of his young "master," but there is also a political retribution. The Kaiser treated this appeal, when it was made by BISMARCK, as BISMARCK had taught him to treat it—as BISMARCK himself had been accustomed to treat it when it was made by the representatives of the German people. The world at large is under no debt to BISMARCK. It is not better or freer or happier because he has lived in it. What even Germany owes to him it must be left for the future to determine, but it is already plain that against this debt there are heavy offsets and abatements.

In spite of the enormous space he filled in his own time, and of the enormous force he displayed, he can scarcely be ranked among the great men of the world. The measure of the greatness of these men was the extent of their "co-operation with the real tendency of the world." The measure of BISMARCK'S strength was the extent to which he succeeded in obstructing this tendency. The most powerful champion of reaction is not a great man. He is only a "big fellow."

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Thursday, July 28.*—Ponce, the largest city in Puerto Rico, surrendered to our navy and was occupied by our army. A despatch from Captain Higginson of the *Massachusetts* says that Commander Davis, with the *Dixie*, *Annapolis*, *Wasp*, and *Gloucester*, left the port of Guanica yesterday afternoon to blockade Ponce and capture lighters for the use of the army. Shortly after midnight the port and city of Ponce were "surrendered to Commander Davis upon demand." Provisional articles of surrender stipulated by the Spanish commander and accepted by Commander Davis were: 1. Garrison to be allowed to retire. 2. Civil government to remain in force. 3. Police and fire brigade to be maintained without arms. 4. Captain of the port not to be made a prisoner. This morning, at 6.40 o'clock, General Miles and General Wilson, with the *Massachusetts*, *Cincinnati*, and transports, arrived at Ponce from Guanica. Captured lighters were used in landing the army. The despatch concludes: "No resistance. Troops welcomed by inhabitants. Great enthusiasm. Captured 60 lighters, 20 sailing-vessels, and 120 tons of coal."

General Miles's account of the same occurrences was sent while General Wilson, with Ernst's brigade, was disembarking. "Spanish troops are retreating from southern part of Puerto Rico," he says. "Ponce and its port, having a population of fifty thousand, now under American flag. The populace received troops and saluted the flag with wild enthusiasm. . . . This is a prosperous and beautiful country. The army will soon be in mountain

(Continued on page 791.)

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CATHEDRAL, AND PLAZA DE ARMAS.



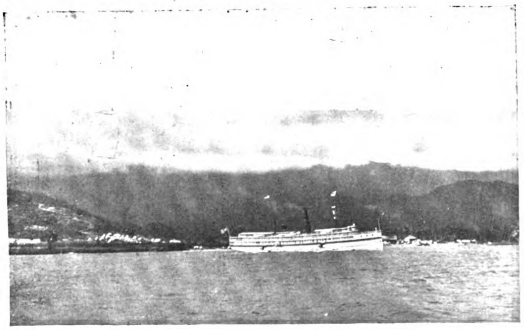
SAN CARLOS CLUB, PLAZA DE ARMAS.



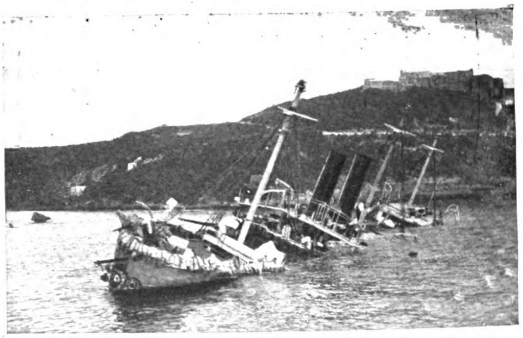
COLONEL J. J. ASTOR AT GATE OF PRISON.



REMOVING OUR SICK SOLDIERS FROM THE CITY



HOSPITAL-SHIP "RELIEF."



THE "REINA MERCEDES," SUNK IN THE HARBOR BY SAMPSON'S GUNS.



PARTY OF RED CROSS WORKERS.



HAVING BREAKFAST IN THE STREETS.

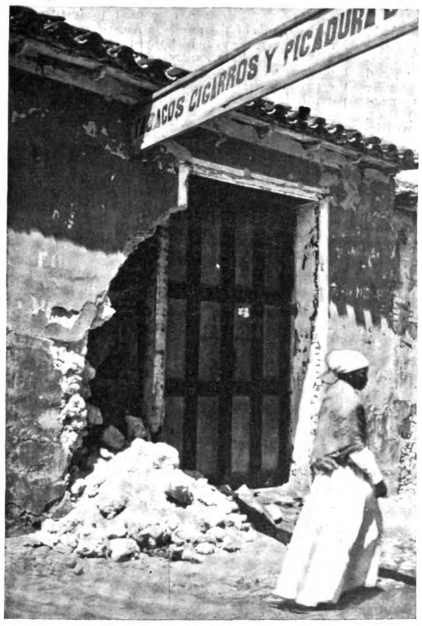
SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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THE AMERICAN FLAG FLYING OVER THE CASA MUNICIPAL AND GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.




WHERE AN AMERICAN SHELL STRUCK.



NATIVES WAITING IN LINE FOR UNCLE SAM'S RATIONS.




DISCUSSING THE SURRENDER ON A STREET CORNER.



SANTIAGO'S FILTHY STREETS.

SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

The Williamsport (Pennsylvania) *Index* having contrasted the "after-action prayer" of Captain Philip of the *Texas* with the "frequently quoted profanity" of Captain Evans of the *Iowa*, Captain Evans has made reply through the newspapers in a letter which is not to be read without emotion. He says that after the *Vizcaya* had struck her colors in the fight off Santiago the chaplain of the *Iowa* came to him and suggested saying "a few words of thanks to Almighty God for our victory." Captain Evans said, "By all means do so; I will have the men sent aft for that purpose"; but just then it was reported that a Spanish battle-ship was standing towards them from the eastward, so they immediately got ready to fight her, and by the time it was discovered that she was an Austrian the *Iowa* was surrounded by boats bringing dying and wounded prisoners from the *Vizcaya*, the relief of whom engrossed all attention. So, owing to the stress of circumstances, formal thanks were not returned. Nevertheless, says Captain Evans, "every drop of blood in my body on the afternoon of the 3d of July was singing thanks and praise to Almighty God for the victory we had won."

That Captain Evans has not been overmuch pleased to be contrasted as a profane officer with his God-fearing brother of the *Texas* appears in his remark that he, like the majority of the officers of the navy, had never thought it necessary to announce to his crew that he believed in Almighty God, but had considered that that "went without saying," though Captain Philip had a perfect right to make such formal acknowledgment if he chose. The impression made on a reader of the story of Captain Philip's pious acknowledgment is that his choice of the words he used was made under stress of strong emotion, and was due to a vivid sense of an escape almost miraculous from sudden death. It will be remembered that in the fight, within a very few minutes after Captain Philip and the officers with him left the bridge of the *Texas*, a shot came along and demolished the platform on which they had been standing. Their escape was either a marvellous piece of good luck or it was "providential." In view of it as something fresh in Captain Philip's mind, and of the further wonder that not a man on the *Texas* had been hurt, his solemn attestation of "belief in Almighty God" seems not at all unnatural. It may be doubted whether the somewhat profuse advertisement of the godliness of Captain Philip by his chaplain, Mr. Jones, has been of especial service to the captain. Most readers like the story of Captain Philip's "after-action prayer" better in the brief simplicity of its original narration than as garnished by Chaplain Jones's details and testimonials.

Our naval officers seem to be an unusually religious lot of men. Very likely the perils and vicissitudes of the sea are more potent to make men conscious of the presence of their Maker and of their dependence upon Him than the ordinary experiences of life ashore.



PRIVATE CHAS. D. JACOB, JR.,
Troop G, 1st U. S. Cavalry. Killed at Santiago, July 1, while endeavoring to save his Sergeant.

As for the "cuss-words" which Captain Evans is credited with using sometimes, that is largely a joke. If on occasion he buttresses his language with expletives, that is a matter of superficial importance, with some bearing perhaps on temperament, but very little on character or piety. Some very pious men swear sometimes. There was Andrew Jackson; and George Washington is confidently stated to have damned General Lee. Is it not recorded that the Duke of Wellington sometimes used words of not very carefully modulated commination? Yet the great duke's piety appears in the story that when in church he came to that place in the Psalter where the text runs "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle," he always read that verse aloud, though it is an odd-numbered verse, and so one of those allotted to the priest and not to the congregation.

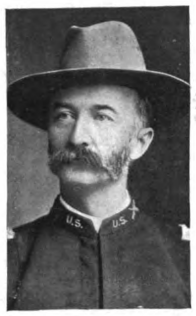
Evidences of a disposition to trace the hand of Providence in our war are not far to seek. Our naval victories, with their exceedingly small attendant loss of life to us, are pretty generally held to border on the miraculous, and so they do, though readers of history are aware that they are not the first sea-fights in which the side that warred with Spain got off with wonderfully small loss.

In the recently published *Life of Lord Cochrane* there are stories of sea fights against amazing odds, or where extraordinary risks were taken, with resulting victories that compare for thoroughness and for small losses to the victors with our battles of Manila and Santiago. Doubtless, however, the Almighty fought with Cochrane also. The cause then was the same as now, the cause of Spanish colonists—Chilians and other South Americans—against Spain.

Dr. R. S. McArthur, of New York, in a recent sermon in Tremont Temple, Boston, found it notable not only that the Lord was conspicuously on our side, but that so many pious men were fighting our battles. "Dewey and Sampson are Christians," he is reported to have said, "and Gomez and Miles are also, and Baptists at that." That is interesting, if not certainly conclusive. If Gomez is a Baptist, one would like to know how it happened; but, anyway, Spain had better be in haste to make peace. The fact that Admiral Cervera and the officers with him go regularly to church on Sundays at Annapolis should not weigh to the contrary.



1st LIEUT. WILLIAM H. SMITH,
10th U. S. Cavalry.



CAPT. CHARLES W. ROWELL,
2d U. S. Infantry.



LIEUT. L. H. LEWIS,
9th U. S. Infantry.

U. S. ARMY OFFICERS KILLED AT SANTIAGO.

Mills Hotel No. 1, on Bleecker Street, in New York, which was opened last November, has proved so successful that Mills Hotel No. 2 has since been built, on the corner of Rivington and Chrystie streets, and was opened last week. It has room for 600 lodgers, being smaller than No. 1, which has room for 1154. In arrangement No. 2 differs from No. 1 in having baths on every floor, instead of in the basement only. This change will increase considerably the comfort of its patrons. Both hotels are open to all respectable men who have twenty cents.

Mr. Mills contended the other day that the assessed valuation of Hotel No. 1 should be low, because the property made only a small return on the money invested. The inference is reasonable that the success of Hotel No. 1 consists in its large patronage and in its usefulness to the public, rather than in remunerativeness to its owner.

General Linares's cablegram sent on July 12 from Santiago to Madrid, explaining the necessity of surrender, shows a noble spirit which is appreciated abroad if not at home. After setting forth the condition of affairs and the utter hopelessness of continuing the defence of a city whose people had deserted it and were being fed by the enemy, he says that if the defence must go on, for reasons of which he is ignorant, or that if some one must assume the responsibility of surrender, "I faithfully offer myself on the altars of my country for the one, and for the other I will retain the command for the purpose of signing the surrender, for my modest reputation is of little value as compared with the country's interests."

Much interest will be felt in this country in the reception the beaten Spanish officers and soldiers meet with on their return home. It has been reported that Admiral Cervera would not go back at all, but that is very unlikely. General Linares will go home very shortly with his troops, and we shall know more about Spain when we learn how he fares.

Something seems to have happened to the Brooklyn Bridge; nothing serious, apparently, but enough, perhaps, to make the ferry-boats popular for a week or two among hypercautious persons. On Friday evening, July 29, a dead horse caused a block of trolley-cars on the bridge, when suddenly there was a noise like a pistol-shot near the Brooklyn tower, and many persons seem to have received the impression that the bridge sagged several inches. It takes an expert to understand what really happened; but the explanation given is that one of the steel trusses, described by friends of the patient as "a bottom chord," buckled or twisted about 200 feet west of the Brooklyn tower on the south roadway. The bridge doctors say that the strength of the bridge is not affected. Responsibility for the occurrence is distributed between the trolley companies and the protracted hot weather. The heat has made the cables stretch to an unusual extent. The trolley companies are said to have violated the bridge rules in allowing their cars to run too close together, thereby putting too many cars on the bridge at once.

The Rev. P. F. Jernegan's scheme for getting the gold out of sea-water seems to have been as ingenious a plan for demonstrating the truth of Solomon's observation about the alacrity with which certain persons part with their money as has been matured in many a moon. The story in brief, as it has been coming out in the newspapers, is that Jernegan, being without occupation, and having leisure to improve his mind, learned that there was gold in sea-water, and resolved to get some of it out. After sundry apparently successful experiments before witnesses, he started works on the coast of Maine, where ocean water is cheap, good, and plentiful, and proceeded to ship to Boston gold bricks ostensibly derived by his process from the ocean. On the strength of these periodical bricks he sold stock profusely in his company, receiving money therefor, which he turned into government bonds and other valuables. Then suddenly he went to France, leaving no address behind. His "secret process" is stated to have been that he "salted" the ocean by employing a diver to place gold dissolved in mercury in a box which he used to let down into the ocean, duly baited to catch the riches of the deep. His adventure is understood to have profited him several hundred thousand dollars, though doubtless the end of his story will give further illustrations of the wisdom of Solomon which will be less to his advantage. It was Stevenson (not Solomon) who said, "Fools and knaves both come to grief in time, but the fools first."

The report that James Whitcomb Riley is writing comic opera, with Paul Lawrence Dunbar as his accomplice, is denied, assurance being given that Mr. Riley is busy this summer, as usual, in the production of the general-use verses, which continue to be in brisk demand by American readers.

Mr. Wilbur T. Crofts writes from Washington to the Weekly to say that the statement that the *Kentucky* was the first American battle-ship to be christened with water is erroneous. "The two most famous ships of our navy, the *Constitution* and the *Hartford*, were so christened," says Mr. Crofts, "and yet the superstition about luck and wine lives."

Mr. Crofts will find himself in trouble if he talks about "christening" battle-ships, whether with water or wine. The use of that word in association with ships is warmly resented by a good many persons, who have persuaded themselves that it is blasphemous.

Comment was made in the Weekly of July 16 on a report that the principal of the Boys' High-School in Reading, Pennsylvania, had refused to sign the diploma of a lad whose graduating essay had contained a criticism on the means now generally used to instil patriotism into the minds of the pupils in American public schools. Mr. Scheibner, the principal, says that the report was inaccurate in several particulars, and that his refusal to sign the young man's diploma "was in no way connected with the paper referred to, but was officially known." Apparently it was officially approved also.

This has been a great month for Constructor Hobson. He had to come home on official business to plan for raising the sunken Spanish war-ships, and though he has gone about that business with devoted diligence he has not been able to avoid a great deal of miscellaneous "recognition." He must have found this a trying country for a modest man, but, after all, he couldn't hide for the rest of his days, and as his fellow-Americans had accounts to settle with him, the settlement might as well come first as last. The culmination of his embarrassments came on the evening of August 4, in New York, when, with the consent of Secretary Long, he presided at the public meeting held under the auspices of the New York Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Protective Association. The object of the meeting was to raise funds for the relief of the families of soldiers and sailors who have gone to the war from the city of New York. The means used to raise the money was to put Lieutenant Hobson on exhibition as presiding officer, to have speeches made by him and other eminent gentlemen, and to charge from fifty cents to a dollar for admission. The meeting was highly successful. Lieutenant Hobson told beautiful stories about the Jackies, and told them very, very well. He was cheered, praised, and admired; some thousands of enthusiastic citizens can now boast that they have seen him and heard him talk, and a fund for an eminently worthy and patriotic purpose has been increased by thirty-five hundred dollars.

Governor Myron H. McCord, whose portrait is here given, has resigned the governorship of Arizona to accept the colonelcy of the Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory volunteer regiment. As member of Congress from Wisconsin he supported William McKinley for Speaker. Mr. McKinley, being presently appointed chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, got up the tariff bill which made for him the reputation which afterwards put him into a position to remember his friends. Mr. McCord, being appointed Governor of Arizona, endeared himself to his party by accepting the resignations of all Democratic officers and putting Republicans in their places. It does not appear that Colonel McCord has had any military experience; but Captain D. D. Mitchell, of the Fifteenth Infantry, is a major of his regiment, and may become its lieutenant-colonel.



MYRON H. McCORD,
Who resigned the Governorship of Arizona to accept the Colonelcy of a Volunteer Regiment.

So far as is generally known, Mark Twain has not expressed his views about the war, but his sentiments on one of its results are set forth in a letter written from Kaltenleutgeben, near Vienna, to the United States consul at

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Leipsic, declining an invitation to be present at the Fourth of July celebration of the Americans in Leipsic.

Ordinarily [he writes] I would not care, but I must care this time, for this is not an ordinary Fourth. On the contrary, it is a memorable one—the most memorable which the flag has known in thirty-three years—and there have been but two before it which may claim to rank with it as happy epoch posts in the history of the republic—1865 and 1776. This one marks the burial of the estrangement which has existed so long and so perniciously between England and America, a welcome condition of things, which, if wisely nursed and made permanent, can be of inestimable value to both nations, and incidentally to the world.

In reverence for liberty, in humanitarian and civilizing impulses, and in other great things of the heart and the spirit the two nations are kindred, as well as in blood, and friendly relations between them mean the forward march of the human race. That old animosity is buried. Let us hope it will stay buried, and also hope that for centuries to come this august funeral will still continue to be celebrated at our Fourth, and that meantime any man who tries to dig up that corpse will promptly be put in condition to take its place.

That is how it strikes a good American and discerning citizen living temporarily in Europe, but hoping to get back in due time to Hartford, Connecticut. From what he does not say about the war with Spain the inference may be drawn that it seems to him worth its cost if only for its result in bringing Britain and America together.

Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, died on July 29 at the country house of Mrs. Hearst, near San Francisco. He had gone there to rest and recruit his strength. His death, from an affection of the heart, was sudden and unexpected.

If there was a real foundation to the theory that Philadelphia is a languid city, we might well expect that the loss of such a man as Dr. Pepper would bring it to something like a standstill. He was born in 1843, and was consequently only fifty-five years old; but the record of the work he accomplished in thirty-five years of active life is extraordinary. His father, William Pepper, was a noted physician, and doubtless gave his son an excellent start. The son graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1862, and from its medical department in 1864. At twenty-five he became a lecturer in the university, in the medical department of which he continued to hold important appointments and professorships until, in 1881, he was elected provost of the university. Under his administration, which lasted thirteen years, the University of Pennsylvania saw the number of its students increase from 981 to 2180. Eight new departments were added to it, and the value of its property and endowments more than tripled. Dr. Pepper himself gave $30,000 to help on the extension of the course of study in the medical school from three years to four.

Besides what he did for the university, he practised medicine with such success that his services were in active request as a consulting physician. He wrote or edited several medical works of value, and many shorter papers. He served as medical director of the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and was a leader in establishing the Philadelphia Museum of Science and Art and the Free Library of Philadelphia.

His economy of time is said to have been extraordinary, and, unlike most men, he was able to use all the time he saved, for there seemed no limit to his energy. The Philadelphia *Ledger* says he used to work eighteen hours a day, taking meals at irregular intervals, and sleeping when he found leisure. The effect of saving time by skimping his meals and going without due sleep seems to have been that he was worked out twenty years before his time. Only a very industrious man can make enough of odd moments borrowed from meal-time and sleep to make up for twenty years cut off from the end of life.

E. S. MARTIN.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 787.*)

region; weather delightful; troops in best of health and spirits; anticipate no insurmountable obstacle in the future. *Results thus far have been accomplished without the loss of a single life.*"

(In an engagement on the skirmish-line last Tuesday four Americans were wounded. The Spanish losses during the week are not exactly known, but it is believed and hoped they do not exceed a score.)

A later despatch from General Miles: "The Spanish retreat was precipitate, they leaving rifles and ammunition in barracks and forty or fifty sick in hospital. The people are enjoying a holiday in honor of our arrival." It is known that the garrison, numbering only about three hundred and fifty, and utterly without support from the citizens, were seized with panic; and their retreat was not merely precipitate, but uncommonly ludicrous, adding a dash of the burlesque to the most amiable capitulation that ever took place.

General Miles's proclamation to the Portorriqueños, issued at ten o'clock this morning, promised the largest measure of liberty consistent with a military occupation; protection of persons and of property; prosperity under American institutions and government; and maintenance of existing laws and customs that may "conform to the rules of the military administration, order, and justice." The inhabitants of the island are released from their former political relations, "and it is hoped this will be followed by the cheerful acceptance of the government of the United States." General Wilson will act for the present as military governor of the Ponce district.

*Friday, July 29.*—General Shafter's message to Secretary Alger to-day is an interesting item, for it makes Garcia's withdrawal somewhat easier to understand: "The trouble with General Garcia was that he expected to be placed in command at this place—in other words, that we would turn the city over to him. I explained to him fully that we were at war with Spain, and that the question of Cuban independence could not be considered by me. Another grievance was that, finding that several thousand men marched in without opposition from General Garcia, I extended my own lines in front of him and closed up the gap, as I saw that I had to depend on my own men for any effective investment of the place."

Jibara, on the northern coast of Cuba, in the portion of the province of Santiago not ceded by General Toral, is now held by our navy. The gunboat *Nashville* entered the harbor, and found a force of Cubans in possession, the Spanish garrison having retreated to Holguin.

*Saturday, July 30.*—General Merritt, commander-in-chief of the expedition to the Philippines, cabled (Cavité, July 25, *viâ* Hong-kong, July 30) that he arrived at Manila last Monday on the *Newport*, and that the other transports were about four days in the rear. "All troops assigned to me," he concludes, "will probably be needed."

The negotiations for peace now in progress at Washington give especial prominence to the Philippines, with all the world more or less expectant of our government's decision in regard to them. The French ambassador, M. Cambon, representing Spain in these negotiations, spent several hours at the White House this afternoon, and received a reply to the Spanish overtures which were mentioned in this Diary last Tuesday. The precise terms of the administration's note have not been made public.

## A PRAYER.

And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.—PSALM XLV.

ALMIGHTY God! eternal source
Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,
On reeling deck or stricken field;
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might;
Oh, give us, more than strength and skill,
The calmness born of sense of right,
Heroic competence of will
To keep the awful tryst with death,
To know Thee in the cannon's breath.

By Thee was given the thought that bowed
All hearts upon the victor deck,
When high above the battle's shroud
The white flag fluttered o'er the wreck,
And Thine the hand that checked the cheer
In that wild hour of death and fear.

O Lord of love! be Thine the grace
To teach, amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humbled race,
Some thought of those in lands afar,
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school
Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule,
And stay us with Thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We in Thy watchful eyes exceed,—

That, in the days to come, O Lord!
When we ourselves have passed away,
And all are gone who drew the sword,
The children of our breed may say,
These were our sires who, doubly great,
Could strike yet spare the fallen state.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

*Sunday July 31.*—A message of this date from General Miles, at Ponce, says that Spanish volunteers are surrendering themselves, with arms and ammunition; that four-fifths of the people are overjoyed at the arrival of our army, and two thousand from one place have volunteered to serve with it. The Portorriqueños are furnishing supplies and means of transportation, the custom-house has already yielded $14,000, and there is a request for flags, to be given to the different municipalities.

The official report of the military operations around Santiago made to Secretary Alger by Inspector-General Breckinridge comments upon "the entire absence of the usual comforts and conveniences of even the simplest army life during the whole of the expedition, and sometimes of medical essentials even in the hour of utmost need."... The Inspector-General's observations on the Cuban soldiers and the aid they have rendered are judicial. They were of "undoubted assistance" at certain times and in their own peculiar fashion, but they require constant supervision and direction. "In every skirmish or fight where they were present they seemed to have a fair proportion of killed and wounded." The critical moment in the campaign, when the uncharacteristic suggestion was made that our army should retreat, is thus referred to: "Doubtless, through telegrams and otherwise, there have been sufficient indications of the intense strain in the whole military situation on the field of operations which led to the consultation at the El Pozo house the night of July 2, and some of the general officers favored a retrograde movement during the day or two prior to our intrenchment taking shape and the armistice being agreed upon."

*Monday, August 1.*—The first of the transports of the Spanish steamship company which has the contract for conveying the surrendered troops from Santiago to ports in the northwest of Spain is expected to reach Santiago next week.

The Spanish cabinet met to frame a reply to the note of our administration in relation to the peace proposals.

Admiral Dewey has received information from Manila that the city will surrender when called on to do so; General Merritt advises our administration that he requires more men. The explanation of these two apparently conflicting statements is found in the defiant attitude of Aguinaldo, insurgent leader and dictator of the Philippines. Fearing annexation, he openly opposes the Americans, and his followers make no secret of their intention to kill every Spaniard who falls into their hands. It is evident, therefore, that a strong force will be needed, whether the garrison of Manila surrenders or not, and whatever the terms of peace may be; for no terms that Spain can make will bind Aguinaldo.

The total number of men for General Miles in the various detachments of the expedition to Puerto Rico (including those that await transports at Tampa and Newport News) is about 30,000. To these about 20,000 may be added, as appears from a despatch sent by Adjutant-General Corbin to Major-General Wade. Eighteen regiments of volunteer troops will be designated for (possible) service in Puerto Rico under General Wade, and, it is said, "these regiments will be selected on a basis such that each State heretofore unrepresented at the front shall now have representation."

*Tuesday, August 2.*—The publication of an outline of our terms of peace is authorized in this official statement

In order to remove any misapprehension in regard to the negotiations as to peace between the United States and Spain, it is deemed proper to say that the terms offered by the United States to Spain in the note handed to the French ambassador on Saturday last are in substance as follows:

The President does not now put forward any claim for pecuniary indemnity, but requires the relinquishment of all claim of sovereignty over, or title to, the island of Cuba, as well as the immediate evacuation by Spain of the island; the cession to the United States and immediate evacuation of Puerto Rico and other islands under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies; and the like cession of an island in the Ladrones. The United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines.

If these terms are accepted by Spain in their entirety, it is stated that commissioners will be named by the United States to meet commissioners on the part of Spain for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace on the basis above indicated.

General Merritt has requested the War Department to increase his command to 50,000 men. The troops at present with him at Manila, those on the way, and those destined to form the next expedition from San Francisco number, all told, about 20,000; it is evident therefore that Aguinaldo's successes, or his arrogance, or both together, have more than doubled the difficulties of the situation.

And General Merritt is not alone in his mistrust of the Philippine insurgents. From Manila to Rome, from the papal authorities to the apostolic legation at Washington, from the apostolic legation to the departments of our government, whose arms reach half-way around the earth—by this course the news comes that Aguinaldo's motley following—his men of Luzon, men from Batanga, men from Babuyan—threaten to kill the bishop and clergy at Cavité. The interposition of our government has been requested, and suitable instructions have been sent to General Merritt and Admiral Dewey.

*Wednesday, August 3.*—The Secretary of War made an official statement concerning the "unfortunate occurrences" on the *Seneca* and (more recently) the *Concho* that brought home sick and wounded soldiers from Santiago. On both vessels the suffering was augmented by a lack of proper accommodations, medicines, and supplies. Secretary Alger blames nobody, but offers an explanation of the "unforeseen circumstances" that hampered the authorities at Santiago, who "have done the best they could." The superlative of good seems to have a somewhat different meaning when we say the soldiers got their wounds when "doing the best *they* could."

At a conference this afternoon, in which President McKinley, M. Cambon (representing Spain), and Secretary Day participated, details of the American note relating to conditions of peace were discussed.

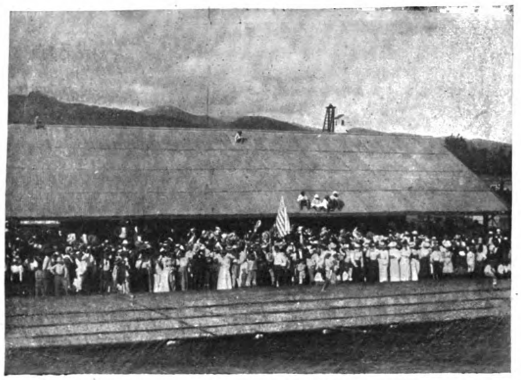
A landing of American troops under General Brooke was made at Arroyo, on the southeastern coast of Puerto Rico.

At Santiago de Cuba, General Shafter's officers united in a round robin, the gist of which lies in the following sentences: "We, the undersigned officers, commanding the various brigades, divisions, etc., of the army of occupation in Cuba, are of the unanimous opinion that this army should be at once taken out of the island of Cuba and sent to some point on the Northern sea-coast of the United States.... This army must be moved at once, or perish." A letter from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to General Shafter explains the situation. "All of us are certain," writes Colonel Roosevelt, "as soon as the authorities at Washington fully appreciate the conditions of the army, to be sent home. If we are kept here it will, in all human probability, mean an appalling disaster, for the surgeons here estimate that over half the army, if kept here during the sickly season, will die."

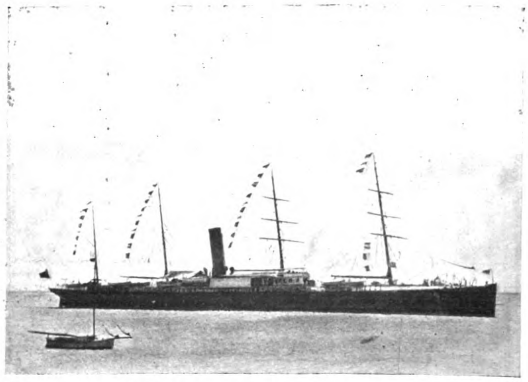
*Thursday, August 4.*—The Secretary of War has ordered General Shafter's troops relieved from further duty in Santiago as fast as transportation can be provided and the transfer of Spanish prisoners will admit of reduction of the garrison.

MARRION WILCOX.

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CROWDS ON THE WHARF AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF S.S. "COPTIC."



THE "COPTIC" ENTERING THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU FLYING THE SIGNAL, "HAWAII IS ANNEXED."



CHEERING IN FRONT OF THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, HONOLULU.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph.

HAWAII RECEIVES THE NEWS OF ANNEXATION.—[See Page 804.]

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# BISMARCK IN CARICATURE.

AGGRESSIVE caricature, tempered by not too lenient press laws of its subject's own making, was the initial element of publicity that presented Bismarck to the world at large in his character as a statesman, with all his faults and some of his great qualities exaggerated. More than his much-admired and much-criticised attitude in questions of public moment, and his great labors for the public good, did the comic press contribute to his ever-growing reputation.



1849—A FOLLOWER OF PETER THE HERMIT.



1853—BISMARCK RECEIVING THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS.

For forty-one years had this great man flourished in journalistic caricature, and when, in the spring of 1890, he returned the salient feature of most of his comic portraits, the three hairs, to their inventor, he did so with a heavy heart and a head bowed by grief—grief over the future of his great German father-land, which was newly created by him.

The first notice by the comic papers enjoyed by Bismarck occurred away back in 1849, when a Berlin weekly, as will be seen by the accompanying sketch, pictured him as one of the followers of Peter the Hermit, here impersonated by the reactionary Minister of State von Gerlach, who sits astride of a mule, raises a cross in one hand, is flanked on one side by his adherent, the much-despised Parliamentarian Stahl, in the garb of a Jesuit, and on the other side by Bismarck clothed in crab-shaped armor, intended to signify his reactionary tendencies. In his right hand Bismarck holds a formidable knout, symbolizing his Russian sympathies, and in his left hand his family tree, of which he was always very proud. The reason for introducing Bismarck in this cartoon was a speech he delivered on October 24, 1849, in which he made a strong plea for the aristocracy; as it was von Gerlach's highest ambition to gather in supporters to sustain the rights of the throne and church, the cartoonist evidently considered Bismarck his right-hand man. The *Kreuz Zeitung* party (Bismarck at that time was part owner of the paper) is represented in the background by the figure of Don Quixote.

Was it that this cartoon wounded Bismarck's feelings, or did he act on general principles? At any rate, the "coming man" thought it desirable that the freedom of the German press should be further curtailed, and to this end advocated a law which the editors throughout the country considered to be harassing and arbitrary. This was an excellent opportunity for the cartoonist, and the only illustration that is accessible, reflecting upon Bismarck in 1853, shows him, as Plenipotentiary of Prussia to the German Federal Council, receiving a committee of prominent editors, who are demanding from him permission to tell the truth.

In 1862, while Bismarck was Prussian Ambassador to Paris, the cartoonists were unusually busy, and almost every issue of the comic papers contains some allusion to him and his associations with Louis Napoleon. The first cartoon of this year represents a scene from "Faust," in which Louis Napoleon plays the part of *Mephistopheles*, who has hypnotized Bismarck, while he arranges an alliance between Prussia, Russia, and France, which just then was being much discussed. The *Journal des Débats* masquerades as a siren, for the reason that at the time of Bismarck's appointment that paper published a complimentary biography of him, and in many ways evidenced its friendly feelings.

Later in 1862, when Bismarck took leave of France to enter the ministry of King William I., the papers noticed his leave-taking, and perpetuated the parting scene that was supposed to have taken place between himself and the Emperor. In this scene the Emperor is made to say to the departing diplomat, "Show that one can learn something from me," at the same time pointing toward the French throne, which is inscribed, "Instituted on the 2d of December."



1862—BISMARCK (*FAUST*) HYPNOTIZED BY LOUIS NAPOLEON (*MEPHISTO*).



1862—TAKING LEAVE OF THE FRENCH COURT.

Still later in 1862, and after Bismarck had become a recognized factor in the Prussian government, the papers further utilized his supposed friendship with Napoleon as a subject of illustration. By this time he had identified himself even more strongly than before with the policy of absolutism; and as Napoleon was regarded as the standard-bearer of that same principle, Bismarck, in this cartoon, is pictured between the Emperor and the reactionary minister von Manteuffel at the moment of being introduced into the happy hunting-grounds of "pleasing absolutism."

Suggestive of the results that would follow to the loyal citizens, a Russian knout is conspicuously suspended over the portal. To denote the martial character of Bismarck, his head is provided with a Pickelhaube, or spiked helmet, while the spirit of the pietist Hassenpflug, who had made himself conspicuous by his alleged willingness to reform the world, floats away in the background with his hands in the attitude of prayer.

While President of the Ministry, in 1862, Bismarck made no concealment of his indifference to and disregard for the Prussian constitution, which document the cartoonist has placed in his hand in the next sketch, with that portion of it exposed which begins with the words, "The Chamber has the Right—," while Bismarck interjects the remark, "I cannot govern with such a thing as that hanging over me."

During the year 1862 Bismarck continued his repressive measures towards the press, and many objectionable journals were either confiscated or forced to appear with portions of their contents blotted out. Among the retaliatory methods adopted by the persecuted papers was a cartoon showing on a stormy sea a small craft manned by the editors of the three leading comic papers, who are striving their utmost to live through the high sea of official persecution. At the right is the alert police, with hands extended ready to seize the offenders, and at the left the phlegmatic and stupid Law. High above in the gloomy heavens appears Bismarck, shorn of its three hairs, threatening utter annihilation to the occupants of the boat.

It was some considerable time after the appearance of this cartoon that the famous three hairs which have always been associated with caricatures of Bismarck appeared. The small cut showing Bismarck with his left hand raised and his first finger and thumb extended, though a rather insignificant sketch, has now become famous, for the reason that it was the first to bring the three hairs into prominence, and to make them a characteristic of the man.

During the first month of 1863, after Bismarck had shown his disposition to do without the advice and aid of the Diet, he was pictured as a sign-post, his extended arm pointing straight ahead, while he encouraged the members of Parliament to go home, as he had no further use for them.

Again in 1863, after Bismarck had expressed his contempt for the Parliamentary opposition in every possible way, he was shown in three individual sketches in various attitudes of indicating that contempt while his opponents were presenting their views in the Diet.



1862—ENTERING THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS OF ABSOLUTISM.



1862—SPURNING THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION.



1862—JOURNALISTS IN THE SEA OF OFFICIAL DISPLEASURE.

In 1864 the Danish question was interesting Europe, and England was particularly concerned in the matter because of the close relationship between Queen Victoria, King Christian of Denmark, and the rest of the Schleswig-Holstein family, and it was considered a good stroke of business for the London *Times* to send de Blowitz to Berlin to interview Bismarck on the subject. This gave the papers an opportunity to caricature the two men; but of the many sketches produced, the accompanying series of six were the best. Bismarck at first was somewhat unwilling to discuss business of state with the correspondent, but the well-known insinuating manner and language of de Blowitz



1863—FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE FAMOUS THREE HAIRS.



1863—SHOWING CONTEMPT FOR THE OPPOSITION IN THE DIET.



1863—"NACH HAUSE"—"GO HOME."

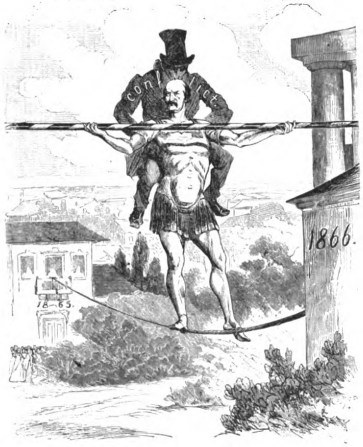
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1864—BISMARCK AND DE BLOWITZ DISCUSSING SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.




1865—THE PASS IN THE ALPS.




1865—THE GERMAN BLONDIN.



1865—CORRALLING THE OYSTERS (SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN) AND HOLDING ON TO THE (RHINE) WINE.

soon overcame his objection, and the two gentlemen are shown in the various stages of their confidences and the amiable manner in which they parted.

Nothing more seems to have occurred during that year to excite the attention of the satirists, but early in 1865 is found the rather pretentious representation of a pass in the Alps, over which two riders are approaching in opposite directions. The man upon the mule at the left is supposed to represent the majority in the Diet that opposed with stubbornness the contemplated army reform, demanding frequent debate on the question. He looks no further ahead than the limits of the constitution, which he holds in his hand. The figure upon the other mule is Bismarck, who had shown the same determination to win his point that the others had to adhere to the *status quo*. The relative positions of the representatives of the two principles are cleverly indicated by the attitude of the mules, between whom a collision seems inevitable. Bismarck is shown to an advantage in this sketch, for while he carefully studies the plans for army reorganization, he holds his head high, indicating that he is looking ahead of and beyond questions of the moment; he sits firmly in his saddle.

It will be remembered that in the year 1865 the Prussian Diet refused *in toto* the appropriations for government expenses demanded by Bismarck, and that the latter settled the matter by using the national funds for the purpose he desired, entirely ignoring the Budget question. How he was to extricate himself from the complications his independent action would entail was a question the papers could not determine, and so they pictured him as an acrobat, endeavoring to keep his balance upon a slack wire extending from 1865 to 1866. This German Blondin is, moreover, weighted down with the spectre of a constitutional conflict.

On October 22, 1865, Bismarck and Louis Napoleon met at Biarritz, and the meeting was an excuse for the comic papers to print several humorous scenes of their interviews, among which the accompanying is selected as having the most point as applied to the situation, and also because it is characteristic of German humor. The two famous men are shown seated on opposite sides of a table, and the following dialogue explains the situation. Napoleon says, "You have the oysters" (meaning the seaboard duchies of Schleswig-Holstein) "and I will take the wine" (meaning the Rhine). Bismarck gathers in the oysters, and then seizes the bottle, saying, "I beg your pardon a thousand times, but what would oysters be without (Rhine) wine?"

After the peace of Nikolsburg, by which Prussia acquired a large extension of her territory, namely, the kingdom of Hanover, Hessen, Nassau, and the free city of Frankfurt, Napoleon appears before Bismarck in the attitude of a mendicant, and is made to ask: "I came to congratulate you on the beautiful inheritance you have just received. Have you anything for me?" To which Bismarck replies, pointing to the door: "Oh, pshaw! We don't give to beggars."

According to the German press, Napoleon continued, even after this rebuff, to bargain with Bismarck, demanding that France be compensated for Prussia's gains. Napoleon in the act of soliciting, and Bismarck in that of refusing, are shown by the cartoonist in a pastoral scene, where Bismarck poses as a good shepherd surrounded by the petty states, represented by rather simple-looking sheep labelled Mecklenburg, Weimar, Saxony, and Oldenburg. Baden and Bavaria, apparently as little sheep-dogs encouraged by Bismarck, are aggressive, and look towards Napoleon in a menacing way. Saxony, which had been badly used by Prussia in the war of 1866, has her dependent position exaggerated by her representative sheep being attached to a stake, from which she is trying to break away that she may flee to the protection of France. Mother Germania floats in the atmosphere at the background, and is made to say to Bismarck, "Look after my herd," while the hero of the situation is knitting on the proverbial shepherd's sock, which in this instance is made to represent the unity of the nation.

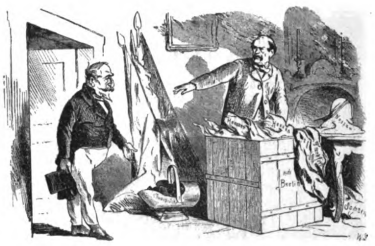
During 1867 the Luxembourg question became a prominent one, and the artists found considerable satisfaction in picturing the King of Holland as a peddler trying to get rid of that territory. One of these pictures shows Bismarck, disguised as a policeman, taking the King by the wrist and ordering him off the street, telling him he has "no license to sell goods."

Rumors of the breaking of the peace of Prague were rife early in 1870, and the cartoonist showed the various potentates prepared to sell out before the war began. The illustration given here is entitled "The Last Bazar," and shows the Pope, Louis Napoleon, and Bismarck, transformed into corpulent women, offering for sale the possessions they wanted to get rid of.

After Sedan, in 1870, there was ample opportunity for the artist to indulge in all the satire at his command, and the events were such that the pictures generally spoke for themselves, no explanation being necessary. One of these showed King William and Unser Fritz holding the French wolf while Bismarck, with a pair of shears, is cutting off his claws, labelled "Alsace," "Lorraine." At the same time Bismarck says, "We shall have to cut off the claws of this animal in order to insure peace for the future."

In the year 1873 the Italian minister La Marmora published a book in which he vigorously assailed Bismarck, accusing him of a long list of crimes, any one of which, had he been guilty, would have condemned him before the world. Unfortunately for La Marmora, he was removed from office just before the book was published, and the journalists friendly to Bismarck took advantage of this fact to picture their hero in the character of Papagena, the bird-fancier, dancing along over the country holding his Pan's pipes in one hand and a long staff in the other, while sitting upon this extended rod are three tamed birds representing Louis Napoleon, the Saxon-Austrian minister Count Beust, and his Italian critic La Marmora, all of whom had to go to please Bismarck. The comic press of Berlin sits upon the ground in the corner, pointing to the captive birds, and asking why they were so foolish as to go on Bismarck's lime.

By this time Bismarck had become an object of idolatry; loyal citizens from all parts of the father-land flocked to Berlin to look upon the great man, and he suffered, in consequence, the intrusion to which every one who becomes famous is more or less subjected. This annoyance finally became so irritating to Bismarck who, in 1877, was



1866—"WE GIVE NOTHING TO BEGGARS."



1866—THE KIND SHEPHERD.



1867—"YOU'VE GOT NO LICENSES."



1870—THE LAST BAZAR.



1870—CLIPPING THE CLAWS OF FRANCE.



1873—THE BIRD-CATCHER GATHERING IN HIS FOES.

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suffering from a nervous illness, that, incensed by the ridiculous position in which he was placed and by the persistency with which his well-meaning admirers followed his every step, he threatened to resign. In showing the houses surrounding his garden, where, at every window, a curiosity-seeker looks at Bismarck with a pair of opera-glasses, the artist has exaggerated the situation, as cartoonists are wont to do, although it is reasonable to believe the subject of his sketch fully sympathized with it, even if it was overdone.

In 1878 Bismarck forced the Reichstag to swallow his anti-socialist laws, much against the vigorous opposition of that body. On account of these laws Bismarck was repeatedly threatened that his life would be taken if he persisted in his advocacy of class legislation. The Reichstag is pictured as a goose; Bismarck has the creature by the neck, and is crowding down its throat the objectionable bill.

In 1878 Bismarck re-established amicable relations with the papal authorities, and the cartoonist took occasion to picture his Holiness Leo XIII. seated upon the pontifical throne receiving Bismarck. The Pope, consistent with tradition, extends his foot, saying, at the same time, "There is my foot." Bismarck, standing before him, while willing to meet his Holiness upon equal grounds, does not care to take advantage of the invitation the Pope extends, and so he replies, extending his own foot, "And there is mine!". The figure looking through the half-open curtain is Dr. Windthorst, the papal champion in the German Reichstag.

In 1879 the intimacy between Bismarck and Windthorst grew to such proportion that the papers showed the latter sitting upon the Chancellor's knee, while in another instance the well-known scene from "Richard III." is paraphrased, with Bismarck as *Richard*, and Windthorst as *Anne;* Bismarck says, in an aside, "I'll have her, but I won't keep her long." It will be remembered that this intimacy led to unpleasantness between Bismarck and the Kaiser, and finally to Bismarck's dismissal.

When, late in 1879, Bismarck had obtained all he sought from Windthorst, and that gentleman thought he had Bismarck in the right condition to do with him as he pleased, Windthorst made bold to lead Bismarck in his direction, only to find himself suddenly thrown overboard and done for effectually. The comic papers have shown this episode by placing Bismarck in a cab, with Windthorst as driver; the button is pressed at the moment when Windthorst turns to his passenger and says, "Shall I go direct to Canossa?" (Canossa being the place where the Emperor Henry IV. did homage to the Pope, and was kept standing for three days in the snow and ice in front of the papal residence before he was admitted to an audience and reconciliation.) Bismarck, looking from the cab window, gives Windthorst his quietus by replying, "No; rather to Daldorf" (where the state insane asylum is located); "but drop me at the corner of Wilhelmstrasse." Bismarck's palace was in Wilhelmstrasse.

In 1881 it struck some clever artist to perpetuate the fame of Bismarck's artistic peculiarity. There was therefore evolved the Apotheosis of the Three Hairs. The first illustration was entitled "Fine Weather"; the second, "Changeable"; and the third, "Stormy." In the third instance the hairs take the form of the Pickelhaube spike.



1885—THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

The year 1884 produced two interesting incidents, according to the cartoonist. The first one of these was the discovery by Bismarck on the head of his son Herbert one of the three hereditary family hairs. The Chancellor is shown at the moment of the discovery. The other incident was the action of Prince Bismarck (as the real editor of the *North German Gazette*) calling upon the London *Times* to attend its own affairs, and to stop criticising his actions. In this instance the artist has shown Bismarck in the rather aggressive attitude of calling the *Times* to account on the Irish question.

When the complications touching the Caroline Islands came up, in 1885, the Spaniards were fighting mad, and threw out hints of an alliance with France for the purpose of attacking Germany. Bismarck really cared very little for the Caroline Islands; he thought it desirable to make a show of resistance, but finally suggested to lay the matter before the Pope for arbitration. The artist has shown the Pope, in the attitude of Solomon in his well-remembered decision, lifting the Caroline Islands, personated in the figure of an infant, a sword in his hand, and suggesting that he cut the babe in two and give each one half. To this Bismarck agrees, as did the false claimant in the Bible; but Spain, being the legitimate mother of the infant, would rather part with it than see it cut up, and exclaims, "Don't hurt the darling." Whereupon the Pope, recognizing the sentiments of the rightful owner, turns the islands over to Spain.

On the 3d of February, 1888, the *German Official Gazette* and the Vienna *Official Gazette* published simultaneously an agreement between Germany and Austria, thereby proving that an alliance, not on the defensive, had been formed, by which both countries agreed to combine their forces against Russia if either were attacked. In the cartoon representing this event Bismarck unveils the figures of the united German-speaking peoples before the Czar, who looks upon the scene in a semi-haughty, threatening, but also astonished manner.

The events of 1890, when Bismarck retired from public life, are shown by an affecting cartoon, where the great ex-Chancellor, grip-sack in hand and his famous dog at his side, is about to say farewell to the public press forever. He hesitates at the doorway, and returns to the comic editor the three hairs with which the cartoonists identified him, saying that as he has no further use for them, the cartoonist better keep them for a memento.

Henry W. Fischer.



1877—THE PENALTY OF FAME.




1878—AN UNWILLING MEAL.



1878—"AND THERE IS MINE!"



1879—BISMARCK AND WINDTHORST TALKING RECONCILIATION TO ROME.



1879—"I WON'T KEEP HER LONG."



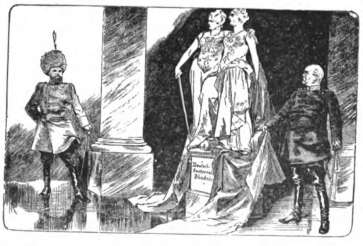
1881—THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE THREE HAIRS.



1879—"DROP ME AT THE CORNER OF WILHELMSTRASSE."



1884—SQUELCHING THE LONDON "TIMES."



1888—UNITED GERMANY AND AUSTRIA DISCLOSED TO THE CZAR.

## BRING THE FIFTH CORPS NORTH.

We read that the Fifth Army Corps is to be brought North, and then we read that it is not. The President should punch up those old bureaucrats of his down in Washington and have them bring that corps home—up North, and the farther North the better. It has done enough. The vitality of the men was exhausted in the terrific campaign against Santiago, and they are not fit to encounter the heat and fever. This corps is the flower of our army, and contains all the material for our future great commanders, because in it is nearly all of the regular army establishment. Other fresh troops could go in and relieve it. These new men would not be weak from hunger, fatigue, and wounds, and would bear up better.

The idea of acclimating the men which I have heard advanced is simple foolishness. It takes two years to acclimate a man to the tropics, if he doesn't die, and then he is weakened permanently. The English understand tropical campaigning, and they put strong men into a jungle, march and fight them hard until the object of the campaign is accomplished, when they are immediately withdrawn.

Bring the Fifth Corps home immediately. Justice and good policy demand it.

Frederic Remington.

## A WESTERN PLAIN.

A lonely whitewashed farm-house where I wait,
A sweep of swirling corn-fields, far and nigh,
A flight of crows across a dreamy sky,
Fast-fading morning glories at the gate,
A lonesome field-lark, seeking for his mate.
No hazy purple mountains meet the eye,
No giant white-capped ocean thunders by.
The land is quiet as the face of Fate.

A craving for the mountains and the sea,
A pining and a waiting evermore;
A longing for the crags and cascades free,
A yearning for the sea-weeds of the shore;
A hopeless hope, on cloud-swept cliffs to be,
To hear the stormy ocean billows roar.

Walter Malone.



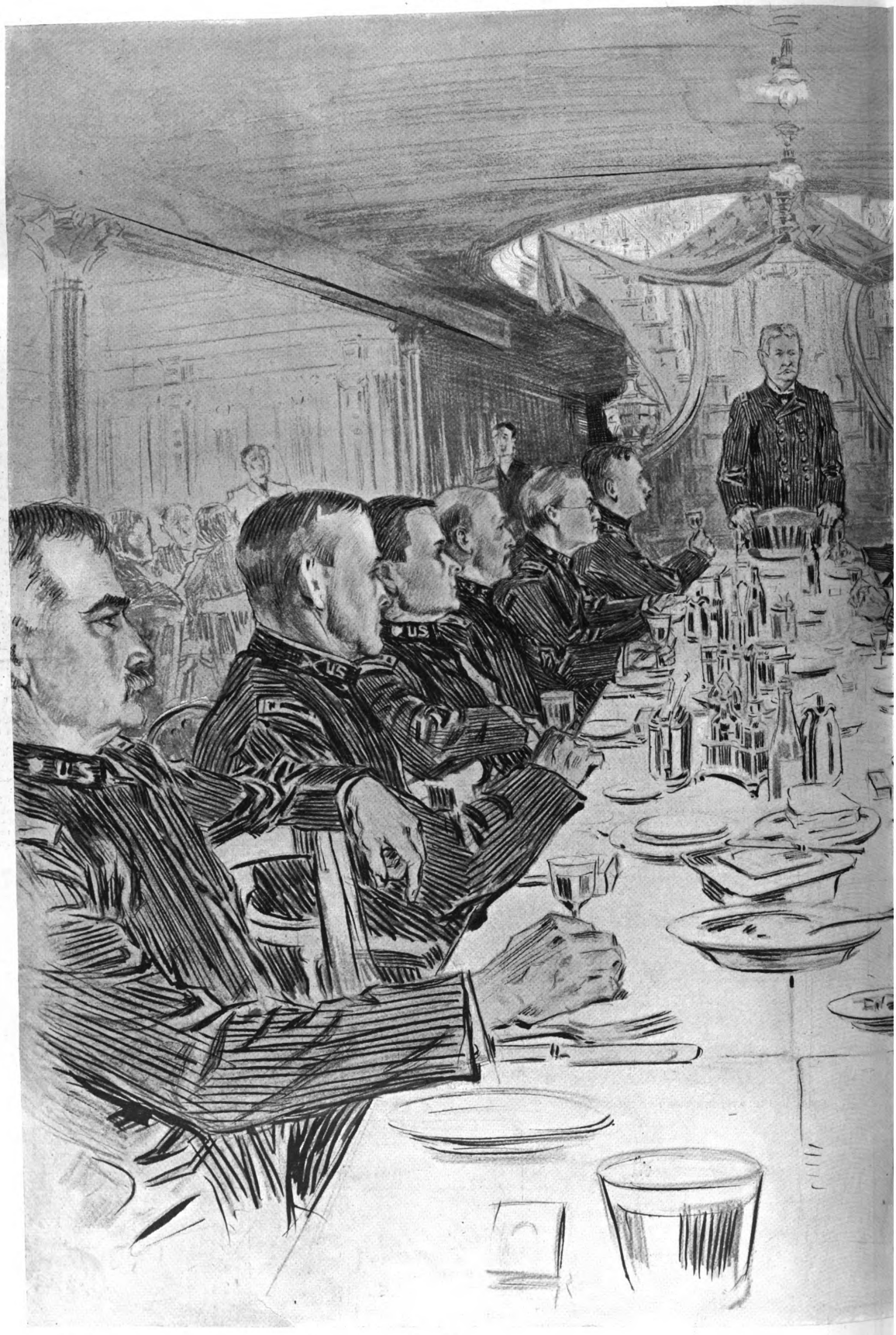

1884—DISCOVERS HIS SON HERBERT POSSESSES ONE OF THE HEREDITARY THREE HAIRS.



1890—VALE, BISMARCK.

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Major Thompson. Major Whipple. Major Bement. Major-General Merritt. Gener



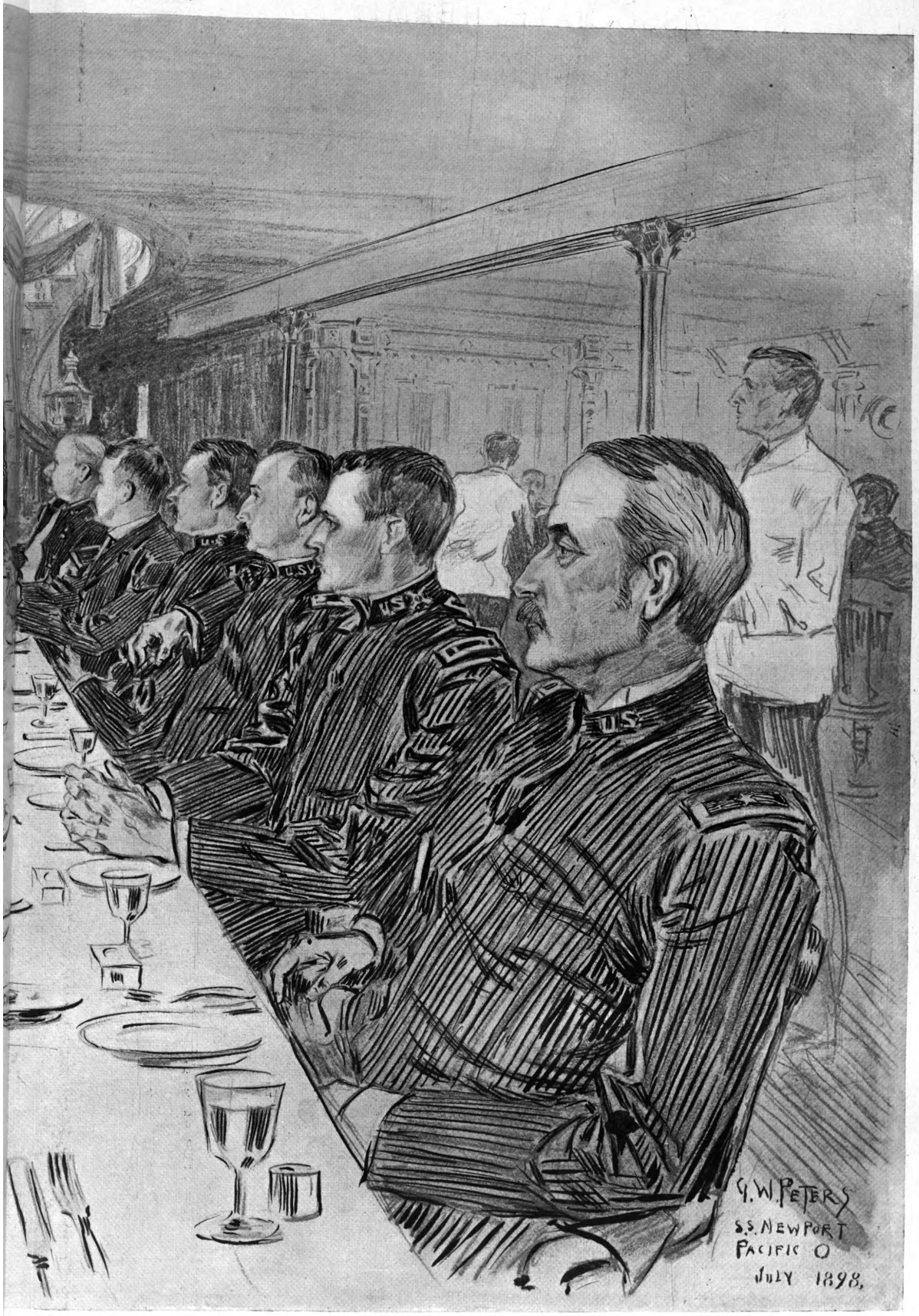
Major Simpson. Major Strother. Major Hale.

AN INCIDENT OF THE V

General Merritt responding to the toast "Our Country and Our
Drawn from Life by G. W. Pete

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eral Whittier. Mr. F. D. Millet, Major Sturgis.
Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."




Major Wadsworth. Captain Mott. General Babcock.

OYAGE TO THE PHILIPPINES.

PRESIDENT" AT THE INDEPENDENCE DAY DINNER ON THE STEAMER "NEWPORT."

S ON BOARD U. S. TRANSPORT "NEWPORT."

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

### XV.—A NET OF COBWEBS TO CAGE A LION.

"I THINK there's something besides a lunatic that you are afraid of," said Martin to Matlack the next morning, as they were preparing breakfast.

"What's that?" inquired the guide, sharply.

"It's that fellow they call the bishop," said Martin. "He put a pretty heavy slur on you. You drove down a stake, and you locked your boat to it, and you walked away as big as if you were the sheriff of the county, and here he comes along, and snaps his fingers at you and your locks, and, as cool as a cucumber, he pulls up the stake and shoves out on the lake all alone by herself a young lady that you are paid to take care of and protect from danger."

"I want you to know, Martin Sanders," said Matlack, "that I don't pitch into a man when he's in his bed, no matter what it is that made him take to his bed or stay there. But I'll just say to you now, that when he gets up and shows himself, there'll be the biggest case of bounce in these parts that you ever saw."

"Bounce!" said Martin to himself, as he turned away. "I have heard so much of it lately that I'd like to see a little."

Matlack also communed with himself. "He's awful anxious to get up a quarrel between me and the parson," he thought. "I wonder if he was too free with his tongue and did get thrashed. He don't show no signs of it, except he's so concerned in his mind to see somebody do for the parson what he ain't able to do himself. But I'll find out about it! I'll thrash that fellow in black, and before I let him up I'll make him tell me what he did to Martin. I'd do a good deal to get hold of something that would take the conceit out of that fellow."

Mr. Arthur Raybold was a deep-minded person, and sometimes it was difficult for him, with the fathoming apparatus he had on hand, to discover the very bottom of his mind. Now, far below the surface, his thoughts revolved. He had come to the conclusion that he would marry Margery. In the first place, he was greatly attracted by her, and again he considered it would be a most advantageous union. She was charming to look upon, and her mind was so uncramped by conventionalities that it could adapt itself to almost any sphere to which she might direct it. He expected his life-work to be upon the stage, and what an actress Miss Dearborn would make if properly educated—as he could educate her! With this most important purpose in view why should he waste his time? The Archibalds could not much longer remain in camp. They had limited their holiday to a month, and that was more than half gone. He must strike now.

The first thing to do was to get Clyde out of the way; then he would speak to Mr. Archibald and ask for authority to press his suit, and he would press that suit as few men on earth, he said to himself, would be able to press it. What girl could deny herself to him when he came to her clad not only with his own personal attributes, but with the fervor of a Romeo, the intellectuality of a Hamlet, and the force of an Othello?

The Clyde part of the affair seemed very simple; as his party would of course have their own table Clyde would see his sister at every meal, and as Corona did not care to talk to him, and must talk to somebody, she would be compelled to talk to Clyde, and if she talked to Clyde and looked at him as she always did when she talked to people, he did not see how he could help being attracted by her, and when once that sort of thing began the Margery-field would be open to him.

He excused himself that morning for hurriedly leaving the breakfast table by saying that he wished to see Mr. Archibald before he started out fishing.

He found that gentleman talking to Matlack. "Can I see you alone, sir?" said Raybold. "I have something of importance I wish to say to you."

"Very good," said the other; "for I have something I wish to say to you," and they retired toward the lake.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Archibald.

"It is this," said Raybold, folding his arms as he spoke. "I am a man of but few words. When I have formed a purpose I call upon my actions to express it rather than my speech. I will not delay, therefore, to say to you that I love your ward, and my sole object in seeking this interview is to ask your permission to pay my addresses to her. That permission given, I will attend to the rest."

"After you have dropped your penny in the slot," remarked Mr. Archibald. "I must say," he continued, "that I am rather surprised at the nature of your communication. I supposed you were going to explain your somewhat remarkable conduct in bringing your tent into my camp without asking my permission or even speaking to me about it; but what you have said is of so much more importance than that breach of good manners that I will let the latter drop. But why did you ask my permission to address Miss Dearborn? Why didn't you go and do it just as you brought your tent here? Did you think that if you had a permit from me for that sort of sport you could warn off trespassers?"

"It was something of that kind," said Raybold; "although I should not have put it in that trifling way."

"Then I will remark," said Mr. Archibald, "that I know nothing of your matrimonial availability, and I do not want to know anything about it. My wife and I brought Miss Dearborn here to enjoy herself in the woods, not to be sought in marriage by strangers. For the present I am her guardian, and as such, I say to you that I forbid you to make her a proposal of marriage, or, indeed, to pay her any attentions which she may consider serious. If I see that you do not respect my wishes in this regard, I shall ask you to consider our acquaintance at an end, and shall dispense with your visits to this camp. Have I spoken plainly?"

The knitted brows of Raybold were directed toward the ground. "You have spoken plainly," he said, "and I have heard," and with a bow he walked away.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

As he approached his tent a smile, intended to be bitter, played about his features.

"A net of cobwebs," he muttered, "to cage a lion!"

The weather had now grown sultry, and the afternoon was very hot, and there was a general desire to lie in the shade and doze. Margery's plans for a siesta were a little more complicated than those of the others. She longed to lie in a hammock under great trees surrounded by the leafy screens of the woodlands; to gaze at the blue sky through the loop-holes in the towering branches above her, and to dream of the mysteries of the forest.

"Martin," said she, to the young guide, "is there a hammock among the things we brought with us?"

His face brightened. "Of course there are hammocks," he said. "I wonder none of you asked about them before."

"I never thought of it," said Margery. "I haven't had time for lounging, and as for Aunt Harriet she would not get into one for five dollars."

"Where shall I hang it?" he asked.

"Not anywhere about here. Couldn't you find some nice place in the woods, not far away, but where I would not be seen, and have a little time to myself? If you can, come and tell me quietly where it is."

"I know what she means," said Martin to himself. "It's a shame that she should be annoyed. I can find you just such a place," he said to Margery. "I will hang the hammock there, and I will take care that nobody else shall know where it is." And away he went, bounding heart and foot.

In less than quarter of an hour he returned. "It's all ready, Miss Dearborn," he said. "I think I have found a place you will like. It's generally very close in the woods on a day like this, but there is a little bluff back of us, and at the end of it the woods are open, so that there is a good deal of air there."

"That is charming," said Margery, and with a book in her hand she accompanied Martin.

They were each so interested in the hammock business that they walked side by side, instead of one following the other, as had been their custom heretofore.

"Oh, this is a delightful place!" cried Margery. "I can lie here and look down into the very heart of the woods; and it is a solitude like Robinson Crusoe's island."

"I am glad you like it," said Martin. "I thought you would. I have put up the hammock strongly, so that you need not be afraid of it; but if there is any other way you want it I can change it. There is not a thing here that can hurt you, and if a little snake should happen along it would be glad to get away from you if you give it a chance. But if you should be frightened or should want anything you have only to call for me. I shall hear you, for I shall be out in the open just at the edge of the woods."

"Thank you very much," said Margery; "nothing could be nicer than this, and you did it so quickly."

He smiled with pleasure as he answered that he could have done it more quickly if it had been necessary; and then he retired slowly, that she might call him back if she thought of anything she wanted.

Margery lay in the hammock, gazing out over the edge of the bluff into the heart of the woods; her closed book was in her hand, and the gentle breeze that shook the leaves around her and disturbed the loose curls about her face was laden with a moist spiciness which made her believe it had been wandering through some fragrant folinge of a kind unknown to her, far away in the depths of the forest, where she could not walk on account of the rocks, the great bushes, and the tall ferns. It was lovely to lie and watch the leafy boughs, which seemed as if they were waving their handkerchiefs to the breeze as it passed.

"I don't believe," she said to herself, as she cast her eyes upward toward an open space above her, "that if I were that little white cloud and could float over the whole world and drop down on any spot I chose that I could drop into a lovelier place than this." Then she brought her gaze again to earth, and her mind went out between the shadowy trunks which stretched away and away and away toward the mysteries of the forest, which must always be mysteries to her because it was impossible for her to get to them and solve them—that is, if she remained awake. But if Master Morpheus should happen by, she might yet know everything—for there are no mysteries which cannot be solved in dreams.

Master Morpheus came, but with him came also Arthur Raybold; not by the little pathway that approached from the direction of the lake, but parting the bushes as if he had been exploring. When she heard footsteps behind her, Margery looked up quickly.

"Mr. Raybold!" she exclaimed. "How on earth did you happen here?"

"I did not happen," said he, wiping his brow with his handkerchief. "I have been looking for you, and I have had tough work of it. I saw you go into the woods, and I went in also, but some distance below here, and I have had a hard and tiresome job working my way up to you; but I have found you. I knew I should, for I had bent my mind to the undertaking."

"Well, I wish you hadn't," said Margery, in a vexed tone. "I came here to be alone and take a nap, and I wish you would find some other nice place and go and take a nap yourself."

He smiled deeply. "That would not answer my purpose at all," said he. "Napping is far from my desires."

"But I don't care anything about your desires," said Margery, in a tone which showed she was truly vexed; "I have pre-empted this place, and I want it to myself. I was just falling into a most delightful doze when you came, and I don't think you had any right to come here and disturb me."

"The sense of right, Miss Dearborn," said he, "comes from the heart, and we do not have to ask other people what it is. My heart has given me the right to come here, and here I am."

"And what in the name of common-sense are you here for?" said Margery. "Speaking about your heart makes me think you came here to make love to me. Is that it?"

"It was," said he; "and I wish you to hear me."

"Mr. Raybold," said she, her eyes as bright, he thought, as if they had belonged to his sister when she was urging some of her favorite views upon a company, "I won't listen to one word of such stuff. This is no place for love-making, and I won't have it. If you want to make love to me you can wait until I go home, and then you can come and speak to my mother about it, and when you have spoken to her you can speak to me, but I won't listen to it here. Not one word!"

Thus did the indignant craftiness of Margery express itself. "It's a good deal better," she thought, "than telling him no, and having him keep on begging and begging."

"Miss Dearborn," said Raybold, "what I have to say cannot be postponed. The words within me must be spoken, and I came here to speak them."

With a sudden supple twist Margery turned herself, hammock and all, and stood on her feet on the ground. "Martin!" she cried, at the top of her voice.

Raybold stepped back astonished. "What is this?" he exclaimed. "Am I to understand—"

Before he had time to complete his sentence Martin Sanders sprang into the scene.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, with a glare at Raybold, as if he suspected why he had been called.

"Martin," said Margery, with a good deal of sharpness in her voice, "I want you to take down this hammock and carry it away. I can't stay here any longer. I thought that at least one quiet place out-of-doors could be found where I would not be disturbed, but it seems there is no such place. Perhaps you can hang the hammock somewhere near our cabin."

Martin's face grew very red. "I don't think," said he, "that you ought to be obliged to go away because you have been disturbed. Whoever disturbed you should go away, and not you."

Now Mr. Raybold's face also grew red. "There has been enough of this!" he exclaimed. "Guide, you can go where you came from. You are not wanted here. If Miss Dearborn wishes her hammock taken down, I will take it." Then turning to Margery, he continued: "You do not know what it is I have to say to you. If you do not hear me now, you will regret it all your life. Send this man away."

"I would very much like to send a man away if I knew how to do it," said Margery.

"Do it?" cried Martin. "Oh, Miss Dearborn, if you want it done, ask me to do it for you!"

"You?" shouted Raybold, making two steps toward the young guide; and then he stopped, for Margery stood in front of him.

"I have never seen two men fight," said she, "and I don't say I wouldn't like it, just once; but you would have to have boxing-gloves on; I couldn't stand a fight with plain hands, so you needn't think of it. Martin, take down the hammock just as quickly as you can. And if you want to stay here, Mr. Raybold, you can stay; and if you want to talk, you can talk to the trees."

Martin heaved a sigh of disappointment, and proceeded to unfasten the hammock from the trees to which it had been tied. For a moment Raybold looked as if he were about to interfere, but there was something in the feverish agility of the young guide which made his close proximity as undesirable as that of a package of dynamite.

Margery turned to leave the place, but suddenly stopped. She would wait until Martin was ready to go with her. She would not leave those two young men alone.

Raybold was very angry. He knew well that such a chance for a private interview was not likely to occur again, and he would not give up. He approached the young girl.

"Margery," he said, "if you—"

"Martin," she cried to the guide, who was now ready to go, "put down that hammock and come here. Now, sir," she said, turning to Raybold, "let me hear you call me Margery again."

She waited for about a half a minute, but she was not called by name. Then she and Martin went away. She had nearly reached the cabin before she spoke, and then she turned to the young man and said: "Martin, you needn't trouble yourself about putting up that hammock now; I don't want to lie in it. I am going into the house. I am very much obliged to you for the way you stood by me."

"Stood by you!" he exclaimed, in a low voice, which seemed struggling in the grasp of something which might or might not be stronger than itself. "You don't know how glad I am to stand by you, and how I would always—"

"Thank you," said Margery; "thank you very much," and she walked away toward the cabin.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, as she opened the door and went in.

### XVI.—A MAN WHO FEELS HIMSELF A MAN.

TOWARD the end of the afternoon, when the air had grown cooler, Mr. Archibald proposed a boating expedition to the lower end of the lake. His boat was large enough for Matlack, the three ladies, and himself, and if the two young men wished to follow, they had a boat of their own.

When first asked to join the boating party Miss Corona Raybold hesitated; she did not care very much about boating; but when she found that if she staid in camp she would have no one to talk to, she accepted the invitation.

Mr. Archibald took the oars nearest the stern, while Matlack seated himself forward, and this arrangement suited Miss Corona exactly.

The boat kept down the middle of the lake, greatly aided by the current, and Corona talked steadily to Mr. Archibald. Mrs. Archibald, who always wanted to do

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what was right, and did not like to be left out of any conversation on important subjects, made now and then a remark, and whenever she spoke Corona turned to her and listened with the kindest attention, but the moment the elder lady had finished, the other resumed her own thread of observation without the slightest allusion to what she had just heard.

As for Mr. Archibald, he seldom said a word. He listened, sometimes his eyes twinkled, and he pulled easily and steadily. Doubtless he had a good many ideas, but none of them was expressed. As for Margery, she leaned back in the stern, and thought that, after all, she liked Miss Raybold better than she did her brother, for the young lady did not speak one word to her, nor did she appear to regard her in any way.

"But how on earth," thought Margery, "can she float over this beautiful water and under that lovely sky, with the grandeur of the forest all about her, and yet pay not the slightest attention to anything she sees, but keep steadily talking about her own affairs and the society she belongs to, I cannot imagine. She might as well live in a cellar and have pamphlets and reformers shoved down to her through the coal-hole."

Messrs. Clyde and Raybold accompanied the larger boat in their own skiff. It was an unwieldy craft, with but one pair of oars, and as the two young men were not accustomed to rowing together, and as Mr. Raybold was not accustomed to rowing at all and did not like it, Mr. Clyde pulled the boat. But, do what he could, it was impossible for him to get near the other boat. Matlack, who was not obliged to listen to Miss Corona, kept his eye upon the following skiff, and seemed to fear a collision if the two boats came close together, for if Clyde pulled hard he pulled harder. Arthur Raybold was not satisfied.

"I thought you were a better oarsman," he said to the other; "but now I suppose we shall not come near them until we land."

But the Archibald party did not land. Under the guidance of Matlack they swept slowly around the lower end of the lake; they looked over the big untenanted camp-ground there; they stopped for a moment to gaze into the rift in the forest through which ran the stream which connected this lake with another beyond it, and then they rowed homeward, keeping close to the farther shore, so as to avoid the strength of the current.

Clyde, who had not reached the end of the lake, now turned and determined to follow the tactics of the other boat and keep close to the shore, but on the side nearest to the camp. This exasperated Raybold.

"What are you trying to do?" he said. "If you keep in the middle we may get near them, and why should we be on one side of the lake and they on the other?"

"I want to get back as soon as they do," said Clyde, "and I don't want to pull against the current."

"Stop!" said Raybold. "If you are tired, let me have the oars."

Harrison Clyde looked for a minute at his companion, and then deliberately changed the course of the boat and rowed straight toward the shore, paying no attention whatever to the excited remonstrances of Raybold. He beached the boat at a rather poor landing-place among some bushes, and then, jumping out, he made her fast.

"What do you mean?" cried Raybold, as he scrambled on shore. "Is she leaking more than she did? What is the matter?"

"She is not leaking more than usual," said the other; "but I am not going to pull against that current with you growling in the stern. I am going to walk back to camp."

In consequence of this resolution the two young men reached Camp Rob about the same time that the Archibald boat touched shore, and at least an hour before they would have arrived had they remained in their boat.

The party was met by Mrs. Perkenpine, bearing letters and newspapers. A man had arrived from Sadler's in their absence, and he had brought the mail. Nearly every one had letters; there was even something for Martin. Standing where they had landed, seated on bits of rock, on the grass, or on camp-chairs, all read their letters.

While thus engaged a gentleman approached the party from the direction of Camp Roy. He was tall, well built, handsomely dressed in a suit of light brown tweed, and carried himself with a buoyant uprightness. A neat straw hat with a broad ribbon shaded his smooth-shaven face, which sparkled with cordial good-humor. A blue cravat was tied tastefully under a broad white collar, and in his hand he carried a hickory walking-stick, cut in the woods, but good enough for a city sidewalk. Margery was the first to raise her eyes at the sound of the quickly approaching footsteps.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, and then everybody looked up.

For a moment the new-comer was gazed upon in silence. From what gigantic bandbox could this well-dressed stranger have dropped? Then, with a loud laugh, Mr. Archibald cried, "The bishop!"

No wonder there had not been instant recognition. The loose, easy-fitting clothes gave no hint of redundant plumpness; no soiled shovel-hat cast a shadow over the smiling face, and a glittering shirt front banished all thought of gutta-percha.

"Madam," exclaimed the bishop, raising his hat and stepping quickly toward Mrs. Archibald, "I cannot express the pleasure I feel in meeting you again. And as for you, sir," holding out his hand to Mr. Archibald, "I have no words in which to convey my feelings. Look upon a man, sir, who feels himself a man, and remember from what you raised him. I can say no more now, but I can never forget what you have done," and as he spoke he pressed Mr. Archibald's hand with an honest fervor, which distorted for a moment the features of that gentleman.

From one to the other of the party the bishop glanced, as he said, "How glad, how unutterably glad, I am to be again among you!" Turning his eyes toward Miss Raybold, he stopped. That young lady had put down the letter she was reading, and was gazing at him through her spectacles with calm intensity. "This lady," said the bishop, turning toward Raybold, "is your sister, I presume? May I have the honor?"

Raybold looked at him without speaking. Here was an example of the silly absurdity of throwing pearls before swine. He had never wanted to have anything to do with the fellow when he was in the gutter, and he wanted nothing to do with him now.

With a little flush on her face Mrs. Archibald rose.

"Miss Raybold," she said, "let me present to you," and she hesitated for a moment—"the gentleman we call the bishop. I think you have heard us speak of him."

"Yes," said Miss Raybold, rising, with a charming smile on her handsome face, and extending her hand, "I have heard of him, and I am very glad to meet him."

"I have also heard of you," said the bishop, as he stood smiling beside Corona's camp-chair; "and I have regretted that I have been the innocent means of preventing you for a time from occupying your brother's camp."

"Oh, do not mention that," said Corona, sweetly. "I walked over there yesterday, and I think it is a great deal pleasanter here, so you have really done me a favor. I am particularly glad to see you, because, from the little I have heard said about you, I think you must agree with some of my cherished opinions. For one thing, I am quite certain you favor the assertion of individuality; your actions prove that."

"Really," said the bishop, seating himself near her, "I have not given much thought to the subject; but I suppose I have asserted my individuality; but if I have, I have done it indefinitely. Everybody about me having some definite purpose in life, and I having none, I am, in a negative way, a distinctive individual. It is a pity I am so different from other people, but—"

"No, it is not a pity," interrupted Corona, the color coming into her cheeks and a brighter light into her eyes. "Our individuality is a sacred responsibility. It is given to us for us to protect and encourage—I may say, to revere. It is a trust for which we should be called to account by ourselves, and we shall be false and disloyal to ourselves if we cannot show that we have done everything in our power for the establishment and recognition of our individuality."

"It delights me to hear you speak in that way," exclaimed the bishop. "It encourages and cheers me. We are what we are; and if we can be more fully what we are than we have been, then we are more truly ourselves than before."

"And what can be nobler," cried Corona, "than to be, in the most distinctive sense of the term, ourselves?"

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald walked together toward their cabin.

"I want to be neighborly and hospitable," said he, "but it seems to me that, now that the way is clear for Miss Raybold to move her tent to her own camp and set up housekeeping there, we should not be called upon to entertain her, and, if we want to enjoy ourselves in our own way, we can do it without thinking of her."

"We shall certainly not do it," said his wife, "if we do think of her. I am very much disappointed in her. She is not a companion at all for Margery; she never speaks to her; and, on the other hand, I should think you would wish she never spoke to you."

"Well," said her husband, "that feeling did grow upon me somewhat this afternoon. Up to a certain point she is amusing."

Here he was interrupted by Mrs. Perkenpine, who planted herself before him.

"Is'pose you think I didn't do right," she said, "'cause, when that big bundle came it had your name on it; but I knew it was clothes, and that they was for that maf in our camp, and so I took them to him myself. I heard Phil say that the sooner that man was up and dressed, the better it would be for all parties; and as Martin had gone off, and there wasn't nobody to take his clothes to him, I took them to him, and that's the long and short of it."

"I wondered how he got them," said Mr. Archibald; "but I am glad you carried them to him." Then, speaking to his wife, he added, "It may be a good thing that I gave him a chance to assert his individuality."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



JULES CAMBON, FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, IN CHARGE OF PEACE NEGOTIATIONS ON BEHALF OF SPAIN.

## WITH GENERAL MERRITT.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE PHILIPPINES,
S.S. "NEWPORT," HONOLULU, *July* 7.

THE chronicle of this voyage, the first stage of which has been successfully and, in the main, not unpleasantly passed, cannot fail to be of interest, not as a record of incidents of sea travel, which in the hands of the most accomplished writer might present little novel, but as contributing to the intimate history of this noteworthy and history-making enterprise. The inexorable decrees of Neptune have not been suspended for us, nor have we failed, on the other hand, to appreciate the contrasting delights of travel in the balmy trade-winds that scarcely ruffle the sapphire expanse of the Pacific. The departure of the *Newport* on the morning of the 29th of June was accompanied by the display of fervent patriotic enthusiasm which the emotional people of San Francisco have not restrained on the occasion of the sailing of other detachments of the Philippine expedition. But the departure of the *Newport* with General Merritt, his personal and department staff, together with about five hundred picked troops, caused a degree and quality of excitement which was most gratifying to witness. Scarcely had we turned our thoughts from the friends we were leaving, to the consideration of personal comfort, scarcely had we time to note the vanishing of the bold outlines of the noble headlands of the Golden Gate into the gray veil of summer mist, before we were headed and lashed by the advance gusts of a severe gale, which soon compelled the steamer to lie to and hammer the vicious sea for seventeen long hours. The transport is fortunately not crowded beyond the measure of comparative comfort, although the lower deck, where the men are berthed in five rows of double bunks three tiers high, cannot be said to offer the most sumptuous accommodations. The chief subject of complaint has been so far the lack of mess-room for eating, and the men find it at times very difficult to manage their mess-tins and their cups of soup or coffee without any available table-room to balance them on.

General Merritt, however, at considerable discomfort to himself and to his officers, has not restricted the circulation of the men on the decks, and they wander at will at all times of the day and night all over the ship, except of course in the saloon and social hall, where the officers are quartered in comfortable, airy staterooms. On the lower deck, admirably ventilated through a large forward hatch, and several small ones with wind-sails, the Astor Battery is quartered forward, K Battery of the Third Regular Heavy Artillery in the waist of the ship, and H Battery near the stern. After the storm was over and we were able to stand away on our true course again, the men were not slow to crawl out from their quarters, and the decks were covered by a chattering happy crowd, apparently devoting the larger part of their time to the consumption of food. Many of them produced tins of preserves and other delicacies to tempt their appetites, jaded by the turmoil of the past days. The chronic grumblers found the bill of fare too solid and heavy for any human being to eat; they even went so far as to criticise the liberality with which the rations were dispensed. But the grumblers we have always with us, although they find on this boat few active supporters and plenty of philosophical opponents.

Fourth of July, fortunately, turned out a perfect day. Certain crude luxuries, like apple-duff, were added to the bill of fare of the soldiers, and an impromptu entertainment was managed on the upper deck. Father Doherty, the chaplain of the expedition, followed the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Colonel Whipple with a vigorous and inspiring though brief oration, and the glee club of the Astor Battery sang the usual patriotic songs. As there is no band aboard, the popular music of the day, often sung to words written by a witty member of the coterie, furnishes the only entertainment of a musical order possible aboard. In the saloon, after luncheon, a short list of toasts was drunk in punch strong enough to satisfy a Russian, and thus we, with no cloud over our spirits, without a thought of the uncertainties of the future, which, it must be confessed, come to all of us at times, cheered by the companionship of sympathetic friends, and unconsciously exalted by the ineffaceable memories of the festival at home, pricked off a red-letter day in our calendar. Who can tell when and where we shall put another indelible mark to record an event to be remembered in the history we are helping to make?

A slight accident to the machinery on the afternoon of the 5th stopped the revolution of the screw for five hours and more. The teeming life on the boat seemed suspended

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PUERTO-RICAN COMMISSIONERS ACCOMPANYING GENERAL MILES'S ARMY.
Photograph by M. W. Tennant, Newport News.

for a moment at the sudden pause in the forward motion, and then took a new and more active start. Sharks were seen in great numbers, and several were hauled up the side, but each one succeeded in breaking away just as the men with cheers and laughter had hauled his vicious head up to the rail. This pastime was perforce suspended as soon as the screw began to churn the water again and the monotony of the trip, if that can be called monotony which is a succession of amusing human incidents. Then naturally all thoughts were turned toward Honolulu. The last day before reaching port was the happiest day of the week on the water. Eager to have a run on shore, and anticipating pleasures which I am afraid did not fully materialize, imagining prospective beauties of tropical scenery which were more than realized, the whole ship's company were in a state of mild exultation. The quartermasters issued shore-going suits of tan-colored linen, with thin underwear, and the non-commissioned officers made up their squads for landing. The excitement of trying on the new clothes and the occupation of letter-writing made the day seem all too short. The officers appeared shy as schoolboys at first in suits of gray linen with blue or red trimmings. Helmets of unexpected shape and startling size were produced, and, but for the knowledge that this was to be only a brief pause in our voyage, we should all have felt much as the passengers on an Atlantic liner do when Queenstown is passed or the Lizard sighted. The hazy outlines of Molokai shimmered in the distant horizon to the south just before sunset.

When we landed, early in the morning, the little town was already given over to peaceful military occupation. Soldiers everywhere, most of them, following the pleasant custom of the island, decorated with wreaths of pinks and garlands of fragrant leaves and flowers. In the shade of great trees and palm-thatched bowers in the grounds of the old palace tables were laid, heavy with tropical fruits and more solid food; and already, long before noon, hundreds of ladies had assembled to welcome the soldiers, and, after the feast was over, Mrs. Dole and her friends held an informal reception on the green. Hawaiian hospitality has unique and fascinating elements of grace and picturesqueness in it which make such a festival as I have briefly alluded to the most perfect in the world. Nor are the men who enjoy it unworthy of it or unappreciative of its rare qualities. Marshal Brown, who is at the head of the police force of the island, informs me that up to this date not a single arrest of a soldier has been made, and not a disturbance of the peace of any kind has been reported to him. This, with all restraints of discipline temporarily suspended, with all the excitement of novel surroundings and the temptations of abundant hospitality, proves the temper of the men, and is worth as much to the cause they are fighting for as a victory in the field.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES ON BOARD THE STEAMER "NEWPORT" OF NEW YORK ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1898.

1. Prayer.....Chaplain Doherty.
2. "Star-spangled Banner".....Astor Battery Glee Club.
3. Declaration of Independence.....Read by Major C. H. Whipple.
4. "America".....Astor Battery Glee Club.
5. Oration.....Chaplain Doherty.
6. "Red, White, and Blue".....Astor Battery Glee Club.

Officers and enlisted men will assemble in front of the officers' cabins, on the hurricane-deck, 11.30 A.M.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Colonel Pope, Colonel McClure, Major Kilbourne, Major Strother, Major Bement, and Captain March.

TOASTS AFTER LUNCH.

1. Our Country and Our President.....Major-General Merritt.
2. Nations Friendly To Us and the Queen of England.....Mr. Frank D. Millet.
3. Our General Commanding the Army of the Philippines.....Colonel McClure.
4. A Modern Crusade.....General Babcock.
5. The Day We Celebrate.....Mr. Murat Halstead.
6. The Girls We Left Behind Us.....General Whittier.
7. The Army and The Navy.....Colonel Crowder.
8. Our Good Ship *Newport*, and Her Gallant Captain and Crew: To be drunk standing.....Captain Saunders.

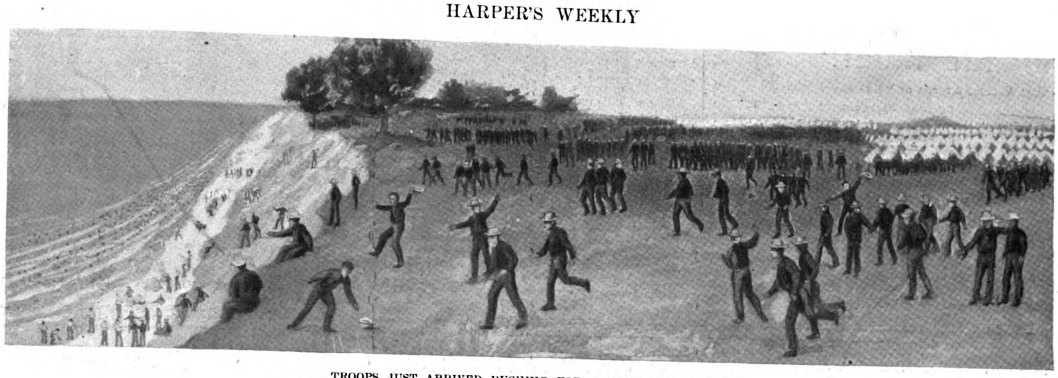
Three Cheers for General Merritt and the Day We Celebrate.

F. D. MILLET.

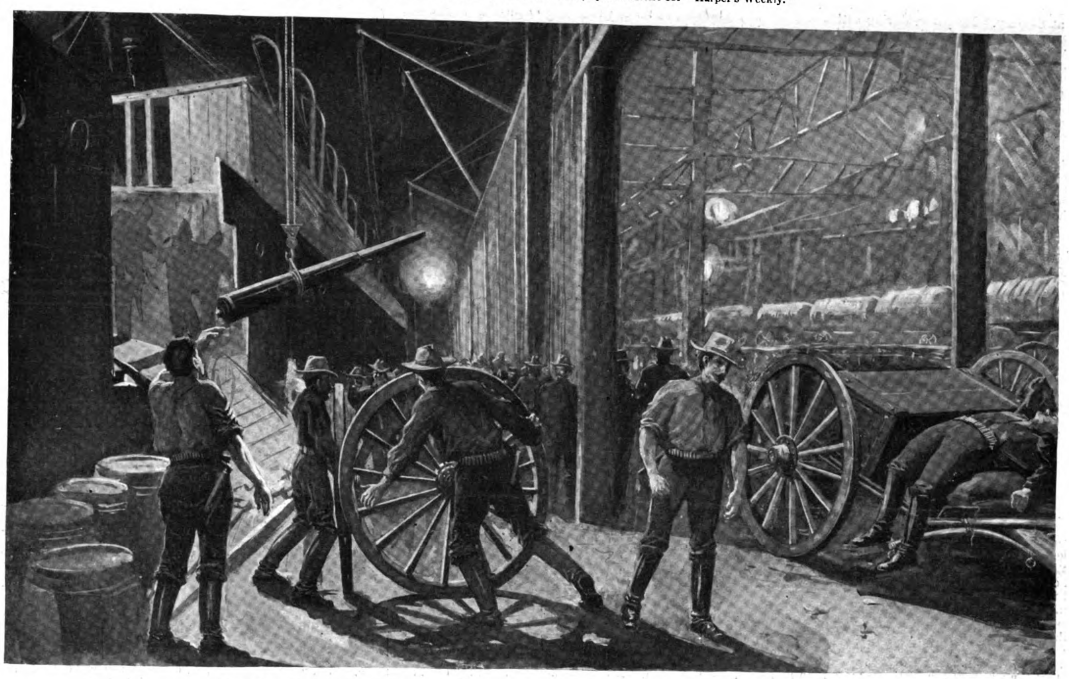



WITH THE THIRD MANILA EXPEDITION AT HONOLULU.
Group of American and Hawaiian Officers and Officials on the Veranda of the "Bungalow."—Photograph by Davey.

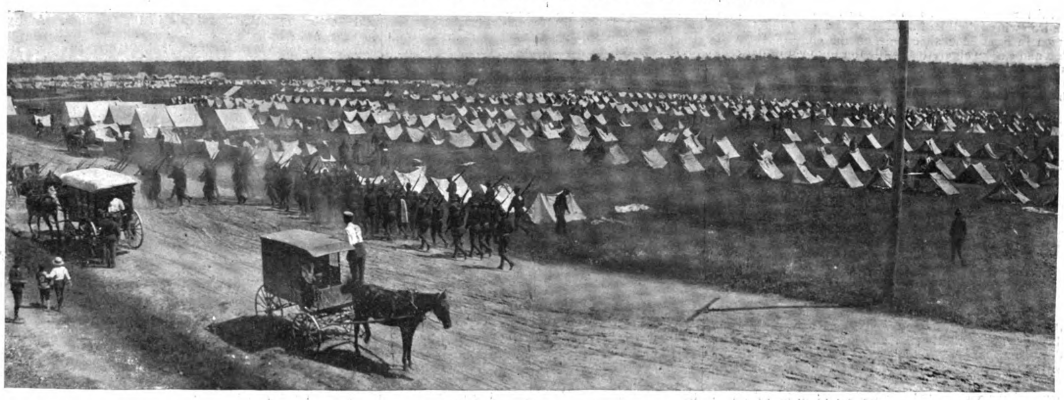
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TROOPS JUST ARRIVED RUSHING FOR A SWIM IN THE SURF.
After a Sketch made on the Spot by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."



LOADING LIGHT ARTILLERY ON BOARD THE TRANSPORTS AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.
After a Sketch made on the Spot by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP.
Photograph by M. W. Tennant, Newport News, Virginia.

OFF FOR PUERTO RICO—SCENES AT NEWPORT NEWS.

## COMMISSIONERS TO PUERTO RICO.

On the opposite page is a picture of the group of Puerto-Rican commissioners who were selected, under direction of General Miles, by former Consul-General Warner P. Sutton and Captain Whitney of General Miles's staff, to land in Puerto Rico with our army and apprise the people of their several localities of the present status of the war between the United States and Spain, and of the intention of the United States to annex Puerto Rico.

They are to give their former neighbors a general idea of our institutions, and of the advantages to Puerto Rico which will follow annexation. They went to the island on the cruiser *St. Louis*.

Their intention, as set forth by General Mattei and Mr. Fajardo, is to establish newspapers at once in Puerto Rico, through which, as well as by circulars, the announcements of General Miles may be circulated in the island. The Puerto Rico Junta in New York has advocated independence rather than annexation, but these commissioners have all along been annexationists, and were chosen for their present duty largely on that ground. Mr. Sutton has a large acquaintance in Puerto Rico, and understands the people there, and being on terms of warm friendship with the annexationist leaders, is likely to be very useful in promoting good feeling between the people of the island and our forces.

The fact that the commissioners seem to have got their flag upside down indicates that they are not quite used to it yet; but the American flag is already much more familiar to the Puerto-Ricans than it was when the picture was made.

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# THE TRUCE.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Chaffee's Headquarters, *July 10, 1898.*

It is Sunday at the trenches. A truce is on, and the band that helped the wounded in the wake of Chaffee's charging brigade is playing "Calvary."

"Hosanna!"

It is the most cheerful spot on a battle-field—the trenches—and a comparatively safe spot for the non-combatant even during action. Men at the front see their comrades drop, usually, without an outcry, and pass on, if advancing, under an excitement of conflict that quickly makes them callous. At the trenches, and after sharp action is over, the dead are buried; the wounded and the sick are carried to the rear—to be seen no more, unless they come back to take a place in the ranks again. The firing dies down to the popping duel of sharp-shooters and the uncanny whistle of a vagrant shell. A short peace of reaction follows, which quiets the strained nerves, but does not last long; the men get restless and impatient quickly. But while they may sit in the sun by day and sleep in the mud at night, as they did here before Santiago, they are saved contact with that ghastly road of choking odors and choking memories that leads through the rear, and to the still pitiful pictures under the hospital tents at Siboney. Moreover, during action the Spanish fire sweeps that same road between the base of the hill under the trenches and the woods, and makes the zone of just getting to the front or just getting away more dangerous even than the front itself; and then to the man who must go to the rear there has always been the inglorious and enraging possibility of being potted in the back by a sharp-shooter from a royal palm or a mango-tree. Lastly, the bands play up and down the lines, and, especially when a truce comes, a curious spirit of holiday pervades the air. There is nothing more incongruous, nothing more grotesque, on the field after a battle than the sight of a bass-drum or a big bass-horn lying, as I saw several on the afternoon of July 1, just under the conquered Spanish trenches. But it is very fine and inspiriting next morning to hear both booming to a Sousa march or a jolly negro melody; and it is moving beyond words just now to hear "Calvary" swelling reverently overhead, and breaking gently against the still green spires that far up the valley thrust themselves now and then into cloud-land.

"Hosanna! Glory to God!"

The wind is gentle and cool, the air is clear and brilliant, the sun shines, the mountains are divine in majesty and peace, but it is glory to the God of Battles that band is playing now, for the memories of Caney still bleed, and with more than half a circle of bayonets we invest Santiago; a truce is on, and we are expecting the Spaniard to give up his plucky fight.

Last night Major-General Lawton, who is never to be caught napping, for the reason that he never seems to sleep (I believe he never went to his cot the first week except to have the shirt in which he came ashore restored to its original color), shot out his right flank a mile and a half, so that, with the Cubans, out of whom he can get more work than any other general in the army, he holds El Cobre road—the last avenue of escape for the Spanish to the hills.

General Ludlow is next the Cubans, and keen, watchful, untiring Chaffee—a major-general too, since his reckless courage and strong fight at Caney—touches Ludlow's left flank on one side, and, on the other, the right flank of that nimble old veteran, who scales trees for personal reconnoissance and mounts his horse for battle from an ambulance—General Wheeler. Of this division, and of the whole line, indeed, Colonel Roosevelt of course has the shortest air-line from his rifle-pits to the Spanish trenches. Kent's division starts from Wheeler, following ever the throttling sweep of a circle.

So that the wings of the army are more than half shut, like the wings of our bird of freedom when he drops through the air for prey. Therefore we have sent the Spaniard word that unless he gives up the fight this day the awful rending of beak and claws shall begin again, and the iron wings shall be folded closer. Meanwhile the little men in light blue sit calmly on the edge of their trenches and smoke cigarettes, while the big men in dark blue sit on the edge of theirs and good-humoredly cast tobacco juice towards Santiago. Down in the hollows midway between the lines are Spanish soldiers and American soldiers gathering yams and mangoes, with only a narrow cocoanut grove between them. For half an hour I watched two of the Americans trying to round up and drive into our lines half a dozen horses that were running loose in a field and belonged to Spanish officers, until a major, fearing that the mischievous dare-devils might bring on an engagement during a truce, sent a lieutenant down to stop them. The lieutenant rode a gray mule as a flag of truce, and I rode down with him, but the Spaniards paid as little attention to us as they paid to the men we were after, and the lieutenant rebuked these men with a stern severity in his voice that was not, I'm sure, in his heart, and they let the horses alone. At one point along the line two Spanish officers came towards our trenches and signalled for our officers to approach, which they did. The Spaniards said they had been trying to get over for two days, and I am told they were good fellows; that they brought along a little rum, and Spaniard and American drank mutual healths, and swore with equal heartiness at the Cuban, and declared that motive of the war a wicked shame. And by-and-by, when peace was come, they would have a dinner at the Waldorf, and talk it all over, and be decorously merry.

However, the rumor now is that the Spaniards are not going to surrender to-day, and we begin firing at noon. Meanwhile we have given the enemy nine round days of fair weather in which to recover his spirits, gather yams, and make good and ready for his fight in the last ditch.

There are many others besides us who are anxious to get into Santiago—eighteen thousand others, indeed—the half-starved refugees who came out of Santiago when we announced that we meant to shell the town, and are waiting at the little conquered town of Caney for the time when they may go home again. I was there yesterday afternoon under the guidance of the Major, with whom I came down on the *Iroquois*, and it is a distressing scene. The town is built about a plaza, and the houses—those that are not thatched hovels—are low, and have blue walls and red-tiled roofs. At the head of the plaza stands a big and very old cathedral, which is a storehouse just now for Uncle Sam, whose generous right hand reaches daily from the door to give rations to his enemy as to himself, while the left stays under his coat tails unknowing. They are mostly women and children, the refugees—white women, yellow women and children, the refugees—white women, yellow women, brown women, and black women; and babies black, babies brown, babies yellow, and white babies: ludicrous mites, some of them, and nearly all as naked as they were at birth. Some of the women were the wives and widows of Spanish officers, and the few men in the crowd were sick or aged or straggling Cubans. Most of the refugees expected to be out of Santiago only a day or two, so even the well-to-do were hungry, and the poor and the reconcentrados were nearly starved. The distribution of rations, in spite of priest and soldiers, was in consequence little more than a moblike fight for hardtack. It is such a town as would have about one thousand inhabitants in our States. Imagine, then, how these refugees are crowded! The plaza is a swarm of women and children; the streets, the curb-stones, the narrow sidewalks, are massed with women and children; so are the porches, door-steps, doorways, hallways; the back yards and side yards are full, and so is the little creek that runs between the town and the shattered stone fort which Chaffee stormed. And always the cry is, "Mucha hambre! mucha hambre!" But when they are not hungry they are as laughing and light-hearted as though they had not a care in the world and would never get hungry again. Not one over five years of age and under sixty but knew the Major—who had been playing the part of a summer Santa Claus in the town—and had a smile for him; and for each the Major had a smile, while the fat little priest who gave out the bread called him his brother, and embraced him as such. And how the dusky groups of roguish girls in the porches flashed dark eyes and white teeth at him as he rode by, and how the Major smiled back and loved it all!

The Major has done his work well. During the fight around Caney, his duties led him several times into the "jaws of hell," as he says, and he went in—not without flinching, for the Major is frank, but he went in. Once he was sent with a guard of five troopers to find General Ludlow.

"The bullets in one lane were like hail," said the Major. "'Don't go down there, sir,' said a soldier. 'You'll be killed. General Ludlow is back there.' I rode back through that awful lane. 'Where is General Ludlow?' I said to a soldier. 'General Ludlow—' he said, and a bullet caught him in the forehead, and he fell dead. I was sent to another place, and another, and I couldn't find him. Finally I went to an old officer. 'Colonel,' I said, 'I've been looking for General Ludlow for two hours, and can't find him. I've got five troopers here. I'm not married myself, and of course I don't care for myself, but they're all married men, and I've got to think of them. I don't want to risk their lives any more. Now, I'm a tenderfoot, and I ask you frankly what ought I to do?' 'Don't you report to your superior officer,' said the Colonel, 'until you have found General Ludlow.' That was enough for me, and off I started, but I said to the troopers, 'You needn't come; not a one of you.' But every one came. Once I got ahead of our own line. I heard a click, looked up, and there was a Spanish picket-post not fifty yards away, with their guns levelled. I lay down on my horse and skipped. The bullets whistled, but I wasn't touched. Finally I did find him. 'This way, Webb, my boy,' he called from the woods. It was hot in there. 'Stoop, sir; stoop,' said a soldier; and as I stooped the poor fellow himself got a bullet in the breast. 'Here you are,' called the general, who was standing straight, with his shoulders squared. I straightened up my backbone too, though I never felt so humble in my life, and I gave my message and started away. When I had got off fifty yards the general called me back through that death-hole. I left again, and if he didn't call me back *again!* 'General,' I said, 'for God's sake, don't call me back any more.' He laughed, and didn't; and here I am."

So, now that promotions rustle the Cuban air, the Major says frankly, and with logic and justice: "If I am a staff officer, put me back in the rear and let me be ornamental. If I am to have duties steadily on the firing-line and ahead of it, as I had, and do them, as I did—here's So-and-so and So-and-so being made colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general—what do I get?"

Noon now, and the Spaniards decline to surrender. We shall begin bombarding at four. Meanwhile here is the story of the day's advance towards Santiago, brought up by a croaker from the rear: The correspondent's hammock swung, at corps headquarters, from the limb of a mango-tree. The siege-guns were behind because the roads were bad; the pack-mules tramped through mud; the wagons creaked through mire; and men on foot—even the wounded one day—waded the bridgeless creek four or five times between front and the rear, and yet a body of volunteers and an engineer or two were busy all morning cutting a wagon-road through thick brush to the top of a low hill about three-quarters of a mile away. At noon, while staff-officers, aides, and attachés were at lunch, came the order to move camp. Lunch stopped short, off hustled aide and attaché, the big wagons rolled in, and there was a great falling of tents and a mighty bustle for fear the wagons might roll out again before each man had his outfit tossed in. Such was the hurry that even the solemn and elegant attachés hurriedly helped to fold their own things. Out came the guard of mounted troopers; out the guard of infantry; out the Spanish prisoners; and out the correspondents, who sought to keep in touch with the source of the done, the doing, and the undone; out came the commanding general, mounted, and with his left foot swathed; out the very tall aide and the courtly inspector-general and other members of the staff; out the attachés and their orderlies and servants—all mounted—everybody mounted except the infantry, the Spanish prisoners, and the correspondents, whose horses were left behind at Tampa. The general led the way, followed by the very tall aide, the courtly inspector-general, the other staff-officers, the attachés, the troopers, the three big army-wagons with their six-mule teams, the infantry, the Spanish prisoners, and the correspondents—and the long train wound laboriously along and up the wagon-road cut that morning through thick brush by engineer and volunteer, when the one road from front to rear was muddy and bridgeless, and the siege-guns were still where they staid till the end—behind. Now and then the procession halted for axemen to clean out a bush and broaden the road here and there, but in time it crawled slowly to the top of the hill. There the general swept horizon and hill with his eye for perhaps three minutes. Then he turned his horse. The very tall aide turned his horse. The courtly inspector-general, the aides, and attachés turned theirs. Turned, too, the heavy wagons, creaking, and the six mules each; turned troopers, infantry, Spanish prisoners; turned correspondents—aside into the grass to laugh; and as the long train wound up, so wound it down—down the trail that engineer and volunteer had laboriously cut through thick brush that morning, and back to the same still smoking camp. There the general swept the scene with his eye, rode to a fresh spot a little way off, and halted. And there, one hundred yards from where it sat before, sits the general's camp to-day. The hammock of the correspondent swings from the same limb of the mango-tree.

The poor wounded have had a hard time. Apparently the powers thought there were not going to be any wounded; and, without doubt, few on Cuban soil dreamed there would be so many. The wounded at Las Guasimas were carried three miles to Siboney by hand, for when that fight was over not a wagon for ammunition, supplies, or hospital needs was on shore.

Especially at Caney, men not seriously wounded lay for hours awaiting their turn after the men who were worse hurt. Nowhere were hospital preparations complete enough in tents, medicine, nurses, or surgeons, on the field, in the rear, or at Siboney. At Siboney the surgeons had not time to get the names, or even to count the number brought in. If you wanted to see a wounded friend, you had to walk the aisle between the row of bandaged soldiers, until you found him. And the way those brave fellows took their suffering! Sometimes the jolting ambulances were too much, and soldiers would pray for the driver, when he stopped, not to start again. One man groaned. "Grit yer teeth," said another, an old Irish sergeant, sternly—"grit yer teeth; there's others that's hurt here except you."

The sergeant himself was shot through the head, and thereafter no man in that ambulance uttered a sound. It was the slightly hurt, the men who were wounded in the leg or arm, who made the most noise.

Three men were brought into a hospital from San Juan. The surgeon took the one who was groaning. He had a mere scratch on one leg. Another was dressed, and as the third sat silently on a chair, still another was attended, and another, before the surgeon turned to the man who was so patiently awaiting his turn.

"Where are you hurt?"

The man pointed to his left side.

"Through?"

"Yes, sir."

I have told of that wounded courtier Cosby, who, feverish, trembling, with a scraped temple, a badly wounded hand, and a bullet in his chest, staggered painfully some ten miles, waving off all assistance, and confessing at last, as he sat on the beach, in the broiling sun, waiting to be taken to a hospital-ship, that if it were handy, and could be got without too much trouble, he thought he would like a canned peach. Well, out from the firing-line at Caney staggered a soldier with half his face shot away, and went staggering to the rear without aid. On the way he met a mounted staff-officer, and he raised his hand to his hatless, bleeding forehead, in a stern salute, and without a gesture for aid, staggered on. The officer's eyes filled with tears.

"Lieutenant," said a trooper, "I'm wounded."

"Can you get to the rear without help?"

"I think I can, sir," and he started. After twenty paces he pitched forward—dead. His wound was through the heart.

Such are the men who sleep in Cuban soil, who lie in the hospitals and on the transports at Siboney and on the big white relief-ship, that was as grateful a gift from home as though it had come from the Almighty Himself. And such are the men who might have been saved death or suffering if we had had, as we should have had, a right proportion of sixty cannon instead of sixteen. The source of the trouble seems to have been in our underestimate of the Spaniards in the trenches. And yet the Spaniards have always been famous for guerilla warfare and strong fighting from behind breastworks. In times when the Spanish sailor would take to his knees rather than climb a mast in a storm, his brother on shore and intrenched was giving Napoleon such trouble as that general rarely had with any foe.

It is now half past three, and firing will begin at four. An army buckboard, drawn by a mule and driven by a large gentleman in a pith helmet, is moving along the base of the hill. Here and there a major or colonel, or perhaps a brigadier-general, looks stern. Some of the captains smile. A lieutenant or two grins broadly, and the sarcastic private in the trenches curses bitterly. Our commanding general is passing by.

I have just come down from the trenches to Roosevelt's tent. The hill under the firing-line looks like the abode of cave-dwellers, so burrowed is it with bomb-proofs, which are merely shallow earth caves dug into the side of a hill with the point of a bayonet, and covered with flat projecting roofs of planks and layers of dirt. The men dug bomb proofs and trenches most willingly, especially the negro troopers. "Foh God," said one, as he swung his pick at dusk after the fight of San Juan, "I never thought I'd git to love a pick befoh!"

The men up at the trenches are ready. Their cartridges are piled along the edge of the pits—in the tops of corn-beef cans, on pieces of boards, in little hollows scooped from the dirt—and everybody is eager and expectant. Sergeant Borrowe, bronzed and grimy, is at the breech of his long dynamite-gun, as keen for another experiment as a child with a Christmas toy that he has not fully mastered. A young German stands at a machine-gun not far away.

"It iss nervous at first," he says, "just waiting. But after the shooting begins it iss all right. I hear no bullets—nutting—the gun makes so much noise. Two of my men were killed the udder day, and I shoot on for two hours and not know it."

Across the air-line from Roosevelt's outermost trench I could see a group of Spanish officers ride hastily to the little house opposite and then gallop along the line. Those fellows seem to do things with great ceremony across there. The officers were evidently giving orders when to begin fire, for, as they passed, the straw hats began to

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drop out of sight in the Spanish trenches. Pretty soon the Spanish flag went up, about one hundred yards from the still flying flag of truce. Then down came the white flag, and up it went again—whimsically. Then a Spaniard seized it, shook it across at the Americans, and pulled it down permanently. But no Spaniard fired. He rarely does first; he is too polite, I suppose.

So we are waiting in Roosevelt's tent for our signal-gun, which is to thunder out on the right flank. A storm is coming. There is vertical lightning up and down the big black mountains in the east. The wind is high, and blowing the plumes of the palm towards Santiago. After it comes a thick gray mist of rain from the mountains, and the drops strike the tent overhead. It is three minutes after four, and no signal-gun yet. I suppose we are waiting for the storm to pass.

"Have you read *Salammbô?*" asks a voice outside, with an intonation that one hears in a Harvard class-room; "and do you remember Hanno, the fat general, who lay in the shade and scratched himself with a golden spatula?"

Nobody answers; that first shot comes!

An hour and a half later, and the firing has quieted down to the popping duel of the sharp-shooters. We are in the tent again, and an occasional Mauser ball whistles overhead. It is curious, but even the tent-flaps seem to be some sort of a protection against those nasty little insects. The bombardment was, after all, very mild, and this is how it seemed: When the first gun roared to the right, a rattling ran down the line towards us, and the Mausers began to pop and sing. Everybody sprang to his feet and followed Colonel Roosevelt up the hill, each man bending low to lessen the danger surface that his anatomy presented to the bullets coming over the hill. Davis forgot his glasses, and coolly went back for them. I waited for him a while—a very little while—but when several bullets spat around me rather viciously and rather near, I accepted the hospitable invitation of two Rough Riders and crawled under a bomb-proof, between Lieutenant Greenway and Captain Llewellyn. There were about twenty of us in there. The planks overhead were thin, the cracks between them were wide, and the dirt on top was shallow — very shallow. "We're all right except for the shrapnel," said the captain several times. Every now and then a soldier would stick his head outside, or go out to light his pipe or for some other reason, and the captain would call him down sharply:

"Get down there! We don't want to be bothered with wounded men now. Get down!"

We could hear the steady flutter of the machine-gun, the rapid-fire Colt's going like an old-fashioned mowing machine in a meadow, and now and then a shell.

"All right," repeated the captain, "except for the shrapnel."

And the shrapnel were friendly; I could not tell that a ball touched the bomb-proof. The Spaniards were not firing heavily. They were evidently saving their ammunition and waiting for another wild American charge—which never came; and so the bombardment ended in about an hour, as the rain had ended—in a slow patter, an occasional drop, and then in stillness. Indeed, I can almost liken an action of this sort at the trenches to an expected rain-storm in which there is a good deal of lightning. It thunders, the drops begin to patter, and you run for shelter, and you lie in comfort and in safety, except for the chance of being struck by lightning, which flashes sometimes uncomfortably near. By-and-by the storm passes, the rain quiets down to random drops, and you come out into the air, look around at the heavens, and stretch yourself.

Loud cheering rose at the trenches as we turned away, and somebody said that Sergeant Borrowe had tossed a Spanish cannon, a tree, and a mass of mingled breastwork and Spaniards into the air with one charge from his terrible gun. At General Wheeler's headquarters, further down, the report was that the Rough Riders, without orders, had charged along their air-line and had captured the Spanish trenches. Somebody said the one rumor was not true, but nobody seemed to think the other at all improbable.

There was but one fatality on our side that afternoon, and that was a tragedy. On the left flank Captain Rowell of the Second Infantry was instantly killed by a Spanish shell. As a first lieutenant he had waited twenty years for promotion, and his promotion outran his death but a few days.

THE SURRENDER.

Next morning, after the Sunday bombardment, we sent word over to ask the Spaniard if now he would be good. General Toral replied that he would at least be better if the home government would let him. So we gave him time until the following Thursday in which to communicate with Madrid. In the beginning he declined any and all terms of surrender; then an unconditional surrender; then he was willing to march out with the full honors of war, bearing his arms, with his flag flying, and the American soldier doing it homage, to march into another province, and thus be ready to fight us again some day. Now he was considering any terms that did not involve humiliation to Spanish honor and Spanish pride. Meanwhile the heroic figure of General Miles had appeared one fine morning, superbly mounted, and a reverent "Praise God!" ran along the lines. And General Randolph, too, of the artillery. I saw the latter at the front but once. He disappeared then, but I noticed that guns began to roll up from the rear as though they had wings, and I knew the siege-guns, if needed, would follow, even if they had mountains to climb. There was nobody who did not have a cheerful eye on General Randolph.

Thursday came, and the word went around that the Spaniard had come down from his high horse. He would stack his arms, march out, evacuate the province, surrender all the troops in it—some 20,000—and in return we should feed them and carry them back to Spain. The sunny air straightway was rent with cheers. The sickest man in one regiment sprang from his blanket and led all his comrades in a foot-race for the trenches, there to join in the hallelujahs. Still, the doubting were suspicious. The wily Spaniard must be up to some game. Perhaps he was contemplating general peace at Madrid, and perhaps he was merely "working" our opulent government for the transportation of as many of his troops as possible, where sooner or later they would have to go—home. Maybe he really thought we were 50,000 strong—a French refugee had brought out word that such was the Spanish belief at Santiago—and on this supposition not one

(*Continued on page 805.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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|---|---|
| PAID-UP CAPITAL, | $1,000,000.00 |
| Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.) | $22,868,994.16 |
| Liabilities, | 19,146,359.04 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $3,722,635.12 |

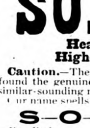
*July 1, 1898.*

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|---|---|
| Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.) | $24,103,986.67 |
| Total Liabilities, | 19,859,291.43 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $4,244,695.24 |
| Paid to Policy-holders since 1864, | $35,660,940.19 |
| Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98, | 1,300,493.68 |
| Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life), | 1,161,705.00 |
| Life Insurance in Force, | 94,646,669.00 |

GAINS.
*6 Months—January to July, 1898.*

| | |
|---|---|
| In Assets, | $1,234,992.51 |
| In Surplus (to Policy-holders), | 522,060.12 |
| In Insurance in Force (Life Department only), | 2,764,459.00 |
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(Continued from page 803.)

of the men who loved our commanding general least but gave him full credit for his bull-dog persistency and for the stark audacity of his first demands. But the Spaniard, whatever his reason, was this time in earnest, and out under the peace tree between the lines a commission was appointed on each side to draw up the terms. The surrender was sure, and a courteous Englishman raised his hat to the victorious general, and asked if he would be permitted to enter Santiago and witness the raising of the flag. Rasping oaths form the chief part of the general's vocabulary.

"Not a —— —— rod," the Englishman was told, violently. "If any newspaper man goes into that town I'll have him shot —— ——."

Therefore the obedient and the orderly went quietly back to their transports at Siboney, while the disobedient or the disbelieving remained on the field and marched into Santiago and saw the colors raised.

It happened at noon on Sunday, the 17th. The soldiers were drawn up at parade rest along the great ten-mile circle of the trenches and stood facing Santiago. They could see nothing—only the red roofs of the town—but the batteries were to thunder word when the red and yellow flag of defeat went down and the victorious stars and stripes rose up. While they waited, men in straw hats and blue clothes appeared in an open field towards Santiago and began swinging hammocks and tethering horses, while men in Panama hats advanced to the American trenches, saluting courteously. The Americans sprang across the trenches to meet them, and while they were shaking hands, and on the stroke of twelve, the thunder of twoscore and one salutes began. The Spaniards looked rather startled, but the cheers rose and they understood. From the right rose the cheers, gathering volume as they came, swinging through the centre far to the left, and swinging through the centre back again, until they broke in a wild storm against the big green hills. Then to the rear the storm ran, over Las Guasimas, and down the foothills to be mingled with the surf at Siboney, and swung by the rocking transports out to sea. Under the sea too it sang, along the cables—to ring through the white corridors of the great Capitol, and spread like a hurricane through our own waiting land. Already the bands were playing when the force of it broke at the trenches—playing the "Star-spangled Banner"—and the soldiers cheered again. Then they grew quiet—the bands were playing hymns: old, old hymns that the soldier had heard, with bowed head and at his mother's side, in some little old country church at home; and what hardship, privations, wounds, death of comrades, had rarely done those old hymns did now—they brought the tears. Then some thoughtful soldier pulled a box of hardtack across the trenches, and the little Spanish soldiers fell upon it like schoolboys, and scrambled like pickaninnies for a penny.

Thus was it all around the shining circle of sheathed bayonets, silent carbines, and dumb cannon mouths, at the American trenches around Santiago where the fighting was done. And inside, under the very folds of the ever-victorious, ever-beloved Old Glory—what there?

At that very hour the commanding officer was suffering himself to be involved in a street squabble, and demeaning himself, his flag, the people whom he served, and the soldiers whose worship he should have earned. It does not matter much whose was the first blow struck, or whether a blow was struck at all; there was no excuse for correspondent or general, and the word or the blow, or both, from one, at such a time, was a stroke at the pride of the American soldier, the American officer, and the American gentleman from a man who at all times, and particularly then, should have stood a spotless ideal for the three.

"He will not wear his uniform again?" asked the aghast foreigner.

The American laughed—"Won't he?" And then he went on to explain apologetically how our political system made the appointment of such a man to such high office and his maintenance in that office possible, and to add seriously that though another star were added to the ones already worn, though enough were given to quite encircle the neck-band of his blouse—all, in the eyes of every true American, would be dimmed by such conduct at such an hour, forever.

JOHN FOX, JR.

## SAMPSON AND SCHLEY AT SANTIAGO.

THE following letter comes to HARPER'S WEEKLY from one who writes from a full knowledge of the subject with which he deals:

*My Dear ——:*

You have read, doubtless, with surprise and regret, the various newspaper despatches and editorials which endeavor to make Schley the hero of Santiago, and to take from Sampson—the commander-in-chief—the credit of his successful campaign and his great victory. I am glad to say that it has not degenerated into a controversy. Schley's friends and the sensational newspaper correspondents have had it all their own way so far; but if the crusade should continue, and have any influence upon Congressional action next fall, the whole history of the Santiago campaign will be made public. The officers of this fleet will not see Schley—who is entitled to no credit for leadership—honored at the expense of the commander-in-chief, who instituted and carried out, in this age of steam and electricity, a blockade which made Cervera's escape impossible, and which makes a brilliant chapter in the history of modern naval warfare.

I think you will be interested in a few facts concerning these operations. I would like you, as a citizen and as the editor of a great weekly, to know the truth. To begin, I go back more than two months. We reached Key West, after the San Juan expedition, on May 18. Cervera had left Curaçoa on the 15th. His destination was probably Cienfuegos, as he was reported to have munitions of war necessary to the defence of Havana, and Cienfuegos is the only deep water port on the south side of Cuba that has rail communication with Havana. Schley left Key West on May 19th, with the *Brooklyn*, the *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and *Scorpion*, for the south side of Cuba, to blockade Cienfuegos. On the next day the battle-ship *Iowa*, the cruiser *Castine*, and a collier followed to join him, and on the 21st the *Marblehead*, *Eagle*, and *Vixen*. Schley himself reached Cienfuegos on the 21st, and the other vessels joined him within 48 hours. He thus had a powerful fleet of three battle-ships, one armored cruiser, two protected cruisers, three armed auxiliaries, and 4500 tons of coal in a collier. Admiral Sampson .... gave Schley his best battle-ship—the *Iowa*—two cruisers, and two auxiliaries (the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and *Scorpion* (the Squadron"), and gave him the best chance of meeting and defeating the Spanish fleet. I mention this to show the kind of man that Sampson is, and in view of the newspaper charges that he has attempted to take away Schley's due credit. He has no jealousies, but is animated only by a desire successfully to carry on the war.

It soon became known that Cervera was at Santiago, and had reached there on the 19th. As soon as the news was credibly confirmed—on May 21st—Sampson sent despatches to Schley so informing him, and directing him to proceed to Santiago, first satisfying himself that the Spanish ships were not at Cienfuegos. Schley received these despatches on the 23d. It took him another day to convince himself that the Spanish squadron was not in Cienfuegos, and on the evening of the 24th he sailed for Santiago—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say in the direction of Santiago; for, from the time Schley arrived at Cienfuegos, his movements lacked promptness and purpose. The distance from Cienfuegos to Santiago is 300 miles—twenty-five hours at Schley's best squadron speed—twelve knots. The object being to blockade and hold Cervera, his plain duty was to reach Santiago as soon as possible and institute a close blockade. It was not doubted that he would do this. Leaving Cienfuegos in the evening of May 24, he should have reached Santiago before midnight of the 25th. But he did not blockade Santiago until the evening of the *28th of May*—four days after sailing from Cienfuegos. Why not, has never been satisfactorily explained. He proceeded to the eastward, and reached the vicinity of Santiago, but thirty miles to the southward, on May 26th. On the 27th he started west, signalling to his squadron that he *was going back to Key West* (800 miles) to coal, and telegraphed the department to this effect; but before he had gone very far he was overhauled by the *Harvard* with a telegram which turned him back again, and on the 28th he appeared off Santiago, and lay off the port until Admiral Sampson came on June 1.

I have thus particularized the incidents of the last ten days of May because the statement has been frequently made in the press that Schley "discovered" and "bottled up" Cervera in Santiago. He did nothing of the kind. Sampson knew on the 21st that Cervera was in Santiago, and so informed Schley. Schley knew it positively on the 24th, as, if Cervera was not at Cienfuegos, he must be at Santiago. Yet Schley did not blockade Santiago until the 28th, and would not have reached that port at all—would have abandoned the attempt—but for imperative orders. His collier broke down, and he made that an excuse. It was not material, as he had plenty of vessels to tow her.

Now to go back a few days. After sending Schley information on May 21 that Cervera was in Santiago, Admiral Sampson, with the *New York*, his only remaining battle-ship—the *Indiana*—and what Monitors and cruisers could be spared from the blockade, went eastward and occupied the old Bahama Channel, in order to catch Cervera should he attempt to get to Havana by the north side of Cuba. He had already been in Santiago long enough to coal his ships. Should he make a dash for Havana, it was necessary to guard both sides of the island. Sampson maintained daily communication through Key West—by means of despatch-boats—with the Navy Department, and with the large auxiliary cruisers scouting in the Windward Passage and off Santiago.

On May 26 the Admiral first became aware of Schley's dilatory action and delay in starting for Santiago, and at midnight on May 28 he learned that Schley had turned back and started for Key West to coal. At the time of the receipt of this startling news the *New York* was at Key West. The Admiral went at once, leaving at midnight on May 29, picked up the *Oregon*, *Mayflower*, and torpedo-boat *Porter* from the Havana blockade, and went to Santiago at a speed of thirteen knots, arriving there on the morning of June 1. I should have mentioned that before knowing that Schley intended to abandon the whole enterprise the Admiral had sent the *New Orleans*, on May 27, to join Schley, to strengthen his force, and to order him imperatively to blockade Santiago at all hazards. This, I think, effectively disposes of Schley's claim to have "discovered" and "bottled up" the Spanish fleet.

But there is another lie of recent publication, viz., that Schley wished to make a dash into the harbor, irrespective of the mines or batteries, and destroy Cervera's fleet. Schley had plenty of time to make a dash—plenty of opportunity to show audacity and contempt for mines and batteries—and, in fact, the situation at Santiago when he arrived was such as to invite prompt action; but he did not avail himself of his opportunity. Instead of showing contempt, he showed a very marked and unusual respect for the enemy's defences. The *Cristóbal Colon* and one of the armored cruisers—probably the *Maria Teresa*—were lying in plain sight about 1200 yards inside the harbor entrance, with no steam, and therefore powerless to move. The batteries, as was afterwards abundantly proved, were not powerful; and were easily silenced. They offered no material obstacle to a close bombardment, and there was no reason to believe in advance that they were any stronger than they proved to be. Schley held the situation in his hands. He had the powerful *Iowa*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, and *New Orleans*, besides smaller vessels, and he finally made up his mind to attack. This he did at an initial range of *8000 or 9000 yards*, and increased this range to 11,000 yards. His fire was ineffective, and the *Iowa's* 12-inch mounts were injured by the strain of firing her guns at so great an elevation. There was nothing to prevent his going in to a range of 2000 yards from the ships and destroying them; and officers to whom I talked about the affair, after our arrival, were very indignant that he had not done so, and regarded the attack as a ridiculous one, and one that reflected discredit upon the navy.

The papers report Admiral Cervera as saying of this attack that he didn't know what was meant by it, in which he agreed with our own people. There was no danger of mines, which were all in the channel itself, within a thousand yards from the ships. Schley had his chance—a chance in which only ordinary pluck, enterprise, and a willingness to fight for an adequate object were needed—and he failed to improve it. So much for his "dash"!

I have now brought up the story to the time of Admiral Sampson's taking command in person off Santiago. From that moment he instituted a close blockade, which each week became more rigorous and difficult to evade. When we arrived on June 1 the moon was nearing its full, and for several nights it was so light that the harbor entrance could be plainly seen; but the dark nights soon came, and with them great danger that the enemy's ships might escape, or his torpedo-boats make an attack upon the fleet. To prevent this, the entrance to the port was illuminated by the battle-ships. Taking turns of two hours each, they stationed themselves in the prolongation of the axis of the narrow channel, and close to the Morro—frequently within a mile—and threw the powerful beams of their search-lights directly up the harbor entrance, illuminating it up to Punta Gordo, 1200 yards inside the Morro, so brightly that the movements of small boats could be detected. Pickets of steam-launches, small boats could be detected. Pickets of steam-launches, small vessels, and torpedo-boats were placed at and near the harbor mouth, just clear of the search-light beam (so that they should not themselves be illuminated).

The stations of the large blockading vessels were drawn nearer the harbor entrance from time to time, until, after the landing of the army, the distance from the Morro for all ships at night was made two miles, and a battle-ship lay alongside the search-light ship, with her broadside trained on the channel, ready to fire on the instant. That these dispositions made Cervera's escape at night impossible is sustained by the testimony of the Spanish Admiral and his officers, and by the fact that daylight was deliberately chosen. That he could not get away in the daytime was sufficiently demonstrated by the disastrous result of his attempt. Sampson's organization and discipline destroyed Cervera's fleet. When his ships appeared, our own waiting vessels simply acted the part for which they had been preparing during the entire month of June.

In the fight itself the *New York* was left in the rear. The Admiral, in the execution of his duties, had gone to Siboney, directing all the other vessels to hold their positions. He was on his way to hold a conference with General Shafter, and when the Spanish flag-ship appeared in the channel, the *New York* was seven miles east of the Morro and four miles east of her blockading station, and although she turned back instantly and increased her speed as rapidly as possible, she could not get within range of the large Spanish ships before they were beached. She joined, however, in the chase of the *Cristóbal Colon*, and getting steam on all her boilers, was gaining rapidly on that vessel, and was only eight or ten miles from her when she surrendered. The flag-ship was therefore present, although not within range, and the whole fight and chase was under the eye of the commander-in-chief. Nor was the *New York* entirely out of the fighting, as she ran the fire of the shore batteries, which were doing all they could to aid the escape of the Spanish ships.

The Spaniards came out in column, and turned to the west, maintaining this formation. This removed all tactical difficulties, and made the task of each vessel a perfectly plain one—to close in, fight, and chase. This situation had been laid down by the Admiral in previous instructions, and the vessels needed no orders. The *Brooklyn*, Schley's flag-ship, had the westernmost blockading station, which gave her a great advantage in position at the beginning of the fight. She maintained this advantage in the chase, except with respect to the *Oregon*, which showed unusual speed, and which, after good fighting all along the line, forced the surrender of the *Cristóbal Colon*. With a blockading line eight miles long much depends, in these quick and speedy days of steam, on chance. Had the Spanish fleet turned to the eastward, the *New York* would have been in the lead of the fighting and chase, and the *Brooklyn* in the rear.

The impudent attempt on the part of Schley's friends to take from Sampson the glory for this achievement is probably unexampled in naval history. A commander-in-chief has always the credit for success and the responsibility for failures. A conspicuous illustration of this, and one to which attention naturally turns, is the battle of Cape St. Vincent. The feature of that battle was Nelson's brilliant manœuvre—not only his own inspiration and his own initiative, but executed in contravention of the commander-in-chief's signals, and which made of what otherwise might have been an inconclusive fight one of the great naval victories of the world. The fight has been for a hundred years analyzed and discussed to show Nelson's genius and greatness, and yet it has always been Sir John Jervis's battle, and he was made Earl St. Vincent for his great victory. In the battle of Santiago Schley took no initiative and exercised no leadership.

Very sincerely yours,

——

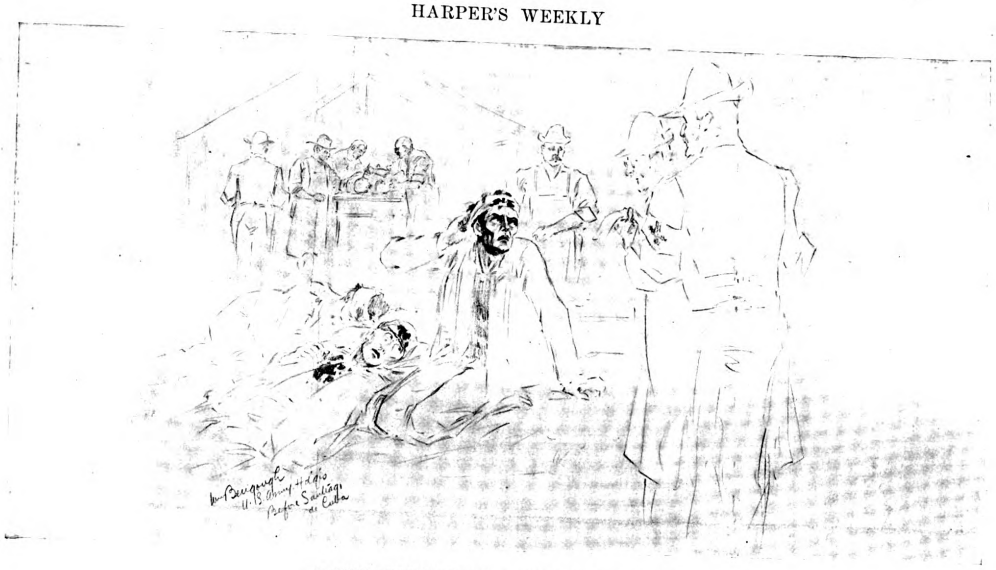
## HAWAII RECEIVES THE NEWS.

HONOLULU, *July 20.*

ONE week ago the steamer *Coptic* arrived with the long-expected news of the annexation of Hawaii. With flags, pennants, and streamers on every mast, the vessel that bore the longed-for tidings was descried far out at sea. The lookout on historic Diamond Head made out that signals were up. He telephoned the news to the city, and the steam-launch of the United States steamer *Mohican* was manned and put to sea. Miles away the message was read, "Hawaii is annexed!" American flags appeared, as if by magic, everywhere. Fire whistles shrieked, factory whistles joined in, and this ear-piercing tumult was punctuated by the deep boom of one hundred guns fired on the Executive grounds. Just as the news was confirmed, President Dole reached the wharf, his horse white with foam, as he had ridden at full gallop from his seaside home at Waikiki. Nearly all the members of his cabinet were there, with consuls and other prominent officials and members of the national guard.

Then the great steamer came in, and the officers and passengers were cheered. Word was given, "To the Executive Building," and a volunteer procession moved up Fort Street, with a band at its head. When it reached the Executive grounds there was a scene of enthusiasm never surpassed in island history. Then in line the crowd marched three times round the building, cheering until it was hoarse. Minister Hatch's message to the government was read; the procession marched through all the principal streets, and a great show of fireworks closed the eventful day.

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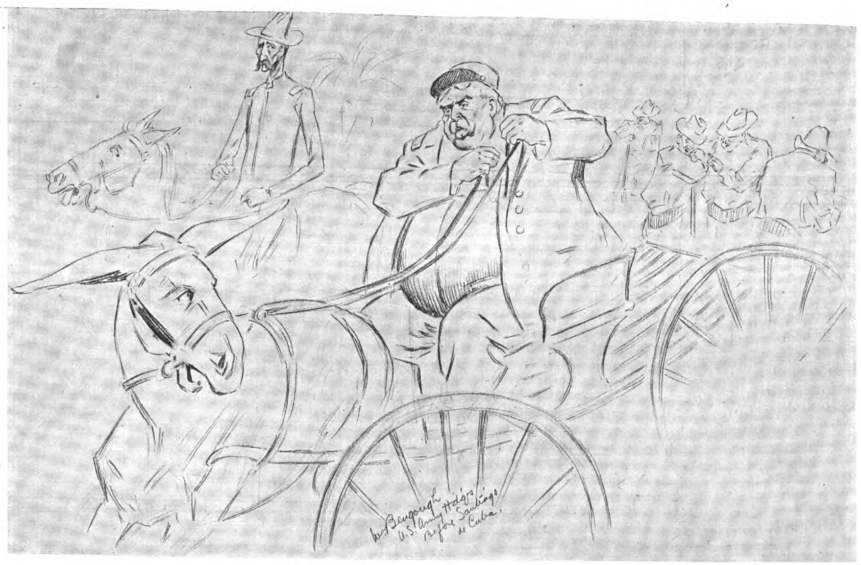
WOUNDED SPANISH PRISONERS—"YOU WON'T KILL US?"



"GLORY!"



"A CUP OF COLD WATER."



"ON, SHAFTER! ON!"

IMPRESSIONS OF SANTIAGO.
SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

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# LONDON.

*July 23, 1898.*

The present war marks the close of an epoch and the beginning of a fresh start in the affairs of the world, perhaps the most remarkable since the Peace of Paris, in 1763, left the English race in possession of an Indian and Colonial Empire and the command of the sea. It was in the year previous to the Peace of Paris that English expeditions had reduced both Cuba and Manila. The period of exclusive sea power which began in 1763 is likely to end in the present year. England enters upon a new phase. America is not likely to relax her efforts until she has become one of the two greatest sea powers in the world. The consequences of the Spanish-American war will therefore be even more serious for other countries, perhaps for England, than for Spain. The colonies of Spain have sapped her strength. Their loss may renew it. Spain has touched bottom. The sea power that America will now organize for herself is envied and feared by every power in Europe, except England. The German newspapers have become complete converts to the doctrine of sea power. The *National Zeitung* observes that "whoever has not the best and most powerful fleet need not enter into a struggle. He has lost the battle before he begins it." This is a confession equivalent to a declaration in the London *Times* in favor of conscription. Modern Germany was founded on the basis of military power as the one source of national strength. It is unlikely that the German dream of rivalling England or America at sea will ever be fulfilled. Still, British naval estimates, being calculated solely on the naval provisions of other countries, will be forced upwards by the German ambition for sea power. Russia contemplates the expenditure of $255,000,000 upon her fleet during the next seven years. "Day and night the Neva ship-yards ring with the clang of the hammer-stroke on men-of-war for a country without colonies or a vulnerable coast-line."

The Admiralty reply to the Russian naval programme was communicated to the House of Commons yesterday. Sanction was asked for the construction of four new battle-ships, four new cruisers, and twelve torpedo-boat-destroyers, the total cost of which will be $40,000,000, in addition to the $35,000,000 voted earlier in the year for the construction of new ships and the purchase of armaments and ammunition. In the present state of feeling M. Goschen could have obtained $500,000,000 for the asking. But men shake their heads and ask themselves whether the most irresistible navy is of any avail, until the foreign policy of the country is placed in stronger hands.

The French navy is the most powerful in the world next to our own. M. Lockroy, the new Minister of Marine, is an interesting personage. He is a man of pleasure, a bundle of nerves, a great cigarette-smoker, and a civilian. But he is a far abler Minister of Marine than his naval predecessor, Admiral Besnard. M. Lockroy enters office with wide schemes and an ambitious programme. He has already obtained the control of the coaling-stations, and a grant of $80,000,000 for the fortification of present and additional coaling-stations. Diego Suarez in Madagascar is potentially the strongest place in the Indian Ocean. It menaces the Cape route to India and China. It is to be made into a Gibraltar. Martinique is to be heavily armed and fortified. In addition to all this, M. Lockroy proposes to bring the French navy up to date in armaments and general equipment. Still, the possession and utilization of sea power are not obtainable by the process of counting ships any more than the counting of noses in politics produces the wisest and best administration. The personal equation is still the greatest factor in the problem. Captain Mahan, who, more than any one living, is responsible for the sea-hunger that gnaws the rulers of all nations, has been guided by the unerring instinct of genius. He predicted that the supremacy of personnel would be greater under the new conditions of sea-fighting than under the old. His foresight has been signally vindicated. The war has shown that although the genius of the Latin race may possibly continue while fighting behind fortifications, the genius of the "Anglo Celtic" race (surely this is ethnographically the right word) is still for sea-fighting. If this be true, Russian, German, and French additions to their war-ships will leave to America and Britain the mastery of the sea. Pursuit of a common policy on the high seas should therefore be the aim of both countries.

On this ground the passage in the President's instructions for the government of the newly conquered province of Santiago, to the inhabitants of Cuba, which relates to the "open door" has given lively satisfaction in England. The passage referred to is as follows: "All ports and places in Cuba which are in the actual possession of our land and naval forces will be opened to the commerce of all neutral nations as well as our own in articles not contraband of war, upon payment of the prescribed rates of duty which may be in force at the time of importation." Anxiety has been felt, if not expressed, on this subject. It is now assumed that the two governments are substantially agreed on the fiscal policy to be pursued by each of them in the event of further territorial changes consequent on operations now in progress or which may hereafter be undertaken. As the policy of the "open door" is established by the United States at her very threshold, the adoption of the same principle in the Far East is looked on as removing any probable source of difference between the two nations, and materially to strengthen the tie that already exists between them.

The arrangements for the forth-coming campaign against the Khalifa are now completed. One battalion of the Guards now at Gibraltar is to take part in the advance, much to the delight of officers and men. Notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, Sirdar Kitchener will command. General Grenfell, commanding the English troops in Egypt, is understood to have behaved with signal generosity and to have displayed great good feeling towards his colleague in command of the Egyptian army. General Kitchener has carved his way with his sword. He is a soldier, pure and simple, with little social influence, but endowed with a will that enables him to triumph over obstacles that would crush smaller men. It is owing to this iron will and his splendid qualities of leadership that he retains the supreme command in the advance on Khartoum. General Grenfell, it is understood, might have obtained it, but stood aside, as Outram stood aside when Havelock was on the point of entering Lucknow, and as General Miles in like manner abstained from taking over the command from General Shafter at Santiago. There is, however, no doubt that friction has occurred between the War Office authorities and General Kitchener. He has insisted on a free hand, and immunity from the civilian red tape which smothers, for the present, at all events, effective reform in the administration of the British army at home. At one period of the controversy the War Office was face to face with the possibility of Kitchener's resignation. The strong man had his way. There is now no position to which he may not rise, and if all goes well at Khartoum he may and probably will be commander-in-chief after General Roberts has served his term in that position.

There is a natural desire on the part of the royal family that the Duke of Connaught should be elevated to the supreme command of the army when a vacancy occurs. The advice of the great Duke of Wellington to the Queen is constantly quoted: "Madam, always keep the command of the army in your own family." There are, however, strong objections to the Duke of Connaught occupying that position. He is amiable, popular, and, by the consent of those who have served under him, a good soldier. But he is not of the stuff of which the master-minds of the world are built, and in the troubled times ahead of us it would be dangerous to the monarchy to associate in the public mind possible catastrophe with the appointment of a member of the royal family who is not marked out by nature for supreme responsibility. The Indian army and the Egyptian army are free from the control of the War Office, and hence success in the field is organized more cheaply and with greater certainty than is possible under the cumbrous forms of Pall Mall. Lord Wolseley, although popular with one section of the army, has disappointed the nation. He came into office as commander-in-chief with a great opportunity before him. The Duke of Cambridge, his predecessor, was the embodiment of military Toryism. Change, in the view of his Royal Highness, was an evil, and the consequence was perpetual refusal to adopt necessary modifications of the existing system, and hence the War Office to this day clings as far as it dare to the obsolete traditions of the earlier part of the century. The fierce criticism that pours upon the War Office begins, however, to take effect in such matters as recruiting and the comfort of the private soldier.

Government departments are now required to reserve two thousand posts annually which will for the future be bestowed upon soldiers only; 3800 ex-soldiers were taken on by the railway companies last year, and strong appeals are made to the other great employers of labor to follow their example. The soldier's life while still serving with the colors is happier and healthier than at any previous period of army history. Tommy Atkins is now quartered in well-lit and well-ventilated barracks. Soldiers no longer sleep in the dark and stuffy places in which they used to be herded together. Canteens are well organized, and all the profits are spent for the advantage of the troops. Comfortable quarters are provided for the men permitted to marry. Recreation-rooms, gymnasia, and bath-rooms are luxuries to which the recruit of twenty years ago was a complete stranger. In many English villages the idea still survives that a lad who has enlisted for a soldier has gone to the bad. That idea is a survival of the time when the ranks of the army were filled from the jails, and when the conditions of the regimental life of our soldiers were inconsistent with common decency.

A new method of making the army attractive has been adopted by Lord Lansdowne with satisfactory results. Regiments returned from foreign service are sent for a march round the counties from which they derive their territorial name. The First Northumberland Fusileers—commonly known as the Fighting Fifth—for example, proceeded last week from Plymouth to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and there commenced a march through the valleys and uplands of breezy Northumberland. The regiment had been absent from England for about eighteen years. The men were bronzed with an Indian sun, and their reception was quite extraordinary. Tens of thousands of people filled the streets, and the men were almost killed with kindness. Recruiting is greatly stimulated by these route marches. Victoria Cross men, who hitherto have only received $50 a year as a pension, are now to get $250 a year on winning the most coveted distinction in the British army. This grant will prevent the recurrence of the scandal of Victoria Cross men herding with paupers in the workhouse. The reform is one that should have been instituted long since.

Waddesdon Manor, the seat of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, where the Prince of Wales has met with an unfortunate accident in the fracture of his left kneecap, is a French château built on the top of what was a treeless hill. The Saturday to Monday parties at Waddesdon have almost attained the dimensions of a national institution, and invitations to take part in them are much sought after. Baron Ferdinand Rothschild belongs to the Austrian branch of the house, but is a naturalized English subject, and for many years has been member of Parliament for the Aylesbury division of Bucks. He takes no part in the business of the famous firm. The baron has devoted himself to history, art, politics, and society. He is a childless widower, an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and is one of the few living subjects of the Queen who have had the honor of receiving her Majesty at their own house. The magnificence of Waddesdon reminds the visitor of Versailles, but the feature most striking to the imagination is the success with which great wealth combined with good taste has converted bare uplands into well-wooded slopes, avenues, and drives, interspersed with lawns and landscape-gardening of exquisite beauty. The flowers of Waddesdon are a sight to see and remember. Other show-places in England may have a larger acreage under glass. Chatsworth, Bowood, and Woburn Abbey are show-places that possess features of historic interest. Waddesdon is of this generation. Luxury is found there in its latest phase. Its owner, however, is a simple, kindly, and unpretending host, and is popular in all classes of society. Some years ago Baron Ferdinand Rothschild aspired to the representation of an East End constituency in Parliament. He never went to the poll, but his speeches to the working population of the Tower Hamlets won golden opinions. The Prince of Wales makes an annual visit to Waddesdon when the gardens are in the height of their beauty, and the accident which has just taken place is the only contretemps which has happened during a series of visits which now extends back for many years.

The accident to the Prince of Wales has produced a deep impression, especially as the serious character of the disaster was at first withheld or suppressed. Since the Prince's dangerous illness in 1871 no incident has so roused the sympathy of his future subjects. No less than fifteen folio pages of the visiting-book at Marlborough House were filled by the signatures of callers on the first day. The newspapers naturally deny that the accident is at all serious. It is to be hoped they are right. But, in spite of a cheerful disposition and a courageous spirit, the stamina of the Prince's constitution is not altogether satisfactory. It is understood that while there is no danger, the effect of enforced inaction excites apprehension. The Prince has already suffered from the veins of the same leg that is now injured. His health greatly depends on the annual visit to Homburg or Marienbad, and it is assumed that for this year, at all events, his Continental visit will be postponed.

The vast increase to the naval strength of the country is in sharp contrast with the weakness of its foreign policy. Discontent with Lord Salisbury is met with in all classes, except the party of Little-Englanders, whose champion, Mr. Labouchere, is not regarded even by himself as a serious politician. Tories of the City of London, moneyed men with old-established interests, talk mutinously against the Prime Minister. Any change, they say, would be for the better, even a Radical ministry. Lord Salisbury is a tired Titan. His life is shadowed with grief. Lady Salisbury has undergone a fresh surgical operation for the relief of the disease from which she is suffering, and it is known that sorrow for his wife's illness saddens and dispirits the Prime Minister. One rarely hears a good word in this country for the Foreign Secretary. Lord Cromer, however, the ruler of Egypt, who is designated by many persons as the best possible successor to Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office, by no means holds the depreciatory view prevalent in England. Lord Cromer has written to more than one of his friends, enjoining them "on no account to lose confidence in Lord Salisbury." Furthermore, there is good reason for believing that the Prime Minister is not altogether his own master. The participation in affairs by the Queen herself is no mere form. Her Majesty's obstinate resolve to sanction no step likely to bring the country into collision with European powers reminds on-lookers of the chief characteristic of her grandfather, George III. Foreign powers are not ignorant of the Queen's determination to disallow all measures tending towards a rupture of the peace. Although the newspapers and Parliament are necessarily silent on this subject, information from sources beyond suspicion has reached me that much of what is justly regarded as weakness in British foreign policy is not fairly to be attributed to the vacillation of the Prime Minister. The refusal of the Foreign Office to speak out frankly about Egypt is a case in point.

Rearrangement of the Foreign Office is inevitable. It is the mouth-piece of a great Asiatic power, but there is no Asiatic Department. African questions are dealt with piecemeal, and on no settled principles. An attempt to remedy this latter defect is being made by the creation of a new Under-Secretaryship of State. Mr. Martin Gosselin, now secretary to the embassy in Paris, is nominated for the appointment. In some quarters the African Under-Secretaryship is regarded as a slap in the face for Mr. Chamberlain. There is no truth in the statement, as Mr. Chamberlain's jurisdiction over the British colonies in Africa is determined by Parliament. Moreover, Lord Salisbury is not the man to smite a colleague by an underhand blow, while Mr. Chamberlain is not the type of statesman who meekly accepts a rebuff of the kind.

No play during the present year has attracted so much attention from literary men as M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," produced on the Lyceum stage. It had an immense success at the Porte Saint-Martin Théâtre in Paris. No less than 80,000 people are alleged to have seen it in the French capital. M. Coquelin's spirited acting in the title rôle is the perfection of dramatic art, and the consequence is that M. Rostand, like Aaron, has struck the rock of popular approbation. At the present time it gushes forth, bubbling, rushing, overwhelming, with only a few whispers of doubt raised by one or two level-headed and non-emotional critics. The play is declared in the superlative degree to be noble in conception, beautiful in execution, supremely great in language, in music, in imagery, and in versification. To read the play it is difficult to understand the cause of the popular clamor. If "Cyrano" is really a masterpiece of imaginative literature, and an addition to the great poems of the world, it is evident that Dante, Goethe, Corneille, Shakespeare, and Milton must squeeze up a little higher and make a nook for Rostand among the immortals.

It is not in accordance with the history of works of genius that the popular voice has instantly appreciated their value, and acclaimed their authors as possessing the sacred fire. The multitude has hitherto required about a century before fully appreciating a masterpiece. A few nights' performance at the Lyceum, with a few thousand copies of "Cyrano de Bergerac" distributed among the reading public, seem to be looked on by the critics as sufficient to have raised M. Rostand's play to the level of the highest. "Cyrano" is certainly a good stage play, delivered in felicitous and musical verse. It is smooth and easy, good and glib, effective verse, but bears the same relation to literature as the best theatrical scenery to Velasquez or Burne-Jones. The dialogue, the love interest, the situations, and the climax make it a good melodrama, but it is neither "inspired" nor "magnificent," and it owes its success to a good and symmetrical plot, to the prettiness of its fancy, and to the wide range of interest covered by a pure and charming play that is, in fact, the sign of a wholesome reaction against the garbage that has been too long foisted upon the world as the typical French play.

Arnold White.

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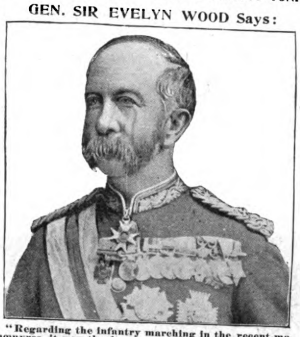
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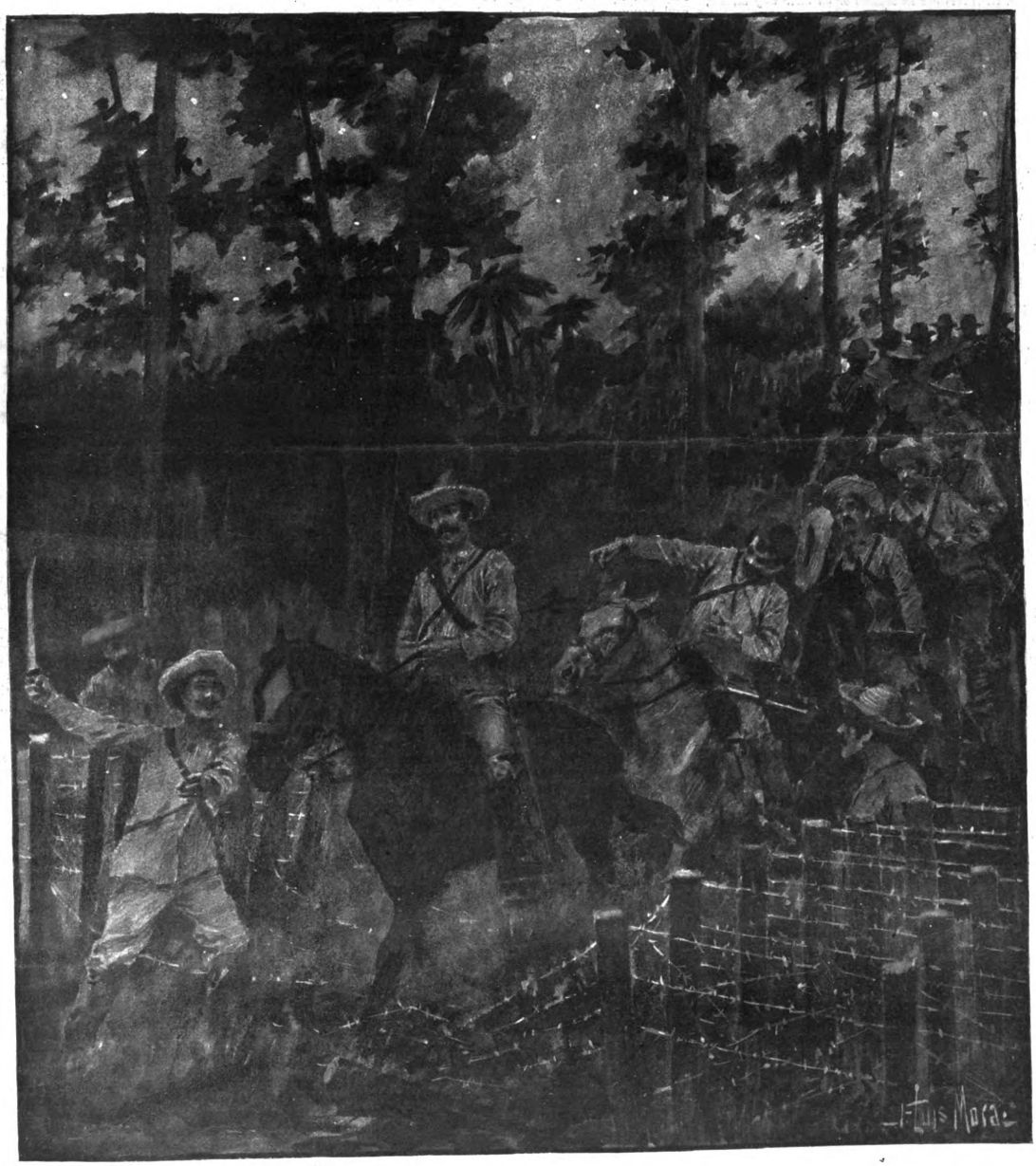

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—NO. 2174. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


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THROUGH THE JUCARO-MORON TROCHA UNDER FIRE.

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA FROM A SKETCH BY CLYDE D. V. HUNT, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE INSURGENT FORCES.


[SEE PAGE 813.]



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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 20, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square


*This Paper is the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents have followed the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere have been accurately portrayed.*

Messrs. RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM *and* T. DART WALKER *are at Puerto Rico,* Messrs. FRANK D. MILLET, JOHN F. BASS, *and* O. K. DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither, and* Mr. HAROLD MARTIN *is at Santiago.*

THE war is ended. The protocol was signed at the White House on Friday, August 12, at 4.23 P.M. The army and navy of the United States have won great glory. The value of American institutions as the builders of strong and self-reliant character has been fully demonstrated. The place of the nation among strong powers has been fixed. Now come the hard tests of peace, when our politicians will have the opportunity to show that they are worthy of our sailors and soldiers.

THE Philadelphia *Press* asserts that some of the old machine legislators of Pennsylvania are to be defeated because of their obedience to the machine. One of the weak and evil things about Pennsylvania politics is that the Republican party of the State contents itself with breaking unimportant parts of the machine, which are easily repaired with as bad material, while the machine as a whole remains to oppress and disgrace the State.

GOVERNOR BLACK'S canal commission has reported that the $9,000,000 appropriated for the repair of the canals has been wasted and stolen. The officials responsible for the waste and thieving are men for whom both BLACK and PLATT are in turn responsible. BLACK is reported to be discouraged by the revelations, and as contemplating a declination of a renomination. In other words, he fears that PLATT and his machine will not give it to him. This is not because the Republican machine of the State desires to punish any one for the robbery of the canal fund, but because it regards the Governor whose commission brought out the disgraceful facts as too much of a fool for its purposes.

THE discussion as to whether Admiral SAMPSON or Commodore SCHLEY is entitled to the credit and the substantial reward for the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet seems to us to have been settled by the convincing letter which we published last week. Nevertheless, Secretary LONG'S contribution to the discussion is valuable, and it is doubtless pleasant to Admiral SAMPSON to realize that the head of the navy appreciates the worth of his services to the country. Mr. LONG'S letter is a private one, but it was evidently intended for publication, and as an answer to many critics of Admiral SAMPSON, who have been stirred into activity by Commodore SCHLEY'S over-zealous friends. In rendering this service to Admiral SAMPSON, Mr. LONG also renders a service to the country, to which injustice to this worthy officer, to whose preparations and vigilance we owe the destruction of Spain's fleet, would have brought shame.

THE Irish Local Government bill has passed the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and is now a law. Its speedy enactment into law was certain, as the question of opposition by the Lords had been already settled by an understanding with Conservative and Unionist peers. Nationalists accept it as a half-way house to home-rule; Liberals look upon it as a direct result of the interest in Ireland's welfare which had been excited by Mr. GLADSTONE'S advocacy; Conservatives seem to view it with some misgiving, while congratulating themselves on the indefinite shelving of a dangerous question; and Liberal-Unionists find much satisfaction in the fact that the bill, while granting a large measure of local self-government, denies all claim of separate political existence to Ireland. There is no doubt that the law is as complete a democratization of county affairs as could be wished for by the Irish. The influence and offices which for generations have belonged to the landlords are now thrown open to the people, and their representatives will sit in county boards and councils, and will share or control their management. Candidates will be elected on a very liberal franchise, and it is significant of an awakened common interest and healthy contention that several landlords have already decided to solicit popular support for office. The change will give the Irish an excellent chance of proving their fitness for the larger measure of self-government which they are striving for.

AUSTRALIAN federation seems to be narrowed down at present to a dispute between New South Wales and the three colonies which voted in favor of the Commonwealth bill—Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia. It is now known that the opposition of New South Wales is more provisional than a matter of settled policy, and that the requisite vote was withheld by reason of the onerous conditions which the federal pact would have imposed upon that colony in respect to taxation and revenue. The bill provides for a uniform customs tariff for the new federation, and this would compel the abandonment of the free-trade policy of New South Wales, whose taxes are mainly derived from land and income, while those of the other voting colonies are based on excise and customs. Though willing to relinquish her fiscal system in behalf of federal unity, the parent colony objects to paying more than a fair share in making good the revenue deficiencies of the others. All the colonies except New South Wales are protectionist, with border duties against one another as well as the outside world. In the new scheme they would lose all revenue from these duties, while New South Wales has comparatively little to lose. Under the provisions of the bill the latter colony is to have a proportionate share of surplus federal revenue returned to her in case there should be any after meeting the cost of the federal government; but before such cost is met and a surplus declared the revenue deficiencies of the protectionist colonies must also be made good, and the only resource is the tax funds of New South Wales. In addition to the financial difficulty, there is a strong party in the latter colony which favors a constitutional amendment changing the proposed equal representation of the colonies in the Senate. Advices state that New South Wales and Queensland are likely to combine in the attempt to secure better terms, but there is no talk of a settled resolve to defeat federation. The present movement is only a temporary check. The centripetal forces are too strong, and will triumph by the grant of local concessions now demanded.

THE discussion as to who is responsible for the lack of medical supplies and surgeons in Cuba goes on with increasing vigor. Secretary ALGER lays the fault at the door of the Medical Department, and the department insists that the fault was General SHAFTER'S, while the last mentioned denies all blame. The Medical Department is the most precise in its denial of responsibility and in its evidence in its own behalf, and this counts for something in its favor. Captain and Assistant-Surgeon EDWARD L. MUNSON, who was on duty as adjutant to the chief surgeon of the Fifth Corps, has made a report to Surgeon-General STERNBERG. He avers that abundance of medical stores were placed on board the transports at Tampa, and that they were properly, even skilfully, organized for emergencies. There were, besides the hospital-ship supplies, regimental supplies. He says that when the expedition reached Cuba the landing was made so hastily that the medical supplies were left on board the ships, and that General SHAFTER himself interfered with a belated attempt to land them, and succeeded in stopping it. When the surgeons reached the shore they found themselves without their field chests, and with "absolutely no resources at hand except such as were provided by the orderly and ship corps pouches and the first-aid packets carried by the soldiers." The half-emptied ships with their supplies had in the mean time put back to sea. At Las Guasimas there were actually "no dressings, hospital tentage, or supplies of any kind on shore within reach of the surgeons already landed." The Quartermaster's Department, Surgeon MUNSON says, refused to aid in any way, and the captains of transport steamers refused to obey the orders of the medical men. The question of responsibility seems to have narrowed down to one between the Medical Department on the one hand, and General SHAFTER and the Quartermaster's Department on the other. Whoever is guilty ought to be punished, but responsibility in the end must rest on Congress—unbusinesslike, cruelly indifferent Congress; and it is quite likely that no individual and no department of the army will suffer for the heinous wrongs that have been inflicted on our soldiers. Probably this reckless, haphazard, headless, lucky campaign affords an illustration of what we are to expect whenever the republic makes war, and so long as the army is commanded by politicians.

THE President, in seeking public opinion on the subject of the retention of the Philippines, has undertaken a most difficult task. Probably by following the dictates of his own common-sense he would adopt the best possible method to satisfy the public conscience and public opinion. It is interesting to note that the feeling in favor of the retention of the islands is not so strong as it was, and that a contemplation of the difficulties in the way of governing them, and of the possibilities of still greater difficulties in the future, have sobered some minds and substituted doubt in others. Some New York newspapers profess very decided opinions in favor of the retention of the islands, but we do not believe that they represent this community. On the other hand, most of the influential newspapers of Boston, and many of the soundest papers of the rest of the country, are strongly opposed to any further departure from the wise traditions of the country. A significant utterance is that of the Philadelphia *Press*, Postmaster-General SMITH'S newspaper. It says, "The Philippines as a whole the United States does not hold, has not conquered, and could not acquire save after tedious weeks of operations by land and sea." Then it states their commercial unimportance. The Kansas City *Times*, Democratic, says, truly, "If the United States is the leader of the world in advancing civilization to higher levels, it should not teach that the constant centralization of political power at home and the acquisition of foreign territory by force of arms are conducive to the broadening and deepening of human liberty." The Pittsburg *Dispatch* is inclined to think that the President will find that the "United States does not wish to burden itself with a population not only exotic, but antipodal in every respect." The San Francisco *Call* believes that the taking of the Philippines would be "contrary to the spirit of the Constitution." The Boston *Transcript* proclaims that Massachusetts "will not consent to be the ruler over vassal states or subject peoples. She will enter upon no mad career of empire in distant seas. She will not seek to force her trade upon unwilling peoples at the cannon's mouth." There are some Republican Senators, too, who read the signs of the times. Senator HOAR voted for the annexation of Hawaii, but he will not vote for annexation of the Philippines. Even the bellicose Senator MASON is against further expansion; and, most marvellous of all, Senator MORGAN wants to stop. The longer this question of keeping the Philippines is discussed, the less likely are we to be taken in the net spread out for us by the English Jingoes. As we have said already, our real friends in England do not want to see us cumber ourselves with the new Eastern question, but the English Jingo who wants to fight Russia to-morrow is very anxious to coax us into a position where we would probably be compelled to take a hand in the conflict.

## THE COST AND VALUE OF THE PHILIPPINES TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE President has apparently made hard terms of peace for Spain, but when they are finally accepted they will be found to be greatly to the material advantage of that unfortunate kingdom. Even with the obligation of the enormous Cuban debt resting upon her, she will be better off without the island than in recent years she has been with it: for, with or without Cuba, Spain is the real debtor, and must provide for the principal and interest of the Cuban bonds, while her income from the island has lately been insufficient for her needs there. Without her colonies Spain's resources will not be so large as they have been, but the annual charges will be so greatly reduced that her net income will be greater than for many years past. She will be relieved immensely by the termination of her colonial obligations. She will have fewer captains-general to support, and the cost of her military establishments will be reduced. It is not probable that she will imitate the example of France, and enter upon the expensive task of recreating a navy and reorganizing her army for the purposes of revenge, for the general attitude of the nation is that of hopelessness, and consequently of indifference. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the Spaniards are so crushed by their overwhelming defeat that there is not enough spirit among them to sustain the revolt that has been so long anticipated as the inevitable consequence of any peace involving the cession of Spanish territory. On the whole, then, while Mr. MCKINLEY'S demands seem harsh to Europe, the waiver of a money indemnity makes them really light, while

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the surrender of her colonies, either to us or to the natives of the different islands, will relieve Spain of a burden which must have eventually crushed her. Without her colonies she will have a chance to recuperate—a chance, it is true, of which she may have neither the industry nor the patience to avail herself.

The question of most importance that is left open for discussion in the negotiations for a definitive treaty of peace is as to the final disposition of the Philippines, and this, as we said last week, is now a practical question. Most of our information concerning these islands is crude and insufficient. Even the number of the islands is not accurately known, some writers placing it at 1400, while one at least puts it as low as 600. The population is between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000. However that may be, we do know that the islands are inhabited chiefly by savages who do not now yield obedience to Spain, many of them not knowing of her existence, much less of her overlordship; and while the lands may be rich and exploitable, their cultivation, after the natives had been subdued by us, would have to be carried on under the protecting guns of the army and the navy. The force of troops necessary for the task of subjugation has been variously estimated by military authorities as ranging from 50,000 to 150,000 men, according as they contemplated the reduction of Manila and Luzon alone or the entire group of islands. Now the pay alone of 50,000 men would be about $30,000,000 a year, and for 150,000, therefore, about $90,000,000. If we add the expenditures incidental to the maintenance of foreign military posts and to the conduct of war, we should find the annual cost of troops alone for the reduction of Manila and Luzon running perilously near $50,000,000, while the cost of a force for the reduction of the whole archipelago would certainly reach $100,000,000. For the retention of the islands 30,000 men at least would be needed. It may be answered that this estimate of the number of troops that would be required for the retention of the islands is excessive; but we do not think so, for the reason that the annexation of the Philippine Islands would make the United States a party to the struggle for the division of China. In fact, it is argued as a principal reason for the retention of the Philippines that our presence there, with arms in our hands, will protect and expand our commercial interests in China. And while it might be that this country would not voluntarily take part in the partition of that empire, and while our interests would be more valuable in China than they now are if she were under the control of the great European powers, it is clear that warlike Europe is in Asia at present, and that the danger is imminent of an outbreak in which every Asiatic power may have to participate for self-defence. At any rate, any Asiatic power, such as the United States would be if we were in control of Luzon or of all the Philippines, would be supremely foolish not to be prepared for the most direful of emergencies. Great Britain's forces in Asia and in South and East Africa, which are available in Asia, number about 90,000 men. So that we are probably within bounds in asserting that this country will be obliged to maintain a force of at least 30,000 men in the Pacific if it is to play any part in Eastern affairs. The mere pay of this force would add about $17,000,000 to our regular army expenditures, and we may safely add $3,000,000 more for the expenditures of the Commissary, Quartermaster, Medical, and Ordnance departments. To the cost of reducing the island and to the $20,000,000 of constant annual expenditure that would be required for the maintenance of the troops of the Department of the Pacific we must add at least $10,000,000 annual increase to our naval expenditures, so that the Philippines would cost us from $60,000,000 to $110,000,000 a year, until their savage inhabitants were reduced to subjection, and afterwards about $30,000,000 a year for the defence of our Asiatic interests.

Now what would the people of the United States gain from this enormous expenditure, which would make necessary the continuance of the war taxes?—for the government can only procure money by taxation. Some revenue would be derived, of course, from the Philippines. Under Spanish rule taxation is very heavy, and the revenue received from the islands is about $13,500,000. The United States might obtain $15,000,000 of revenue by reason of better and more honest administration of the tax laws. From this sum must be deducted the cost of the civil service, of the post-office, of the administration of justice, and of other functions of government. The net revenue received by Spain from the islands is less than $300,000. Let us suppose that the United States would receive at least $10,000,000 over the actual expense of holding the islands, not counting the increased cost of the army and navy. Deducting this annual contribution of $10,000,000 from the cost of the military services, the people of this country, then, would be obliged to pay in taxes from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 a year while we were engaged in subjugating the natives, and $20,000,000 a year afterwards, on account of the Philippines. The last sum is nearly as great as the total value of all the exports of the islands in 1896, which reached the sum of $20,756,250, and nearly twice as great as the total value of the imports, which in the same year amounted to $10,937,500. These values are approximate, but they are those of "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1898. The figures that we are certain of are those of our own Bureau of Statistics concerning our trade with the Philippines. These show that for the fiscal year 1898, ending on the 30th of June, the value of our exports to the Philippines amounted to $127,804, and of our imports thence to $3,830,415. In other words, it is proposed to tax the people of this country to an amount ranging from $20,000,000 to $100,000,000 a year in order that some private persons in this country, some of whom may not even be citizens, shall conduct under the American flag a trade which, all told, has not over an annual value of quite $4,000,000, and the profits on which may possibly reach $1,000,000. But it may be increased by reason of our rule, say the expansionists. Let us suppose that this is true, and that we exchange places with Great Britain, what then will be our advantage; what then will flow into the pockets of private persons from the prize for whose maintenance the tax-payers will be paying at least $20,000,000 a year? In 1896 the total British imports from the Philippine Islands was valued by the Board of Trade at $7,682,665, while the exports from Great Britain to the islands were $2,538,005. This, we fancy, is as well as any nation can do in trade with the Philippines, and if we could absorb Great Britain's trade with the islands, until we actually took her place commercially, we would buy with our $20,000,000 an annual commerce of a little more than $10,000,000, and sell to the Philippines $2,500,000 of our products.

"But," again say the expansionists, "we will increase the whole of our trade in the East by reason of our occupation of the Philippines." That will be impossible, of course, unless we change our commercial policy and invite importations, or unless we take our share of China and bring it within the sphere of our free-trade system. But, as a matter of fact, our export trade with China, which constitutes nearly half of our export trade with the whole of Asia and Oceanica—more than two-thirds of it if we exclude our trade with Australasia, which will not be affected by anything that can possibly happen touching the Philippines—is about $30,500,000 a year, while Great Britain sells to China each year produce of the Kingdom of the value of nearly $43,000,000. Therefore, even if our possession of the Philippines should result in giving us a commerce with China and the islands equal to that of the British Empire, the increase in the value of the goods that our producers would sell to the Philippines and China combined would not begin to equal the amount of the tax that our people would pay for the support of the additions to the army and navy made necessary by our retention of the islands.

It seems perfectly clear from this brief and necessarily unsatisfactory examination of the economical aspects of this question that the annexation of the Philippines would be supreme folly. From the material point of view we would lose money, and our tax-payers would pay exorbitantly for the small profit of a few favored individuals. (Without regard to the great moral and political questions involved, without regard to the proposition that we, a democracy, shall exercise despotic rule over an alien people without their consent, that we shall take away from Spain territory that we have practically promised to leave untouched, the shrewd and businesslike American people will be the laughing-stock of practical business men the world over if they finally insist on the acquisition of a commerce which may possibly make an annual market of from $2,500,000 to $16,000,000 worth of our products at a yearly cost to the country of at least $20,000,000.

## ECONOMICS OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

DOUBTLESS an investigation of the results of the drink habit on employees in various industries would have a high economic value if it embraced a sufficient number of facts, and if it estimated with some degree of accuracy the variable conditions due to differences of character and temperament. The Department of Labor at Washington has issued its twelfth annual report, in which this phase of the liquor problem is treated on the basis of an investigation conducted in co-operation with a large number of employers. The points on which light was sought were, broadly speaking, concerned with the consideration which is given to the drinking habits of the seeker for employment and the means used in judging his fitness. The various industries in which those who indulge in intoxicants are not employed were considered, as well as the reasons for such exclusion from employment. The opinions and experience of employers were also investigated as to the use of liquors by employees subject to night work, overwork, exposure, irregular hours, and shorter hours of labor. The relation between pay-days, holidays, and Sundays and over-indulgence in intoxicants was also considered, and, finally, the means suggested by employers as best calculated to lessen the consumption of intoxicants were examined.

Of the 30,414 employers to whom schedules containing questions on the above points were addressed, 6091 replied, reporting a total list of 1,745,923 employees. Manufacturing industries reported 3700 establishments and 1,011,661 employees, while 713 transportation companies reported 458,764 employees. In other industries a fairly representative number of establishments and employees reported. It should be noted that less than one-fourth of the whole number of employers replied to the inquiries addressed to them.

As was expected, the results of the investigation showed many differences in the point of view from which existing evils were sought to be remedied. Of 7000 employers, 5363 reported that means were employed to ascertain the practice of employees in regard to intoxicants. The largest proportion of these were connected with transportation companies, where sobriety is a matter of the highest importance; and the two predominant reasons given were "to guard against accidents" and "responsibility of position." More than one-half of the establishments reporting require, in certain occupations and under certain conditions, that employees shall not use intoxicants, while the remainder make no such requirement.

In regard to the use of liquor by those engaged in night work, statistics will correct the prevalent impression that more drinking is done than by those who work during the day. Out of 1659 establishments employing night workers, only 141 stated that more liquor was drunk than by day workers, while 1460 reported less consumption among night workers than among day workers. Equally surprising and contradictory of the usual belief are the facts in regard to employees subject to overwork, exposure, and irregular employment. These unusual conditions, according to the testimony of a very large majority of establishments consulted, were not accompanied by any greater use of intoxicants than among those habituated to regular hours and more favorable conditions. There is here excellent material for consideration by those who have often based a certain class of arguments on premises which at least need revision. There is nothing unusual about the findings of the Labor Commission in regard to the increase of drinking immediately after pay-days and on holidays. It is human nature that a full purse should begin to be emptied a little liberally at first, and that its contents should disappear more slowly as the next pay-day is approached. By far the most interesting feature of the replies concerned the inquiry as to the best means of lessening liquor-drinking among the people. Prohibition was suggested by 1103 establishments, while 1687 reported in favor of the non-employment of drinking men, high license, education, abolition of saloons, and local option. A great deal of the evil due to intoxicants is set down to the treating habit, whose contagious viciousness and seductive influence are denounced in many of the reports as the chief obstacles to the desired reform.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Thursday, August 4.*—Five United States volunteer regiments, immunes, have been ordered to Santiago for garrison duty. The Spanish prisoners (many of these also the worse for Santiago fever) will be taking their departure in a few days if the Spanish Transatlantic Company lives up to its agreement. And so Shafter's army is "relieved." Its transports "will sail for New York as fast as the men can be comfortably embarked," a War Department bulletin announces to-day, and adds that "the rest at Montauk Point [Long Island] will prepare these seasoned troops for *the campaign against Havana, in which they will probably take part.*"

*Friday, August 5.*—General Miles says that the peace negotiations will not affect the march to San Juan. His very deliberate advance in overwhelming force is designed to make resistance seem useless, and so to prevent a sacrifice of lives—American or Spanish. Moreover, instead of chopping down the tree, it seems as well to take it as it stands, with all its fruit still growing. All the southern coast of Puerto Rico except the city of Guayama being securely held, landing parties are now taking possession of the eastern coast—at Cape San Juan and other

(*Continued on page 828.*)

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ANTIQUATED BRASS CANNON USED BY SPANIARDS.



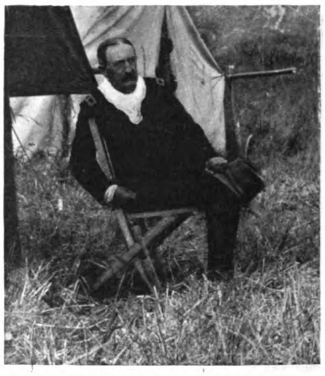
THE ONLY SPANISH CANNON DISMOUNTED BY THE AMERICAN FIRE.



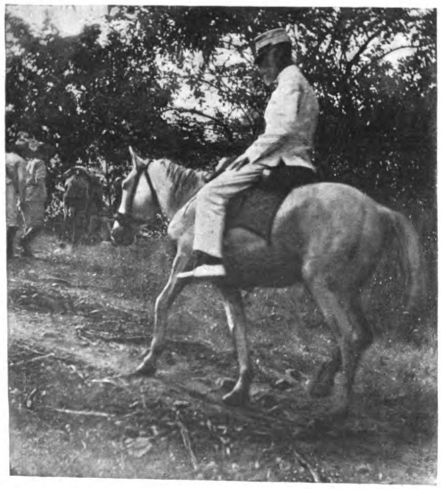
GENERAL SHAFTER ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "SEGURANÇA."



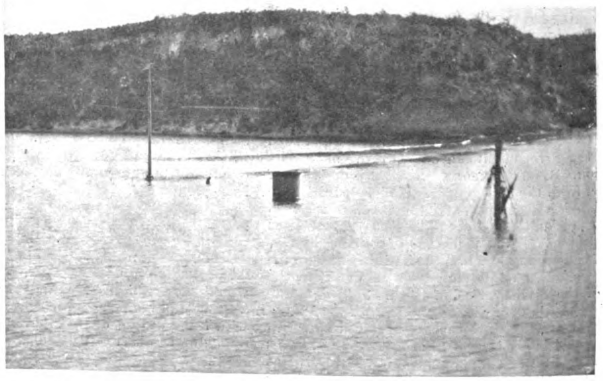
THE RELIEF-SHIPS AT THE DOCKS IN SANTIAGO.



MAJOR-GENERAL J. FORD KENT.



ADMIRAL SAMPSON ON HORSEBACK.



THE SUNKEN "MERRIMAC"—LOG BOOMS, CARRYING MINES, IN THE REAR.

SANTIAGO—AFTER THE SURRENDER.—From Photographs by William Dinwiddie.

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GENERAL MENOCAL'S TROOPS THAT CROSSED THE TROCHA.



OUR PARTY AT THE LAST OUTPOST BEFORE RECROSSING THE TROCHA.

# WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

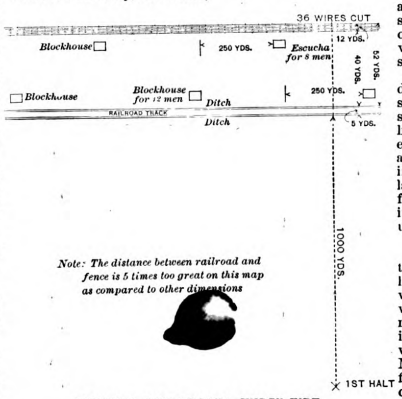
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."— ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THIS is a story of a trip of several hundred miles through Cuban forests, swamps, underbrush, and across trochas to the seat of the Cuban government, and also to General Gomez's camp, and finally back to the United States in an open boat, steering by the North Star by night and by the sun in the daytime. It reveals what campaigning in Cuba means. It shows the kind of a struggle the Cubans have been carrying on, and with what meagre resources they have fought, and also with what lasting hope they have persisted.

We left Banes port on May 29 last, and exactly one month later, after a march through the brush of 143 leagues, or 429 miles, reached La Esperanza, the seat of the Cuban government. As a rule, we broke camp about five o'clock in the morning, and rode fifteen or twenty-five miles, over bad trails and through the swamp, sometimes drinking a little "Cuba libre" (water and brown sugar), but oftener making the march on nothing. Our diet was chiefly plantains and bull beef. We often camped in little ranchos used by the soldiers, which were dirty and full of fleas, or else in the open, with our hammocks swung between trees. The country was beautiful with its large palms and deserted sugar-plantations. The region was bare of population, and there was little to indicate that it had been inhabited once, except now and then a rancho. On June 8 we passed within six miles of Holguin, where there were several thousand Spaniards quartered. The Spanish general had moved his headquarters from Gibara there, fearing a bombardment from the coast. The Spaniards were so frightened that they seldom left the city, unless they took several thousand men to go foraging. Most of the streams we crossed were sluggish, the water was colored from the decayed forest matter, and often we had no water except that which we got from small pools. In the trip thus far of 400 miles we had come across only three clear streams. The horses fared well on the tall native grass.

We soon learned that General Ducassi had been sent by General Gomez to General Garcia to bring two thousand men that had been armed and equipped by the well-known "Florida" expedition, but Garcia sent back word that, as he was about to make a demonstration, he could not spare them, much to the chagrin of Ducassi. We also found that the prefecturas were well organized, and carried on a government without much of any military force. For example, the general would send ahead a day in advance news that we were coming, a government post-courier being the messenger, and, as a rule, a bullock and plantains or sweet-potatoes would be ready on our arrival. It became known during the march that on Saturday, June 11, a Norwegian steamer, with six thousand sacks of provisions, arrived at Nuevitas, and the Spaniards were so delighted they all got drunk. The steamer had false French papers, and was intercepted twice by American gunboats and let go.

We crossed the line that runs from Puerto Principe to Nuevitas, which has small forts every three thousand feet, without being fired on, although a few Cubans who crossed a week before did not have such good luck. The seat of the Cuban government, La Esperanza, is simply a street lined with small ranchos. The president, Bartolomé Masso, is very intelligent. He, as well as most of the government officials, speaks English. In fact I find that many of the officers have been educated in America. The government officials were disappointed, we found, that the United States had not recognized their government, but they had expressions of nothing but good-will towards us. The son of an ex-President, and himself an officer of the army, said to me,




THROUGH THE TROCHA UNDER FIRE.
Diagram Explanatory of Front Page Illustration.

"We know you Americans are smarter business men than we, and will own everything some day, but it can't be helped."

While we were at La Esperanza it was decided that General Menocal, who is a graduate of Cornell, should leave with a force of two hundred volunteers to try to cross the trocha and get to Gomez. No force had as yet crossed it on horseback. The general invited me to join his troopers, and on June 30 we set out for Vera Cruz, about twenty-five miles to the east of the Moron-Jucaro trocha, where we were to wait for darkness, and where we hoped to pass the trocha before the moon should come up. It was after we left Vera Cruz that our first thrilling adventure came. It was on the night of July 8 that we started, and encamped for the night at San Tomas, an outpost protected by General Agramonte's forces, that operate on the eastern side of the military trocha Moron-Jucaro. The following day, before the sun was up, we resumed the march, stopping at Las Piedras at noon for breakfast. At two o'clock in the afternoon we were again in the saddle until half past five, when we halted in a *sabaneta* (small prairie) a mile distant from the Spanish military line, in order to feel for the enemy and profit by the last rays of light. After dusk we mounted in silence, and marched five hundred metres nearer the enemy. Instead of having a cloudy sky to protect us, the stars came out, and we were soon face to face with the question of victory or defeat under these disadvantageous circumstances.

Soon, breaking the silence of the night, we heard at a distance the baying of blood-hounds, the "*alerta*" of the sentinels, and the notes of the Spanish bugles as they sounded evening retreat. The fateful moment was at hand. Who knows or can tell the ideas that succeeded each other rapidly in the minds of the 200 men hiding and moving along by stealth? I can only say that in my immediate group, instead of sadness, we suffocated our laughter, cracked jokes, and commented on past and future events with real "mamby" (Spanish name for the insurgents) good-humor under our breaths. Five minutes, and then came the order,

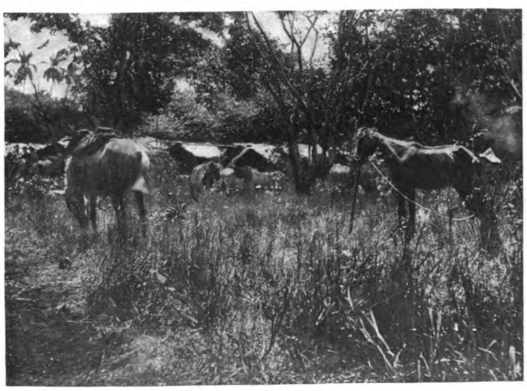
"Silence and mount!"

The column advanced slowly. The night allowed one to see distinctly forty metres ahead, but the men on white horses could be seen at from fifty to sixty metres. Soon we saw in the fence a breach seven yards wide through which we might pass without becoming entangled. Five men and half an hour's work had done the work of opening it. The line of march was in single file. First there was an advance-picket of four men; then came General Menocal with the chief of his staff and aides, and twenty-five men of the escort. After them there was a group of chiefs and officers, at the head of which we marched. We were followed by a squadron of cavalry, behind which was the pack-train.

When the head of the column arrived at the railroad line, after having gone in a roundabout way, through the mistake of one of the guides, and when we were at the place on our path which was nearest the fort, there came the loud challenge from a vigilant sentinel:

"*Alto! Quien vive?*" (Halt! Who goes there?)

At once the Cuban infantry, which had been placed to the right and left of us, began firing. It was answered immediately by the Spaniards, who extended the shooting all along the line for two miles, and we received it from eight forts. The bullets swept toward us from all quarters, sharp and continued; probably 4000 rounds of ammunition were discharged. Having received orders not to respond, we moved on slowly and as quietly as possible. It



"DEPOSITORY" FOR HORSES OF GENERAL GOMEZ'S ARMY.



COROJO-NUTS.

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seemed as though we had fallen into an ambush. The horses began to get restless, and from the slow walk soon changed to a canter. A few cowards turned back, causing great confusion among the pack-mules. But the rest continued their determined advance under the cross-fire of the Spanish rifles, and when we arrived at the edge of the woods we halted to wait for those who were yet behind.

We had forced our way through the military trocha of Jucaro-Moron, the first force to have done so since it had been strengthened. Several men were wounded, and Antoine Gomez, nephew of General Gomez, who bravely rode along with the troop after being shot through the abdomen, died soon after we stopped. Several of the horses were killed and others were wounded. The eight officers and thirty men in the pack-train who turned back probably escaped.

When we first came on General Gomez after crossing the trocha, he was moving back from the coast with the supplies that the "Florida" expedition had landed. He had about 3000 Cuban soldiers with him. In a few days he had less than 300 with him. Some had gone towards Havana, and others were in the province near La Demajagua, Sancti Spiritus, where Gomez was. Food was scarce, and many men could not be quartered in one place.

Lieutenant Johnson, U. S. A., who had fifty colored cavalry of the Tenth United States regulars with him, invited me to join his camp, so I soon was quartered there, within five minutes' riding distance of General Gomez. Johnson had supplies for sixty days.

Before meeting General Gomez I had heard many wonderful stories about him, and everybody I met seemed more or less afraid of him. It is said that he is a very early riser, and one morning before daybreak he called the sentry on watch, and ordered him to bring up some men he had heard talking. The sentry went, and returned, saying he could find no one up. The general again ordered him to bring the men to him. Thereupon the sentry awoke two officers sleeping in their hammocks, told them they were under arrest, and brought them to the general. A short time ago some one sent General Gomez a very beautiful tent from Paris. When it was put up the general looked at it and said:

"Yes; h'm, h'm! It is very pretty, but I do not need it. Why did they not send food?" He gave it to the officers, and they made hammocks of it.

After one meets General Gomez and the ice is broken, he finds a man of the most charming character. There is no one so respected in Cuba, and none of whom the people so stand in awe. With a few hundred men he has fought thousands of Spaniards. His men obey him implicitly. A few months ago, having taken a garrison of Spaniards, his starved and thirsty soldiers began to break into some casks of rum. Gomez at once stopped them, told them they were excited enough without drinking, put a guard around the rum, and said that he would have the first man shot who touched a drop. The casks were broken open and the rum was poured out upon the ground. Some ran down a little gutter where there happened to be the footprint of a mule, which caught a little. One soldier there was seen to sip it up. He paid the penalty with his life.

It had been decided by General Gomez that I should go to the United States with important messages, and the question came up as to the quickest way to get there. Some big guns had been heard off the northern coast, and in two days men would be back to report what the firing meant; but a special messenger was to cross the trocha on foot with despatches for the government the next day. The general thought the surest way for me to get out of Cuba would be by starting with the messenger. He said that President Masso would send me on at once by boat. At six o'clock on the morning of July 18 an officer called at my palm-leaf hut in Johnson's camp, and said the chief of despatches awaited me in General Gomez's camp. The general ordered his adjutant-general to give me several letters he had written, and Captain Gomez and myself mounted our horses and headed toward the trocha.

A league from camp we stopped at the hospital, which is a rancho, where there were half a dozen sick men in their hammocks. Apparently they had plenty to eat. We picked up two Cubans leading raw-backed horses, and together travelled on for the next fifteen miles, keeping our eyes open for any guerilla bands that might be about. While we were going through the woods one of the pacificos pointed to a new grave, and I asked whose it was. The Cuban said it was the grave of one of General Menocal's soldiers. It was the last resting-place of General Gomez's nephew, our comrade of a few days, who was killed as we crossed the trocha in the night. Soon we arrived at the forlorn rancho where he died. Then we floundered through a swamp for five miles, and we arrived at the place in the trocha where a small Cuban force on the west side watches the Spaniards.

The bravest practico of the force, one of the men who came over with Menocal and cut the wires, was there, and acted as our guide. After eating some mangoes we started on the last twelve miles before reaching the line. We took two men to bring our horses back. From the trocha we were to go on foot. At every opening we looked for possible ambush, and as the sun was setting we skirted a piece of woods until we came to an overgrown road. We felt our way carefully along the edge, not speaking to one another. Suddenly the practico turned sharply to one side, and we followed into the brush and dismounted. We could hear the voices of the Spaniards in the forts. We took off our hammocks and saddle-bags from the horses, our helpers started back, and we prepared our bundles and waited for darkness. When the evening gloom had deepened into night we shouldered our bundles and moved a little nearer to the edge of the woods, where, over the high grass and between the trees, we got a glimpse of the forts. There we lay down in the wet grass and waited. We heard the "*alerta!*" as it came along the line from fort to fort and lost itself in the distance.

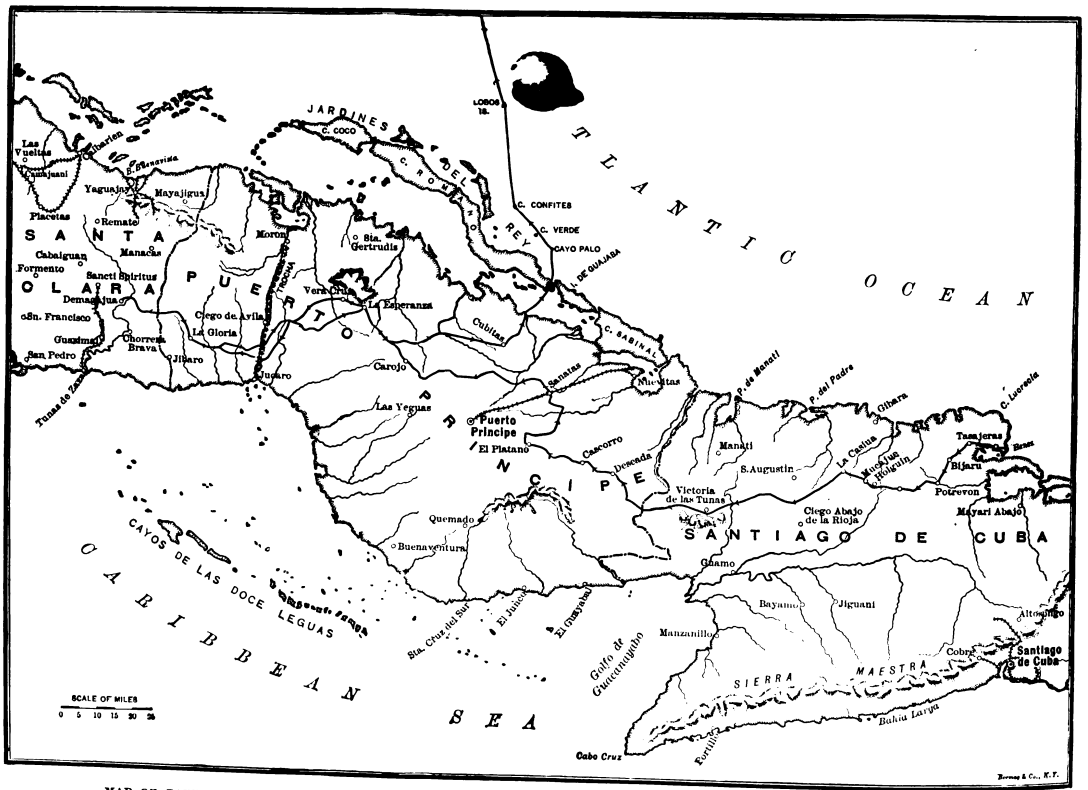
Then step by step we felt our way out into the open, to enable the practico to get his bearings on the forts. The stars were shining brightly, and we hid in the grass. A blue shirt was taken from a saddle-bag and tied around my hammock, the white color of which showed for some distance. In half an hour we started, and, like brigands, moved on diagonally between the forts. All at once the practico turned to me and whispered, "*Agua*" (water). I, in turn, whispered it to the captain. Then on we went to the railroad ditch, over the track, and down the other side into a swamp, trying as much as possible to let the water drain out of our boots before lifting them from the surface. Every few minutes we heard the sentinels giving the "*alerta!*" from the forts. That signal helped to give us our bearings. I counted as many signals as I could hear. There were eight coming towards us and four going away. The sentry in the fort to the left had a fine bass voice, and I was afraid all the time that he would discover us. Just about this time he sneezed three times, and I remember what confidence it gave us. He could not hear us take our feet out of the water while he was sneezing!

At last we came to the first line of barbed wire. It was only three feet high, and we pressed it down and stepped over. The succeeding ones were more difficult. They seemed to go from the top of one post to the bottom of another. Sometimes strands would start at one post and go zigzag in various directions. The water was up to our knees, but after a time we got over the wires. Then we came to a thicket; we could not pass through it, and we had to go around it. Soon we passed the wood, and picked our way along parallel to the forts, and finally struck a trail without being fired upon. It was worth the work and long suspense, just for the satisfaction of not getting hit. Another league, and we tied up our hammocks, wet through and through, but we went to sleep fagged out. The next day before daylight we walked ten miles to a rancho, where we got something to eat.

After arriving at the seat of government, I delivered my letters and asked the Secretary of War, Colonel Sterling, when I could leave for the United States. He told me I could go at once. After lunching with him, and after a chat with President Masso, I left for the coast, which is forty-five miles from the government. On July 25 we left Guanaja in a twenty-three-foot sailing-boat, with three men. At nine o'clock in the evening we hoisted sail and passed through the narrow channel of mango-bushes, keeping a good lookout for any Spanish boats. The Spaniards have a garrison of forty men at the semaphore ten miles off, and the officer in charge of our escort told us that two boats with Spaniards went along the coast at sunset. At the mouth of the creek our boat ran aground. The men all jumped overboard and pushed her off, notwithstanding the sharks. This process was gone through with several times before we came to open water. At 7 A. M. on July 26 we arrived at Cayo Palo (Spanish for Pigeon Key). After breakfast we weighed anchor and made for Confites, where there is a deserted hut and flagpole. We hoisted a blanket to attract a steamer going by at a distance, but did not succeed. Owing to a dead head-wind, we decided to spend the night there.

The next morning we headed our little craft towards Lobus Light, one of the Bahamas, and after taking on water, put off with a half-hurricane blowing. We had a very rough voyage, and the three sailors, two of whom were Key West cigarmakers, were not good for much. One was told to steer by the North Star. All at once our sail jibed, and we found he was steering by another star. We asked him why he did so. He replied that a cloud came over the North Star, so he had to take the next one. The following day Cat Cay was sighted, where we found a most hospitable Englishman, a Mr. Height, who owns the island, and who persuaded us to spend the afternoon and night with him. The entrance to Miami, Florida, after the run across the channel, was difficult to make in the dark, but late on the evening of July 30 we made it, and were safe once more in the United States.

CLYDE D. V. HUNT.




MAP OF PART OF EASTERN CUBA SHOWING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY OUR CORRESPONDENT ON HIS VISIT TO GENERAL GOMEZ.

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

THE Merchants' Association has issued a pretty pocket-pamphlet, setting forth in brief the charms of New York as a summer city, giving a map of it with all its newly acquired territory, and telling merchants all over the country how they may get here with due advantage from the reduced rates offered by the railroads. New York, when it is not *too* hot, is a good place in summer; and even when it is hot, it seems breezy and comfortable to travellers from the South. There is no month in the year when thousands of visitors do not testify by their presence that it is good to be here.

The next hero of the war that we are likely to have on exhibition is Colonel Roosevelt. The troops from Santiago can doubtless get to Montauk Point without marching up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, even as far as Thirty-fourth Street, but New York is bound to have a sight of them, either coming or going. After the Montauk breezes have blown the fevers out of them, surely we shall see them. The whole country wants to see the troops, white and black, whose personal gallantry saved from failure the campaign about Santiago. When they come here—dear, dear! what a day that will be! Moreover, if the war ends, and Colonel Roosevelt gets back on to the soil of New York State, how will it be possible to avoid running him for Governor?

The Sixth Massachusetts, the regiment that was "first in three wars," is one of the last of the volunteer regiments that one would have expected to see get into trouble. But in trouble it has been, as is evident from the resignation of its colonel and four other officers, who, report says, gave up their commissions rather than be examined to test their efficiency. The Sixth went to Puerto Rico, and seems not to have prospered there, as its men are charged with straggling and with unauthorized foraging. Its new colonel, Edmund Rice, is a veteran of the civil war who entered the regular army, in which he ranks as captain of infantry. Doubtless the Sixth will profit by his experienced direction.

The letter of Captain Mahan in the *Sun* of August 7, and the letter, unsigned, in the last HARPER'S WEEKLY, will give small comfort to those injudicious admirers of Commodore Schley who have tried to give him credit for Cervera's defeat at the cost of Admiral Sampson. It was a foolish and disreputable attempt, adopted to stir up strife and inflame jealousies where there was no occasion for anything but good feeling. Commodore Schley, who has himself said no word that was unseemly, owes his superserviceable friends a grudge for doing their best to put him in a bad light.

Dr. Georg Maurice Ebers, Egyptologist and story-writer, who died at Tutzing, Germany, on August 7, has done little writing for ten years past. He was born in 1837, was the son of a banker, and read law at Göttingen. While still a student he had a very serious illness, from the effects of which he never fully recovered, and that disability helped to turn him from a life of active business to a more studious career. While he was studying Egyptology he fell in with the brothers Grimm, students of folk lore, grammarians, and writers of story-books, and through them he met Lepsius. These associations seem to have determined the direction and scope of his endeavors. He published *A Princess of Egypt*, which was successful, and in 1864 became a tutor at Jena. Some years afterwards he became Professor of Egyptology at the University of Leipsic. He made repeated visits to Egypt, and in 1877 published *Uarda*, which was followed by *Homo Sum* and other novels. He wrote sixteen historical novels in all, besides fairy-tales and biographies.

The news that Mr. George N. Curzon has been appointed Viceroy of India is of special interest in this country, because Mr. Curzon is well known here, both as an accomplished gentleman and diplomat, and as the husband of an American wife. He married, in 1895, Miss Mary Leiter, daughter of Mr. Levi Leiter, of Chicago, and sister of Joseph Leiter, the eminent grain-speculator.

Mr. Curzon is the son of a clergyman (the Rev. Alfred Curzon, Baron Scarsdale), and has been private secretary to Lord Salisbury. He has been a member of Parliament, and for some time was Under-Secretary of State for India. He is thirty-nine years old, and is a very high authority on Eastern affairs. The newspapers tell us that Mr. Levi Leiter has expressed his satisfaction at his son-in-law's appointment, and says of Mr. Curzon that he is "a first-class man anywhere and everywhere, and (the first thing, after all) a manly, good man." It is a pleasant thing to find an American father-in-law who is thoroughly satisfied with his British son. Mr. Leiter has also expressed his confidence that his daughter will be equal to any position to which she may be called, and there is reason to believe that in that particular his opinion is sound. It may not be an impertinence to add that Mr. Leiter seems to be a good deal of a man himself, and appears to have met certain recent vicissitudes of fortune with notable courage and good sense, as well as with very large sums of ready money.

That Joseph Leiter made some friends for himself by his attention to the price of wheat appears from the movement reported to have been lately started in Harvey County, Kansas, to pay to him, or to his father, one cent on every bushel of wheat sold this year. This movement may not result in much revenue, but it certainly shows sympathy, good-will, and a sense of obligation.

Chaplain Jones, of the *Texas*, seems to be the authority for the story that Captain Philip of that ship has so great a regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath that he expects the side that begins a fight at sea on Sunday to be beaten. If Captain Philip feels so about it there's no fault to find, because a sailor-man is entitled to his superstitions; but the religious papers which point to Captain Philip's little superstition as an exemplary thing, and who point to the battle of Santiago as an illustration of the wrath of God kindled against Sabbath-breakers, make themselves very ridiculous. The New York *Observer*, a paper old enough to know better, actually seems to regard Admiral Cervera as a man punished for Sabbath-breaking, and suggests that his attempt to steal a march on the American fleet while the men were at Divine service vexed the Almighty so heartily that not one of Cervera's ships was suffered to get away.

Now, war is a condition of affairs where one lot of men do their best to kill or disable another lot of men. If the Almighty is not too squeamish to tolerate war on week-days, the chances are that He can stand it on Sundays also. A great evil often nullifies a less one. Mosquitoes are not troublesome in the busy time of a naval battle; murder done on Sunday is classed as murder, not as Sabbath-breaking; and war in its active stage is so colossal an evil that such breaches of the peace of Sunday as it involves are probably overlooked by the recording angel. A circumstance that seems to conflict with the belief that the Almighty particularly objects to Sunday fighting is that it was on a Sunday morning (May 1) that Admiral Dewey had his memorable experience with Spanish ships in the harbor of Manila.

Chicago is reported to have drawn plans for a "peace carnival," to begin on October 3, to last a fortnight. It is to include a great show on the lake, as well as prodigious demonstrations ashore, and is announced as planned on a scale which will make it cost $700,000. That amount of money should make some pretty shows, but a "carnival" lasting two weeks, over the end of a four months' war, seems out of proportion. Moreover, will not the comity of cities be somewhat prejudiced if Chicago gives a $700,000 carnival in the face of the Omaha Fair?

It is interesting, albeit somewhat appalling, to notice how commonly those of our contemporaries who commit suicide do it with carbolic acid. Women especially, who are out of conceit with life, seem to turn to carbolic acid as the natural remedy. Yet this acid burns even the outer skin, much more the inside tissues, and makes death come with dreadful pain. No judicious person would choose to die by it. Its use must be due to its availability. It is easy to get, being so useful as a disinfectant that it is freely sold.

The map of Cuba which has hung conspicuous on so many walls for three months past makes way for the time for the map of Long Island showing the situation of Montauk Point, which is just now an important centre of martial interests. The maps show that New London, Newport, and Narragansett are points of strategetical importance relative to Montauk Point, and numerous expeditions are likely to be fitted out from those harbors, and even from as far to the eastward as Nantucket and Buzzards Bay. Yachts will be pretty sure to go to Montauk if they can find anchorage there, and if they are allowed in the neighborhood.

It appears, by-the-way, that the Montauk Indians claim Montauk Point as part of their reservation, and that their attorneys have been instructed to collect from the government whatever money may be due for the use of their land as a camp. The Indians dispute all claims of the Long Island Railroad to ownership of the reservation lands over which it has laid its rails.

Some one with a long memory and acquaintance with local history has recalled that Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard formerly belonged, with Long Island, to the province of New York. The counties in all these islands seem to have been named at the same time. Marthas Vineyard is still Dukes County, and Long Island has its Queens and Kings.

A Concord (New Hampshire) correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* wants to see the Rollo Books reprinted for the benefit of the rising generation of Americans. Perhaps they would help American manners. Certainly they are still readable for persons of a suitable age; and so, for that matter, are the *Parents' Assistant* and Maria Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*. Miss Edgeworth's stories are really literature, and are as good as they ever were. If we are to be such fast friends with our British cousins, the fact that these tales reflect British civilization and social conditions and classes will no longer be a drawback to their use by young American readers.

The Rollo Books might have to be brought down to date. Rollo's experiences at Santiago, at Manila, at Puerto Rico, at Honolulu, and even at Chicago offer great opportunities for a competent hand. Mr. George's views on General Shafter might be highly edifying even to adult readers.

California has lost a notable and interesting citizen in Adolph Heinrich Joseph Sutro, who died in San Francisco on August 8. He was born in Germany in 1830, and made a special study of mineralogy, which he sought to turn to account by coming, in 1850, to this country, and going to California. His great exploit as a mining engineer was the famous Sutro tunnel, which he built between 1865 and 1871, to give access to the mines of the Comstock lode in Nevada. It is five miles long, and as a tunnel is a great success, and made a fortune for its constructor, though by the time it was finished the ore in the Comstock lode pretty much gave out.

Mr. Sutro, like most Germans who come to this country, threw in his lot heartily with the community in which he settled, and became a public-spirited and very active and influential citizen of San Francisco. He gave that city a fine library and art gallery, and also presented to it, about ten years ago, a copy of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty which stands in New York Harbor, which latter service will doubtless be forgiven him in view of the rectitude of his intentions. He owned a large property near the Cliff House on the ocean-front near San Francisco, which he designed to improve and give to the city as a public pleasure-ground. In his efforts to carry out this purpose he got into a fight with the Southern Pacific Railway, which he conducted with so much vigor as greatly to endear himself to the San Francisco community. As a consequence he was elected Mayor of the city on a Populist ticket, but his administration did not add to his credit.

Mr. Sutro was notable as being one of the rich Californians who found the interests of the Pacific coast sufficient to make life agreeable, and continued to the end to stay by the community in which he found his fortune.

It is interesting to notice that the remedy vulgarly known as "a hair of the dog that bit you" is offered for the relief of sufferers from such writings of Tolstoi as have turned out to be unwholesome. The novelist has a son, Count Lioff Tolstoi, who has published a story called *A Chopin Prelude*, which is offered, to the Russian public as an antidote to the *Kreutzer Sonata*. As that objectionable tale was in discouragement of marriage, the new story by Tolstoi *fils* takes the other view, and agrees that, all things considered, marriage is best. The morals of the younger count's writings are warmly commended by the critics, who are unable, however, to discover as yet that the son has inherited the literary gifts of the father.

There is a vast deal of talk in circulation about the Santiago campaign. Now that the men who took part in it are coming home in considerable numbers, stories innumerable are being told, and comments of great vigor are being exchanged. Everything that is being said will presently find its way into the newspapers; for as soon as peace is declared there will be no further need of holding back anything the communication of which will relieve any truthful person's mind. There will be an immense amount of censure of various representatives of the government. It will not be pleasant, but it may be useful. It is for the interest of the country that we should all know in good time how the war has been managed, how far political considerations have interfered with good appointments and effective work, how far maladministration was inevitable and due to a bad system which the present administration inherited, what was well done, and what so badly done or so outrageously neglected that some one should suffer for it. The military end of the war will make a prodigious amount of reading, considering how short a time the war has lasted. The navy has won glory enough to go around, but the army hasn't. The army has won glory of imperishable quality, but the distribution of it is very unequal.

Is our war experience likely to breed an appetite for more military experiments? That is a question that one hears propounded. We all hope not, and it seems likely that by the time we get all through with this war, and have computed the pension bill, and reckoned up the total loss by wounds and disease, and have got the fever out of all the survivors, our appetite for glory may be sated for some time to come.

Fever, by-the-way, is not an affection that is readily quenched. Many of the men who have come back from Santiago are likely to have annual reminders of their experiences there for a long time to come.

The Erie Canal has two principal excuses for existence. One is to be the subject of investigation. The other is to provide for the passage of canal-boats from Albany to Buffalo. It is just now serving the first—which is possibly its primary—purpose unusually well, but not the other. The canal-boats and all the interests that are concerned with them have had a hard summer. The old canal is in a pretty bad way. The money that has been spent on it has doubtless improved it in spots, but a continuous trip through is still perilous and liable to ruinous delays.

The prospect of a new race for the *America's* cup is cheerful. The temper of the country, mollified by recent evidences of British esteem, could doubtless stand another race now, and there is no reason why we should not hope that Sir Thomas Lipton with the *Shamrock*, or Mr. Charles Ewing with the *Rainbow*, should not be blessed in the desire to bring about a new meeting.

Sir Thomas Lipton seems to be fired with a remarkable zeal for the promotion of public enterprises. It will be noticed that almost simultaneously with the rumors of his desire to challenge comes the report of his gift of £100,000 to a favorite project of the Princess of Wales—the establishment of dining-rooms in London where working-men can get good meals for very little money.

Report says that a syndicate of English capitalists wants possession of the Isles of Shoals. An American sea-shore resort managed under direction of English capitalists would be interesting, and might be attractive. It might offer the change from American housekeeping to hotel-keeping, which one finds on a British steamer, and which for novelty's sake is welcome to many American travellers. An American summer resort seems an odd thing, in some respects, for an English company to buy, but, after all, British syndicates are traditionally adventurous.

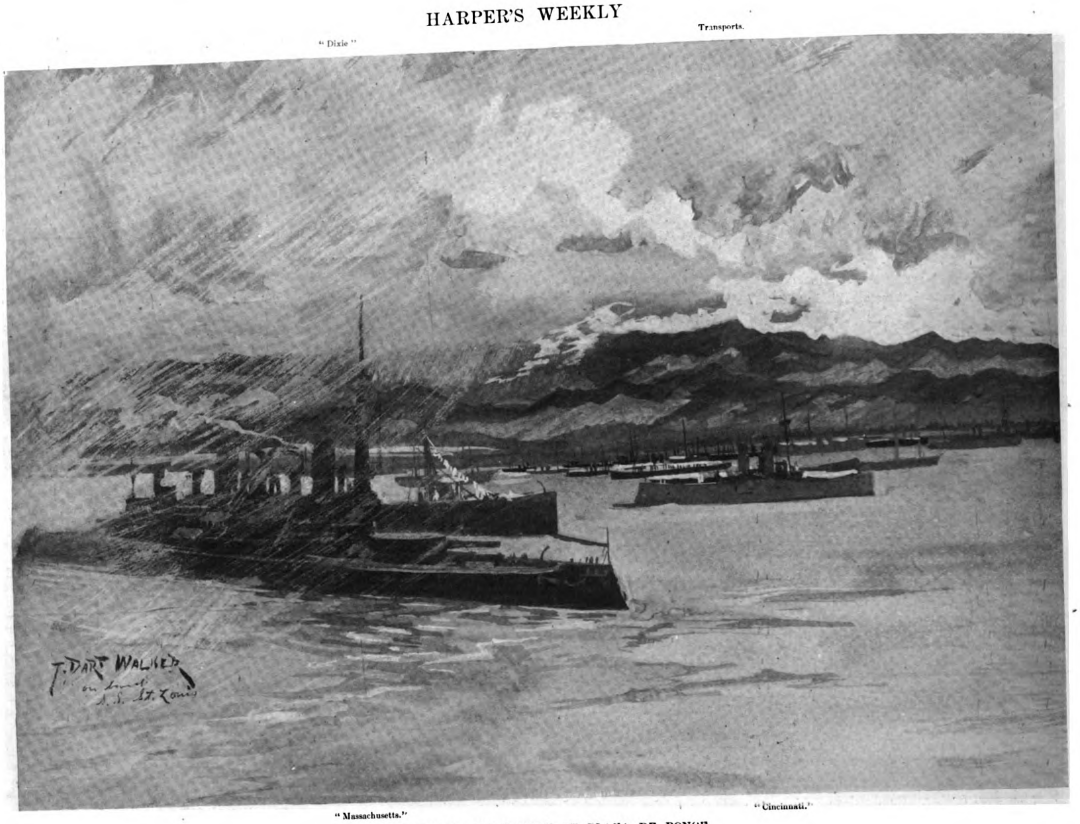
"Hell's Kitchen," the scene of recent disturbances in New York, is the name applied to Thirty-ninth Street near the North River, a region of unenviable repute, which has of late years become a residence quarter for negroes. So far as appears from the deliverances of the local historians, negroes have been received there as tenants of tenement-houses because they were the only decent people who were willing to live in a neighborhood that bore so bad a reputation. It is not they who have given the quarter a bad name, but it is because the bad name already existed that property-owners made negroes welcome there. The original inhabitants do not view the negro immigration in the same favorable light that the house-owners do, and hence much jealousy and friction, culminating from time to time in such outbreaks as that of three weeks ago.

Mr. George W. Smalley does not take a rose-colored view of the personal qualities of the German Emperor. Reviewing a volume of the Emperor's deliverances, which has been lately issued under the title of *Kaiserworte*, Mr. Smalley remarks upon the note of boastful self-consciousness which is so seldom absent from the written and spoken words of William II., and confides to us that "they say of him in England that he is not a gentleman." To William, Mr. Smalley says, the world is a stage, and he the chief actor. He is always theatrical, and would have made a good stage-manager; he is self-assertive, boastful, vainglorious, loud-mouthed, regardful of himself and not of others. "Such is not the type of person to whom, in England, the word gentleman is applied."

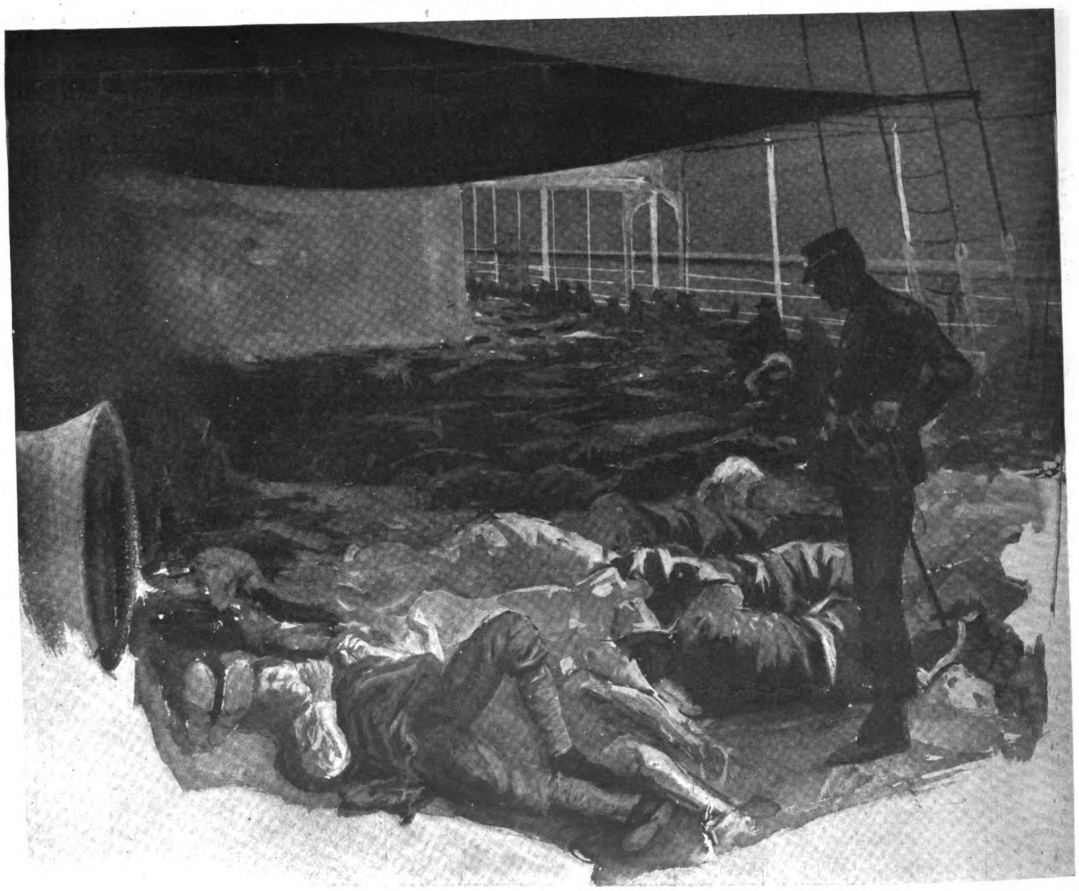
Hence we may see (and Mr. Smalley himself may find profit in remembering it) that if in our Congress there are from time to time persons whose manners and feelings are not all we could wish, we still are not the only civilized people who can discern painful blemishes in their rulers.

E. S. MARTIN.

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TROOP-SHIPS AND CONVOY AT PLAYA DE PONCE.

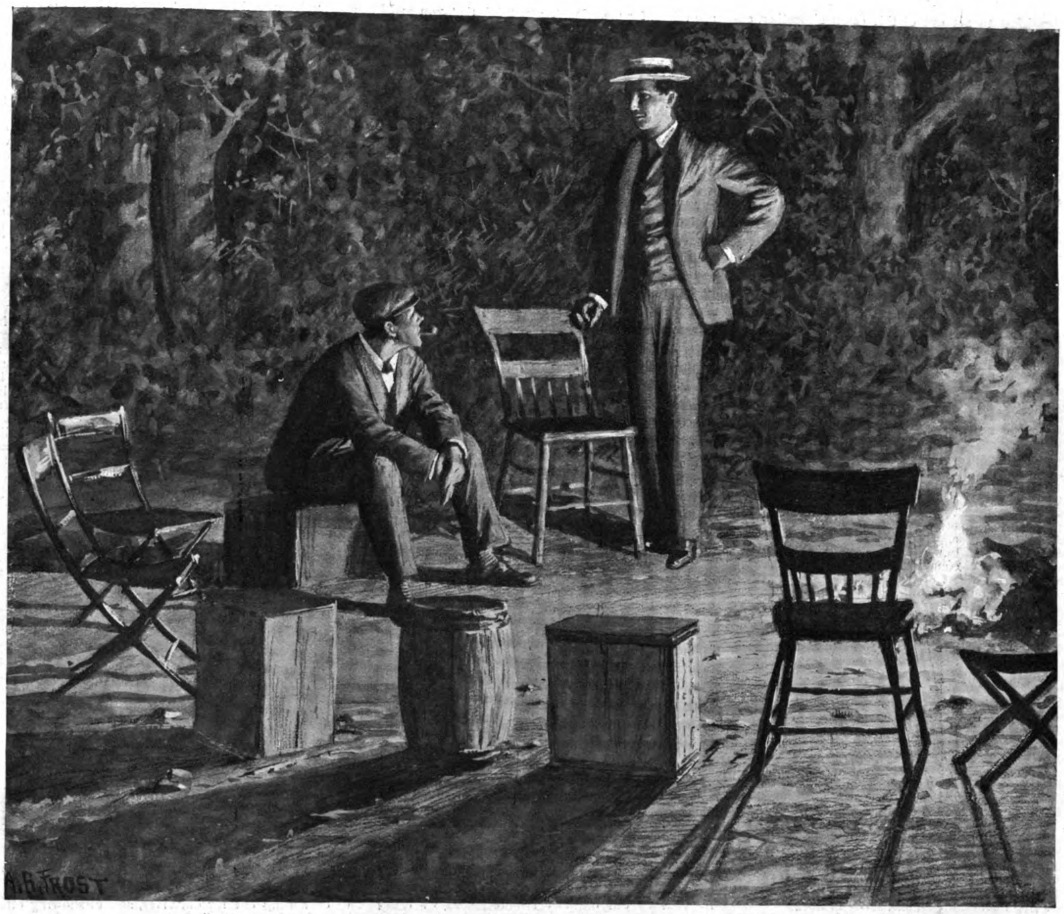


TROOPS SLEEPING ON THE DECK OF THE U. S. S. "ST. LOUIS."

THE INVASION OF PUERTO RICO.

Drawn by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Army.—[See Page 828.]

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

XVII.—MRS. PERKENPINE ASSERTS HER INDIVIDUALITY.

ABOUT half an hour after the beginning of the conversation between the bishop and Miss Corona, Mrs. Perkenpine came to the latter and informed her that supper was ready, and three times after that first announcement did she repeat the information. At last the bishop rose and said he would not keep Miss Raybold from her meal.

"Will you not join us?" she asked. "I shall be glad to have you do so."

The bishop hesitated for a moment, and then he accompanied Corona.

As Mrs. Perkenpine turned from the camp cooking-stove, a long-handled pan, well filled with slices of hot meat, in her hand, she stood for a moment amazed. Slowly approaching the little table outside of the tent were the bishop and Miss Raybold, and glancing beyond them toward the lake, she saw Clyde and Raybold, to whom she had yelled that supper was ready, the one with his arms folded, gazing out over the water, and the other strolling backward and forward, as if he had thought of going to his supper, but had not quite made up his mind to it.

Mrs. Perkenpine's face grew red. "They are waitin' for a chance to speak to that gal," she thought. "Well, let them wait. And she's bringing him! She needn't s'pose I don't know him. I've seen him splittin' wood at Sadler's, and I don't cook for sech." So saying, she strode to some bushes a little back of the stove, and dashed the panful of meat behind them. Then she returned, and seizing the steaming coffee-pot, she poured its contents on the ground. Then she took up a smaller pan, containing some fried potatoes, hot and savory, and these she threw after the meat.

The bishop and Corona now reached the table and seated themselves. Mrs. Perkenpine, her face as hard and immovable as the trunk of an oak, approached, and placed before them some slices of cold bread, some butter, and two glasses of water.

Still earnestly talking, her eyes sometimes dimmed with tears of excitement as she descanted upon her favorite theories, Corona began to eat what was before her. She buttered a slice of bread, and if the bishop chanced to say anything she ate some of it. She drank some water, and she talked and talked and talked. She did not know what she was eating. It might have been a Lord Mayor's dinner or a beggar's crust; her mind took no cognizance of such an unimportant matter. As for her companion, he knew very well what he was eating, and as he gazed about him, and saw that there were no signs of anything more, his heart sank lower and lower; but he ate slice after slice of bread, for he was hungry, and he hoped that when the two young men came to the table they would call for more substantial food.

But long before they arrived Corona finished her meal and rose.

"Now that we have had our supper," she said, "let us go where we shall not be annoyed by the smell of food, and continue our conversation."

"Is it possible," thought the bishop, "that she can be annoyed by the smell of hot meat, potatoes, and coffee? I suppose the delicious odor comes from the other supper table. Heavens! Why wasn't I asked there?"

There was a dreadful storm when Raybold and Clyde came to the table; but Mrs. Perkenpine remained hard and immovable through it all.

"Your sister and that tramp has been here," said she, "and this is all there is left. If you keep your hogs in your house, you can't expect to count on your victuals."

Some more coffee was made, and that with bread composed the young men's supper.

When Arthur Raybold had finished his meal, he walked to the spot where Corona and the bishop were conversing, and stood there silently. He was afraid to interrupt his sister by speaking to her, but he thought that his presence might have an effect upon her companion. It did have an effect, for the bishop seized the opportunity created by the arrival of a third party, excused himself, and departed at the first break in Corona's flow of words.

"I wish, Arthur," she said, "that when you see I am engaged in a conversation, you would wait at least a reasonable time before interrupting it."

"A reasonable time!" said Raybold, with a laugh. "I like that! But I came here to interrupt your conversation. Do you know who that fellow is you were talking to? He's a common, good-for-nothing tramp. He goes round splitting wood for his meals. Clyde and I kept him here to cook our meals because we had no servant, and he's been in bed for days because he had no clothes to wear, and now you are treating him as if he were a gentleman, and actually brought him to our table, where, like the half-starved cur that he is, he has eaten up everything fit to eat that we were to have for our supper."

"He did not eat all of it," said Corona, "for I ate some of it myself; and if he is the good-for-nothing tramp and the other things you call him, I wish I could meet with more such tramps. I tell you, Arthur, that if you were to spend the next five years in reading and studying, you could not get into your mind one-tenth of the serious information, the power to reason intelligently upon your perceptions, the ability to collate, compare, and refer to their individual causes the impressions—"

"Oh, bosh!" said her brother. "What I want to know is, are you going to make friends with that man and invite him to our table?"

"I shall invite him if I see fit," said she. "He is an extremely intelligent person."

"Well," answered he, "if you do I shall have a separate table," and he walked away.

As soon as he had left Corona, the bishop repaired to the Archibald's cooking-tent, where he saw Matlack at work.

"I have come," he said, with a pleasant smile, "to ask a very great favor. Would it be convenient for you to give me something to eat? Anything in the way of meat, hot or cold, and some tea or coffee, as I see there is a pot still steaming on your stove. I have had an unlucky experience. You know I have been preparing my own meals at the other camp, but to-day, when Mrs. Perkenpine brought me my clothes, she carried away with her all the provisions that had been left there. I supped, it is true, with Miss Raybold, but her appetite is so delicate and her fare so extremely simple that I confidentially acknowledge that I am half starved."

During these remarks Matlack had stood quietly gazing at the bishop. "Do you see that pile of logs and branches there?" said he; "that's the firewood that's got to be cut for to-morrow, which is Sunday, when we don't want to be cuttin' wood; and if you'll go to work and cut it into pieces to fit this stove, I'll give you your supper. You can go to the other camp and sleep where you have been sleepin', if you want to, and in the mornin' I'll give you your breakfast. I 'ain't got no right to give you Mr. Archibald's victuals, but what you eat I'll pay for out of my own pocket, considerin' that you'll do my work. Then to-morrow I'll give you just one hour after you've finished

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

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your breakfast to get out of this camp altogether, entirely out of my sight. I tried to have you sent away before, but other people took you up, and so I said no more; but now things are different. When a man pulls up what I've drove down, and sets loose what I've locked fast, and the same as snaps his fingers in my face when I'm attendin' to my business, then I don't stand that man."

"Excuse me," said the bishop; "but in case I should not go away within the time specified, what would be your course?"

In a few brief remarks, inelegant but expressive, the guide outlined his intentions of taking measures which would utterly eliminate the physical energy of the other.

"I haven't taken no advantage of you," he said; "I have not come down on you when you hadn't no clothes to go away in; and now that you've got good clothes, I don't want to spile them if I can help it; but they're not goin' to save you—mind my words. What I've said I'll stick to."

"Mr. Matlack," said the bishop, "I consider that you are entirely correct in all your positions. As to that unfortunate affair of the boat, I had intended coming to you and apologizing most sincerely for my share in it. It was an act of great foolishness, but that does not in the least excuse me. I apologize now, and beg that you will believe that I truly regret having interfered with your arrangements."

"That won't do!" exclaimed the guide. "When a man as much as snaps his fingers in my face, it's no use for him to come and apologize. That's not what I want."

"Nevertheless," said the bishop, "you will pardon me if I insist upon expressing my regrets. I do that for my own sake as well as yours; but we will drop that subject. When you ask me to cut wood to pay for my meals, you are entirely right, and I honor you for your sound opinions upon this subject. I will cut the wood and earn my meals, but there is one amendment to your plan which I would like to propose. To-morrow is Sunday; for that reason we should endeavor to make the day as quiet and peaceable as possible, and we should avoid everything which may be difficult of explanation or calculated to bring about an unpleasant difference of opinion among other members of the party. Therefore, will you postpone the time at which you will definitely urge my departure until Monday morning?"

"Well," said Matlack, "now I come to think of it, it might be well not to kick up a row on Sunday, and I will put it off until Monday morning; but mind, there's no nonsense about me. What I say I mean, and on Monday morning you march of your own accord, or I'll attend to the matter myself."

"Very good," said the bishop; "thank you very much. To-morrow I will consider your invitation to leave this place, and if you will come to Camp Roy about half past six on Monday morning I will then give you my decision. Will that hour suit you?"

"All right," said Matlack; "you might as well make it a business matter. It's going to be business on my side, I'd have you know."

"Good—very good," said the bishop; "and now let me get at that wood."

So saying, he put down his cane, took off his hat, his coat, his waistcoat, his collar, and his cravat and his cuffs; he rolled up his sleeves, he turned up the bottoms of his trousers, and then taking an axe, he set to work.

In a few minutes Martin arrived on the scene. "What's up now?" said he.

"He's cuttin' wood for his meals," replied Matlack.

"I thought you were going to bounce him as soon as he got up?"

"That's put off until Monday morning," said Matlack. "Then he marches. I've settled that."

"Did he agree?" asked Martin.

"Tain't necessary for him to agree; he'll find that out Monday morning."

Martin stood and looked at the bishop as he worked.

"I wish you would get him to cut wood every day," said he. "By George, how he makes that axe fly!"

When the bishop finished his work he drove his axe-head deep into a stump, washed his hands and his face, resumed the clothing he had laid aside, and then sat down to supper. There was nothing stingy about Matlack, and the wood-chopper made a meal which amply compensated him for the deficiencies of the Perkenpine repast.

When he had finished he hurried to the spot where the party was in the habit of assembling around the camp fire. He found there some blazing logs, and Mr. Clyde, who sat alone, smoking his pipe.

"What is the matter?" asked the bishop. "Where are all our friends?"

"I expect they are all in bed," said Clyde, "with the bedclothes pulled over their heads—that is, except one, and I expect she is talking in her sleep. They were all here as usual, and Mr. Archibald thought he would break the spell by telling a fishing story. He told me he was going to try to speak against time; but it wasn't of any use. She just slid into the middle of his remarks as a duck slides into the water, and then she began an oration. I really believe she did not know any one was talking."

"That may have been the case," said the bishop; "she has a wonderful power of self-concentration."

"That is true," said Clyde, "and this time she concentrated herself so much upon herself that the rest of us got away, one by one, and when all the others had gone she went, and when I found she really had gone I came back. By-the-way, bishop," he continued, "there is something I would like to do, and I want you to help me."

"Name it," said the other.

"I am getting tired of the way the Raybolds are trespassing on the good-nature of the Archibalds, and, whatever they do, I don't intend to let them make me trespass any longer. I haven't anything to do with Miss Raybold, but the other tent belongs as much to me as it does to her brother, and I am going to take it back to our own camp. And what is more, I am going to have my meals there. I don't want that wooden-headed Mrs. Perkenpine to cook for me."

"How would you like me to do it?" asked the bishop, quickly.

"That would be fine," said Clyde. "I will help, and we will set up housekeeping there again, and if Raybold doesn't choose to come and live in his own camp he can go wherever he pleases. I am not going to have him manage things for me. Don't you think that you and I can carry that tent over?"

"With ease!" exclaimed the bishop. "When do you want to move—Monday morning?"

"Yes," said Clyde, "after breakfast."

### XVIII.—THE HERMITS ASSOCIATE.

During the next day no one in camp had reason to complain of Corona Raybold. She did not seem inclined to talk to anybody, but spent the most of her time alone. She wrote a little and reflected a great deal, sometimes walking, sometimes seated in the shade, gazing far beyond the sky.

When the evening fire was lighted, her mood changed so that one might have supposed that another fire had been lighted somewhere in the interior of her mental organism. Her fine eyes glistened, her cheeks gently reddened, and her whole body became animated with an energy created by warm emotions.

"I have something I wish to say to you all," she exclaimed, as she reached the fire. "Where is Arthur? Will somebody please call him? And I would like to see both the guides. It is something very important that I have to say. Mrs. Perkenpine will be here in a moment; I asked her to come. If Mr. Matlack is not quite ready, can he not postpone what he is doing? I am sure you will all be interested in what I have to say, and I do not want to begin until every one is here."

Mr. Archibald saw that she was very much in earnest, and so he sent for the guides, and Clyde went to call Raybold.

In a few minutes Clyde returned and told Corona that her brother had said he did not care to attend services that evening.

"Where is he?" asked Miss Raybold.

"He is sitting over there looking out upon the lake," replied Clyde.

"I will be back almost immediately," said she to Mr. Archibald, "and in the mean time please let everybody assemble."

Arthur Raybold was in no mood to attend services of any sort. He had spent nearly the whole day trying to get a chance to speak to Margery, but never could he find her alone.

"If I can once put the matter plainly to her," he said to himself, "she will quickly perceive what it is that I offer her; and when she clearly sees that, I will undertake to make her accept it. She is only a woman, and can no more withstand me than a mound of sand built by a baby's hand could withstand the rolling wave."

At this moment Corona arrived and told him that she wanted him at the camp fire. He was only a man, and could no more withstand her than a mound of sand built by a baby's hand could withstand the rolling wave.

When everybody in the camp had gathered around the fire, Corona, her eye-glasses illumined by the light of her soul, gazed around the circle and began to speak.

"My dear friends," she said, "I have been thinking a great deal to-day upon a very important subject, and I have come to the conclusion that we who form this little company have before us one of the grandest opportunities ever afforded a group of human beings. We are here, apart from our ordinary circumstances and avocations, free from all the trammels and demands of society, alone with nature and ourselves. In our ordinary lives, surrounded by our ordinary circumstances, we cannot be truly ourselves; each of us is but part of a whole, and very often an entirely unharmonious part. It is very seldom that we are able to do the things we wish to do in the manner and at the times and places when it would best suit our natures. Try as we may to be true to ourselves, it is seldom possible; we are swept away in a current of conventionality. It may be one kind of conventionality for some of us and another kind for others, but we are borne on by it all the same. Sometimes a person like myself or Mr. Archibald clings to some rock or point upon the bank, and for a little while is free from the coercion of circumstances, but this cannot be for long, and we are soon swept with the rest into the ocean of conglomerate commonplace."

"That's when we die?" remarked Mrs. Perkenpine, who sat reverently listening.

"No," said the speaker, "it happens while we are alive. But now," she continued, "we have a chance, as I said before, to shake ourselves free from our enthralment. For a little while each one of us may assert his or her individuality. We are a varied and representative party; we come from different walks of life; we are men, women, and—" looking at Margery, she was about to say children, but she changed her expression to "young people." "I think you will all understand what I mean. When we are at our homes we do things because other people want us to do them, and not because we want to do them. A family sits down to a meal, and some of them like what is on the table, some do not; some of them would have preferred to eat an hour before, some of them would prefer to eat an hour later; but they all take their meals at the same time and eat the same things because it is the custom to do so.

"I mention a meal simply as an instance, but the slavery of custom extends into every branch of our lives. We get up, we go to bed, we read, we work, we play, just as other people do these things, and not as we ourselves would do them if we planned our own lives. Now we have a chance, all of us, to be ourselves! Each of us may say, 'I am myself, one!' Think of that, my friends, each one! Each of us a unit, responsible only to his or her unity, if I may so express it."

"Do you mean that I am that?" inquired Mrs. Perkenpine.

"Oh yes," replied Corona.

"Is Phil Matlack one?"

"Yes."

"All right," said the female guide; "if he is one, I don't mind."

"Now what I propose is this," said Corona: "I understand that the stay in this camp will continue for about a week longer, and I earnestly urge upon you that for this time we shall each one of us assert our individuality. Let us be what we are, show ourselves what we are, and let each other see what we are."

"It would not be safe nor pleasant to allow everybody to do that," said Mr. Archibald. He was more interested in Miss Raybold's present discourse than he had been in any other he had heard her deliver.

"Of course," said she, "it would not do to propose such a thing to the criminal classes or to people of evil inclinations, but I have carefully considered the whole subject as it relates to us, and I think we are a party singularly well calculated to become the exponent of the distinctiveness of our several existences."

"That gits me," said Matlack.

"I am afraid," said the speaker, gazing kindly at him, "that I do not always express myself plainly to the general comprehension, but what I mean is this: that during the time we stay here, let each one of us do exactly what he or she wants to do, without considering other people at all, except of course that we must not do anything which would interfere with any of the others doing what they please. For instance—and I assure you I have thought over this matter in all its details—if any of us were inclined to swear or behave disorderly, which I am sure could not be the case, he or she would not do so because he or she would feel that, being responsible to himself or herself, that responsibility would prevent him or her from doing that which would interfere with the pleasure or comfort of his or her associates."

"I think," said Mrs. Archibald, somewhat severely, "that our duty to our fellow-beings is far more important than our selfish consideration of ourselves."

"But reflect," cried Corona, "how much consideration we give to our fellow-beings, and how little to ourselves as ourselves, each one. Can we not, for the sake of knowing ourselves and honoring ourselves, give ourselves to ourselves for a little while? The rest of our lives may then be given to others and the world."

"I hardly believe," said Mr. Archibald, "that all of us clearly understand your meaning, but it seems to me that you would like each one of us to become, for a time, a hermit. I do not know of any other class of persons who so thoroughly assert their individuality."

"You are right!" exclaimed Corona. "A hermit does it. A hermit is more truly himself than any other man. He may dwell in a cave and eat water-cresses, he may live on top of a tall pillar, or he may make his habitation in a barrel! If a hermit should so choose, he might furnish a cave with Eastern rugs and bric-à-brac. If he liked that sort of thing, he would be himself. Yes, I would have all of us, in the truest sense of the word, hermits, each a hermit; but we need not dwell apart. Some of us would certainly wish to assert our individuality by not dwelling apart from others."

"We might, then," said Mr. Archibald, "become a company of associate hermits."

"Exactly," cried Corona, stretching out her hands; "that is the very word—associate hermits. My dear friends, from to-morrow morning, until we leave here, let us be associate hermits. Let us live for ourselves, be true to ourselves. After all, if we think of it seriously, ourselves are all that we have in this world. Everything else may be taken from us, but no one can take from me myself, or from any one of you yourself."

The bishop now rose. He as well as the others had listened attentively to everything that had been said; even Arthur Raybold had shown a great deal of interest in his sister's remarks.

"You mean," said the bishop, "that while we stay here each one of us shall act exactly as we think we ought to act if we were not influenced by the opinions and examples of others around us, and thus have an opportunity of finding out for ourselves, and of showing others exactly what we are."

"That is it," said Corona; "you have stated it very well."

"Well, then," said the bishop, "I move that for the time stated we individually assert our individuality."

"Second the motion," said Mr. Archibald.

"All in favor of this motion please say 'Aye,'" said Corona. "Now let everybody vote, and I hope you will all say 'Aye,' and if any one does not understand, I will be happy to explain."

"I want to know," said Phil Matlack, rising, "if one man asserts what you call his individ'ality in such a way that it runs up agin another man's, and that second man ain't inclined to stand it, if that—"

"Oh, I assure you," interrupted the bishop, "that that will be all right. I understand you perfectly, and the individualities will all run along together without interfering with each other, and if one happens to get in the way of another it will be gently moved aside."

"Gently!" said Matlack, somewhat satirically. "Well, all right, it will be moved aside. I am satisfied, if the rest are."

"Now all in favor say 'Aye,'" said Corona.

They all said "Aye," except Mrs. Perkenpine, who said "Me."

[To be continued.]

## PARIS.

From a French diplomat I learn some interesting facts about the inside history of events in the Far East. According to my informant, a person of the utmost trustworthiness, the concession of the ports in China now occupied by France, Germany, and Russia was made at the end of the Chinese-Japanese war. A perfect understanding between these countries and China had existed for a long time before any one of them showed his hand. No one dared take the initiative before the eyes of the rest of Europe of occupying places in time of peace that had been given for services, more or less real, in war. The murder of the German missionaries furnished the necessary pretext to the Emperor William. France and Russia almost immediately followed in his wake.

In looking at the colonies of these countries we must remember that the states of Europe have common interests which impel them to the doctrine of colonial expansion, and at the same time interests that are common to one or two alone. A reason common to England and Germany, for instance, is their constantly increasing population, and the necessity of opening new markets for their productions, enormous in quantity, and cheap. France, on the contrary, does not suffer from over-production, and her population rests stationary. Her reason for colonizing is one common to Germany, but not to England—the ever-growing increase of dissensions at home, such as socialism, and a universal standing army. Since both nations desire peace within their own walls, they must give satisfaction to the large military party of their

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EMMA EAMES AS *ERO.*

respective countries, and occupation to a multitude of idle officers by finding them an outlet for their activity abroad, while this also distracts attention from internal agitations.

The French are always at war in one place or another; after Senegal came Tonquin; after Tonquin, Madagascar. These conquests cost them enormously, and in practical benefits bring them in almost nothing. But they provide news for the papers, and a safety-valve for the army.

The German Emperor, with his wide-spreading view, has precisely the same preoccupation. The real secret of his journey to Palestine, it is said in diplomatic circles, is to secure for himself the port of Kaïfa, much superior to Beirut, and overlooking the rich country of Hauran. It is interesting to add that within a few years a colony of fifteen hundred Germans has already established itself there.

There is no doubt that, having a port in China, the Emperor William would like a station in the Philippines. Exactly how to get it, he certainly at present does not know. His thought, so far, is limited to saying, "Send war-ships to Cavité and see what happens." If Admiral Dewey by any chance failed to protect one German citizen against the insurgents, at any slight casualty, the Emperor might be able to fill his favorite rôle and step in.

In spite of the socialistic element in the new Chamber of Deputies, its formation is considered a step towards a more stable government. Nothing has been more opposed to this than the multitude of independent groups of the last Chamber, each trying by underhand manœuvres and alliances to gain the victory of a day. The overthrow of the Méline ministry was the result of a clever stroke of the radical-socialists, who contrived to add as condition to a simple *ordre du jour* that the cabinet should not count a majority composed partly of conservatives. M. Méline could not refuse to throw over brutally a party which, for over a year, had given him their support, and resigned with all his cabinet. This, together with the election of M. Deschanel as the new president, shows the frank division of the Chamber into two grand parties. One of these, slightly in the minority, is composed of the radicals, socialists, and collectivists; the other, of moderate republicans, united under the new title of progressists and conservators.

The greater part of these last, like young Boni de Castellane, put upon their electoral programmes the title of progressist republicans. This proves that they at last understand that the republic has come to stay, and that both royalism and imperialism have less and less chance. These *rallies*, as they are called, may, however, by their vote give the government some surprises later. Certain socialists also have slipped into the House under the guise of a profession of faith of moderate republicanism.

Among these is a young fellow named Zévais, who was twenty-five, the legal age for a deputy, the day of his election, a familiar figure to all Paris journalists in the editorial offices of advanced papers, and the organizer of manifestations in favor of Jaurés and Millerand, whom he openly professed his masters. Two years ago he conceived the clever idea of going to live in the peaceful department of the Isère, and getting the confidence of the brave farmers and glovers who made up the population of the country. Naturally he concealed his age and his opinions, and nothing could have been a greater surprise to his electors than to see from the Paris papers that they had sent to represent them a noisy and belligerent boy.

I doubt whether he will ever succeed in replacing his blackballed chiefs—far and away the most elegant speakers of the Chamber, as well as the most dangerous for the government. But, at all events, the sittings of the past month at the Palais Bourbon forecast a stormy and exciting season.

ALLEN SERGEANT.

## MANCINELLI'S "ERO E LEANDRO."

LONDON, ever shy as to the new in any shape, whether it be music, morals, or mechanics, has consented to listen to Mancinelli's "Erò e Leandro" within a comparatively short time of its publication. Less than two years ago the work was given at the Norwich festival as a cantata, and having come triumphantly through being served up in this cold sliced style, without garnishings, is now being given in operatic form at Covent Garden.

While the legend of Hero and Leander may be sufficient as a theme, it is undoubtedly insufficient as a story; perhaps it is on this account that Arrigo Boito, to whom Mancinelli is indebted for a book which is much too dignified to be called a libretto, has added to it both characters and incidents which fill out the dramatic interest.

In his hands the story is introduced by a prologue; the story itself opens at the Temple of Venus at Sestos, where priestesses and sailors are celebrating the Aphrodisia. *Ariopharnes*, the high priest of the temple, enters, accompanied by *Hero* and by *Leander*, who has been declared the victor in the athletic contests. During the ceremonial attending the crowning of *Leander* by *Hero*, *Ariopharnes* perceives their love for each other, and while threatening her, also presses his own suit with vehemence. *Hero* repulses *Ariopharnes* with horror. *Leander*, returning to the temple, declares anew his love for *Hero*, and is overheard by *Ariopharnes*, who, concealing himself behind the statue of Apollo when *Hero* consults the oracle as to her fate, foretells her death.

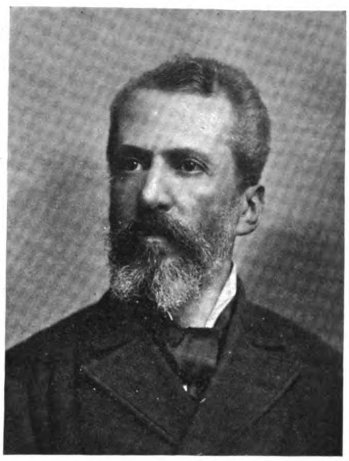
In the second act, *Hero*, being given the choice "between the celestial Venus and the terrestrial," chooses the former as the only escape from the advances of *Ariopharnes*, and assumes the crown and silver veil of sacrifice before being immured in the Maiden's Tower by the Hellespont, *Ariopharnes*, the priestesses, and the guardians of the temple uniting in a chorus praising her choice.

The third act takes place in the Maiden's Tower, overlooking the Hellespont. *Hero*, awaiting *Leander*, signals him with the sacred torch, and watches from the tower his battle with the waves as he swims the Hellespont. A long love scene between the two is brought to an end by the bursting of a tremendous storm, of whose approach it was *Hero's* duty to give warning.

Her failure to do so brings *Ariopharnes* to the tower. To evade him, and to avert the terrible punishment which would be meted out to *Hero* should he be found in the tower, *Leander* plunges again into the now raging Hellespont, and is drowned, and the story ends with the death of *Hero* at the feet of *Ariopharnes*, her persecutor.

Such is the story. The whole unfolding of it devolves upon but three characters. The creation of the rôles devolved upon Madame Eames as *Ero*, upon Saléza as *Leandro*, and upon Plançon as *Ariopharnes*. But the division of responsibility is so unequal that in effect it is an opera of but one character—that of *Ero*—and Eames responds finely to the tremendous demands made upon her.

To be young and beautiful in person, to be graceful in pose and noble in poise, to be an aristocrat both in the in-



L. MANCINELLI, COMPOSER OF "ERO E LEANDRO."

terpretation of the music and of the character—all this is demanded of her who interprets Mancinelli's *Ero* aright; and to this is added one more demand, one to which Madame Eames alone, of the great sopranos now on the stage, is equal. The music written for *Ero* demands not only great declamatory force and dramatic intensity of expression, but unusual compass of voice and flexibility in execution—all constituting an almost impossible combination. But the almost impossible becomes with Eames the quite possible. In the delicious "Song of the Shell" and in the remarkable "Torch Song" the wonderful flexibility and penetrating purity of her voice are manifest, while in the two fine love duets with *Leandro* the intensity of her declamatory style is proved triumphantly.

As *Leandro* Saléza, the French tenor (who soon makes his American début), has in comparison with *Ero* but little to do; yet that little is much if one measures it by its demands upon the voice and the dramatic resources of the interpreter of the character. Of Saléza, of his method and his lack of it, of his musical virtues and faults—and there are many of each—more anon. Suffice it to say here of his *Leandro* that it has a dramatic intelligence and a musical frankness that make it interesting in these days of the mechanical on the one hand and the over-subtle on the other.

In most operas there is a bore, just as there is in most society. *Henry the Fowler* in "Lohengrin" and *Valentine* in "Faust" are two of the most notable ones that come to mind at present; they are characters that are only redeemed by the great artists who have from time to time interpreted them. To this list must be added that of *Ariopharnes* in "Ero e Leandro," the redemption in this case being effected by Plançon, who, by-the-way, is on this occasion a Greek with a curled, square-cut Assyrian beard. It is a paradox perhaps to say that *Ariopharnes* would be less of a bore if one could have more of him, but it is true that a further development of the character



SALÉZA AS *LEANDRO.*

would add much to its interest. It is an unwritten law of the stage that every principal character shall have its "chance." *Ariopharnes* has none, except in a short solo in the second act, "In Mezzo al Mar," in which he tells of the oracle having commanded the re-establishment of the Maiden's Tower by the Hellespont.

*Ero's* numbers, as might be expected, are both many and varied. The one that will be best known is the "Song of the Shell," already alluded to. One may confidently expect to see it soon added to the list of soprano "test solos," while the "Torch Song" and the two duets with *Leandro* will be saved by their great difficulty from commonness.

*Ariopharnes's* entrance is always heralded by a fine motif for trumpets, and there are two choruses, one almost immediately following the other, in the second act, that are unusual in form and quite splendid in effect. The first begins, "Beato vittima del casto vel!" (Oh, blessed victim of the holy veil!); the other is the finale, "Peana! Peana!" (We hail thee! We hail thee!).

By all odds the most delicately written of all the numbers is the Idyl for *Ero* and *Leandro* in the first act, beginning, "Ero, soave del volto celeste," and merging into the exquisite passage for *Ero*, with violin obbligato.

As to the general character of the music? Perhaps the critics who are adverse to Mancinelli will accuse him of affectation in his orchestration, and not without cause, especially in the first act. As to composition, he is often possessed of an evil spirit of consecutive fifths, and also pursued by the demon of the chromatic scale; the two combined or alternated give a Wagner-cum-Verdi-cum-Piccini effect. But when he has done with his experiments, then he is very successful.

Of those often inharmonious sounds which we call harmony there is enough and to spare in these degenerate days, but melody is rare, and it is in this latter direction that Mancinelli is at his best. No Mancinelli can serve two masters.

FLORENCE HAYWARD.

## THE CALL.

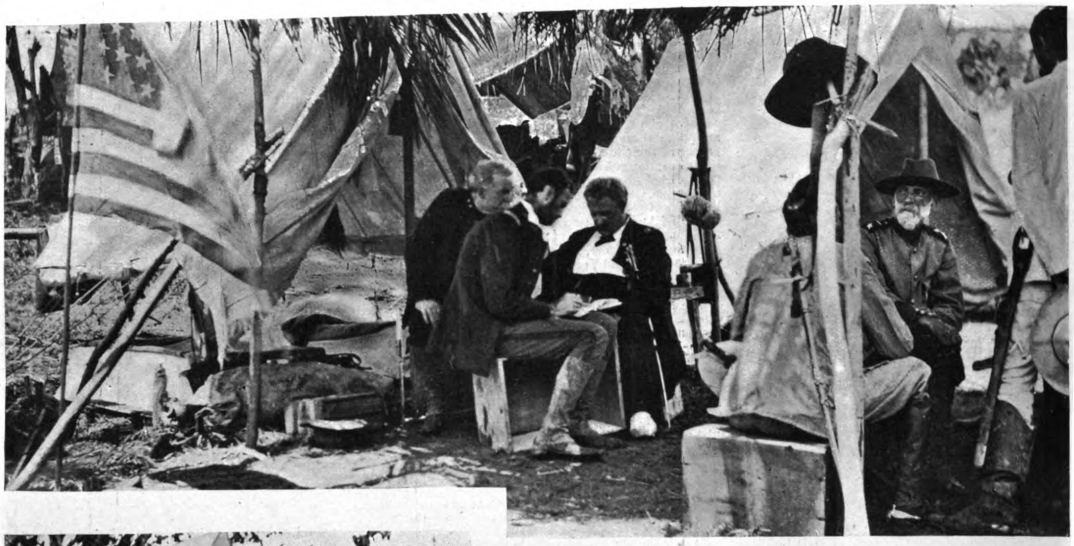
THE clouds grew dark as the people paused,
A people of peace and toil,
And there came a cry from all the sky:
*"Come, children of mart and soil,*
*Your mother needs you—hear her voice;*
*Though she has not a son to spare,*
*She has spoken the word that ye all have heard.*
*Come, answer ye everywhere!"*

They need no urging to stir them on,
They yearn for no battle-cry,
At the word that their country calls for men
They throw down hammer and scythe and pen,
And are ready to serve and die!
From the North, from the South, from East, from West,
Hear the thrill of the rumbling drum?
Under one flag they march along,
With their voices swelling a single song,
Here they come, they come, they come!
List! the North men cheer the men from the South,
And the South returns the cheer.
There is no question of East or West,
For hearts are atune in every breast,
'Tis a nation answering here.

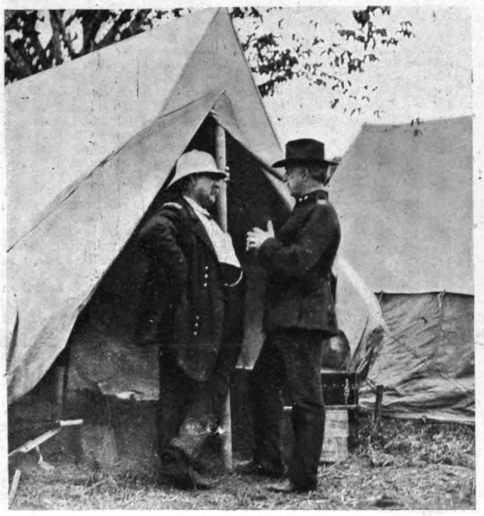
It is elbow to elbow and knee to knee,
One land for each and for all,
And the veterans' eyes see their children rise
To answer their country's call.
They have not forgotten—God grant not so!
(Ah, we know of the graves on the hill),
But these eager feet make the old hearts beat,
And the old eyes dim and fill!
The Past sweeps out and the Present comes,
A Present that all have wrought,
And the sons of these sires, at the same camp fires,
Cheer one flag where their fathers fought!
Yes, we know of the graves on the Southern hills
That are filled with the Blue and the Gray.
We know how they fought and how they died,
We honor them both there side by side,
And they're brothers again to-day,
Brothers again—thank God on high!
(Here's a hand-clasp all around).
The sons of one race now take their place
On one common and holy ground.

RICHARD BARRY.

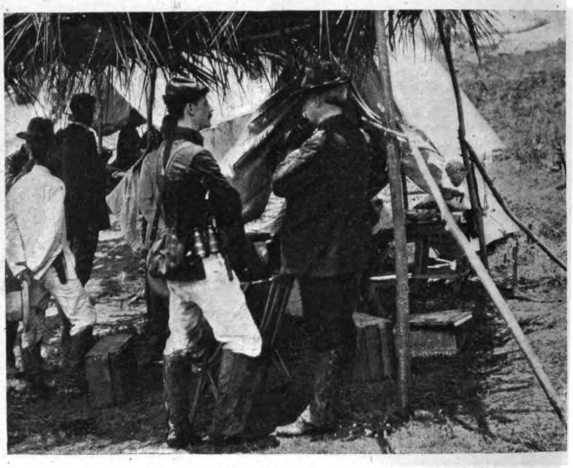
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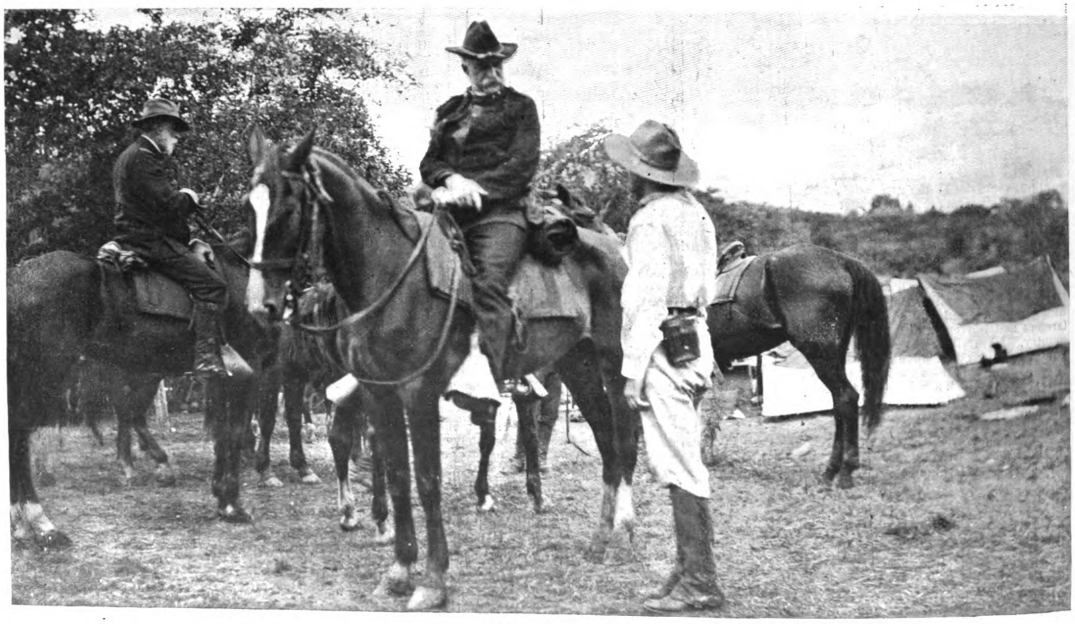
GENERAL MILES AND GENERAL SHAFTER HAVING A CONSULTATION.



GENERALS MILES AND SHAFTER TALKING OVER THE SURRENDER.



GENERAL MILES AND LIEUTENANT HOBSON CHATTING.

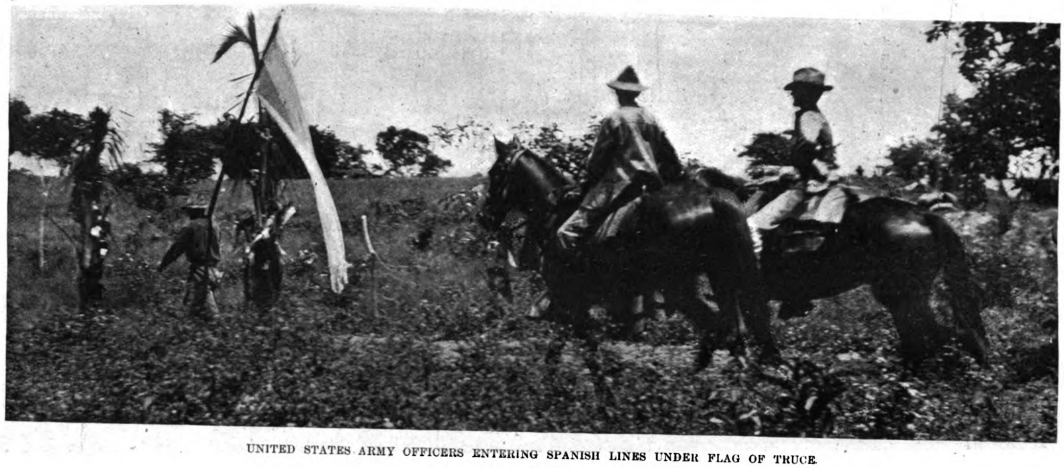


GENERAL MILES.

SCENES AT SANTIAGO DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR SURRENDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICERS ENTERING SPANISH LINES UNDER FLAG OF TRUCE.



GENERALS GARCIA AND CASTILLO VISIT GENERALS MILES, SHAFTER, AND WHEELER.

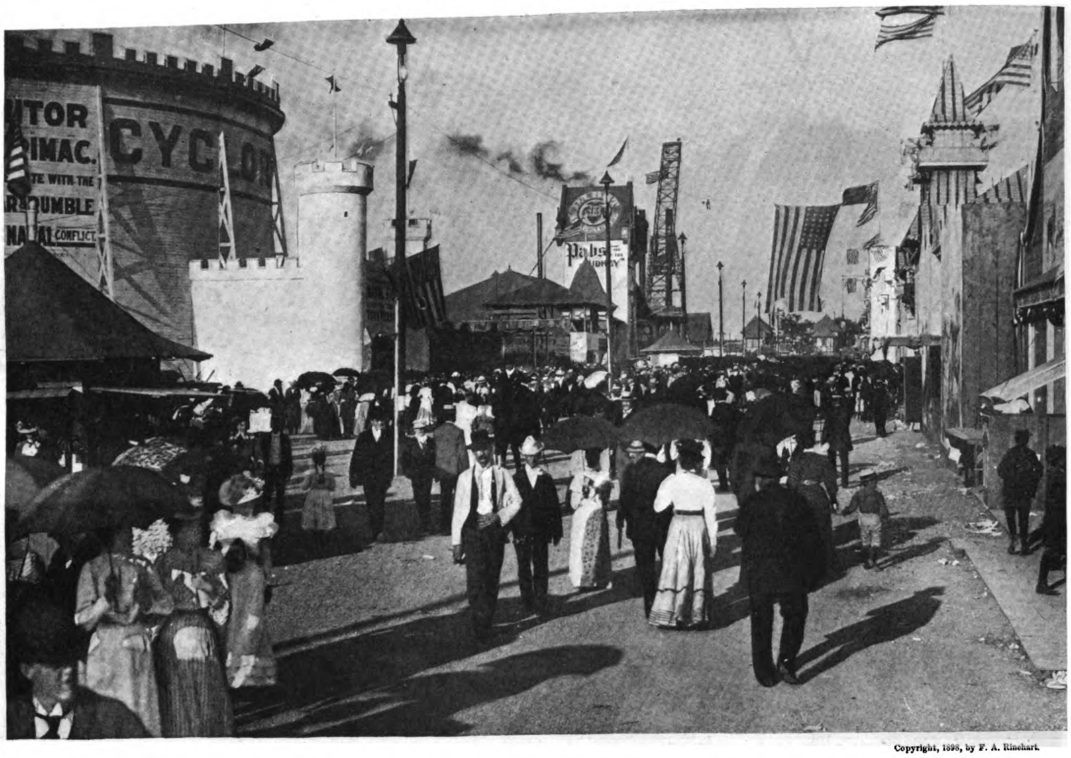


OUR TROOPS CHEERING UPON RECEIVING NEWS OF SANTIAGO'S FALL.

SCENES AT SANTIAGO DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR SURRENDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

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# THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

A LINE drawn somewhat irregularly down the map of the United States, beginning at the Canadian border, thence along the eastern sides of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois, along the southern border of Missouri, the eastern and southern sides of Texas, thence to and along the Pacific coast, and returning by the Canadian border line to the head of Lake Superior, broadly defines the territory represented in the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in the city of Omaha. Other commonwealths outside of this line have exhibits in the exposition, but it is this great Western region which particularly the fair illustrates. It may be well briefly to indicate somewhat of the enormous extent of territory represented. Inclusive of Alaska, which is logically a part of the region, and which is represented capitally in the building erected by the general government, there are in the region two million six hundred thousand square miles of territory. It comprises more than two-thirds of the whole United States—a vast and noble domain.

It is as large as France, Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands, Denmark, Turkey in Europe, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Servia, together with Egypt and Japan, the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, and Cuba; and, in addition to all these, you must add all of New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and South Carolina. When you have set apart all these foreign countries, and to their combined area have added the areas of thirteen of the States of our own country, you have but reached the area of the region which is represented in this Western exposition. There were living in this region a half-century ago less than two million people, exclusive of Indians, three-fourths of the white inhabitants being in three States. To-day this population has been increased by over twenty millions of people.

Some of the States in the region are represented by special exhibits in the main buildings devoted to the large interests of the exposition, but quite a number of States have erected interesting buildings along a wide esplanade at the eastern portion of the exposition-grounds. The State buildings stand somewhat back from the main street, so to call it, of this portion of the grounds. They are of varying architecture, some of them of the prevailing staff of the buildings along the grand central canal, others in subdued colors, while one of them, the Minnesota State building, is in the form of a Swiss chalet, constructed wholly of logs from the timber regions of that State.

Hard by stands an attractive building, one of the few erected to represent outside commonwealths. It is by the State of New York. A charming exterior with wide colonnaded verandas invites to an interior capitally arranged for the purposes of a building of this character.

Perhaps the mighty advancement of the trans-Mississippi region is not objectively illustrated in any better way than by a comparison of the leading buildings along the esplanade with a small dark house in the rear of the Nebraska Building. It is a typical home of the early days, and even now, on the outposts of the region, no doubt you may see its counterpart in actual use. It is made wholly of sod. The walls are perhaps eighteen inches thick, and consist of layers of sod laid up in a neat manner, with deep windows and a low doorway. On the top of the house the flowers are growing, while feathery grasses on the side walls sway in the wind.

It has hardly been possible to think of Kansas in these later years without commiseration for her mortgage-burdened condition, but the emancipation from debt, which has been effected in the midst and in spite of the hard times, is celebrated at this exposition by a neat and ample building, whose interior, as well as exterior, speaks of the more solid prosperity which has found a home in this long-suffering commonwealth.

The twenty-two millions of people represented by these State buildings and the arch of States have found time to do something other than till the soil and work the mines and build the railroads. They have had enormous pioneering labors in the last half-century, and yet in this region indicated they have found time to establish two hundred and twenty institutions of higher learning; they have equipped these institutions with modern appliances, and have selected, generally with good sense and wisdom, a corps of nearly five thousand instructors and professors. According to the latest available statistics, these institutions have a scholastic population of nearly seventy thousand. In a general population of about seventy-two millions of people there are four hundred and eighty-four colleges and universities, and nearly one hundred and sixty thousand students; in the region represented by these States, comprising less than one-third of the entire population of the country, there are nearly one-half of the collegians, and two hundred and twenty out of four hundred and eighty institutions of higher learning.

It is difficult to realize how much the great material as well as intellectual progress of the nation has been dependent for its supplies upon this trans-Mississippi region; that without this vast and noble empire very largely must our national life have been circumscribed and insular. Too often also has it been forgotten that it is the Mother East that has given birth to this giant West. All too contentedly do some of Western fibre let pass from mind the fact that the intimate interrelation of the East has been of supreme aid in developing the scope and power of the newer region.

So recently, as nations mark time, a dependency of the crown of Spain, and now one of the chief glories of a nation to whom Spain must bow, this trans-Mississippi region seems right worthily entitled thus to step aside from its immense activities and to present to the nation such a proof of progress as this exposition affords. It is very much to the credit of this vast region that this fair so amply illustrates the present and so hopefully speaks of the future of this great storehouse, on which the nation may draw in splendid confidence.

A really magnificent arch, done in white, rising like some tribute to the victories of a great general, stands on a wide esplanade facing the central court of the exposition. In place of an opening for the passage of triumphal hosts a mighty sounding-board rises to the highest inner point of the arch, and under this the bands play. By night an electric arch under the façade sends its soft glow upon the performers. Orchestral and choral performances are given in an auditorium seating several thousands of people, built upon the grounds. Sensibly enough, the exposition management makes these fine concerts free to the public, and many thousands of people attend them.

The exposition has a Midway—a double-decker, so to say—running like a big L around the eastern and southern portions of the grounds. The fertile fakir is there, a bit more free and easy than he would be under Eastern restraint, a little cheaper and more commonplace mayhap, but still picturesque. The Oriental people, they with the flowing robes and inflated trousers and *blasé* faces and generally professional make-up, they and their camels and their donkeys, their quaint streets and their incessant chatter and their unwholesome dances and their dirty hands—the same parties that make all Midways interesting and vivid—are here in force. In fact, the exposition has deluged the public with the Oriental; for, in addition to the "Streets of All Nations," where the foreign folk dance and drive and smoke cigarettes, and swear in unknown tongues, there is the "Streets of Cairo," a rival institution of the same character. The proprietors of the two streets have been fighting in the courts for supremacy, one trying to oust the other, on the ground that the concession should have been sold to but one.

A novelty in the Midway region is the giant seesaw, which must be over a hundred feet high. It is made of steel, and its skeleton frame-work is balanced on an iron pier about fifty feet from the ground. On this pier is the working machinery of the concern. Two cages or cars, large enough to accommodate a good many people, are attached to the seesaw, one at either end of the giant arms—in you go, and up you go to a startling height.

The illumination of the grounds is admirable. I saw the city of Paris illuminated one night in honor of the return of President Faure from his successful mission to St. Petersburg, but there was nothing in the illumination of the French capital to be spoken of in the same breath with the display you may see any night on the grounds of the exposition. The Court of Honor, or whatever name you choose to give it, lies a half-mile long, a rippling-waved lagoon in its centre bearing many a picturesque gondola. The water reflects back the thousands of electric lights, which define with beautiful distinctness the great buildings that border the lagoon. In the distance, rising in noble proportions, its splendid façade picked out in soft lines of yellow light, the Government Building stands silhouetted against the dark sky. All down the court on either side, and here and there at short irregular distances from the buildings, stand graceful Grecian pillars—upon their tops no flaming torches or glowing smoking incense, but a knot of brilliant electric lights, symbolical rather of modern investigation than of ancient introspection. By day these pillars are fine and interesting, whether singly or in vistas; by night they are peculiarly attractive—a note of rich beauty in the general harmony.

From the western end of the court, looking toward the distant viaduct over one of the city streets, the view is scarcely less enchanting. The pillared corridors that connect the main buildings and afford such capital relief from rain or snow have their share of illumination. They join beyond the buildings in a graceful semicircle, or, as it is otherwise called, a hemicycle stairway, rising easily from the lagoon. Above this is a domed projection, under which the speakers stand on special occasions requiring oratorical display; and still above this two lofty minarets, each one bearing a graceful figure standing with sickle in hand, typical of the harvest. The effect of the illumination, looking either way from east to west or midway in the great canal, is very beautiful. Should you call it magnificent—indeed, superb—you would not misapply the words.

Perhaps the building which attracts the lion's share of

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attention on the grounds is the one devoted to the government exhibit. The military display, quite naturally these days, draws many eyes. Elaborate reproductions of the uniforms of the various military epochs in our history are shown at one end of the great interior of the building, while in the opposite wing models of many of the battleships of all classes are eagerly eyed by the thousands who visit the building. In deep black one beautiful ship is encased, the base of its case a catafalque. It is a ship very dear, sadly, tragically dear, to America. Above its shapely form the government has printed, in clear types,

"REMEMBER THE MAINE."

Perhaps nothing in the immense building attracts the attention that does this beautiful model of the noble craft.

It would seem that all former expositions have been outdone in the matter of agricultural display. A large beautiful building near to the Government Building is devoted wholly to agriculture, illustrating in very many ways the progress as well as the present importance of this department of our national life. Very ingenious, and in a certain restricted sense very artistic, are the decorations of this building. There seems to be hardly anything susceptible of decorative treatment that cannot be reproduced by the materials which nature provides in field and meadow and farm. Illustrations of scenes of pioneer life—very attractive at a distance as pictures—prove on inspection to be wholly of corn or wheat or grasses, no color of any character save that which nature paints in the green spring or the ruddy summer or the rich brown autumn.

In front of one exhibit, that of the State of Kansas, a wicked little black mortar has for its ammunition a pile of glass cannon balls filled with corn, wheat, and rye, and on them kind Kansans have placed the words, "For Cuba."

In the region which this building illustrates is already raised more than one-half of the nation's supply of wheat, nearly two-thirds of its corn, and an enormous amount of the lesser grains and vegetables, while its live-stock interests are of vast value and extent. In the season of 1897 the region which is represented in the exhibits of this building produced, in round numbers, three hundred millions of dollars in value per year. The extent to which these figures may be drawn out passes from the realm of estimation into pure conjecture, now that the mines of Alaska, a part of the region in reality, are pouring forth their riches.

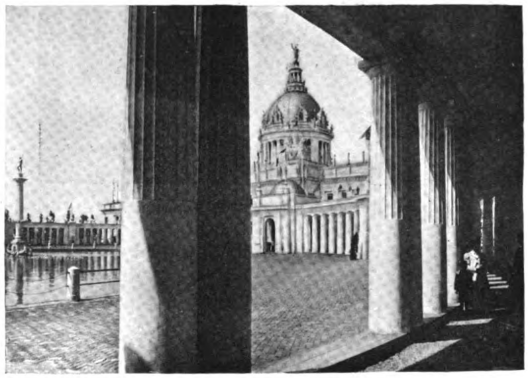
In the mining exhibit of Utah we read, on a high placard at one end of the booth, "Utah has produced in thirty years gold, silver, lead, and copper to the value of $199,000,000." Some exuberant Mormon has put in big letters at one end of the long exhibit, "Utah, the Jasper-walled Treasure House of the Gods."

Near at hand is the exhibit of Colorado, showing in various way the riches of her mines, while adjoining is a mimic gold-mine in full blast—a capital representation of the workings of the mine. Statistics will be furnished you at the Colorado booth showing that last year the State mined over nineteen million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold, nearly thirteen millions of silver, almost a million of copper, and two and three-quarter millions of lead, while since records have been available, less than fifty years, she has put forth one hundred and seventy-five millions in gold, and considerably over three hundred millions in silver.



BRIDGES, AND THE ARCH OF STATES.
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And so you may pass on from booth to booth, reading figures as to the vast mineral resources of these States—Montana, New Mexico, Minnesota, now having the greatest iron-fields in the world; Wyoming, Utah, California, Kansas—yes, even Kansas, for she has much lead to mine; South Dakota and Nevada. Ample space was provided in the building for the exhibits from the various mining States, and the arrangement is very interesting and the exhibits very easy to study. Some of the States have handsomely enclosed their exhibits with huge pillars, illustrative of some feature of their mineral wealth. Not only minerals of the precious class, but many varieties of building-stone and huge specimens of coal from the newer Western fields are shown. In the centre of the main aisle of the building is a pyramid of solid silver weighing three thousand four hundred and eighty-eight pounds, one day's product of one of the smelters of Omaha.



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.
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One of the most beautiful buildings of the exposition is that devoted to the fine arts. The love of the Western people for that which is noble in art is attested in a very fine and beautiful way by this exposition. The great buildings of the grounds, their architectural adornment, the surpassingly beautiful illuminations of the grand central court at night—these speak eloquently of the appreciation of art in its broader scope. In the Fine Arts Building this is illustrated in a more definite way. The eight or nine hundred works shown might not be considered a very striking exhibit in some older city where art has thriven long, but in this frontier city, so to term it, the gathering of such a collection in such a noble building is something of more than ordinary significance. The catalogue shows a good many works by men of prominence—Corot, Puvis de Chavannes, Troyon, Diaz, Claude Monet, De Neuville, Constant, Delacroix, Dupré, Mosler, Kenyon Cox, Elihu Vedder, Edwin Lord Weeks, Carl Guthers, among them. Leading illustrators are represented through magazine collections—Remington, Zogbaum, Sonntag, Thulstrup, Chapman, Gaul, Wiles, Hopkinson Smith, Loeb, Castaign, Pennell, Pyle, Church, Frost, Smedley, Low, and others.

Perhaps one of the most interesting surprises which come to an Eastern man visiting this exposition is the fact, which somebody calls to his attention in the vast building devoted to the manufacturing interests, that one of the States in this new region, Illinois, until but recently, as time is counted in a large way, the habitat of the Indian, produced in value, according to the late census, more manufactured products, including receipts from custom-work and repairing, than any other State in the Union save New York. There is in this, as well as in the manifold exhibits of this building, a suggestion as to the possibilities of this trans-Mississippi region quite in a different line from any which in general it has been believed possible here to pursue. A pyramid of flour in an exhibit from the State of Minnesota also calls to mind the fact that away in the interior of this region, far from the fringe of the agricultural territory, more flour is manufactured in one Western city, Minneapolis, than in any other city in the world. And it is of interest to note, too, though not specifically manufacturing, that the city of Omaha, in which this exposition is held, has the largest smelting-works in the world, turning out annually over twelve million dollars in gold and silver. In the Manufactures Building, seemingly incongruous, though probably the most appropriate place on the grounds, are shown the products of the three great packing cities of the world—Chicago, Kansas City, and South Omaha; and really the booths which present these products of the shambles are among the most artistic and interesting in the building.

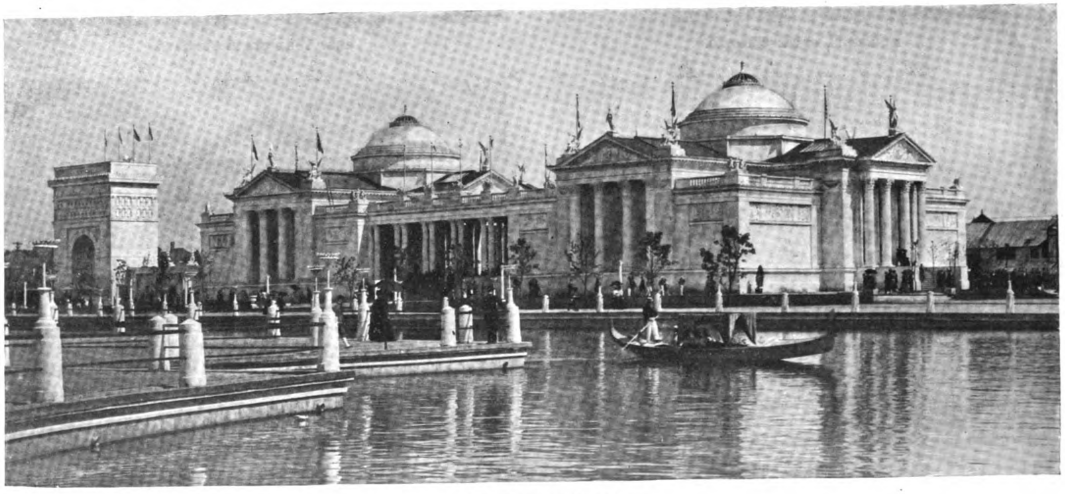
The extent to which manufacturing is being entered into in the West is a revelation to one who has not before given the matter consideration. I saw one immense exhibit, illustrating the variety of goods manufactured, given up to a display of all manner of matting for floors made from prairie-grass of tough fibre—on the face of it a very sensible and to be profitable field for manufacturing.

Take them as a whole, the buildings on the grounds of this exposition, which illustrate the progress of the trans-Mississippi region in so superb a manner, are more important, from the stand-point of the man of practical affairs, than any other feature of the many-sided fair. They are not only narrative, they are prophetic. They tell not only of the power of the West, but of its possibilities.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1898. W. S. Harwood.

ion bushels of wheat and considerably over one billion bushels of corn, while the total value of its agricultural output was somewhat in excess of one billion of dollars.

Certainly none of the great buildings of the fair possesses a larger field in which to study the many-sided West than the one devoted to an illustration of the mines of the region. The output of the mines of the trans-Mississippi region is now upwards of three hundred mill-



THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.
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GEORGIA STATE BUILDING.



IOWA STATE BUILDING.



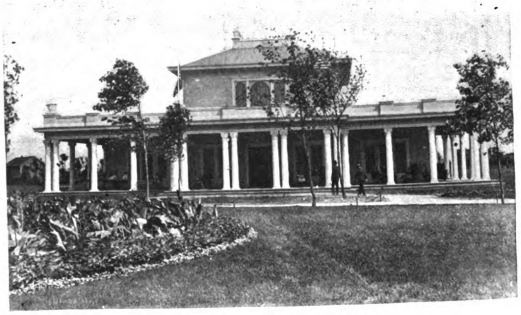
NEBRASKA STATE BUILDING.



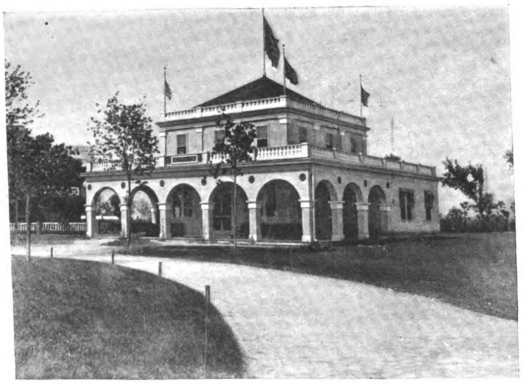
NEBRASKA SOD HOUSE (ON EXPOSITION-GROUNDS).



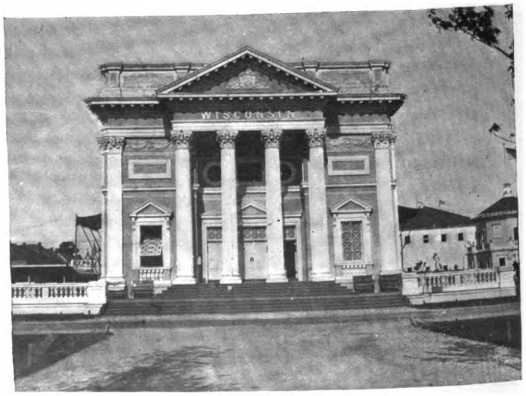
MINNESOTA STATE BUILDING.



NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.



KANSAS STATE BUILDING.

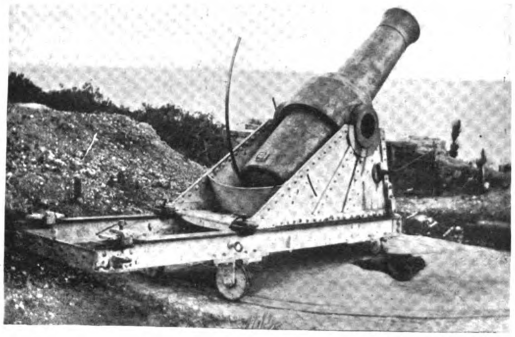



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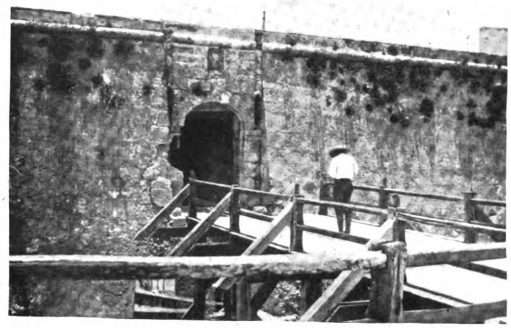
THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

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ZOCAPA BATTERY—MORTAR.



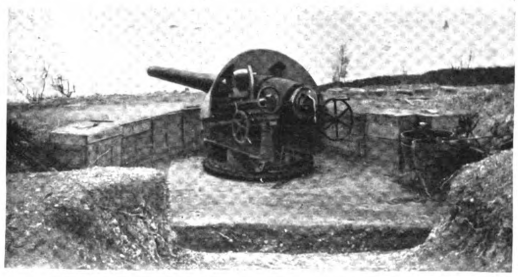
MORRO CASTLE—ENTRANCE.



ZOCAPA BATTERY—MORTARS.



ON TOP OF MORRO CASTLE.



ZOCAPA BATTERY—16-CENTIMETRE MODERN RIFLE.



EASTERN BATTERY—GENERAL VIEW.



ZOCAPA BATTERY—BREASTWORKS.



EASTERN BATTERY—DEMOLISHED EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GUN.

DEFENCES OF SANTIAGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD MARTIN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

### OUR SPANISH PRISONERS AT PORTSMOUTH.

Two or three weeks ago our cruisers, the *St. Louis* and the *Harvard*, arrived at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with sixteen or seventeen hundred Spanish prisoners from Santiago de Cuba. They were partly soldiers of the land forces picked up by our troops in the fights before the city, but by far the greater part were sailors and marines from Cervera's ill-fated fleet. I have not much stomach for any war, and little or none at all for a war which began for humanity, and then, by the ruling of an inscrutable Providence, or perhaps an ironical destiny, became a war for territory, or at least for coaling-stations. But the poetry of the fact I have stated made a very potent appeal to me on my literary side, and I did not hold out against it longer than to let the *St. Louis* get away with Cervera to Annapolis, when only her less dignified captives remained with those of the *Harvard* to feed either the vainglory or the pensive curiosity of the spectator. Then I went over from our summer colony to Kittery Point, and got a boat, and sailed out to have a look at these subordinate enemies in the first hours of their imprisonment.

I.

It was an afternoon of the brilliancy known only to an afternoon of the American summer, and the water of the swift Piscataqua glittered in the sun with a really incomparable brilliancy. But nothing could light up the great monster of a ship, painted the dismal lead-color which our White Squadrons put on with the outbreak of the war, and she lay sullen in the stream with a look of ponderous repose, to which the activities of the coaling-barges at her side, and of the sailors washing her decks, seemed quite unrelated. A long gun forward and a long gun aft threatened the fleet of launches, tugs, dories, and cat-boats which fluttered about her, but the *Harvard* looked tired and bored, and seemed as if asleep. She had in fact finished her mission. The captives whom death had released had been carried out and sunk in the sea; those who survived to a further imprisonment had all been taken to the pretty island a mile further up in the river, where the tide rushes back and forth through the Narrows like a torrent. Its defiant rapidity has won it there the graphic name of Pull-and-be-Damned; and we could only hope to reach the island by a series of skilful tacks, which should humor both the wind and the tide, both dead against us. Our boatman, one of those shore New-Englanders who are born with a knowledge of sailing, was easily master of the art of this, but it took time, and gave me more than the leisure I wanted for trying to see the shore with the strange eyes of the captives who had just looked upon it. It was beautiful, I had to own, even in my quality of exile and prisoner. The meadows and the orchards came down to the water, or where the wandering line of the land was broken and lifted in black fronts of rock, they crept to the edge of the cliff and peered over it. A summer hotel stretched its verandas along a lovely level; everywhere in clovery hollows and on breezy knolls were gray old farm-houses, and summer cottages—like weather-beaten birds' nests, and like freshly painted marten-boxes; but all of a cold New England neatness which made me homesick for my malodorous Spanish fishing-village, shambling down in stony lanes to the warm tides of my native seas. Here, every place looked as if it had been newly scrubbed with soap and water, and rubbed down with a course towel, and was of an antipathetic alertness. The sweet, keen breeze made me shiver, and the northern sky, from which my blinding southern sun was blazing, was as hard as sapphire.

I tried to bewilder myself in the ignorance of a Catalonian or Asturian fisherman, and to wonder with his darkened mind why it should all or any of it have been, and why I should have escaped from the iron hell in which I had fought no quarrel of my own to fall into the hands of strangers, and to be haled overseas to these alien shores for a captivity of unknown term. But I need not have been at so much pains; the intelligence (I do not wish to boast) of an American author would have sufficed; for if there is anything more grotesque than another in war it is its monstrous inconsequence. If we had a grief with the Spanish government, and if it was so mortal we must do murder for it, we might have sent a joint committee of the House and Senate, and with the improved means of assassination which modern science has put at our command, killed off the Spanish cabinet, and even the Queen-Mother and the little King. This would have been consequent, logical, and in a sort reasonable; but to butcher and capture a lot of wretched Spanish peasants and fishermen, hapless conscripts to whom personally and nationally we were as so many men in the moon, was that melancholy and humiliating necessity of war which makes it homicide in which there is not even the saving grace of hate, or the excuse of hot blood.

I was able to console myself perhaps a little better for the captivity of the Spaniards than if I had really been one of them, as we drew nearer and nearer their prison isle, and it opened its knotty points and little ravines, overrun with sweet-fern, blueberry-bushes, bay, and low blackberry-vines, and rigidly traversed with a high stockade of yellow pine boards. Six or eight long low wooden barracks stretched side by side across the general slope, with the captive officers' quarters sheathed in weather-proof black paper, at one end of them. About their doors swarmed the common prisoners, spilling out over the steps and on the grass, where some of them lounged smoking. One operatic figure in a long blanket stalked athwart an open space; but there was such poverty of drama in the spectacle at the distance we were keeping that we were glad of so much as a shirt-sleeved contractor driving out of the stockade in his buggy. On the heights overlooking the enclosure Gatling guns were posted at three or four points, and every thirty or forty feet sentries met and parted, so indifferent to us, apparently, that we wondered if we might get nearer. We ventured, but at a certain moment a sentry called to us, "Fifty yards off, please!" Our young skipper answered, "All right," and as the sentry had a gun on his shoulder which we had every reason to believe was loaded, it was easily our pleasure to retreat to the specified limit. In fact, we came away altogether, after that, so little promise was there of our being able to satisfy our curiosity farther. We came away carefully nursing such impression as we had got of a spectacle whose historical quality we did our poor best to feel. It related us, after considerable solicitation, to the wars against the Moors, against the Mexicans and Peruvians, against the Dutch; to the Italian campaigns of the Gran Capitan, to the Siege of Florence, to the Sack of Rome, to the wars of the Spanish Succession, and I do not know what others. I do not deny that there was a certain æsthetic joy in having the Spanish prisoners there for this effect; we came away duly grateful for what we had seen of them; and we had long duly resigned ourselves to seeing no more, when word was sent to us that our young skipper had got a permit to visit the island, and wished us to go with him.

II.

It was just such another afternoon when we went again, the other day; but this time we took the joyous trolley-car, and bounded and pirouetted along as far as the Navy Yard of Kittery, and there we dismounted and walked among the vast, ghostly ship-sheds, so long empty of ships. The grass grows in the Kittery Navy Yard, where it is popularly believed that influences which we call corruption in the Spanish government and pull in our own, have prevented any ship-building for many years; but it is all the pleasanter for the grass, and those pale, silent sheds are far more impressive in their silence than they would have been if resonant with saw and hammer. At several points, an unarmed marine left his leisure somewhere, and lunged across our path with a mute appeal for our permit; but we were nowhere delayed till we came to the office where it had to be countersigned, and after that we had presently crossed a bridge, by shady, rustic ways, and were on the prison island. Here, if possible, the sense of something pastoral deepened; a man driving a file of cows passed before us under kindly trees, and the bell which the foremost of these milky motherly wore about her silken throat sent forth its clear, tender note as if from the depth of some grassy bosk, and instantly witched me away to the woods-pastures which my boyhood knew in southern Ohio. Even when we got to what seemed fortifications they turned out to be the walls of an old reservoir, and bore on their gate a paternal warning that children unaccompanied by adults, were not allowed within.

We mounted some stone steps over this portal, and were met by a young marine, who left his Gatling gun for a moment to ask for our permit, and then went back satisfied. But here we found ourselves in the presence of a sentry with a rifle on his shoulder, who was rather more exacting. Still, he only wished to be convinced, and when he had pointed out the headquarters where we were next to go, he let us over his beat. At the headquarters there was another sentry, equally serious, but equally civil, and with the intervention of an orderly our leader saw the officer of the day. He came out of the quarters looking rather blank, for he had learnt that his pass admitted our party to the lines, but not to the stockade, which we might approach, at a certain point of vantage and look over into, but not penetrate. We resigned ourselves, as we must, and made what we could of the nearest prison barrack, whose door overflowed and whose windows swarmed with swarthy captives. Here they were, at such close quarters that their black, eager eyes easily pierced the pockets full of cigarettes which we had brought for them. They looked mostly very young, and there was one smiling rogue at the first window who was obviously prepared to catch anything thrown to him. He caught, in fact, the first box of cigarettes shied over the stockade; the next box flew open, and spilled its precious contents outside the dead-line under the window, where I hope some compassionate guard gathered them up and gave them to the captives.

Our fellows looked capable of any kindness to their wards short of letting them go. They were a most friendly company, with an effect of picnicking there among the sweet-fern and blueberries, where they had pitched their wooden tents with as little disturbance to the shrubbery as possible. They were very polite to us, and when, after that misadventure with the cigarettes (I had put our young leader up to throwing the box, merely supplying the *corpus delicti* myself), I wandered vaguely toward a Gatling gun planted on an earthen platform where the laurel and the dog-roses had been cut away for it, the man in charge explained with a smile of apology that I must not pass a certain path I had already crossed.

One always accepts the apologies of a man with a Gatling gun to back them, and I retreated. That seemed the end; and we were going crestfallenly away when the officer of the day came out and allowed us to make his acquaintance. He permitted us, with laughing reluctance, to learn that he had been in the fight at Santiago, and had come with the prisoners, and he was most obligingly sorry that our permit did not let us into the stockade. I said I had some cigarettes for the prisoners, and I supposed I might send them in, but he said he could not allow this, for they had money to buy tobacco; and he answered another of our party, who had not a soul above buttons, and who asked if she could get one from the Spaniards, that so far from promoting her wish, he would have been obliged to take away any buttons she might have got from them

"The fact is," he explained, "you've come to the wrong end for transactions in buttons and tobacco."

But perhaps innocence so great as ours had wrought upon him. When we said we were going, and thanked him for his unavailing good-will, he looked at his watch and said they were just going to feed the prisoners; and after some parley he suddenly called out, "Music of the guard!" Instead of a regimental band, which I had supposed summoned, a single corporal ran out the barracks, touching his cap.

"Take this party round to the gate," the officer said, and he promised us that he would see us there, and hoped we would not mind a rough walk. We could have answered that to see his prisoners fed we would wade through fathoms of red-tape; but in fact we were arrested at the last point by nothing worse than the barbed wire which fortified the outer gate. Here two marines were willing to tell us how well the prisoners lived, while we stared into the stockade through an inner gate of plank which was run back for us. They said the Spaniards had a breakfast of coffee, and hash, or stew, and potatoes, and a dinner of soup and roast; and now at five o'clock they were to have bread and coffee, which indeed we saw the white-capped, white-jacketed cooks bringing out in huge tin wash-boilers. Our marines were of opinion, and no doubt rightly, that these poor Spaniards had never known in their lives before what it was to have full stomachs. But the marines said they never acknowledged it, and the one who had a German accent intimated that gratitude was not a virtue of any Roman (I suppose he meant Latin) people. But I do not know that if I were a prisoner, for no fault of my own, I should be very explicitly thankful for being unusually well fed. I thought (or I think now) that a fig or a bunch of grapes would have been more acceptable to me under my own vine and fig-tree than the stew and roast of captors who were indeed showing themselves less my enemies than my own government, but were still not quite my hosts.

III.

How is it the great pieces of good luck fall to us? The clock strikes twelve as it strikes two, and with no more premonition. As we stood there expecting nothing better of it than three at the most, it suddenly struck twelve. Our officer appeared at the inner gate and bade our marines slide away the gate of barbed wire, and let us into the enclosure, where he welcomed us to seats on the grass against the stockade, with many polite regrets that the tough little knots of earth beside it were not chairs.

The prisoners were already filing out of their quarters, at a rapid trot towards the benches where those great wash-boilers of coffee were set. Each man had a soup-plate and bowl of enamelled tin, and each in his turn received quarter of a loaf of fresh bread and a big ladleful of steaming coffee, which he made off with to his place at one of the long tables under a shed at the side of the stockade. One young fellow tried to get a place not his own in the shade, and our officer when he came back explained that he was a *guerrillero*, and rather unruly. We heard that eight of the prisoners were in irons, by sentence of their own officers, for misconduct, but all save this *guerrillero* here were docile and obedient enough, and seemed only too glad to get peaceably at their bread and coffee.

First among them came the men of the *Cristóbal Colon*, and these were the best-looking of all the captives. From their pretty fair average the others varied to worse and worse, till a very scrub lot, said to be ex-convicts, brought up the rear. They were nearly all little fellows, and very dark, though here and there a six-footer towered up, or a blond showed among them. They were joking and laughing together, harmlessly enough, but I must own that they looked a crew of rather sorry jail-birds; though whether any run of humanity clad in the misfits of our navy, blue and white, and other chance garments, with close-shaven heads, and sometimes bare feet, would have looked much less like jail-birds I am not sure. Still, they were not prepossessing, and though some of them were pathetically young, they had none of the charm of boyhood. No doubt they did not do themselves justice, and to be herded there like cattle did not improve their chances of making a favorable impression on the observer. They were kindly used by our officer and his subordinates, who mixed among them, and straightened out the confusion they got into at times, and perhaps sometimes wilfully. Their guards employed a few handy words of Spanish with them; where these did not avail, they took them by the arm and directed them; but I did not hear a harsh tone, and I saw no violence, or even so much indignity offered them as the ordinary cable-car passenger is subjected to in Broadway. At a certain bugle-call they dispersed, when they had finished their bread and coffee, and scattered about over the grass, or returned to their barracks. We were told that these children of the sun dreaded its heat, and kept out of it whenever they could, even in its decline; but they seemed not so much to withdraw and hide themselves from that, as to vanish into the history of "old, unhappy, far-off" times, where prisoners of war properly belong. I roused myself with a start as if I had lost them in the past.

Our officer came toward us and said gayly, "Well, you have seen the animals fed," and let us take our grateful leave. I think we were rather a loss, in our going, to the marines, who seemed glad of a chance to talk. I am sure we were a loss to the man on guard at the inner gate, who walked his beat with reluctance when it took him from us, and eagerly when it brought him back. Then he delayed for a rapid and comprehensive exchange of opinions and ideas, successfully blending military subordination with American equality in his manner.

The whole thing was very American in the perfect decorum and the utter absence of ceremony. Those good fellows were in the clothes they wore through the fights at Santiago, and they could not have put on much splendor if they had wished, but apparently they did not wish. They were simple, straightforward and adequate. There was some dry joking about the superiority of the prisoners' rations and lodgings, and our officer ironically professed his intention of messing with the Spanish officers. But there was no grudge, and not a shadow of ill will, or of that stupid and atrocious hate toward the public enemy which abominable newspapers and politicians have tried to breed in the popular mind. There was nothing manifest but a sort of cheerful purpose to live up to that military ideal of duty which is so much nobler than the civil ideal of self-interest. Perhaps duty will yet become the civil ideal, when the peoples shall have learned to live for the common good, and are united for the operation of the industries as they now are for the hostilities.

IV.

Shall I say that a sense of something domestic, something homelike, imparted itself from what I had seen? Or was this more properly an effect from our visit, on the way back, to the hospital, where a hundred and fifty of the prisoners lay sick of wounds and fevers? I cannot say that a humaner spirit prevailed here than in the camp; it was only a more positive humanity which was at work. Most of the sufferers were stretched on the clean cots of two long, airy wooden sheds, which received them,

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four days after the orders for their reception had come, with every equipment for their comfort. At five o'clock when we passed down the aisles between their beds many of them had a gay, nonchalant effect of having toothpicks or cigarettes in their mouths; but it was really the thermometers with which the nurses were taking their temperature. It suggested a possibility to me, however, and I asked if they were allowed to smoke, and being answered that they *did* smoke, anyway, whenever they could, I got rid at last of those boxes of cigarettes which had been burning, as it were, all afternoon in my pockets. I gave them to such as I was told were the most deserving among the sick captives, but Heaven knows I would as willingly have given them to the least. They took my largesse gravely, as became Spaniards; one said, smiling sadly, "Muchas gracias," but the others merely smiled sadly; and I looked in vain for the response which would have twinkled up in the faces of even moribund Italians at our looks of pity. Italians would have met our sympathy half-way; but these poor fellows were of another tradition, and in fact not all the Latin peoples are the same, though we sometimes conveniently group them together for our detestation. Perhaps there are even personal distinctions among their several nationalities, and there are some Spaniards who are as true and kind as some Americans. When we remember Cortez, let us not forget Las Casas.

They lay in their beds there, these little Spanish men, whose dark faces their sickness could not blanch to more than a sickly sallow, and as they turned their dull black eyes upon us, I must own that I could not "support the government" so fiercely as I might have done elsewhere. But the truth is, I was demoralized by the looks of these poor little men, who, in spite of their character of public enemies, did look so much like somebody's brothers, and even children. I may have been infected by the air of compassion, of scientific compassion, which prevailed in the place. There it was as wholly business to be kind and to cure as in another branch of the service it was business to be cruel and to kill. How droll these things are! The surgeons had their favorites among the patients, to all of whom they were equally devoted; inarticulate friendships had sprung up between them and certain of their hapless foes, whom they spoke of as "a sort of pets." One of these was very useful in making the mutinous take their medicine; another was liked apparently because he was so likable. At a certain cot the chief surgeon stopped and said, "We did not expect this boy to live through the night." He took the boy's wrist between his thumb and finger, and asked tenderly as he leaned over him, "*Poco mejor?*" The boy could not speak to say that he was a little better; he tried to smile.—Such things do move the witness; nor does the sight of a man whose bandaged cheek has been half chopped away by a *machete* tend to restore one's composure.

IV.

Since I began to write, the tidings of peace have come, and these captives will presently be sent back to their homes, such of them as do not go to their long homes. Spain has accepted such terms as we would give; she would have accepted them if they had been worse; and we may well leave those who made the war to be proud of its results. I content myself with being proud of those who fought it, for I have seen a little with my own eyes how much better the victors could be than any victory.

W. D. Howells.

## THE PUERTO RICO EXPEDITION.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

On Board the U. S. S. "St. Louis," within sight of Puerto Rico, *July 31, 1898.*

It is one thing to go to war against Spain in Cuba, and another thing to go to war against Spain in Puerto Rico. Before we left the United States, General Miles had cabled that the climate and scenery were delightful in Puerto Rico. The men on the troop-ships for Puerto Rico have a different demeanor from those who sailed for Santiago from Tampa. There is not that appearance of dejection, that unconscious show of dread, that feeling that perhaps hundreds or thousands may never come back, that uncertainty whether bullets or yellow fever will be the more deadly.

The preparations for leaving for Puerto Rico were much the same as those for leaving for Cuba. This expedition started from Hampton Roads. The dark hulls of the transports stood out high above the water, the smoke poured out of the stacks of the ships, men toiled and tugged in stowing away supplies, the troops clambered aboard and growled and swore when they found that betweendecks and further below the ships were like raging furnaces. At last all was ready to start, but we did not go. It was Tuesday afternoon; we got away on Thursday. Cause for the delay? Ask Washington. Find out who is the evil genius who sometimes changes orders half a dozen times in a day and makes officers bite their lips, rather than say things contrary to military discipline, and the troops not hesitate to make remarks that would look well in print, and a mysterious puzzle will have been solved.

In England, where they have had experience in loading transports, it may be an easy thing to get one started for a campaign in a tropical country. It has not been easy in this country. One would think off-hand that the first thing would be to get your steamer and supplies at the dock, and the next would be to load ship expeditiously, just as they do in a day or two at a New York pier, and after that all that was necessary would be to march your soldiers on board, ring the signal to the engine-rooms, and off you go. You have supplies, soldiers, horses, ships' crew, on board, and there you are, watching the bow of the vessel cutting the water and leaving a wake behind, linking thoughts of home, as the tossing wake seems to stretch back to land and take hold of it, to soldier lads who have a tinge of homesickness and who are too proud even to look it.

Loading a United States transport is not so easy. Only soldiers or sailors on board? Why, here on the *St. Louis* the human freight includes post-office officials, official photographers, undertakers, planters, relatives or friends of dead or wounded heroes on a mission to bring back certain of the dead or wounded to their native land; scientific men, experts in Spanish law, artists, correspondents, and civilian friends of those high in authority on a semi-military mission, and who want to see what war is like; and then the freight. The *Massachusetts* and *Roumanian* of our expedition were to carry 1500 horses for the cavalry. They were made ready for this work in New York. When they reached Hampton Roads it was found that there was room for only about 900 horses. It was found that by packing the horses closely, as cattle are packed on freight-cars, all of them could be taken. Partitions came down, new ones were put in, and then the horses were put on board, to remain in a temperature of 120 degrees for a long sea-voyage, and with scarcely room to remove those that died on the way. It may have been cruel, but it was war, or one way of going to war on transports.

The rank and file were packed as closely as the horses. Their hammocks were new and comfortable. But how much room did they have in which to swing? Just eighteen inches. In the drill regulations of the army the width of a man is estimated at twenty-two inches. It is not pleasant to have four inches of your twenty-two cut off when you are trying to sleep in terrific heat, and the ship is rolling in the bargain. The troops on the *Roumanian* and the *City of Washington* were simply packed on board, and they suffered some. They didn't complain. Why should they? Weren't they going to war, or something resembling it—and why should

(*Continued on page 828.*)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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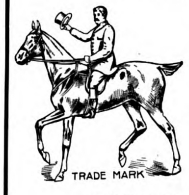
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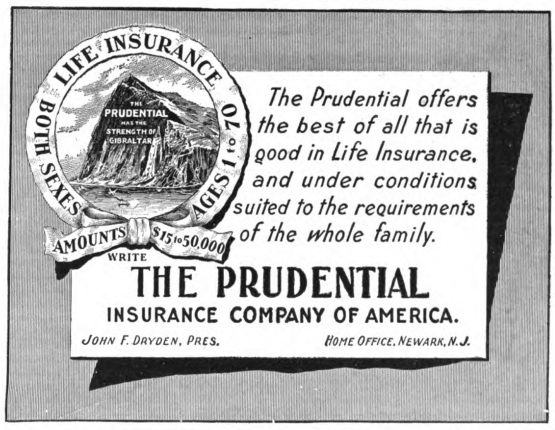

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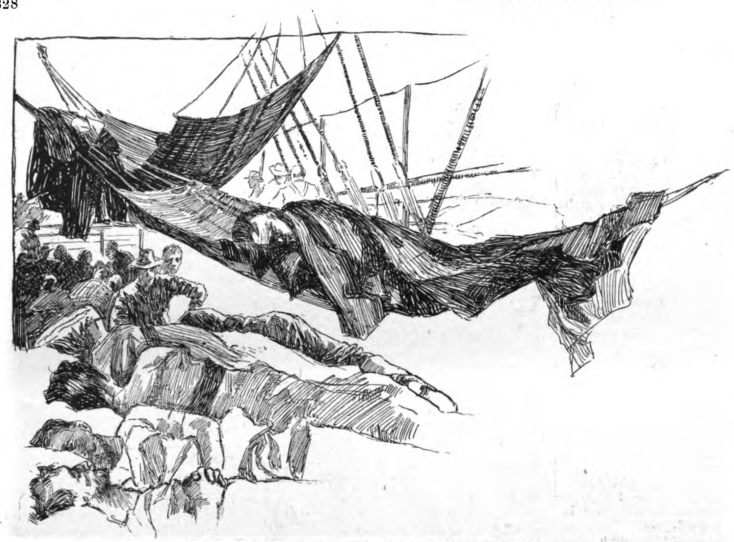
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ON THE WAY TO PUERTO RICO—FEVER PATIENTS ABOARD THE "ST. LOUIS."
DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

(*Continued from page 827.*)

they expect home or even sea comforts at such a time? The long delay and uncertainty as to starting were over, and discomfort could be endured because of that. The point of view makes a difference in the perspective.

The men on the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul* really had some sea comforts, however. They had room in which to sleep. Then, too, these ships were scrupulously clean—at least the *St. Louis* was. Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* is not the kind of a man to tolerate even a suspicion of dirt. No troop-ship horrors for him! His complete forethought, in providing all requisite necessaries and in making his ship absolutely wholesome throughout, was much appreciated by all on board. The large deck space on the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul* gave the soldiers comfort. One night proved its advantages. Sleep was impossible in the hot cabins and hotter bunks—well ventilated though the ships were. The second night found hundreds of men on the *St. Louis*, privates and officers, stretched out in a confused jumble on the spacious decks, all wrapped up in blankets. Here and there white-clad sailors picked their ways about silently. The soldiers heeded them not; their fatigue inducing the soundest kind of slumber. Nor did the troops move about much in the daytime. In fact, for three days and three nights each man seemed to lie in the same place. They were resting, simply resting; and the fact that they lay still indicated that indeed they needed rest.

There was very little seasickness on the trip down—on this ship at least. Only about a dozen fever cases were developed, a fact which reveals the thorough work of Captain Goodrich in making careful preparation of the vessel for her human cargo. The days were hot, but the nights were delightfully cool; and there were no especial incidents, other than those which are common on all military transports, where the men laugh and sing and joke and speculate as to the future, and eat and sleep and write home.

T. DART WALKER.

## FIFTEEN YEARS AT THE GALLEYS.

LIKE the historic denial of the presence of snakes in Ireland, there are no galleys, to be sure. Only in *Les Misérables* and one or two even stronger studies can one appreciate what Toulon and similar convict stations were under their old dispensation of justice and horror. But Guiana and New Caledonia leave not much to be desired in the article of unhealthfulness, and few return from their hideous climates. There has just returned to France a convict named Cyvoct, after fifteen solid years of penitential misery at Nouméa. Cyvoct was "pardoned out" by President Faure last January. He is thirty-seven years old. He was sentenced to New Caledonia, in 1883, as an anarchist who had taken special share in the dastardly bomb explosion in the café on the Place Bellecour at Lyons. He obstinately denied it, and even partially proved an alibi. But the jury were excited and inflexible. Cyvoct was sentenced to death. His fate was commuted to transportation, and at twenty two he went to Nouméa, where he has been by turns gardener, joiner, porter, and much else. He has the good fortune to find most of his family still living, and has returned to Lyons.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 811.*)

points. This will enable General Miles, if serious resistance is offered on the military road from Ponce to the capital, to despatch cavalry and artillery from one of the eastern ports, and thus, catching the enemy between two superior forces, to make even a strong position untenable.

And what measure of resistance *is* to be expected?.... Reports flatly contradict each other. "Captain-General Macias has instructions from Madrid not to waste the lives of his soldiers." "Captain-General Macias declares he can drive off the Americans again—as he did Sampson!" But Captain-General Macias expects to be taken—not at his word.

*Saturday, August 6.*—Despatches from Madrid, London, and Washington agree in the statement that a decision has been reached by the Spanish government, with the approval of the Queen-Regent and after consultation with Conservative and Liberal party leaders, to accept peace on the terms of Mr. McKinley's note. Señor Sagasta's organ, the *Correo*, observes that Spain has expended $374,-800,000 and 100,000 lives during the last three years "in the futile attempt to keep its colonial empire intact." So far as money is concerned, these figures do not seem heroic, for a current (though, it is hoped, a too liberal) estimate of the cost of the four months' war to us is nearly a billion dollars.

But it is important to note that these reports of an early agreement have not yet checked military operations. "We are proceeding now on a war basis," said Secretary Alger to-day, "as if there were no negotiations for peace....The provisional regiments will be sent to Cuba to take the place of Shafter's army, and all preparations will be shaped toward the Havana campaign in the fall, as if no peace negotiations were in hand."

As though in confirmation of the Secretary's statement, a message of this date from General Miles says: "General Brooke reports Hains's brigade, Fourth Ohio and Third Illinois, captured Guayama yesterday. Slight skirmish with enemy in and about town. Enemy's strength estimated about 500." A despatch to the New York *Sun* gives a lively description of the skirmish, in which three of our men were slightly wounded, and of the unconditional surrender of the town with its 16,000 inhabitants. A flag of truce had been shown, and General Hains with his staff rode through Guayama's streets. Then "all of the houses were closed, and the place looked like a deserted town. Not a person was in sight. General Hains rode to the public building, and by the time he got there the houses began to open. Everywhere heads were poked out of doors and quickly withdrawn. They were poked out again in a moment and again withdrawn, but this time the withdrawal was much slower. The third time the heads staid out, and were followed by shoulders and then bodies. Some one yelled, in a stentorian voice, 'Vivan los Americanos!' Then, as if by magic, the people came out and rushed toward the general and his staff, shouting the same words. Some prostrated themselves in the road and grabbed the Americans around the knees, while others threw their arms around the necks of the soldiers and kissed them, all the time shouting, 'Vivan los Americanos!' etc. Their enthusiasm seemed unbounded, and the scene at the surrender of Ponce was eclipsed."

*Sunday, August 7.*—From Guayama a portion of General Brooke's command advanced toward Cayey, the nearest point on the military road that connects Ponce with San Juan, while General Wilson has drawn nearer to the same point, proceeding along the military road from Ponce to Coamo. Simultaneous advances have been made in the western half of the island by General Schwan, who has started for Mayaguez, on the west coast, and General Henry, whose goal is Arecibo, a town on the north coast due west of the capital. If this plan is carried out successfully, all of the Spanish forces in the island will be driven back upon San Juan, and there hemmed in by our land forces, while vessels of our navy lie off the harbor, ready to bombard the place if it is not promptly surrendered.

Spain's note replying to Mr. McKinley's statement of the terms of peace was sent to Paris for transmission to Washington. The note suggests the expediency of a suspension of hostilities to make the negotiations easier. That it accepts the four preliminary conditions of peace is now admitted, but its precise terms will not be known for several days. The European edition of the *Herald* says, "In this answer the Spanish government reserves the utmost possible power of discussing details hereafter, in hopes of making better terms."

*Monday, August 8.*—Spain's reply, in the official correspondence relating to peace negotiations, was received at the French Embassy.

At Santiago the two armies that were hostile have been hungry together and have had the same fevers. Now they part company. General Shafter telegraphs: "*Miami*, *Mattewan*, and *Vigilancia* sailed this morning, having on board First Volunteer Cavalry [Rough Riders], First Regular Cavalry, Battery H, Fourth Artillery, Thirteenth Infantry, and Sixth Infantry." And the Quartermaster-General learned this morning that the Spanish transatlantic liner *Alicante* had arrived at Santiago, and was taking on board a thousand Spanish prisoners. The Americans are for Long Island, the Spaniards for Galicia. The sick Spaniards "were brought from the hospitals on stretchers, in wagons, and upon the backs of their comrades, often scarcely stronger than the sick men they bore. The docks were lined with officers and soldiers, who supported or carried their wives and daughters. The American wagons and ambulances brought cartloads of miserable colorless skeletons. The steam-lighters were literally covered with the stretchers and litters. The embarkation was partly effected in the midst of a drenching rain, but absolute order was maintained, and dignified soldierly silence."

*Tuesday, August 9.*—The first news was received of a severe engagement between the Spaniards and Americans near Manila. General Merritt's despatch says, in part: "To gain approach to city, Greene's outposts were advanced to continue line from the Camino Real to beach. On Sunday night [July 31] Spanish attacked sharply. Artillery outposts behaved well. Held position. Necessary to call out brigade. Spanish loss rumored heavy." There was another attack the next night, and the enemy was again driven off. Our loss was thirteen killed and forty-seven wounded.

At three points in Puerto Rico there has also been fighting, to-day and yesterday. (1.) The town of Coamo was captured this morning, with a loss of seven men wounded—one fatally. On the Spanish side the commander, two captains, and nine privates were killed, thirty-five wounded, and one hundred and eighty made prisoners. (2.) At an early hour this morning eight hundred Spaniards attempted to retake the light-house at Cape San Juan, from which they retreated last week. Forty of our sailors held it, and were supported by the guns of the *Leyden*, *Amphitrite*, and *Cincinnati*. The attacking force lost heavily. (3.) Yesterday afternoon a skirmish occurred a few miles beyond Guayama. Five of the Fourth Ohio Volunteers were wounded.

Secretary Day made the following statement this afternoon: "We have agreed upon a protocol embodying the proposed terms for the negotiation of a treaty of peace, including the evacuation of Cuba and Puerto Rico, and it is expected that this protocol will be executed." In this important sentence the first word embraces three persons—Mr. McKinley, Judge Day, and M. Cambon.

MARRION WILCOX.

General Brooke. General Sheridan.

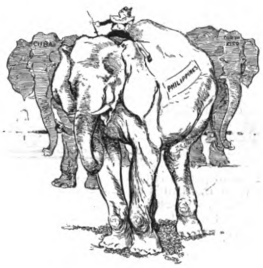


OFF FOR PUERTO RICO—GENERAL BROOKE AND STAFF GOING ABOARD THE "ST. LOUIS."
DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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Oh, there once was a King,
As minstrels sing,



Who a herd of elephants had;



And a man next door,
But by no means poor,
He wanted an elephant *bad*.



So the very weak King
Did a very sly thing
By giving his neighbor one;



And sky-blue ruin
At once began brewin'
'For that luckless Jonathan:



For the elephant ate all night!
And the elephant ate all day!
Do what he would

To furnish it food,
Its cry was still, "More hay!"
Till he tore his hair in wild despair

And piped his lachrymal glands.
Oh! he was sad because he had
That elephant on his hands.

"AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS."

(The "Elephant Song" from "Wang," adapted to fit the possible Annexation of the Philippines.)

# THE TAKING OF GUAM.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

U. S. Transport "Australia," en route to Manila.
At Sea, *June 11*.

If any venturesome individual contemplates a voyage on a troop-ship which he can just as well avoid, there is one word which covers the whole situation—don't! The prospect has allurements for any possessor of a roving foot. But if he is also the possessor of an appreciation of personal cleanliness and comfort, he will let his restless foot ache unsatisfied.

Life "runs large" on a troop-ship—or rather it runs at large—at least on this trooper. Some of it, in fact, does not run; it crawls. Mattresses go overboard, blankets are dragged in the sea for hours at a time, bichloride of mercury in strong solution adds to the repulsing influences of carbolic acid, the steam-boilers boil and boil, and blue shirts and soldier trousers go into them in an endless stream, and are fished out again, and yet that crawling life keeps on crawling. It advances with irresistible tenacity. It has crawled out of the steerage, up the after-companionway, up over the superstructure to the hurricane-deck, and is just aft of the main companionway. The fo'c's'le has surrendered to it; and in their little restricted space just forward of amidships the officers are making their last stand—and Manila is still two weeks away.

Life begins early in the day on this troop-ship. Four o'clock starts the sailor-men to washing down the decks. God knows the decks need it—they need it every hour! The soldiers follow the sailors, a few accompanying them, for there is a shower from the hose to be had that way. Then, no sooner is the hurricane-deck scrubbed down than the morning dancing class meets, directly over the heads of the officers. Why that is endured is one of the "things no feller can find out" which abound on this ship. After the dance, the hurricane-deck is settled at once for the next twenty-four hours. Breakfast is served there to the lucky fellows who have captured places. What they don't want of the breakfast—potato skins, and hardtack, and a few grease spots by way of decoration, with perhaps a bit of bacon—they throw on the deck. The magazines they read they use on one another's heads when they grow weary of reading. This is rough on the bindings, but it adds to the litter and increases the picturesque effect. As the day progresses cigars and cigarettes, half smoked or more, with a liberal amount of tobacco juice, are added to the mess. An occasional fight stirs things up for a few minutes, but the excitement dies out when the combatants are haled to the guard-house.

The galley of this ship, and the steam-room, where the "grub" of the soldiers is cooked, would make the fortune of any man who had it in New York. It's the finest thing in the Turkish-bath line ever produced, and it reeks with more odors than ever arose from an August meeting of sweat-shop strikers. Its energy is something tremendous. It pervades the ship, and in the quiet northeast trades, which blow just as fast as we go, so that we have no breeze whatever, the ramifications of that galley possess our little world—and Manila is two weeks away.

It is hot, and that's not in the least surprising. In latitude 15°, north or south, one expects to find high temperature, and he is not disappointed. Also it is humid. That too is to be expected at sea. A large fortune awaits the man who will discover an expedient for making it otherwise. Why should one complain, if it is hot, when there is ice? It is easy to make ice. All one needs is a machine. The most beautiful ice-machine mortal ingenuity ever contrived is a part of the fitting of this ship. With perfect simplicity, infallible regularity, and absolute incorruptibility it jams the temperature down to 38 degrees, and there it sticks. The warm salt seas that swash over the forecastle when she rolls—and she's a beauty at rolling, the finest in the Pacific—trickle down the fore-hatch into the commissary's improvised cold-storage room, and those seventy tons of ice he put in at Honolulu, at $15 a ton, ooze out in little streams. O glorious ice-machine! Some day some philanthropist will buy that machine and take it over to the Sahara. He will set it up beside an oasis, and make the desert so cold that the sand-fleas will evolute into polar bears. But there is even a hope that we shall be in Manila before that.

More men live in smaller space aboard our war-ships than there are, in proportion, on this ship, and the gleaming sides of the ships of the "White Squadron" were not more immaculately clean than their interiors. It is not the crowd, but the crowd's habits. And such habits can be stopped if there are officers who care or can command. If an officer happens, however, to think that letting his men wallow in filth is looking out for their comfort, so that the only way to make his men take proper care of themselves is for the general to see to it himself, it complicates matters, for the general is the last person on the ship to hear of such things. They do not happen on the ship where the regulars are. Last Sunday the chaplain preached to the men that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and the men whom he most wanted to reach sat on the outskirts of the crowd and played cards.

About the discomforts legitimately incident to the sort of trip we're making there is not the least complaint, but there is scarcely one of the things that are making life aboard this transport a little hell that could not have been prevented, that cannot be remedied, or for which there is the least excuse.

*Monday, June 27.*

To-day's observation showed us to be in latitude 17° 9′ north, longitude 126° 26′ east. Three days more, perhaps only two, and we shall see the flags waving over Dewey's ships in Manila Bay. It has been a long, hard trip, broken only twice—at Honolulu and at San Luis d'Apra—but each was a memorable occasion. It was the day after we left Honolulu that we first heard of Guam. That day Captain Glass of the *Charleston*, which has convoyed the troop-ships from the Hawaiian Islands, opened the sealed orders which he had been instructed to read when out of sight of land after leaving Honolulu. These orders directed him to call at Guam, one of the Mariana, or Ladrone, Islands, capture the governor and all officials and soldiers, and destroy any fortifications at Agaña, the capital, or in the harbor of San Luis d'Apra, the port of Agaña.

The message from Captain Glass wigwagged to the transports, making public these orders, stirred up a lot of enthusiasm among the soldiers. Straightway charts and Pacific directories were hauled out and studied for information about the Ladrones and Guam. But it quickly became apparent that most of our information would be obtained by personal contact, for the directories knew precious little. The ships held a steady and uninterrupted course toward the little island, unbroken by the sight of a single sail, and varied only by the occasional target practice of the *Charleston*, until the afternoon of June 15, when there was a time. The practice of the cruiser had been particularly interesting, as it indicated—or we thought it did, and that served as well—that Captain Glass expected to have to use his guns in capturing Guam. But this afternoon it was not subcalibre at boxes tossed over from the *Peking* and floating by, but regular practice with the big guns and service charges, at a regular pyramidal cloth target set adrift from the cruiser herself. This surely was preliminary to fort-destruction. Besides this practice, there was a conference of all the captains and General Anderson on the *Australia*, and arrangements for the attack on Guam were completed.

Considering the fact that the *Charleston's* crew is composed largely of green men, the shooting was very good. The range was about two miles, and every shot would have struck a ship, except possibly the first. Two rounds were fired from each of the 6-inch guns in the port and starboard broadside batteries, and from the bow and stern 8-inch rifles. Captain Glass was greatly pleased with the practice.

Early on the morning of Monday, June 20, land was seen. The convoy had come to the westward of the island of Guam, thereby avoiding the signal station at Point Ritidian, and caught sight first of the rocky shore north of Agaña Bay. The *Charleston* cleared for action, and with the men at general quarters went into Agaña Bay to look around. The morning was thick with frequent rain squalls, which blotted out everything even at a short distance from the ship. The *Charleston* went boldly into the harbor, and as close to the shore line as the dangerous coral reefs would allow, but the bay was empty. Then down past Devil's Point and Apepas Island she steamed, with the transports trailing behind and half a mile or more further out to sea.

As the cruiser passed Apepas Island her officers made out, over the low-lying rock, the spars of a vessel at anchor in the bay of San Luis d'Apra. Apepas Island cleared, the vessel showed full and white, and Captain Glass

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thought he had a Spanish gunboat, but she set the Japanese flag as soon as she made out the war-ship, and proved to be the copra-trading brigantine *Minatogawa*, of Tokio. The cruiser went on past Luminan Reefs, and turned in by Point Orote, along the north shore of the little peninsula. The cliffs rise sharp out of the water, like the Palisades of the Hudson, and against them the *Charleston*, in war-paint, was hardly visible. Old Fort S. Iago, on the point, dismantled long ago, made no opposition to the cruiser's advance, but as she rounded the next point, and saw Fort Santa Cruz ahead, hope revived in the hearts of the silent men at the guns. Then Captain Glass gave the order to try out the old fort with the 3-pounders, and the men were happy. The firing began at 3000 yards, and for four minutes the little shells burst in and around Fort Santa Cruz in a fashion which made the solitary Chamorro setting his fish-traps behind the fort row for his life to get out of range. Thirteen shells were fired, the last at 2600 yards, and there being no response, the action of Guam ended. The troop-ships could see but not hear the shooting, and every shell got a round of wild cheers.

The shelling of Santa Cruz brought a fairly prompt response in the persons of Lieutenant Garcia Gutierrez, of the Spanish navy, captain of the port of San Luis d'Apra, and Dr. Romero of the Spanish army, health officer, who rowed out in their boats, flying the Spanish flag, to see if the health of the *Charleston* were good, and to promise to return Captain Glass's salute as soon as they could borrow some powder for a couple of old guns they had ashore. They were thunderstruck at being informed of the real situation, and when told that Manila was in Dewey's hands, practically, the Spanish fleet destroyed, and that they were prisoners of war, they were most unhappy. Francis Portusac, a native of Guam and an Agaña merchant, who was naturalized in Chicago in 1888, was with the officials to act as interpreter, but Captain Glass used him more as a bureau of information about the island. Finally the captain paroled the Spaniards for the day, and sent them away in their boats with a verbal message to the governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Don José Marina y Vega, to hurry up and pay his official call. That evening Governor Marina sent Captain Glass a message to the effect that the military regulations of Spain forbade him to set foot on a foreign vessel, but he would be pleased to see the captain at his office in the morning. Captain Glass replied that he would see the governor himself, or send an officer to represent him.

The next morning Lieutenant William Braunersreuther, the navigator of the *Charleston*, with Ensign Waldo Evans and five men, went ashore. Lieutenant Braunersreuther carried a formal note to the governor from Captain Glass, which gave him thirty minutes in which to surrender unconditionally. The guns of the *Charleston* were ready to enforce the demands. Lieutenant Braunersreuther met the governor at the landing-place at the native village of Piti. With the governor were Captain Duarte of the Spanish army, his secretary, the port captain, Lieutenant Gutierrez, and Dr. Romero. In presenting the note from Captain Glass, Lieutenant Braunersreuther said, in Spanish:

"I have the honor to present a communication from my commandant. I am authorized to wait one half-hour for your reply. In presenting this communication I call your attention to the fact that we have, as you see, three large ships in the harbor, and a fourth [the *Sydney* had remained outside] outside ready to come in. One of these ships is a modern war-vessel of high power, with large guns. The others are transports full of soldiers. We have a large force here. I call your attention to these facts in order that you may not make any hasty or ill-considered reply to the note of my commandant."

Governor Marina bowed and thanked Lieutenant Braunersreuther, took the note, and retired with his staff into his office. From its window, if he chanced to look out, he could see the steam-launch of the *Charleston* towing a string of boats full of men up toward the landing-place. In the boats were Lieutenant Myers, U.S.M.C., of the *Charleston*, with forty marines from the ship, and part of Company A, Second Oregon, Captain H. L. Heath, from the *Australia*. This was the first detachment of the landing force General Anderson and Captain Glass had agreed on the night before. The rest of Company A, and Company D, Captain A. T. Prescott, were waiting on the *Australia* for the launch to return and tow them to land. To their intense disgust, not a man of them set foot on land. The first detachment tied up to the Japanese brigantine while the launch went back for the rest, and before it came back the work had all been done.

For twenty-nine minutes Lieutenant Braunersreuther waited, watch in hand, for the reply. Then Governor Marina came out of his office with a sealed letter addressed to Captain Glass. "It is for your commandant," he said, as Lieutenant Braunersreuther broke it open. "I represent my commandant here," was the reply. Governor Marina had written:

SIR,—In the absence of any notification from my government concerning the relations of war between the United States and Spain, and without any means of defence, or the possibility of defence in the face of such a large opposing force, I feel compelled, in the interests of humanity and to save life, to make a complete surrender of all under my jurisdiction. Trusting to your mercy and justice,

I have the honor to be, etc., etc.

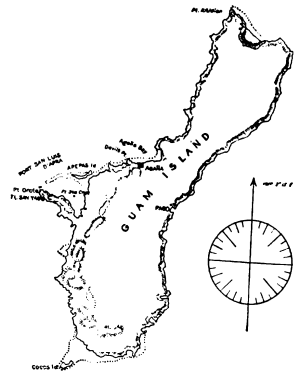
So Guam was surrendered, with all the Mariana Islands. The unhappy governor had no notion that the force which had threatened him was intended really for Manila, and thought that it had been sent out solely against the Mariana group. He had but fifty-four Spanish regulars and a company of Chamorros, and was, as he said, quite without means of making a defence. Lieutenant Braunersreuther required him to write an order to Lieutenant Ramos, in command of the troops at Agaña, to have them on the pier at Piti, with all arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, and the four Spanish flags in the island, at four o'clock that afternoon. That done, the governor wrote a long farewell to his wife, telling her to send his clothing and personal effects to Piti at once. He offered the letter to Lieutenant Braunersreuther to read, as he had done the order to Lieutenant Ramos. The *Charleston's* officer waved the letter away, and said,

"No, no; that is not for me."

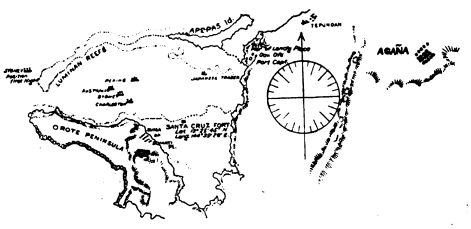
Apparently that courtesy was more than the governor had expected. He put his head down on his desk and fairly broke down and cried. When he regained his composure, he and his staff took places in the *Charleston's* boat, and were taken aboard the cruiser. On the way the boat passed the two detachments of the landing-party, and ordered them back to the *Australia*.

Soon after the arrival of the prisoners on the *Charleston*, Captain Glass took a large United States flag and went in his barge to Fort Santa Cruz, where he hoisted the stars and stripes on the old Spanish staff. As the first broad red stripe rose over the ruined battlements, the six-inch rifles of the *Charleston* roared out the national salute. Formal possession had been taken of Guam. At the same time the bands on the *Australia* and *Peking* played the "Star-spangled Banner," and the soldiers and sailors on the troop-ships and cruiser gave three times three for Uncle Sam's new island.

The *Sydney* had been ordered to come in from outside the reef, and as soon as Captain Glass got back from raising the flag over Santa Cruz, he made arrangements with Captain Pillsbury, with General Anderson's permission, to quarter his prisoners on the transport. Lieutenant Braunersreuther then took the *Charleston's* marines, under Lieutenant Myers, and with Ensign Evans and Dr. Farenholt went into Piti to receive the surrender of the Spanish soldiers. The troops were waiting for him in the boat-house at the landing-place. With Lieutenant Ramos in command was Lieutenant Berruezo, both of the Spanish naval infantry. The company of regulars was drawn up in line on one side of the boat-house, and on the other side, facing them, were the fifty-four Chamorros. The regulars were armed with '96 model Mausers, and had two great boxes of ammunition. The natives carried Remington 45-90's, and had about two bushels of cartridges loose in a big box.




GUAM ISLAND.




DISPOSITION OF AMERICAN FLEET AT THE SURRENDER OF GUAM.

Lieutenant Myers took his marines through the boat-house, and formed them in line facing the water. The left of the line moved forward left oblique, turning the flank of the boat-house, and the Spaniards were helpless in a trap, if they had cherished any notion of making a last stand. But they had not. At Lieutenant Braunersreuther's command the regulars stepped forward, man by man, to Ensign Evans, who stood near the landing-stage, broke open their rifles, and showed them to be not loaded, then handed them to him. As Ensign Evans passed the guns on to bluejackets, who stowed them in one of the *Charleston's* boats, the soldiers passed over their belts, bayonets, and other accoutrements. When the regulars had been thus disarmed and had re-formed in line, the natives went through the same form.

Then Lieutenant Braunersreuther stepped out in front of the marines, followed by the two Spanish officers. The marines presented arms, and the Spaniards gave their swords and their revolvers to Lieutenant Braunersreuther.

Then the Spanish regulars learned for the first time that they were to be held as prisoners. Lieutenant Braunersreuther told them that they might say good-by to the Chamorros. There was a great outcry and much embracing. The natives could hardly repress the evidences of their satisfaction, and as soon as they were sure that they were to be set free from the Spanish yoke, they began ripping the Spanish buttons off their uniforms and the little insignia of their service from their collars. Buttons and collar marks they threw away by handfuls, and the *Charleston's* marines and bluejackets picked them up as souvenirs. The Chamorros took the farewell messages of their old comrades and scattered. Then the Spaniards were put in a big barge and taken out to the *Charleston*. The two officers and the four Spanish flags went in Lieutenant Braunersreuther's boat. The *Sydney* had anchored near the *Charleston* by this time, and all the prisoners were put aboard her at once. The officers were put two in a state-room, and the men were sent below. Armed guards watched them while the ship was in the harbor, but they all had plenty of freedom to move about. The officers' baggage came out to the ship the next morning, and some of the clothing of the men. The captured ammunition consisted of fifty-four Mauser and fifty four Remington rifles, with belts, cartridge-boxes, and bayonets, 7500 rounds of Mauser ammunition, and about as much for the Remingtons.

While this was going on, the *Charleston* had been taking coal from the *Peking*. It was put in sacks in the *Peking's* bunkers, hoisted into a boat, and towed over to the cruiser. There the sacks were hoisted on board and dumped into the bunkers, and then they were sent back for more. Working constantly for two days, the cruiser got 125 tons from the troop-ship, and on the morning of Wednesday, June 22, four weeks from the day we left San Francisco, we were ready to leave Guam on the last stretch of the road to Manila.

The island of Guam is the largest and most populous of the Mariana group. When the great Magellan discovered the islands in the early part of the sixteenth century he called them the Lateens, from the lateen sails of the prahms of the thieving inhabitants. Afterward the piratical propensities of the natives so impressed the Spaniards that they called the islands the Ladrones, or thieves' islands. The name Mariana was given to them finally in honor of Maria Anna of Austria, widow of Philip IV. of Spain. The first conquest by the Spaniards practically destroyed all the natives, and the people who now make their homes in the Ladrones are mostly of Malay origin. There are between 8000 and 12,000 of them on the island of Guam. They live mostly in small villages of from forty to sixty houses along the coast; but Agaña is a place of perhaps 4000 inhabitants, with stone buildings of considerable pretension. The village of Suma, or Somayi, on the point opposite where the *Charleston* lay, was the only one, besides Piti at the landing-place, visited by this expedition. There was not time, in Captain Glass's opinion, to go into Agaña.

Suma has about sixty houses, a few of them of stone, but mostly of a heavy dark red wood that looks like mahogany, which the natives call "iffet." Nearly all the men in Suma speak a little English, which they have picked up from American whalers, which call at San Luis d'Apra, as the port is called, for wood, water, and fruit. The first stories of the stone houses of Suma are used as storehouses and pig-pens. The living-rooms are on the second floor. The wooden houses are built up on posts, so that the floor is about four feet from the ground. Back of each house there is a lean-to, similarly built up from the ground, and connected with the house by a running-board at the floor-level. This lean-to has a sort of forge-fireplace in one corner, where the cooking is done. The village is laid off in regular squares of small blocks. The streets are straight and fairly clean; those running east and west are broad, but the others are narrow. The roofs of all the houses are made of a thatch of cocoanut palm leaves, on bamboo rafters and stringers. Usually there are but four houses in a block, each with its little back yard and outlying kitchen, surrounded by its own picket fences. In some blocks there is also a stone bake-oven, shaped like a bee-hive, and protected by a thatched roof. At the end of the main street there is an old stone church, about forty feet long by twenty wide, before the altar of which there never ceases to burn a cocoanut-oil lamp. Beside the church stands the Escuela Publica, also built of stone, where the old Spanish padre, who spends half his time in Agat, across the Orote Peninsula, teaches the Chamorro children when he is in Suma.

The Chamorros are mostly small in stature. They are not so flat of feature as the Hawaiians, and there is more red in the color of their skins. Some of the men are exactly of the shade of polished copper. Their hands are small and slender; but their feet, from constantly going barefoot and much wading over coral reefs, are large and thick and tough. The women, especially the younger ones, are rather good-looking, and some of them are strikingly handsome. The men wear thin cotton clothes, usually just a sort of blouse-shirt and short trousers, with hats made of cocoanut-palm leaves, more tough and durable than a Panama, or even a Kona hat from Hawaii. The little pot-bellied children wear a single coatlike garment of thin cotton, usually unbuttoned all the way to the throat. The women wear a one-piece garment wrapped about them, and tied in a knot over the right hip. Their hair is long, straight, and glossy black, and their eyes a soft, beautiful, deep brown.

The land in Guam is of a reddish clayey nature, and very fertile. The natives grow sugar-cane, rice, corn, and mellons. Cocoanuts, pineapples, bananas, limes, lemons, oranges, and bread-fruit grow wild in greatest profusion. It rains nearly all the time—half a dozen squalls of from ten to thirty minutes every day—but no one minds that. It keeps the temperature down and makes everything grow. It is a fine coffee country—but there is almost no attention paid to the industry. The principal product is copra. The Spanish have taxed the life out of everything. Every birth, death, burial, marriage, is taxed; every sale, every killing of a hog or chicken or beef, pays something. It costs seventy-five cents a head every six months simply to exist. Under decent laws it will take small energy to accumulate a fortune in Guam, and the climate is as fair as that of Honolulu.

OSCAR KING DAVIS

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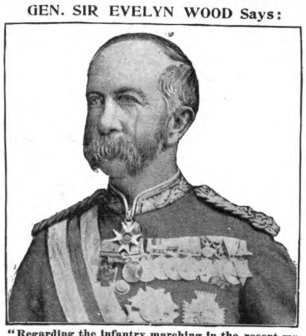
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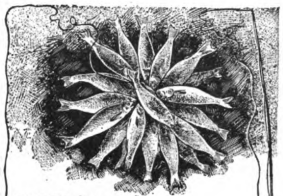
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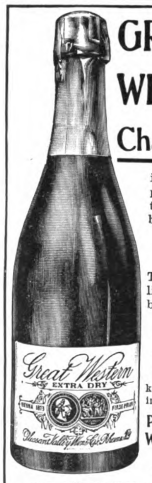
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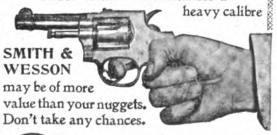
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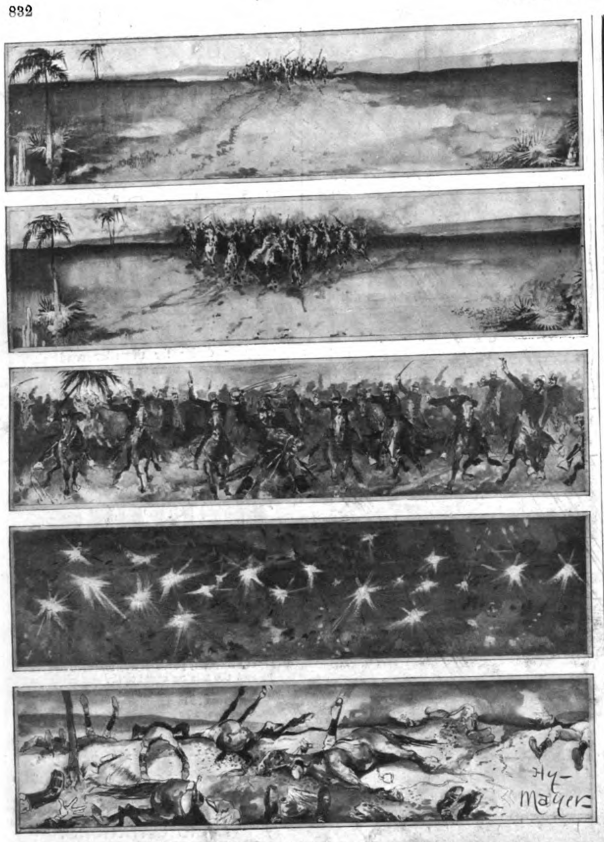
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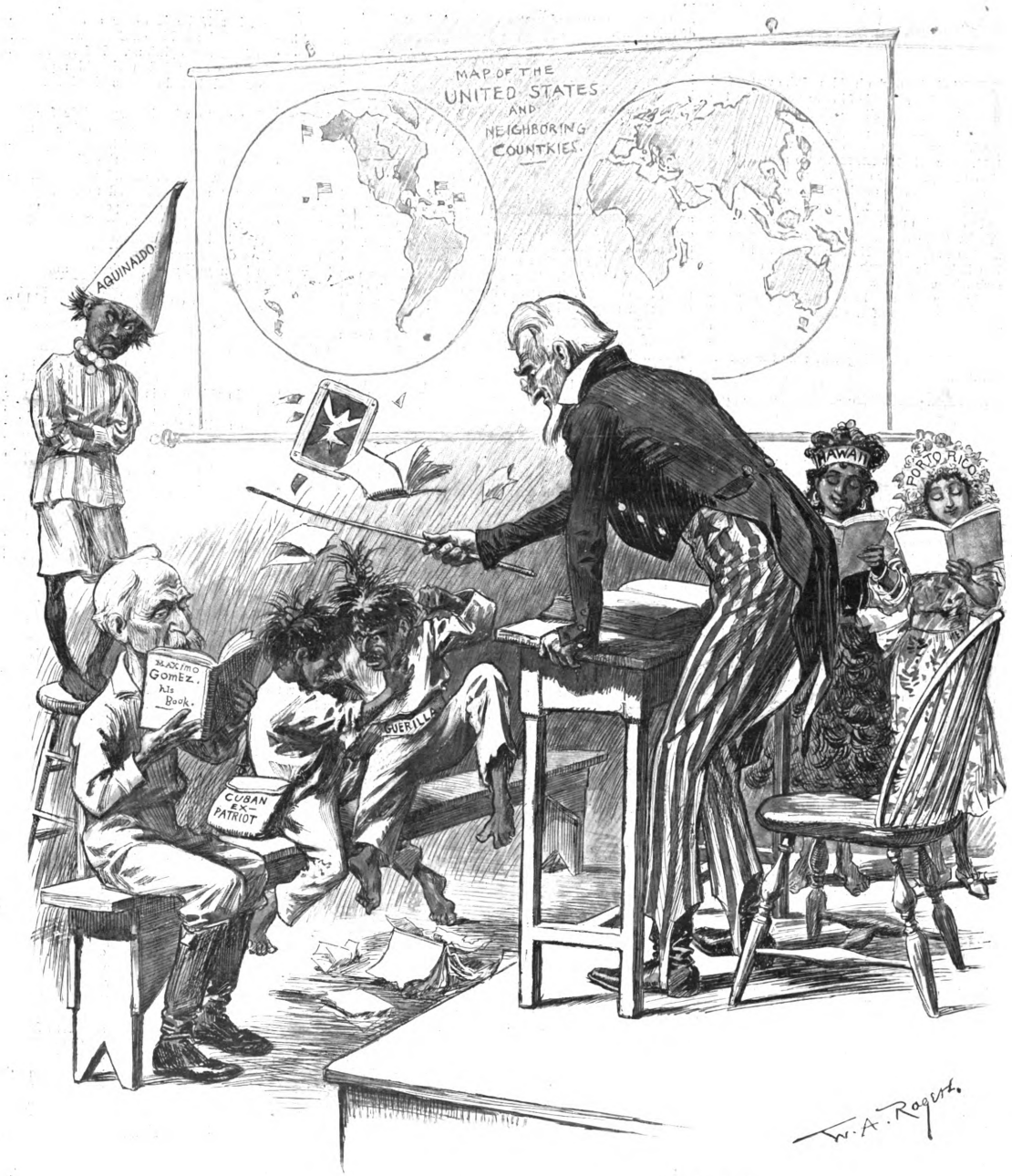
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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 27, 1898

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*This Paper is the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents have followed the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere have been accurately portrayed.*

Messrs. RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM *and* T. DART WALKER *are at Puerto Rico,* Messrs. FRANK D. MILLET, JOHN F. BASS, *and* O. K. DAVIS *are in Manila, and* Mr. HAROLD MARTIN *is at Santiago.*

SPORTING circles on both sides of the water feel the exhilarating revival of interest caused by the challenge of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, which wants to win the *America* cup, for which transatlantic yachts have been contending at various times since 1851. Sir THOMAS LIPTON, who recently visited this country, has brought about the issuance of the challenge, and has ordered the construction of a cutter-yacht at Belfast, to be named the *Shamrock*, and to be Irish-manned. Members of the New York Yacht Club and aquatic circles generally welcome the challenge. No conditions will be attached to it by Sir THOMAS, and this is a courtesy and mark of confidence which our sportsmen will thoroughly appreciate. It is certainly the antithesis of the conduct of the last challenger, and will tend to promote a generous disposition on both sides, which will be the best possible guaranty that no misunderstanding will mar the details of the contest.

GERMANY may have something to explain to this country as to the reason Captain-General AUGUSTIN was permitted to escape from Manila on the German cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta*, when he should have been permitted to remain and be taken by General MERRITT and Admiral DEWEY as a prisoner of war. There is some doubt as to whether there was a breach of international obligations on the part of Germany; and even if there was, there is not enough malice in it to make it the occasion of a serious difficulty. At its best, and at its worst, it seems to illustrate a certain unfriendliness towards us on the part of German naval officers, which is strongly disavowed by the Emperor and the German press. The conduct of the Germans at Manila seems to have been annoying because it was boorish and impolite, but all this may be easily removed by the German Emperor and the German nation, and we trust that certain kindly signs that have been given forth in the German press since the signing of the protocol are not misleading.

THE selection of Mr. JOHN HAY as Secretary of State to succeed Secretary DAY is excellent. Mr. HAY is, by long odds, the best equipped man in the Republican party for this position; he has not only had great experience, for an American, having served in France as Secretary of Legation and in the State Department before as Assistant Secretary, but, in addition, has a wide knowledge of public affairs and a wide acquaintance with public men on both sides of the water. Moreover, he is a man possessed of social graces, and one who can maintain fittingly the dignity of the place. He is also, we believe, a firm friend of England, and one who believes in the maintenance and in the increase of the present kindly relations between the United States and Great Britain, which are so full of promise for the future. Mr. MCKINLEY is to be congratulated that Mr. HAY is willing to accept the position. We understood, when he was made ambassador to England, that he stipulated that he should not be recalled as Mr. SHERMAN'S successor. Although nothing but good is to be said of Mr. HAY'S appointment, we may be pardoned, in speaking of it, if we express regret at the loss of Secretary DAY. This gentleman, who came to Washington an entirely unknown lawyer from a small Ohio city, has made a large place for himself in the diplomatic history of the country.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT has displayed greater tact and more political sagacity at the present crisis than he has ever shown before, and we hope, for his sake and for the sake of the State, that he will continue to refuse to talk about himself and his chances for the gubernatorial nomination, and to confine himself to expressions of enthusiasm over the fighting qualities of his regiment. If there is virtue enough left in the Republican party of this State to make an impression upon the sordid soul or upon the fears of Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, it is quite likely that Colonel ROOSEVELT'S nomination will be forced upon the boss. We can assure Mr. PLATT that, whatever the result may be to him, Colonel ROOSEVELT'S nomination and election as Governor would be a great good to this commonwealth and a great gain to the Republican party. Thousands of Democrats are willing to cast their votes for Colonel ROOSEVELT, and we do not know of any one else likely to receive the Republican nomination who will make so good a run as he will make. If Mr. PLATT nominates Governor BLACK or any one of his creatures, the issue between the Republican and Democratic parties will be of really very little importance, and the contest will once more be a question between evils —that is, between CROKER and PLATT—and therefore the war will have done no good to the politics of this State.

MR. CECIL RHODES bids fair to come off as victor in the contest now going on in Cape Colony, where issues momentous for all South Africa are to be decided by the vote on September 4. Mr. RHODES is the animating force behind the Progressives, whose programme, as might be anticipated, includes British supremacy in South Africa, a repudiation of the independence of the Transvaal in the sphere of foreign relations, and a more liberal domestic policy than has prevailed in the recent past. The anti-RHODES party is composed chiefly of the Africander or the Dutch element at the Cape. A portion of the Africander party formerly supported Mr. RHODES, but the reaction caused by the JAMIESON raid and England's hostility to the Transvaal drove them into opposition. It has been charged against them that they are intriguing with and receiving financial support from the Transvaal, and recently some admissions made by Africander leaders have weakened their influence with the electors. Charges and countercharges are freely made, and a great deal of bitterness has characterized the campaign. The latest reports go to show that the chances in favor of the Progressives have greatly increased. If they succeed, Mr. RHODES will in all probability resume his former position as premier, and the consequences are sure to be far-reaching. He is a restless spirit, wholly dominated by one idea, and with immense force of will and power of resource devoted to its realization.

IT is always to be regretted when a battle takes place after peace has been declared or an armistice proclaimed between the interested parties. There was some fighting both in Cuba and Puerto Rico after the protocol was signed by the representatives of the Spanish and United States governments, and life was lost, but the most serious event was the bombardment and capture of Manila before the news of peace had reached there. No one, of course, was to blame on either side; the news simply had not reached the military commanders. The event, however, has given the advocates of Philippine annexation a false argument. They now say that as Manila has been taken, and has not surrendered to be held pending negotiations for peace under the protocol, the city and bay belong to the United States, and if not kept must be "given up." This is not only false reasoning, but it is distinctly dishonest. The fact is that an armistice had been declared. The two countries were at peace. The battle and capture were a mistake due to the failure of the news of the peace to reach General MERRITT and Admiral DEWEY. But if the United States should seek to take advantage of its own inability to prevent the continuance of military operations by its own commanders, its conduct would be shystering, pure and simple, and we are glad to believe that no one connected with the administration would connive at any such conduct.

THE Constitution of the United States gives to President MCKINLEY the power to make treaties. This power of the President has been encroached upon unduly and wrongfully, and to the injury of the country, by the Senate, which has the power of ratification. We believe it to be the duty of the President to insist most firmly upon his right to negotiate and conclude treaties, and to insist, further, that the Senate shall confine itself to the task of ratification. Now, of all times, the country needs that the Executive shall maintain not only the dignity but the power of his office, and shall, so far as he can, put the legislative branch of the government in its proper place. To ask the Senate, or responsible Senators, to preside at the negotiation of treaties is to encourage undue encroachment upon the Executive power. We are quite sure that a treaty negotiated by Mr. MCKINLEY would be a much better treaty for this country in every way than any treaty that may be negotiated by members of the United States Senate. We have more faith in Mr. MCKINLEY'S judgment, in his tact, and in his purposes than we have in the judgment or the purposes of the Jingoes of the United States Senate. Mr. MCKINLEY, of course, is right in leaving the negotiation of the treaty to commissioners, but we hope that he will appoint a commission which will represent him and his views. And after he has negotiated and signed the treaty, if the United States Senate wishes to take the responsibility of refusing to ratify it, let the onus be upon it. Congress has not played a very admirable part in this war. It robbed Mr. MCKINLEY at the beginning of it of a diplomatic victory—it forced a war upon the country before the country was prepared—and the less it has to do with arranging the terms of peace, the better for all concerned. It may be necessary to appoint Senator DAVIS on the commission, for various reasons, but if he is to be a member he should be counterbalanced by ex-Senator EDMUNDS, or some one of the like opinions. Before all, it is necessary that the commission should represent Mr. MCKINLEY, and should express his views.

THE question as to who is responsible for the conditions prevailing at Tampa and other camps and at Santiago by reason of which the troops suffered from lack of food, while the sick among them lacked proper medical attendance and medical supplies, must not be allowed to rest. It is quite probable that a good many persons are more or less responsible for failure to avail themselves of supplies that had been furnished by the heads of the various departments at Washington, and whoever has been guilty of negligence and incapacity should be severely dealt with. Medical officers or quartermasters or commissaries should be held to answer for the cruel results of any remissness or of any lack of intelligence and solicitude on their part. No one who has caused unnecessary suffering to the soldiers can be pardoned; but whatever may be the result of an investigation, the great criminal in this case is Congress. It is due to its own incapacity, its own niggardliness, its own failure to realize the necessities of the military services, its own refusal to permit the building up of staff corps for capable and efficient action in an emergency, and to its own interference with such staff corps as we possess, to the successful efforts of its members in obtaining places in those corps for their favorites, that we owe the fact that our staff corps are not as efficient as they should be, even when we consider their size and the material with which Congress has supplied them. And Congress is the criminal for forcing the country into a war without having undertaken to make any adequate preparation for it. This criminal will not be revealed, of course, by a Congressional investigation; and this being the case, it seems to be the duty of the press to point out clearly the fact that whatever the incompetency of which the administrative branches of the government may be guilty, it is Congress which, in the first place, has treated the army and the navy—but the army more than the navy—with indifference, with injustice, and with ignorant disregard of consequences, and, in the second place, it is Congress which shouted itself and the country into a war long before we were ready for it.

## RESULTS OF THE WAR.

THE end of the war finds the country with some serious and complicated problems, and some teachings which, it is to be hoped, Congress will be sufficiently humble to take to heart. If, however, the present race of politicians do not rise to their task, which is not only onerous, but which also must compel some measure of self-renunciation and of confession, the people will eventually discover men worthier of the new task which conquest has imposed upon the nation. But it is with our new problems that we are now concerned, and the lessons which the war offers for the politicians may be postponed for the time.

President MCKINLEY has played his diplomatic part well and skilfully from the beginning to the end of this unhappy episode in the nation's history. He did his utmost to prevent the war, and Congress robbed him of one of the most brilliant diplomatic victories ever won by an American statesman. And now when he resumes the work of negotiation after the victories of the army and the navy have been won, he is again displaying the qualities which gained success for him in the *ante bellum* diplomacy. Probably Secretary DAY is entitled to a share of the credit for the exposition with which the preliminary discussion with

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the French ambassador was conducted, but the stamp of the President must be recognized here as in the earlier crisis, for the simple reason that the business methods of both occasions bear so strong a resemblance to each other. We wish that Mr. McKINLEY might have seen his way clear to a declaration against the folly of holding the Philippines, but it cannot be denied that delay and inquiry into the resources of the islands, and as to the character of their people, will be likely to bring about the desired result without that exasperation of an already excited public mind which would be likely to follow a strong antagonistic declaration by the Executive at present.

The end of the war finds us with Cuba and Puerto Rico and all the islands that Spain has held in the Caribbean Sea for four hundred years in our possession. This old Middle-Age power, whose flag first floated over American territory, is at last and definitely driven out of the Western Hemisphere, and her successor is the young and lusty republic with which, for centuries, the bigoted old monarchy had lived on friendly terms. What will the new master do with its possessions? For all of them will remain its possessions for many years to come. Puerto Rico is to be ours without question, and we will be obliged to retain Cuba until, in the language of the resolution under which this war was begun, a stable government has been established by the people of the island. It is the intention of the administration to carry out this purpose of the resolution in its fullest and broadest significance. The people of Spain and of the United States have rights in Cuba which must be respected and guarded, and the Cuban insurgents, whatever may be said of them by their apologists, have not yet shown that they ought to be intrusted with the control of the island; that the property or the persons of those who were once their enemies, or of those who are likely to become their enemies, can be safely put within their power. How long it will take these islanders to prove not only that they can govern themselves, but that they can treat with justice and humanity those who, by reason of our victory over Spain, are now living under the protection of the United States, is a question that time alone can answer. This we do know, that the United States cannot turn over its recent enemies to Cuban vengeance, and it cannot consent, either, to surrender rule to the Cubans until they have shown themselves ready to make good laws and to administer them wisely, for not only have the Spanish a right to our thoughtfulness, but our own citizens whose interests are in Cuba have the right to demand that we shall be careful of them. We have turned out Spain, and the responsibility for the establishment of a new government that shall take the place of the old rests upon us. Barbarous and hard as was the rule of the old monarchy, we cannot permit its successor to be worse, or even so bad. The result must be that we shall continue to occupy Cuba under military rule for a long time to come. Perhaps this occupation will endure for years. It is quite within the range of possibility that Cuba will remain a colony of the United States. We should regret this exceedingly. When the war began very few intelligent Americans wished to retain Cuba, and we doubt if the number of annexationists has been increased by the knowledge which the war has given us of the character of the Cuban insurgents. Congress was doubtless honest in resolving against a war of aggrandizement, and doubtless also expected that the government of the island could be turned over to its people soon after the conclusion of the war. But events have determined somewhat otherwise, as the more clear-sighted foresaw would be the case. We are loaded down with an island that we did not want. We must hold it until a good government shall be established, or for all time. For many years we must maintain there a large military force, which ought probably to be part of our standing armies. This will add greatly to our taxes; but the duty must be met; and if we are finally forced to accept the island as a colony, we must provide for it a system of government much better and stronger than any method of administration that we now possess for ourselves.

For the present we possess also the city and harbor of Manila, and we shall hold them with a military force until the final government and control of the Philippines shall be determined by treaty. The settlement of this question is the most difficult task to be performed by the Peace Commissioners whom Mr. McKINLEY will appoint. From what we have said as to our duties in Cuba, which will apply in some degree to our task in Puerto Rico, and from what we know concerning our task in Hawaii, it would seem as though we had assumed sufficiently heavy obligations already, and that it would not be the part of prudence to take on the additional burden of providing and carrying on the government of the savage Philippines. This, we are sure, is the opinion of the President, and likewise it is, we think, the belief of the administration that the inquiries as to population, resources, commerce, harbor facilities, etc., which Admiral DEWEY and others have been instructed to make, will convince the country, after the shouting has ceased, that the Philippines are not worth while, and that even if we were an old colonial power, these islands would not be to our advantage.

As to all tropical colonies and their value to this country, we refer our readers to the admirable letter of our London correspondent, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, who discusses Great Britain and her colonists on another page. No true and intelligent friend of America here or on the other side of the Atlantic wants us to imitate Great Britain's failures, or to follow in the pathway of blind Continental Europe, whose rulers are not enlightened even by the fate which has at last overtaken Spain. The Englishmen who are urging us to take the Philippines are moved by a desire to have us at hand to help them in their possible war with Russia.

## THE DEMOCRATS IN NEW YORK.

THAT ex-Governor and ex-Senator HILL should have become the champion of the respectable and conservative part of the Democratic party of New York is perhaps the strangest fact in the political situation of the State. It is one of the strangest of political transmutations. Times have changed since Governor HILL was standing by MAYNARD and urging his appointment to a judicial position as a reward for a piece of party service which the people of the State condemned by an almost unprecedented majority when the moral quality of it became an issue in an election. It is almost as strange to reflect that the ex-Governor and ex-Senator should have acquired his new position by the simple process of sulking in his tent. For the change is due to the fact that, after having opposed with vigor the more crazy planks in the national platform, he sat still and held his tongue and his pen during the ensuing campaign.

Mr. HILL'S rival for the boss-ship of the party in the State is Mr. RICHARD CROKER, who stands, of course, upon a much lower plane than that of a merely scheming and unscrupulous and ambitious politician. Mr. CROKER is in politics for the sole purpose of looting the city of New York by various modes of blackmail, and especially by the sale of indulgences to commit crime. There is, indeed, no reason why the Tammany boss should trouble himself at all about the politics of the State, except to make secure his opportunity for the exploitation of the city. He cares no more than he knows about the interests or the sentiments of "up the State," except as they may affect his hold upon the criminal classes of the city, including all those who are willing to pay money in order to be allowed to violate the law. No boss of Tammany has thus far attained the eminence of a party boss in the State. When JOHN KELLY, flown with insolence, attempted the larger rôle, his collapse was immediate and inglorious. There is no reason to expect a better fate for his successor.

It is plain that Mr. HILL is much better qualified than Mr. CROKER to lead an effective campaign upon State issues—that is the campaign which it is to the interest of the Democrats to make. They cannot make a campaign upon national issues, for the reason that they have no such issues. The one distinctive point of party policy made in their last national platform is the free and unlimited coinage of silver at sixteen to one, and nobody but a lunatic would presume to put that issue forward in a State election in New York. On the other hand, the Republicans have provided the Democrats with a State issue of the most desirable kind. They stand before the people arraigned and in effect convicted of having at least wasted millions upon a scheme for the improvement of the canals which is worthless without the expenditure of many more millions, and of having concealed from the people the necessity of this additional expenditure. But the appearance of Mr. CROKER as the leader of a campaign against the waste or peculation of money, either public or private, would be quite too absurd.

In any case, the issue is a germane and legitimate issue, and the Republicans are distinctly upon the wrong side of it. The party interest of the Republicans is to shift the issue to national politics, and to try to carry the election by an appeal to the successful conduct of the war. That can be done only by nominating a Republican with a brilliant "war record," if any such be available. One such and only one such there is available. THEODORE ROOSEVELT would undoubtedly make the voters forget, while he was a candidate, about the "canal steal," while he would undoubtedly himself remember it to some purpose after he became Governor. It would be obviously "good politics" in the party sense for the Republicans to nominate him, but it might be very bad for the personal interests of some Republican politicians.

## THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

THE appointment of the Hon. GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON to the Viceroyalty of India at a time when the great dependency is passing through a crisis almost as severe as and considerably more complicated than the rebellion of '57, is about as interesting a leap in the dark as DISRAELI'S choice of Lord LYTTON for the same office. Mr. CURZON is chiefly known for his omniscience. He has been everywhere and seen everything, knows all the men and reads all the books, has written most of them and abstracted the rest—to quote the criticism of a fellow-member who was intensely annoyed by Mr. CURZON'S superior airs. That may or may not have been a little too harsh, but it is doing the late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs no injustice to say that the outside world so far has seen in him only a very clever young man, whose passion for statesmanship and knowledge of Eastern affairs have yet to bear visible fruit. His appointment must be taken largely on trust.

Foremost among the questions which the war, famine, and pestilence of the last two years have brought to the front is what has come to be known as the Forward Policy, and with it are bound up the state of Indian finances and the overwhelming authority of the military men. Nature has provided the northwestern frontier of India with a wide and desolate barrier of mountain land, inhabited by tribes to whom independence, varied with a little internecine fighting, is everything. The old English policy was to stay on the hither side of this barrier, and as much as possible leave the tribes to themselves. If the Afridis or the Mohmands or the Swatis attacked a British outpost, a force was sent into their territory, a wholesome chastisement followed, and the troops returned to their old quarters. No attempt was made to bring the insurgents under British authority or meddle with their independence. They were simply conquered and fined, and taught to remember who were the rulers of India. The policy was not dazzling or brilliantly aggressive; but it was cheap, which meant much, and it was just, which meant more. It was an open and understood arrangement on both sides.

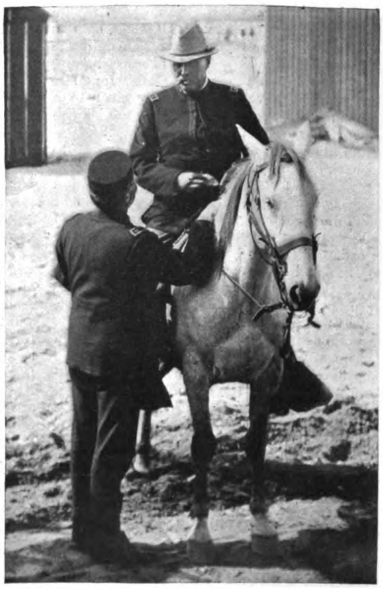
This safe and quietly progressive policy, the work of the civil administrators of the Punjab, has been done away with by the political generals at Simla, who know next to nothing of frontier government, and cannot bear the idea of retreating from a conquered territory. Their plan now is to establish outposts in this mountain wilderness, drive military roads through the rebellious districts, and "overawe the tribes" by a permanent display of force. The Liberal government pledged itself in 1894 to retire from Chitral. The Conservatives were no sooner in office than they allowed themselves to be dictated to by the military faction in Simla, and ordered the retention of Chitral. Naturally, as all the civil-service experts had foretold, the natives could not reconcile the constant presence of a British garrison with the independence which had been formally guaranteed to them. The revolts all along the frontier last year were not due to the Amir of Afghanistan, nor to the Sultan's successes over Greece, nor to a revival of Islamism, nor to the preachings of a mad mulla, but simply to Great Britain's act of bad faith in garrisoning a district from which she had promised to retire.

The first thing that is expected of the new Viceroy is the abandonment of the forward policy. Mr. CURZON is an Imperialist through and through, but some of his speeches during the height of the Afridi campaign showed that he understood and regretted the real cause of the uprising. Whether he will have the courage to resist the pressure of military opinion, and put his trust in the civil servants, whose life-work is frontier administration, is more dubious. There is nothing in the forward policy but a love of military aggrandizement. It facilitates rather than guards against an invasion from the north; it converts indifferent tribesmen into active enemies; and it is ruinously costly. Already India is taxed to a point where any further imposition might easily provoke an insurrection. The unusual expenses of the last two years have left her with a heavy deficit, and comparative peace on the border—there is never an actual peace—is necessary to save her from bankruptcy. According to the belief of some of the best judges in England, the subordination of the military party is essential to India's salvation, and Mr. CURZON'S Viceroyalty is likely to be decisive one way or the other.

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GENERAL WHEELER AND COLONEL ROOSEVELT RIDING INTO CAMP.
General Wheeler on Right.



MAJOR-GENERAL YOUNG, COMMANDING CAMP WIKOFF.



THE 3D CAVALRY MARCHING TO THE DETENTION CAMP.



THE 9TH CAVALRY ON GUARD AT THE QUARANTINE LINE.




CAPTAIN HIGGINS OF THE 15TH (PENN.) SIGNAL CORPS.



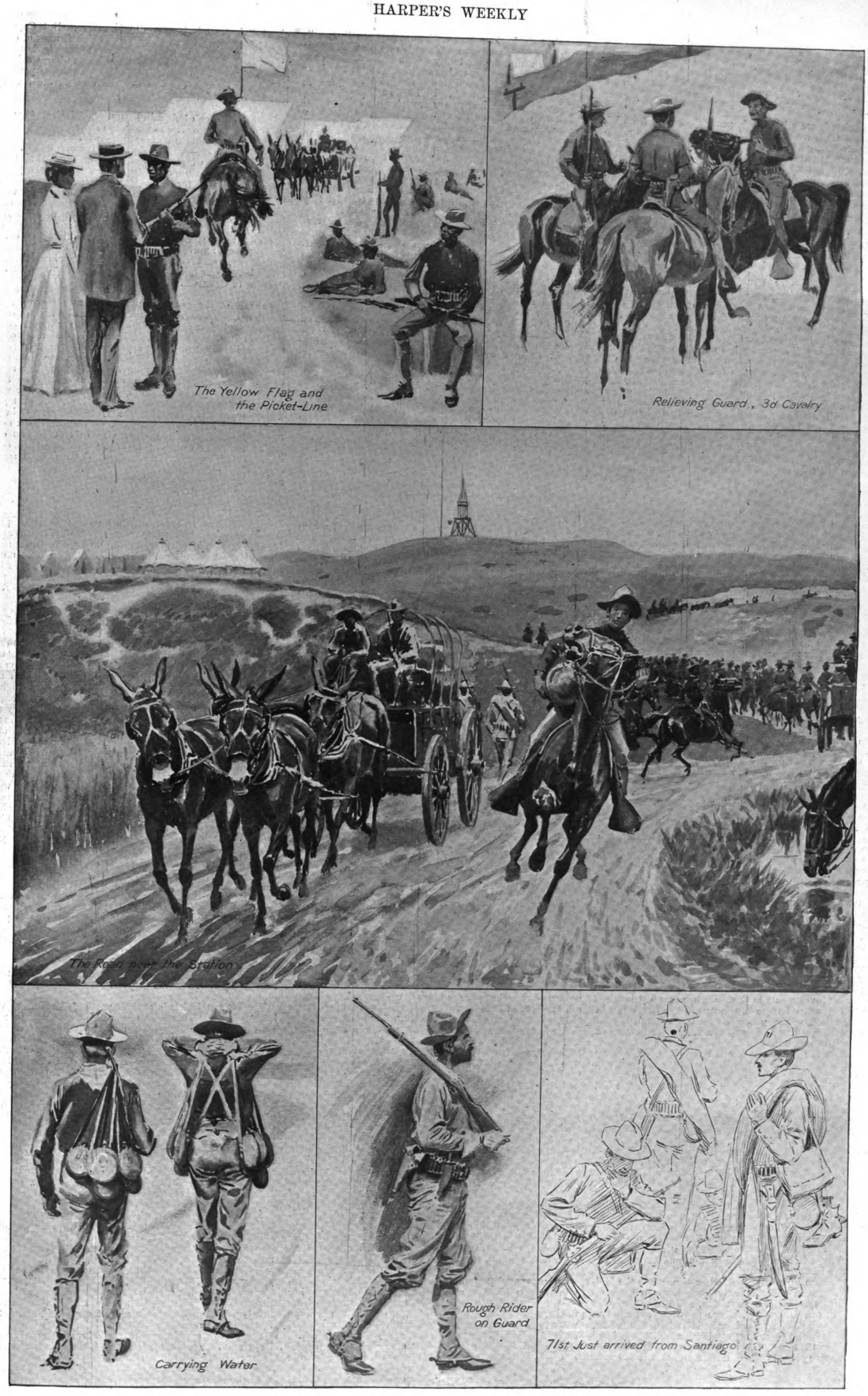
ON THE WAY TO CAMP.



A SCENE IN CAMP—WATERING MULES WHILE DRAWING SUPPLY-WAGONS.

SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT, LONG ISLAND.

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SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

Wise heads are still wagging over the report from Vienna of the discovery, by Professor Lilienfeld, of a method of producing albumen from the products of coal-tar. The chemists tell us that albumen is the indispensable property in animal food that makes us eat it; so the deduction has been drawn that if we can get our albumen from coal-tar, we will not have to eat meat. That sort of deduction is better adapted to make attractive head-lines to a cable despatch than to carry conviction to the soul of a hungry man, so there was hardly need of the warning which has followed the original news, that while Dr. Lilienfeld has doubtless made a valuable chemical discovery, the usefulness of artificial albumen as food is still to be determined.

The investigation of the war promises to make more trouble and to induce harder fighting than the war itself. The desire is very earnest that every one who did anything that was wrong or omitted to do anything that should have been done shall be caught and punished. It makes a serious prospect, and any citizen who finds that his vacation comes opportunely for him to abstain from reading the newspapers for a month after peace is declared will doubtless miss much reading that would tend to make his spirit grieve. It seems possible that there may be overmuch enthusiasm about fixing blame on individuals. There may be some individuals who need to be overhauled, but the average citizen will feel that the great purpose of investigation and the great warrant for publicity in all that concerns our war-making is the correction of the system, and the improvement of our methods of military administration, so that when we have another war to conduct we may do it in a workmanlike manner.

The report, which seems not at this writing to have been successfully contradicted, that a member of General Merritt's staff has become engaged to be married to a Honolulu princess, brings with it premonitions of the novel sensations that may be in store for American society as a result of the enlargement of our boundaries. General Merritt and his staff made only a short stay at Honolulu. If one engagement has resulted from that passing visit, what are we to look for as the result of a protracted experience of the society of Manila? Some very obstinate bachelors went with General Merritt; but it is one thing to be an obstinate bachelor in the United States, and another and possibly a more difficult thing to be one in the Philippines. For one thing, we are told that it costs so little to live in Manila that even the poorest American officer might safely permit his thoughts to turn toward domestication. And then the Philippine ladies have some extraordinary special recommendations. They don't wear stockings or bonnets, and they glory more in their hair than in their clothes. It is true each of them wants a pino-cloth gown, and pino cloth is dear; but there is not very much to a Philippine lady's gown, and as the fashions do not change much in the Philippines, a best gown lasts very much longer there than here.

Whether there are native princesses in the Philippines, and what are their quality and circumstances, does not appear, but doubtless we shall know when General Merritt's staff gets back.

In view of the probability that Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock* will be the next yacht to sail for the *America's* cup, it is expedient that we make Sir Thomas's acquaintance and try to discern what manner of man he is. The announcement came by cable, almost simultaneously with the news of the prospect of a challenge, that he had given a hundred thousand pounds to a Princess-of-Wales fund to provide cheap meals for London working-men. We may infer from that that he has money to spare and is not averse to spending it, provided the occasion appeals to him.

He is an Irishman by derivation, though born in Glasgow, Scotland. He laid the foundation of his fortune by selling Irish bacon to the Scotch. When Irish bacon ceased to be procurable in quantities big enough to supply the markets he found for it, he fell back on Chicago, where he has long had large interests in the pork-packing industry. His fortune is said to have been very greatly swelled by investments in Ceylon, where, after the coffee-bug had destroyed the coffee plantations, he bought a number of estates that came into the market and planted them with tea. It was an experiment, and turned out to be successful and very profitable.

Besides being rich, shrewd, and benevolent, Sir Thomas is credited with being a very lively sportsman, who will make the best race that British wits and British money can provide for, and will prove in all respects a good and reasonable man to sail against.

The promotion of Ambassador Hay to succeed Judge Day as Secretary of State calls attention once more to the unusual proportion of plums in Colonel Hay's cake. No one questions that the new Secretary is an able and deserving person, or that he has shown himself equal to difficult jobs of great variety and importance. If there is a man in the country who is handy with his intellectuals, Colonel Hay is that person; but he has been a lucky man, too. One gets the impression, from running over the facts of his career, that he has managed, in a very unusual degree, to combine a pleasing maximum of achievement and distinction with a minimum of disagreeable drudgery. Of course there has been drudgery, but it seems to have been nearly all either pleasant or done under exceeding stirring and interesting conditions.

He was born in Indiana in 1838—a time when the Middle West was in a particularly likely state to grow up with. His father was a physician, and in due time sent him to Brown University, where he was graduated in 1858. His grandfather lived, or had lived, in Springfield, Illinois. He went there to study law, and in 1859 became a student in the office of Abraham Lincoln. If there was an instructive place in the country about that time it was Lincoln's law-office. Mr. Hay learned politics there, and when Lincoln went to Washington his law clerk went with him. For the next five years Mr. Hay undoubtedly worked hard. In the course of the war he got a little military experience, and earned his title of Colonel. After Lincoln's death he spent two years in Paris as secretary of legation, and then several years in Madrid in the same capacity, one fruit of which was *Castilian Days*, which still ranks as a good book. In 1868 he became *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna, and two years later came home and joined the staff of the New York *Tribune*. In 1879 he became Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Evarts, and when the Hayes administration went out he went back to the *Tribune*, which he edited, in the absence of Mr. Reid, during the critical period of the quarrel between Garfield and Conkling. Editing a New York newspaper in those days was a different job from what it is now, and was done somewhat less with the nose than of late years and somewhat more with the other faculties. Colonel Hay edited the *Tribune* to the satisfaction of Mr. Reid.

Meanwhile Colonel Hay had married the daughter of Mr. Stone of Cleveland, a rich and discerning man, who had so many uses for an able son-in-law that, in 1881, Colonel Hay stopped newspapering in New York and went to live in Cleveland. It is suspected that while there he wrote the successful novel *The Bread-winners*, but that has never been proved. Mr. Stone died and left him his executor, with very large business interests to look after. Colonel Hay looked after them, and built a notable house in Washington, where he spent his winters. There he and Mr. Nicolay wrote their *Life of Lincoln*. What Colonel Hay busied himself about between the completion of that labor and his appointment to London is not all clear, but some of his time seems to have been profitably spent in helping to bring about the nomination and election of Major McKinley. He has been a successful Ambassador to England, and will doubtless make an efficient Secretary of State, though it may seem to him rather a hardship to be promoted from the most agreeable place in the President's gift to one that promises for some time to come to be exceptionally laborious and difficult.

In the New York *Herald* of August 15 was a report of some of the impressions and conclusions that have resulted from the protracted experiences of Dr. Richard Hodgson, of the Society of Psychical Research in England, with Mrs. Piper, the famous medium of Arlington, Massachusetts. Mrs. Piper has been much talked about, and more or less written about, and is known as a medium through whom very wonderful and perplexing things are done. Dr. Hodgson's record of such of her exploits and experiences as have come under his observation is reported to have been turned over to the Psychical Research Society, and is stated to be very curious and engaging reading. The departed person who for the last five years has appeared to communicate through Mrs. Piper with persons in this world is described in the *Herald* as "G. P., a young literary man, who met his death accidentally in New York in 1892." This "G. P.," who seems easily identified as George Pellew, was a friend of Dr. Hodgson, and had discussed psychical matters with him. Though not believing in a future life, he had shown interest in that problem, and had volunteered to assure Dr. Hodgson that if he should die in time he would make every effort to communicate with him through Mrs. Piper. Before "G. P.'s" death Mrs. Piper's familiar spirit was one Dr. Pennuit, who gave himself out as a French physician. This person was ousted by "G. P.," who seems now to have monopolized the medium's facilities for communication.

Dr. Hodgson complains that he cannot report and publish some of the most convincing of the phenomena that came to his notice, because the communications made had to do with such very private personal affairs. His conclusion, so far as he has gone, seems to be that there is no hypothesis that would account for what he has observed which would not be more preposterous and incredible than the theory that he has had communication with the spirit of a departed person. At present, therefore, he admits a belief in spiritism. Professor William James, of Harvard, has been a careful observer of Mrs. Piper, and he agrees absolutely with Dr. Hodgson that, whatever other explanation may be made of her performances, the theory of fraud is not to be entertained. Mrs. Piper has been under notice by skilled and distrustful scientific observers for fifteen years. Dr. Hodgson's report alone covers nearly five hundred instances of phenomena in which she was concerned.

Rear-Admiral William A. Kirkland, who died at the Mare Island Navy Yard in San Francisco, was born in North Carolina in 1836, and began his long service in the navy when he was fourteen years old. He became passed-midshipman in 1856, and was commissioned lieutenant in 1858. During most of the civil war he was stationed away from home, with the Brazil Squadron until 1862, and at the China station and in the East Indies until 1864, but he was ordered back in time to take part in the capture of Mobile in 1864. In later years he was in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard (1885), was supervisor of New York Harbor (1889), and was commandant of the League Island Navy Yard at Philadelphia. He was commissioned commodore in 1893, rear-admiral in 1894, and commanded the European station for more than a year, until November, 1895. In July, 1896, he was put in command of the navy-yard at San Francisco, and though he was retired last July, the intention was that he should retain his command until the end of the war with Spain. He died from the effect of a surgical operation. He was reprimanded by Secretary Herbert for sending a letter of congratulation to President Faure on his election as President of France, but he held that the letter was a personal one which grew out of his acquaintance with M. Faure. Some comments he made in a newspaper interview on the American missionaries in Syria brought him a good deal of hostile criticism; but his naval record was good, and he was regarded as a highly efficient officer.

It is rumored that the court martial which tried Captain Oberlin M. Carter found him guilty of defrauding the government, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the army, to be imprisoned for not less than ten or more than twenty years, and to suffer further penalties and disgrace. It will be remembered that Captain Carter's trial began some months before the war with Spain broke out, and that the findings of the court have long been in the hands of the Secretary of War. The sentence, whatever it may be, has not yet been approved, and how much of it will take effect remains to be seen. If the report about it is true, it is exceedingly severe. But Captain Carter's offence, if he was guilty, as charged, was not only exceedingly grave, but extremely unusual. Dishonesty in engineer officers who have charge of public works is almost unknown, and it has been stated, though perhaps not correctly, that Captain Carter's case is the first of its kind on record.

In the absence of Admiral Dewey, Admiral Cervera seems to be the favorite naval hero of the hour. The return of the fleet that sunk his ships—which at this writing is still in prospect—will doubtless be the occasion of new demonstrations which may overshadow those that have attended him, but undoubtedly he has had all the polite attention he cared for, and perhaps somewhat more than was absolutely consistent with entire politeness or with his personal comfort. His progress to Portsmouth and back was, all things considered, altogether unparalleled in the emotions that characterized it, and indeed the good-will and immense interest the kind admiral excited came finally to be somewhat amusing. At Portsmouth, the newspapers say, he kissed a baby. Nothing but his return to Spain before our fall elections can insure him against being sent to Congress.

Friends of the government boast that the gum now used on Uncle Sam's adhesive stamps is of a much better quality than formerly, and that stamps no longer stick together in damp weather. This last assertion is to be taken with allowances, but persons who have carried stamps to the sea-shore, and exposed them to fogs and dampness, report that they have continued usable most of the time, and that it is not as necessary as formerly to take special precautions with them. Time was when summer boarders at the sea-shore kept their postage-stamps overnight in a cup of water, as some persons keep their teeth. It is not necessary to do so now, and Uncle Sam himself reports a great saving of trouble and expense because his own supplies of postage-stamps in sheets do not stick together in storage. There is still some grumbling about the taste of the gum, but much of that is due to force of habit. The government mucilage is not intended to be edible, and the back of the stamps ought not to taste so good as to be a temptation to children. Most persons can lick three or four contemporary stamps without discomfort. For more squeamish persons there might be a profit in stamps with sugar-coated backs, but that may safely be left to private enterprise. There is no foundation at all for the libellous statement sometimes heard that the present government gum has intoxicating properties and undermines the habits of stamp clerks. It can be used with entire safety so far as is reasonably necessary.

The growth of suburban trolley lines promises to affect the habits of the American people about as much as the invention of the bicycle. At first the trolley merely superseded the horse as a means of hauling street cars in the cities, but it long ago passed that use and sped far beyond the boundaries of cities, until now, from being a mere means of necessary transportation it has come to do an immense business in carrying folks who ride for pleasure. A few years ago driving on country roads was a luxury reserved for persons who had horses or could hire them. Then the bicyclists claimed their share of the country and everywhere made their claim good. Now all over the land the trolley makes long country rides possible to thousands of persons who are too young, or too old, or too infirm or lazy to ride bicycles, and too poor or too timid to drive horses. Trolleying through a pretty country in good weather is an admirable amusement. It is cool, clean, safe, and refreshing. We are told that its effect is observable, in many places, in the improved health of city babies, whose mothers are able to carry them now on long rides, where they get good air and cool off. Trolleying is a standard summer resource in Washington, where it affords the easiest means of keeping cool. It is a recognized resource in New York, and, apparently, everywhere else. Between Boston and Mount Desert, along the New England coast, with its remarkable succession of summer hotels, there is now almost a continuous line of trolley railroads. They run from village to village, and from port to port, and wherever the seafaring pleasure-seeker goes ashore he finds summer boarders trolleying in shoals up and down the country, and getting the most for their money that summer boarders ever got. A great institution is the trolley-car. It beats the livery horse out of sight, and is the worthy fellow of the bicycle.

The boys and girls in various parts of the country who have interested themselves in various schemes to raise money to build a battle-ship may easily find some outlet for their energy which is better suited to their tender years, and the accomplishment of which is less absurdly disproportionate to their strength. Two Cincinnati boys, Willy Good and Harry Price, are reported to be travelling about from city to city, raising money among the school-children to build a ship to replace the *Maine*. They went to Washington and called on the President, who, instead of giving them true fatherly advice, expressed great interest in their plan and gave them a letter of recommendation. It was reported a fortnight ago that they had already raised $35,000. Nevertheless, Willy and Harry would do well to return to Cincinnati and to private life, and let Uncle Sam build his ships with his own money. His need of a new ship is not violently pressing just at the present moment, and he has several good ones a-making and will soon start some more.

Miss Mary Mears, of Chicago, is also reported to be fired with the ambition to raise money for a new battle-ship among American girls; she does not want the girls to be outdone by the boys. In evidence of her capacity, it is recorded by a contemporary newspaper that she is a pianist of considerable skill, and teaches a Bible-class of young men. None the less, building battle-ships is too big a task for her, and unsuitable in other particulars. She would do better to stick to her Bible-class, and teach her boys that fighting is usually inexpedient and not infrequently wrong.

So also of the unknown person who has started an endless chain that carries dimes for a battle ship to Secretary Long. That is a bad plan, too, and bothers the Secretary, who won't receive the dimes, and don't know what to do with them.

E. S. Martin.

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# LONDON.

*August 6, 1898.*

THE recent Parliamentary discussion on the question of British influence in the Yang-tse Valley has touched only the surface of the question. The subject of national extension or expansion is one that affects in different ways, but at the same time, the future of the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic. The proposals of American statesmen with regard to the Philippines affect Great Britain in much the same way as the latter's treatment of the question of the "open door" in China affects the United States. It is worth while to explore the question of British expansion more thoroughly than is possible in a debate in the House of Commons, where the interests of political parties are apt to supersede considerations of national welfare. There are seven reasons which have induced Great Britain and other nations in former times to embark on the policy of extension. Four of these causes have now ceased to operate in the British Empire. The first cause of extension was the foundation of colonies as penal settlements. New South Wales, Norfolk Island, and Tasmania were originally intended expressly as penal settlements, and they were used as Siberia and New Caledonia are now used by Russia and France respectively. In former years the West Indies were supplied with labor from convict sources. Neither England nor America now requires penal colonies; but the fact of France continuing to transport convicts to French islands in the Pacific is a present and future source of trouble between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races.

The second object has been the foundation of colonies as an outlet for political or religious exiles. To this cause was due the foundation of Maryland by the Roman Catholics and the New England States by the Puritans. This cause has practically ceased to operate in Britain, except in the case of Irishmen, who avoid, however, for the most part, emigration to the British colonies.

The third object was the formation of military garrisons. This was the idea with which most of the Roman colonies were founded; and it is also operative in maintaining a way of communication—that is, coaling-stations—between London and the extremities of the empire. Gibraltar and Aden are examples of military garrisons which are maintained solely to keep up the nervous system of the empire. Gibraltar and Aden, therefore, really depend not upon their own intrinsic value, but on British rule and British interests in India, Australia, and China.

The fourth and commonest cause of extension has been to feed the mother-country with tribute, exclusive trade, or direct revenue. Such tribute was collected by Athens and Persia in olden times, and by Spain and Portugal up to the present year. Since 1776 England has learned that not ascendency but equality is the only means of maintaining the integrity of the empire. To sum up, the Anglo-Saxon race does not require to use colonies as penal settlements, does not collect tribute from them, does not value them as outlets for a discontented population, while, so far as England is concerned, the naval and military chain of communications is pretty well established, and requires no substantial additions. So much for the obsolete reasons for colonization, which operate no longer either in England or America.

The positive value of extension is to be divided under three heads: first, increase of trade; second, a healthy outlet for surplus population; third, because the union between the English who live in England and those who live in the colonies gives to every subject of the Queen a better position in the world than he would have as the inhabitant of a little, an independent, but an isolated state. That these advantages are real is shown by the fact that the British Empire, outside the United Kingdom, takes more than one-third of the goods manufactured in these islands for exportation. Secondly, man for man, even under the operation of free trade, the inhabitants of Britain beyond the seas consume an amount of British manufactures out of all proportion to the consumption of foreigners. Thirdly, the markets in important outlying parts of the British Empire are rapidly increasing, while alien markets are as rapidly diminishing. Fourthly, since protection seems to be the rule of all the large states, the advantage to Britain of trade with the colonies, on such lines as those laid down by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the case of Canada, is likely to be of great value in the future.

This rapid glance at the British colonial position may enable Americans to judge for themselves how far the policy of extension meets their own national wants. If America requires no penal settlements, exiles no religious or political refugees, does not hanker after military garrisons in isolated posts, and rejects the idea of collecting tribute from newly acquired possessions, the only reasons for the formation of American colonies are for an outlet for a surplus population, to enhance the position already occupied in the world by the United States, or to increase American trade. Every one knows that India and Egypt do not add to the strength of Britain. It is true that Lord Beaconsfield sent Indian troops to Malta, and Sikh regiments have repeatedly been sent to the Soudan or to Uganda. But India can never be denuded of troops, the garrison of 289,238 officers and men being barely sufficient to maintain the British Raj. Furthermore, the Indian Empire constantly entails upon Britain great anxiety in the field of foreign politics. Our difficulties with Russia are all traceable to our position in India. Whatever power holds India must either hold its own in Egypt, Persia, or China, or submit to a process of gradual but certain extinction.

Apart, therefore, from the glory, prestige, or reputation derived from mere territorial possession, the advantage which we get from the ownership of India is purely commercial. Heavy though the burden be, expulsion from India, or its abandonment, would mean the death-knell of the British Empire. A fatal blow to the purchasing power of India would be struck in the desperate conflict which would rage before we were defeated. Anarchy on a colossal scale would follow the retirement of Britain from India and Egypt. The material prosperity of the two countries would disappear. No bad times ever known in England would be even a pale reflection of what would ensue in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands. Whole countries would be utterly ruined. The material importance of our connection with India necessitates instant readiness for war, enormous and increasing expenditure on armaments. The expenditure throughout the British Empire during the current year for naval and military forces alone is little short of $350,000,000. This expenditure is necessary, and, enormous though it be, is scarcely felt. It is the premium of insurance paid upon the trade which is essential to our existence, owing to our dependence on regions outside the British Isles.

The truth of the matter is that the idea of expansion is rarely thought out; certainly not in Great Britain. So long as the temperate places on the earth's surface were unoccupied there could be no question as to the wisdom of their settlement by people of the English-speaking race, but the old bad system of British colonization was an irrational jumble of two conflicting ideas. Before America became a nation the old colonial system claimed to rule the colonists because they were Englishmen and brothers, yet sought to rule them as if they were subjugated Indians—that is, as Germany and France rule their colonies to-day. While therefore it treated them as an inferior or a conquered people, it gave them so much liberty that they could easily rebel. This hybrid conception of colonial empire was responsible for England's delay in breaking off from the Spanish or Venetian conception of the true functions of a dependency. No one ever thought of inquiring whether Middlesex or Aberdeenshire rendered any sufficient return for the money laid out upon them, and until Canada, Australia, and the Cape became to us as Kent and Cornwall, no real tie united the various and widely separated parts of the British Empire.

In other words, the British Empire to-day is, spite of appearances, not merely held together by considerations of profit and loss, but by a bond analogous to that which unites the members of a family. To speak, therefore, of the "colonial possessions" of England is a misnomer. England has no colonies. She has not a square mile of territory in any temperate climate in the world to which she can send, as of right, her surplus population. It is because Spain has treated Cuba and Puerto Rico as *possessions* that she is losing them. In no sense can one English-speaking population be spoken of as the possession of another population of the same race. Some of the colonial premiers who were in England last year for the Queen's Jubilee were by no means reticent in expressing their dislike for the terms "colony" and "colonist." Sir Wilfrid Laurier claimed "nationhood" for Canada, and in so doing advanced the cause of imperial federation. The word "colony" or "colonial possession" is inapplicable to the daughter states of Britain, because at the bottom of it is the idea that a colony is an estate which has to be worked for the benefit of the mother-country. Since all the colonies of Spain were, in a certain sense, conquered dependencies, it is evident how the barbaric principle pervaded her colonial system, and how it lurked there, poisoning the happiness of men, until it died a violent death at the hand of President McKinley and his government.

Properly speaking, and certainly if we exclude India, the British Empire is not an empire at all. It is merely a nation so widely dispersed that before the age of the three-cylinder engine and cheap telegraphy the bonds of language, race, common law, and religious faith were practically cut by sheer distance. As soon as the obstacle of distance began to disappear by the advance of science, political union over vast areas began to be possible; and as Greater Britain has had eighty years' start over the Latins, the Teutons, and the Slavs, the British nation is not only a reality, but a far more robust reality than the conglomeration of Slavs, Turkomans, Poles, Germans, Finns, Armenians, Greeks, Buddhists, Mussulmans, Catholics, and Protestants which goes by the name of Russia.

If what is written above is correctly stated, it follows that the British Empire outside the British Islands consists of two parts: the one, the temperate regions, inhabited by English-speakers, which add both to the political strength and the material wealth of the nation; and the other, the tropical regions, which are a source of political weakness, and involve enormous outlay, but contribute to the wage fund, indispensable to a manufacturing nation dependent for food and necessaries grown in other lands. Since the destiny of the bulk of the temperate regions of the earth's surface has been in the hands of English-speaking people for a century or more, it is interesting to note that the future government of tropical or sub-tropical regions of the earth seems likely to fall into the same system of control. As Mr. Benjamin Kidd has pointed out in a remarkable contribution to the London *Times*, on the subject of the "Control of the Tropics," we are living in a period of new and higher standards of national duty in our relations to the tropics. If the United States pursues the path of extension, it seems likely that American experience of tropical control will be identical with that of this country. That experience may be briefly summed up as necessitating the creation of a high-minded, unselfish, incorruptible, and continuous civil service for the administration of the affairs of people of a different and lower race than that of their masters. Expansion, furthermore, involves anxious responsibilities in foreign politics; collision with ambitious powers; the adoption of the European principle of militarism; a standing army; a powerful navy; continual temptation to the policy of adventure, and the tendency towards constant expansion as the only alternative to national contraction and retreat.

Tropical expansion is a necessity of life to England, but it makes readiness for and organized victory in war the two conditions of existence. How far the United States will be satisfied with the policy of extension when it is discovered that the burdens entailed thereby are palpably out of all proportion greater than the material advantages to be derived, is a matter upon which the impartial historian of the future may probably have much to say. Every Englishman of weight with whom I have conversed on the matter, without exception, has expressed unfeigned delight at the prospect of American extension. This joy is the result not of altruistic affection, but of natural pleasure that the prospect of a collision in the Far East between the rulers of Siberia and of India is not likely to find the English unfriended and alone. The preparations of the universal world for a great killing were never more complete. Amity or Armageddon—which is the end?

Armageddon, notwithstanding the "open door" in China, is a necessity of existence. Millions of unborn English children will either live comfortably on the product of trade with the future inhabitants of the teeming Yang-tse Valley, or they will be compelled to drag on a joyless and hungry existence. If Britain were ousted from Persia and China, the present generation would immediately feel the blow, while its successor would be deprived of much of its sources of income; but since men will fight rather than famish, the certainty of a collision between Russia and England for the mastery of Asia does not hang on the opinions of ministers or the tastes of the monarch, but on the bread-and-butter question, which is the dominant factor in social problems. So far British policy has dismally failed in China, while, at the same time, it has scored signal successes in Egypt, and if Kitchener is successful in his September battle at Omdurman, a further triumph of British policy in Egypt will be recorded. The contrast is startling, but not difficult to explain. The Queen heartily approves of the Egyptian policy of advance, while her Majesty is apprehensive of the result of an adventurous policy in China. Both in Egypt and China the hand which guides British policy is the same; the rival influences to be encountered are the same; the difficulties to be overcome are identical; yet, while in Egypt the British are accustomed to look for success in their diplomacy, finance, and arms, we open our newspapers with the expectation of finding a new rebuff to British policy in the Far East with the morning chop, toast, and tea.

The only defence made by ministers for the humiliating failure of their policy in China is the record of a number of details in which England may be held to have profited. The speech in which Mr. George Curzon defended the government was torn to pieces in the course of an able and impartial survey of the situation by Sir Edward Grey, who filled the position of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under the last government. Sir Edward Grey has long been marked out for high office, and from the time I first heard him speak I have always believed that he would some day be Prime Minister of England. Mr. Gladstone once spoke in conversation of Sir Edward Grey as "a man who combined greater capacity and less inclination for public affairs" than any one he ever knew. Sir Edward Grey's summary of the situation in China is generally accepted as accurate. We are being gradually but most effectually squeezed out. The "open door" is shut in Manchuria. When Great Britain obtained the lease of Wei-hai-wei, the British government quite spontaneously disclaimed all right to construct railways in the territory behind that port. In the German sphere of influence, therefore, the door was slammed in his own face by Lord Salisbury himself. In the South the French are claiming exclusive privileges, which, if granted, will shut off Burmah precisely as Sierra Leone is closed in by the French Hinterland in West Africa. Worst of all, the Yang-tse Valley, which we were given to understand by the statements of ministers to be English, turns out to be less English than it is Russian or German. Matters are approaching a crisis, and although John Bull is ponderously slow to act, and most unwilling to bestir himself, there is no doubt whatever that the test case has now arisen in which either England or Russia must retreat. There is not the least danger of Russia fighting until her Siberian railway is complete, but if Count Muravieff and his bellicose *entourage* were ill advised enough to court a conflict, it would be far better for England that the struggle should take place at once than that it should be postponed until Russia has strengthened her fleet and completed her communications with the Far East. I am informed to-day that one wire to St. Petersburg has been monopolized by government for the last twenty-four hours.

The mysteries of the Hooley case which have followed the revelations of the fallen company-promoter have given rise to startling developments beyond all anticipation. Mr. Hooley is giving his evidence on oath, and has sworn that in the course of his transactions he has bought the city editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal owned by Mr. W. W. Astor, and also dealt in other lesser luminaries of the financial world. The reputations of the Earl of Albemarle, of Earl Delawarr, and other company-directors of noble birth are in everybody's mouth. The examination takes place for a few hours on one day in the week. If Mr. Hooley is telling the truth, it is a pity that the whole truth is not brought out more rapidly. If he is not telling the truth, it is a gross injustice to the people whose reputations are aspersed that they are left powerless to rebut the reflections on their characters until some period of time in the dim and distant future. Probity in her public men is the sheet-anchor of Britain. The maintenance of a high standard in public life is essential not only to the welfare but to the existence of the British Empire. It is every one's interest to see that this standard is maintained and improved. The noble lords and other eminent personages who are compromised in the Hooley revelations will therefore be compelled to clear themselves or retire from public life. Upon the completeness of the process England will be justly judged by foreign opinion. France has had her Panama scandal, and is now wallowing in the mud of the Dreyfus business. She has not dared to probe either of these iniquities to the bottom. It is therefore the duty of honest men generally to bring to bear upon their rulers all the influence they can command for the purpose of preserving purity in public life. Parliamentary government is connected with the Hooley scandal, from the fact that several peers of Parliament are compromised. But the safeguards to English liberties, which are so intimately bound up with pure character in our legislators, have no worthier or more strenuous champions than the heads of the great houses whose names and traditions belong to England no less than to themselves and their families. The instinct of self-preservation will therefore move all thoughtful men to insist that public life shall be kept pure, and the black sheep in the high ranks be more, and not less, severely punished than middle-class or wage-earning offenders. In support of this view, Lord William Nevill, the scion of one of the proudest houses in the English peerage, was recently condemned to a term of imprisonment for fraud twice or thrice the length that would have been imposed on him if he had been a cheese-monger or a working-man.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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ENDING THE WAR—M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, SIGNING THE PEACE PROTOCOL ON BEHALF OF SPAIN.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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# NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

## LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

## LAKE BENNETT TO DAWSON.

AT the date we left Lake Bennett, the 9th day of October, we had no right to expect that a boat could reach Dawson before the closing of the river. We did not realize this truth then. The 7th had been clear, and we packed our stuff across from the foot of Lindeman. A large outfit also arrived on Indians' backs, over the Dyea trail, three days out. In contrast to this, nineteen mules and horses were sent back from Bennett to find an outfit delayed at some point unknown on the Skaguay trail. A number of boats got under way down the lake, which lies between lofty snow-capped mountains, a narrow passageway stretching into the distance as far as one can see. Eight or ten boats from Lindeman had been getting started to one with Skaguay outfits. Next day it rained, then turned into snow, in the midst of which we had to repitch the boat where the warm sun had lately melted the coating off.

On the 9th a gale is roaring down the gap, kicking up a great sea down the lake; but we ventured to start, not daring to wait longer. We rig the little spritsail; Brown tends sheet, while I take a big steering-oar in the stern. In a few moments we are among the white-caps, and the seas are boarding us, so we promptly run under the lee of a rocky point a mile from the starting-place. Half a dozen big boats with huge square sails go by us at railroad speed. We wait an hour or so, pick berries, which are very plentiful in patches among the rocks, and then push off again. We square away in great shape. There is so little freeboard amidships that if we should get in the trough of the sea we would swamp instantly. Our mast is tough pine, but when the wind snatches the rag of a sail it bends as if it would break.

Now begins the fight. The little sail, small though it is, begins to pull us to one side, and it takes all the strength of one pair of arms on a twelve-foot ash steering-oar to keep her head on. Now and then a big comber comes over the stern. In a few moments we have to bail out. There is not a cove or shelter in sight, and the sea keeps getting worse. Fresh water, being lighter, kicks up higher than salt, and we have every bit we want.

A little way on we pass a camp on shore where they are drying goods—a capsize, no doubt. Pretty soon, under the lee of little rocky capes, boats are drawn out on shore and parties are camped, driven in by the storm. The raw wind and the spray begin to make the fingers cold, but it is impossible to let go and put mittens on. We are overhauling the little boats, and pass three or four, but the big ones show us clean heels.



WHITE HORSE RAPIDS—LOOKING DOWN RIVER.

About twelve miles down, the lake narrows to about half a mile, and here the waves are terrific, and the cross-waves break over the tarpaulin covering the goods amidships. In the midst of it all the mast goes overboard with a snap. Brown gathers in the sail, and still scudding, we drop in behind a point fortunately close at hand. Here we are able to get a new and larger mast. One of the boats we had passed follows us in. It contains a New York party of two. When we start again they will not follow, on account of their heavy boat-load.

At evening we run into a little cove opposite the west arm of Bennett, with a smooth sandy beach, where there are other boats. A few minutes later a big Peterboro canoe containing two men in yellow mackinaws runs in under a small sail. It is the United States mail for Circle City. Around the camp fire that night eager questions are plied these two men to know just what is going on at Dawson; for they had left Dawson only thirty-odd days before!

The boats had not got up when they left, and flour was six dollars a sack.

"Would there be starvation?"

We get this reply, spoken slowly and deliberately: "I have been eleven years in Alaska, and there hasn't been a year yet when everybody wasn't going to starve, but no one has starved yet."

"How cold is it?"

"Cold, but not so cold but that a man can stand it. I spent one winter in a tent."

All of which is comforting. The mail-carriers put up no tent, but lie down on a tarpaulin, with one over them, and are off at daylight. They have oars rigged to the canoe, and expect to reach Dawson in six or seven days.

We ourselves get under way not long after. The wind has moderated, but a heavy sea is still on. The lake is wide now, and we run along easily; we pass one boat that had got out ahead of us, and are making every inch of the little sail pull in order to overtake another. The lines of the bateau give it a tremendous advantage over the clumsy whipsawed boats built at the lakes.

We are running along about a quarter of a mile from the right-hand bank, which rises high and steep into the clouds, when we see a tent pitched on the shelving beach, with blankets and goods spread out in the sun. There are a black dog and a man, and a smallish boat drawn up on the shore. As we draw near, the man runs down to the edge of the water and fires off a gun, and then gets into the boat. We run in closer; and as we draw near, the man comes out, rowing frantically, and when we get near enough he calls out:

"Brown! Brown!"

We put the bateau around, bow into the wind, and wait. When he gets within fifty yards we can see that he is much excited.

"My partners!" says he; "I haven't seen them—it was blowing too hard—and Pete went to take it out—and fell overboard—and McManus went after him!"

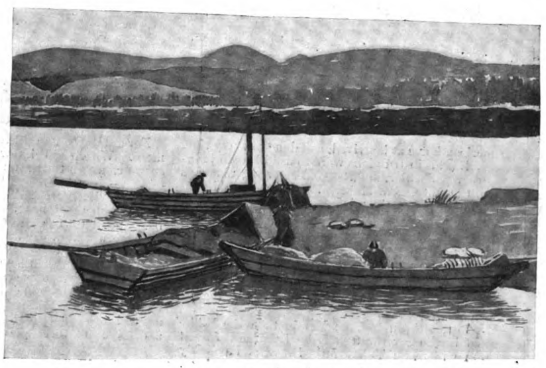
It is John, a Russian from San Francisco, who, with another Russian and poor McManus, had worked so hard on the trail. We had seen them all often, but did not know their full names. We gather bit by bit from his incoherent talk that their sail had been nailed fast. The yard would not lower, and in trying to unstep the mast during the hard blow of two days before, Pete had been carried overboard, and McManus had gone into the icy water to rescue him. It was nearly or quite dark at the time of this accident, and they were never seen again.

How the Russian managed to get ashore is a wonder. He had stopped several parties. They had advised him to go home, but he is anxious to get to Dawson. He offers Brown half the outfit to leave me and go with him. Brown refuses. The outfit consists of 3500 pounds of grub, and there are valuable furs and clothing. Finally, being able to do him no good, we turn on down the lake, and last see him awkwardly trying to row his ungainly craft ashore. He reported at the Canadian custom-house later, and it was rumored, though with what truth we cannot determine, that in the endeavor to get down in the ice he had frozen his hands and feet.

By noon we are at the foot of Bennett, where, in gentler currents, between low banks a few rods apart, the green waters of the lake start again on their journey. This is Caribou Crossing, so called from its being a crossing-place for the caribou. About a mile, and the stream turns to the right into a very shallow muddy lake, two or three miles long, called Lake Nares, and then through another thoroughfare into Tagish Lake.

Tagish Lake is the name given to what is almost a group of lakes, or long arms, deep-set amid high mountains. The scenery in these lakes is magnificent. The wind, what there is, is now dead ahead. We put a trolling-line out, while Brown takes the oars. As we approach the junction of Windy Arm, which enters Tagish from the southward, we expect a blow, and a battle with the cross-seas, that are said never to be absent. Extraordinary fortune is with us, for we row across the mouth of Windy Arm as on a looking-glass, in which the tall hills are doubled.

There is a tug at the trolling-line—a large salmon-trout, such as is used on Vancouver Island—and when we pull it in we have a fine large trout, in length about twenty inches, belly milk white, sides a drab gray, with large irregular, often triangular, spots of light; pectoral fins steel blue, ventrals tipped with light yellow—a strikingly handsome fish. We only hook this one, but get several bites. Where we camp that night, with several other boats, near the end of the lake, past the Taku Arm, one party had caught seven trout, weighing two or three pounds apiece. My own trout had a six-inch white-fish inside of it.



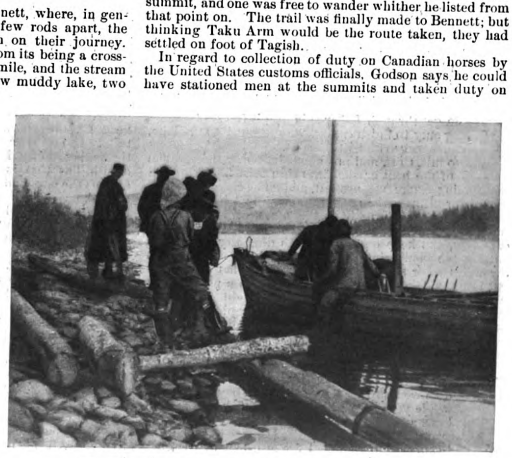
BOAT IN EDDY BELOW WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

We are later than the others breaking camp next morning. We not only have a faculty for late rising, but have to reload the whole outfit on account of the leaking. All the boats are leaking badly. But our boat runs so easily that when we have what Brown facetiously terms a good "ash breeze" we can overtake and pass them all. The other boats are clumsy, and though they have often four oars to a boat, the oars are so heavy that they can only take short dips, and with a head-wind make no headway whatever. The lower end of the lake is full of ducks on their southward migration—hundreds of them. Having only a rifle, we miss a good opportunity. However, by a lucky shot, one drops while on the wing, to the little 30-30. We pass all the five boats we were with last night. The lake suddenly narrows, and we find ourselves in a slack current, and drifting about two miles, with flock after flock of ducks getting up.

We can see ahead, against a bank of evergreen on the right, the red flag of Britain and some tents, and make landing in shallow water at the Canadian customs office. We make camp, and before dark the others drop in and camp. There is a squad of Northwestern Mounted Police here, under Inspector Strickland, who is also postmaster. There are, besides, John Godson, the customs officer, and several assistants. The police are building a large log barracks, and the scene reminds one of the timber woods of the East; for we have reached a region of small but plentiful timber and varied animal life. The timber grows littler as one goes down river; elevation affects growth more than latitude. It is a pretty spot they have chosen, commanding a view of the river both ways. The police have taken some huge white-fish in a weir. They caught on a troll one nineteen-and-a-half-pound trout at the outlet of Tagish. They tell me that a twenty-five-pounder has been taken on Touchi (or Too-tschai) Lake.

Mr. Godson explains why they have selected a point so far from the end of the trail. The first exploration party had come over the Skaguay Trail, had proceeded down Shallow Lake, thence over to Touchi, and down to Taku Arm. This they supposed to be the end of the trail. It happened, indeed, that there was no trail at all over the summit, and one was free to wander whither he listed from that point on. The trail was finally made to Bennett; but thinking Taku Arm would be the route taken, they had settled on foot of Tagish.

In regard to collection of duty on Canadian horses by the United States customs officials, Godson says he could have stationed men at the summits and taken duty on



TRADING WITH INDIANS AT LITTLE SALMON RIVER.

NOTE.—This letter was delayed in transmission, and reached us after our receipt of the letter published in the WEEKLY of July 9. It takes up the story of Mr. Adney's trip from Lake Bennett to DAWSON.—EDITOR.

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LANDING AT CUSTOM-HOUSE, TAGISH.

every American horse as it arrived, and done so every time it arrived. But his instructions were to use his own judgment in every particular, and, beyond asserting Canada's right to collect duty, as at Montreal or Victoria, to inflict no needless hardship on the miners. Having this in mind, he knows that many coming through are short of money, and it is his intention only to make those pay who can pay. Godson goes around in the evening by the light of the camp fires and takes the inventories of all Americans with dutiable goods, in order not to delay them in the morning.

An old-timer, familiar with the river, tells us all that he doubts if we will get through.

"You will get through Lake Marsh, then the White Horse; and if you get through Lake Labarge before it freezes, you will make Thirty Mile River, and possibly Pelly River; and if you get that far you may get down with the mush ice."

What is the mush ice?

He urges us all to "hurry! hurry!" So do all the officers — to start to-night if possible, before the wind changes. The other boys, therefore, after some discussion, get their stuff aboard and start at midnight. We wait, however, until afternoon the next day, in the hope that Burnham and his flotilla of canoes may turn up, and then we too get under way. We think a good deal over what Inspector Strickland tells us—that on the 13th of October for the past three years the Klondike was frozen tight. It is now the 12th.

Marsh Lake, at whose head we virtually are now, is about nineteen miles long, narrow, like the rest, and shallow. The sky is clear, and we row on until dark sets in. It grows cold, and we have to bundle up to keep warm, except the one who rows. About nine o'clock we put inshore, and find the shore ice out twenty feet; but we discover a place where there is dry land, build a big camp



CUSTOM-HOUSE AT TAGISH.

fire, and cook supper. The shore ice, as it rises and falls in the gently undulating surface of the water, creaks and cries for all the world like a hundred frogs in springtime, and it is indeed a dismal sound that bodes us no good.

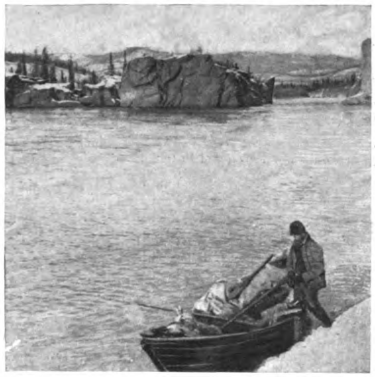
"If you get through Labarge before it freezes!"

Waiting only to finish eating, we put out into the lake, whose shores we can dimly make out. We head for a point about two miles off, and are about half-way there, when the bow of the boat crashes into thin ice. Thinking we are running ashore, we turn out, and come clear of the ice. Judge our dismay when again we crash into ice! We cut through this, and turn still further out, until we are crosswise of the lake. Again we strike into ice. I am at the oars now, and keep on pulling with difficulty, each time cutting the blades into the ice for a hold, and we pass through two or three distinct belts of ice that extend far out into the lake. We are now almost in a panic, for it seems as if the outlet must be frozen up tight. When we get to clear water we head north again, keeping out from the shore, and towards morning we land and spread our blankets on the ground among some small spruces on a low bank. There are several inches of snow on the ground. After a short nap we start again, at an early hour. There are no other boats in sight. It is not a great way to the outlet, which we know by the current that begins to carry us along while yet well within the lake, and we are soon floating down a black stream several hundred feet across, with low wooded banks.

An odd thing occurs here. I fire at a teal that is hugging the shore, and miss. I fire again as it rises up stream, and the bullet drops back of it. By this time it has gone thirty feet, and the third bullet also falls back of it. The fourth knocks it into the water, and as the feathers float down, a mink runs out and attempts to get it. I go ashore, and find nothing but feathers—the effect of the soft-nosed bullet. Chancing to look backward, I see the mink on its haunches, looking and smelling. A shot under the chin gets him too.

Snow is on the ground everywhere. The current is easy, the river winding about among banks of sand some two hundred feet high. Along these are the holes of countless thousands of swallows, which, as Schwatka writes, are a notable feature of the river when they are back at their nesting-sites in summer.

For a day we go on thus, the river winding more and more. We do not know how far the canyon is away, so we camp on the ground under a big spruce two feet in diameter; awake wet with soft snow, and after an hour's run in swift current, during which we pass a fine boat smashed on a rock in mid-stream, we hear a shout, and see boats lined up in a large eddy on the right hand, below which is a wall of dark rock and an insignificant opening, which we are persuaded is the entrance to the canyon. The shout warns us that we will be into the canyon if we don't look out, so we pull into the eddy. These are some of the boats which left us at Tagish, and some new ones. They are taking in the situation, and most of them are unloading part of their goods and packing it around, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. We go up the



FIVE-FINGER RAPIDS.

trail to a spot where we can stand on the brink of the canyon and look directly down into its seething waters.

It is about a hundred feet wide and fifty or sixty feet deep, the whole body of the Lewes River pouring at a high rate of speed between the steep perpendicular walls of the gorge. The rock is basaltic, and takes the original formation that is familiar to those who have seen pictures of the famous Fingal's Cave. Half-way down the canyon widens, and there is a large eddy which the boats are told to avoid by keeping the crest of the waves, and then continuing as before. A boat starts in as we are looking, manned by two men at the oars, and with a bow and a stern steering-oar.

After our trip through Lake Bennett in the storm we feel pretty sure of our boat, so we conclude not to carry any of our stuff around. We tuck the tarpaulin down close and make everything snug, and when Brown has seated himself at the oar, and said "All ready," we push off and head for the gateway. I think I notice a slight tightening of Brown's mouth, but that is all, as he dips the oars and begins to make the long stroke; but he might retaliate by saying some unkind thing of me at this time. As soon as we are at the very brink we know it is too late to turn back, so when we drop down the first pitch I head her for the very seething crest. At the first leap she takes into the soapsuds the spray flies several feet off the flaring sides, and we know then we shall ride it. A dozen or two huge lunges and we land in the crest of the wave and send the water flying. All at once — it must be we are not exactly in the middle—the boat's nose catches in an eddy and we are swung around, head up stream. It is a simple matter to turn her nose again into the torrent, and then we go on again, leaping and jumping with terrific force. Brown, who manages the oars splendidly, keeps dipping them, and in a few moments we emerge from between the narrow walls into an open basin.

There are a number of boats here too, but we have nothing to stop for, so we keep on; but suddenly remembering that the White Horse Rapids is only one and a half miles below the canyon, we drop ashore above what is called Squaw Rapids. There are at least two dozen boats in all ashore. The White Horse is just beyond the turn where the river goes to the left along the steep hill. It will be necessary to cross to the other side. We start again into the quick water, and then, cutting across a low bar at the head of the White Horse, make a landing on a low point, from which goods are carried around below these very dangerous rapids.

A view of the rapids is the first thing to be had. The river has made a quick bend to the left, and then turning to the right, goes down through basaltic walls twenty to thirty feet high and several times the width of the canyon. Lashing itself into a purple fury, it narrows into a gorge a span wide, when, with a jumping and tossing, it bursts through, and then spreads out serene, once more the wide, generous river. From a vantage-point we can see it all,



IN CARIBOU CROSSING.

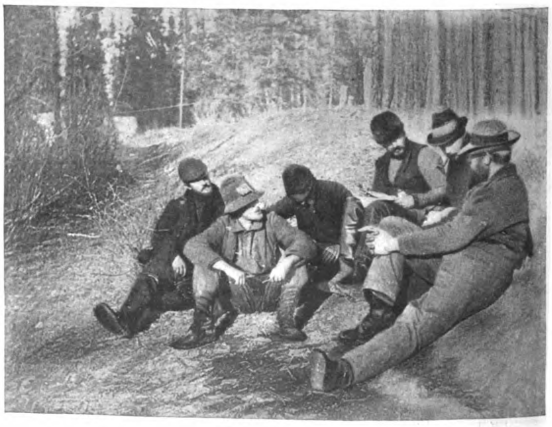
the foaming crest of the final and worst pitch half a mile away. A boat is just going through, and we watch it until it emerges into the quiet water and makes a landing.

We resolve to take out part of our cargo here, so as to give us more freeboard, but undertake to drop below into a sort of eddy at the very brink of the rapids, so as to have a shorter carry. I get into the boat, while Brown drops it down with the painter. We have to go outside a reef of rock thirty feet off shore, and when we are out there the rope pulls out of Brown's hands, leaving me and the loaded boat in the fast water. I quarter the boat inshore, and then, by the hardest sort of paddling, the current swings the boat in, until I can get out into the water and take it ashore. We have taken only an inch of water in the canoe. It is an exceedingly close call.

We put all our personal baggage ashore, leaving an even thousand pounds in the boat, which gives us six inches or more of freeboard, and then turn her nose into the current.

Following the roughest water, to avoid the rocks, we are pitched into the dancing waves. The waves grow bigger, and we begin to pitch worse by far than in the canyon. We go up the sides of the waves, and when we drop it seems positively as if boat and all would keep right on through to the bottom of the river. The water begins to pour in, and it is plain that the boat will never live through. But one thought for a moment comes to comfort us: even if we are chock full of water, the fearful impetus with which we are moving must surely take us bodily through and out, and then—we can make the shore somehow. I begin to count the seconds we will be going through that last and worst part into which we are now driving.

Forced from both sides, the river enters the gorge; and the effect to the eye, as one goes into the great white-caps, is that of a jumping, not only up and down, but from the sides to the middle.



PAYING CUSTOMS DUTIES.

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Now we are into the waves. From all sides and ends a sheet of water pours over, drenching Brown and filling the boat; the same instant, it seems, a big side-wave takes the little craft, spins her like a top, quick as a wink, throws her into a boiling eddy on the left—and we are through and safe, with a little more work to get ashore.

Men who were watching us from the bank said that we disappeared from sight in the trough. Brown is wet up to his waist. Everything is afloat. We land here, and when we have bailed out some of the water, drop the boat down to the usual landing-place, a little sandy cove, where we unload, pitch tent, and while tripping back for our five hundred pounds of goods, watch the other boats come through. They are all big ones, and all get through without mishap.

We hear of pilots, both here and at the canyon, but every man takes his own boat through. The pilots take boats through the canyon for from ten to twenty dollars, and through the White Horse for twenty dollars. Two partners stopped two weeks earlier in the season and made enough to buy in on a claim on Bonanza. Those who unload have the worst of it. The heavy boats go through best. The double-ender swings so easily that it is hard to steer, and is rather small for the business.

The White Horse is a bit of water I have considerable respect for. I ask the imperturbable Brown how he felt—if he was scared.

"Why, no," he replies. "You said it was all right; I suppose you know—it's your boat and your outfit."

The compliment is altogether too extravagant. I believe that if a charge of dynamite were to explode under Brown, he would not wink an eyelash. Many say they took more water aboard in the canyon than in the White Horse, while Squaw Rapids is worse than the canyon. There is a dog in Dawson that swam the canyon. He probably tried to follow his master's boat, instead of walking around. He is a water-spaniel, though; but he must have had more ups and downs than he dreamed of when he started in the quiet water above.

There have been no drownings in the White Horse so far as known this year, and nearly every boat was run through. The trail around the rapids is lined with trees blazed and inscribed with the heroic deeds of those gone before. They are written on trees, on scraps of paper tacked on broken oar-blades, etc. Here is one: "Sept. 8, 1897. Boat Cora and Meda. 20 ft long. 8 ft 3 in beam. 26 in deep. safely shot the White Horse Rapids loaded with 4000 pounds." And this:

> Gudmond Jensen
> G. G. Tripp
> Tom
> Mike went
> threw all right.

It is a great load off our minds when we are at last safely through. We care not how swift the river runs now; there is only Five Fingers, a long way off yet.

Another day brings us at dark to the head of Lake Labarge, up which a wind is blowing, with a big head-sea. Lights show up at a place on the left, and we steer towards this. It is totally dark when we get there, but when close inshore we run into fish-weirs, and hear the laughter and crying of children and the barking of dogs, and then we know that it is an Indian village, so we turn up shore, and after a mile, off around a turn, land on a beach by a huge pile of drift-wood. Attracted by our big fire, two or three other boats drop in, and we have a merry time. In an hour four Indians come over with furs to sell or trade for sugar. These Indians are Tinné. They hunt moose, mountain-sheep, bears, and fur-bearing animals. After hanging around awhile they go away. I should not care to leave a boat-load of provisions in the neighborhood of these Siwashes. Experiences later with the same breed down-river justify the precautions we take.

Lake Labarge, named for Labarge, one of the explorers for the long-ago projected Russo-American telegraph line, is about thirty miles in length, and it is rare that a strong wind is not blowing there, so fiercely that the miners are often delayed, as at Windy Arm. It is as smooth as glass next morning. The shores are of moderate height, of a diversified rounded form of gray stone. Seen as we see it, it is a most picturesque body of water, and very clear. As we near the end a wind catches us, and as there is no shelter we have to keep on in the darkness. For several hours we see friendly beacons, and when we get to them we find a camp of friends who had left several days ahead of us. Next morning finds us near the outlet of the lake, and a short pull brings us in to Thirty Mile River, as the Lewes is known until it joins the Teslintoo, or Hootalinqua of the miners. The latter stream follows the structural valley of the river. The Lewes has a much smaller sectional arc, but discharges more water. The Teslintoo is the larger, and the true source of the Yukon. Schwatka is responsible for the prevailing notion that Lindeman is the source of the Yukon, because he stated that, starting at Lindeman, he had followed the Yukon "to its mouth." The Lewes breaks through a barrier of hills at right angles. Looking up river, any one would say the Teslintoo was the main river. The country seems different. The water, no longer clear, is tinged with the mud of the latter river. White birches now appear.



MAKING A LANDING BELOW WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

Big Salmon, Little Salmon, are successively passed, the latter 285 miles from Dyea. We take no account of this. Our chief diversion is in seeing how quick we can overtake a boat when once we get a sight of it, and also in keeping up with a certain other boat, whose occupants cook on board, rise earlier, and go into camp later than we do. There is now about eight inches of snow, and we have to scrape a hole and line it well with boughs when we camp.

A very short way below the Little Salmon we see (and it should be observed that we *hear* at the same time) a number of people beckoning and signalling from the shore. We stop at a platform of hewn boards built out in the water, and are at once surrounded by a horde of dirty, uncouth, wild-looking savages, of all sizes and shapes, each with something to trade. They want to buy everything in sight. We have left some things uncovered; they seize on these things, and shove into our faces a dirty fur cap or a moose-hide or a bear-skin. I haven't the smallest notion what they want with my camera. I have to push them off my end of the boat, but they hang on front, back, and sides, pulling and tugging to draw attention to their wares. I have never seen such fierce trading in my life. We know nothing like it in civilized life. A person could keep himself warm at 60 degrees below, trading as they do. I try to get away, but Brown has opened up some tobacco he had, so into an inside channel, and have to wade out and tow up and around. When at length we reach the mouth of the Pelly River, it looks as if we shall reach Dawson. We have been cautioned about Pelly. On the left, below the mouth of Pelly, are an Indian village, a mission, and the house and store of Mr. Harper. We land here to camp. The camping-place is really several miles below; but Mr. Pitts, the storekeeper in charge, will have nothing of the kind. He puts us into one of Mr. Harper's houses, with a stove, and a good dry floor to lie on, and his own kerosene-lamp, all of them luxuries. He treats us handsomely, as well as giving us the first authentic information of the country to which we are going.



CHARACTERISTIC VIEW ON YUKON RIVER.

We relate our experience with the Indians at Little Salmon. He tells us that those on the Yukon proper are different altogether; they are honest, and in a degree virtuous, whereas those further up river have been mistreated so long by the Chilkats that whenever opportunity offers they treat others the same way.

There is nothing left of the old Hudson Bay Fort, burned down in that raid of the Chilkats in 1852. The post, supplied at great cost and hazard *viâ* Upper Pelly and the Liard River, was never re-established. The spot is still called Fort Selkirk.

In the store there are a dozen silver-gray fox-skins and one black fox, which in this country are more plentiful than anywhere else in comparison with the red fox, of which they are varieties. Formerly one could buy snow-shoes and fur robes here, but this year the rush has cleaned out all but a few moose-hides, some of which Mr. Pitts is for sending to Dawson by us; but he does not, fearing we may not get there. The thermometer registers two above zero at seven o'clock in the morning.

What do we see when we look out?

On the far side of the river, a procession of blocks of something white—the mush, or slush, ice!

It is coming out of Pelly. We take the left side of the river, where it is clear, and at night find a good camping-place. The timber seems to grow better and better on the flats and islands. The nights and days are cold.

The first night out from Pelly we make the boat fast on the side free from ice. The bank here is about twelve feet high, and the tent is several yards back. We are lying before an open fire, about to go to sleep. The air is still, and we can hear the ominous "s-s-sh" of the ice in the river.

Suddenly there is a dull prolonged roar under the bank. I jump up, and down the bank, in time to see a floe forty feet long go by, having scraped the entire length of the boat; and the river is full of floes, large and small, rushing and grinding against one another. Calling for Brown, it is but a few moments' work to unload the boat and haul it out. Next morning the whole river is full of ice, rushing along like a mill-race. This is the mush ice—ice formed on the bottom, soft and slushy. It hardens into floes, and floe freezes to floe to make larger ones.

We put out into the ice, getting into the current, keeping barely clear with the paddles, and whenever a lead opens up we make the most of it with the oars, and soon find that by reason of her double end we can work her about where we choose. There is no stopping at noon now; we eat a bite of cold beans and hardtack. After noon we come upon six boats ranged on the shore of a wooded island. It seems time to land, which we do at considerable risk, for the ice is setting hard against the shore.

Around a camp fire in the woods are about twenty men, some of them friends who had left a week ahead of us. They are prepared to stay, they said, until the ice runs out. I tell them that they will wait till spring; that I am going on. It is a sore temptation to stop by their cheerful fire, but I reason that the camp fire is an accidental circumstance; had the boats not been there I should have kept on. So we do. None of them followed for three or four days, when they saw other boats passing, and realized their folly. Some of the men were eager to start, but in nearly every boat was some nervous partner. That night we find a safe camping-place in an eddy free of ice, and cut a channel for the boat into the ice, which now extends a number of feet from shore.

Camp-making is now reduced to the simplest method. At first we would carefully pitch the wall-tent. Now all we do is to take the two oars and three pine poles, tie the ends together tight and fast with a rope, walk around them with the tent, and build an open fire in front. Often we dispense with the tent entirely. Bread, salt, and beans



THE MAIN CHANNEL—FIVE FINGER RAPIDS.

Five Finger Rapids, 344 miles from Dyea, is reached in company with a small fleet of boats. We are all distinctly apprehensive, not knowing whether we are five or fifty miles from the rapids. When they come into view, the row of huge square blocks of rock standing like the piers of a bridge across the stream, they are unmistakable.

We run our boat into the eddy above the right-hand entrance, while the other boats line down from above. There is a short sudden drop and a nasty upward swirl, it is true, but nothing to care about, so we shoot in, all the rest, I suppose, following. We take a little water, and then enter a series of rapids, which shortly brings us to another object of apprehension, Rink Rapids. There is nothing here but a reef, with good easy current on the right hand. Just below, a great congregation of ravens indicates where the cattle have been driven in and butchered and rafted down.

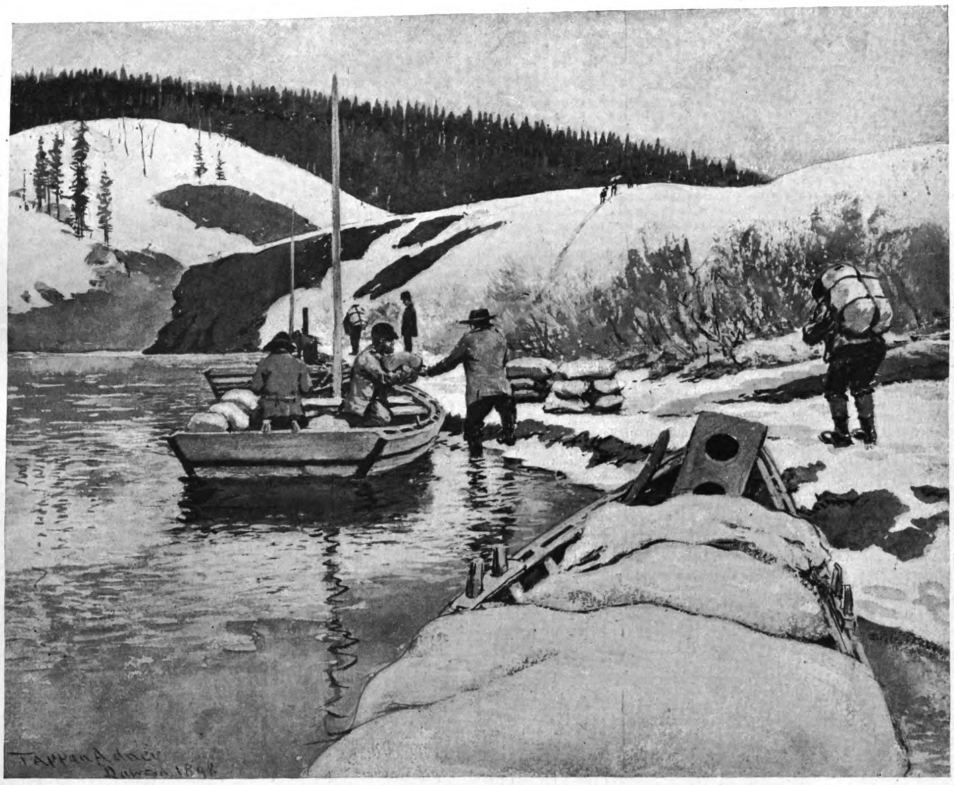
The river is full of islands, and it is the hardest sort of work keeping off the bars. More than once we get we are in for it. There are about twenty aboard our little boat. I buy a pair of fur-trimmed mittens; and then, with astonishing finesse, the fellow tries to beat me out of the mittens, pretending he has given them to me. So I get out on the platform, take him by the arm, and forcibly extract the two silver dollars from his fist. While this is going on another boat stops, and shortly there is a hubbub; the Indians run up, and a crowd rushes down from the village on the bank beyond. I ask the trouble.

"Just Injun talk," an Indian replies.

That night I learn the cause. An Indian had showed a watch, and had himself dropped it and broken the crystal. With great wit, he handed it to one of the white boys, and then raising the cry that they had broken it, demanded $5. The boys not having arms handy, and the Indian having two shot-guns, they paid the five dollars.

As we are leaving, the Indian who had tried to cheat me comes running to the boat, tosses the lost mittens aboard, and I give him the money. But on taking stock I find myself out a pair of scissors, a box of tobacco, and a candle.

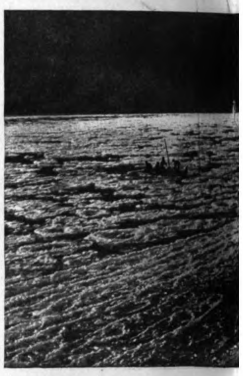
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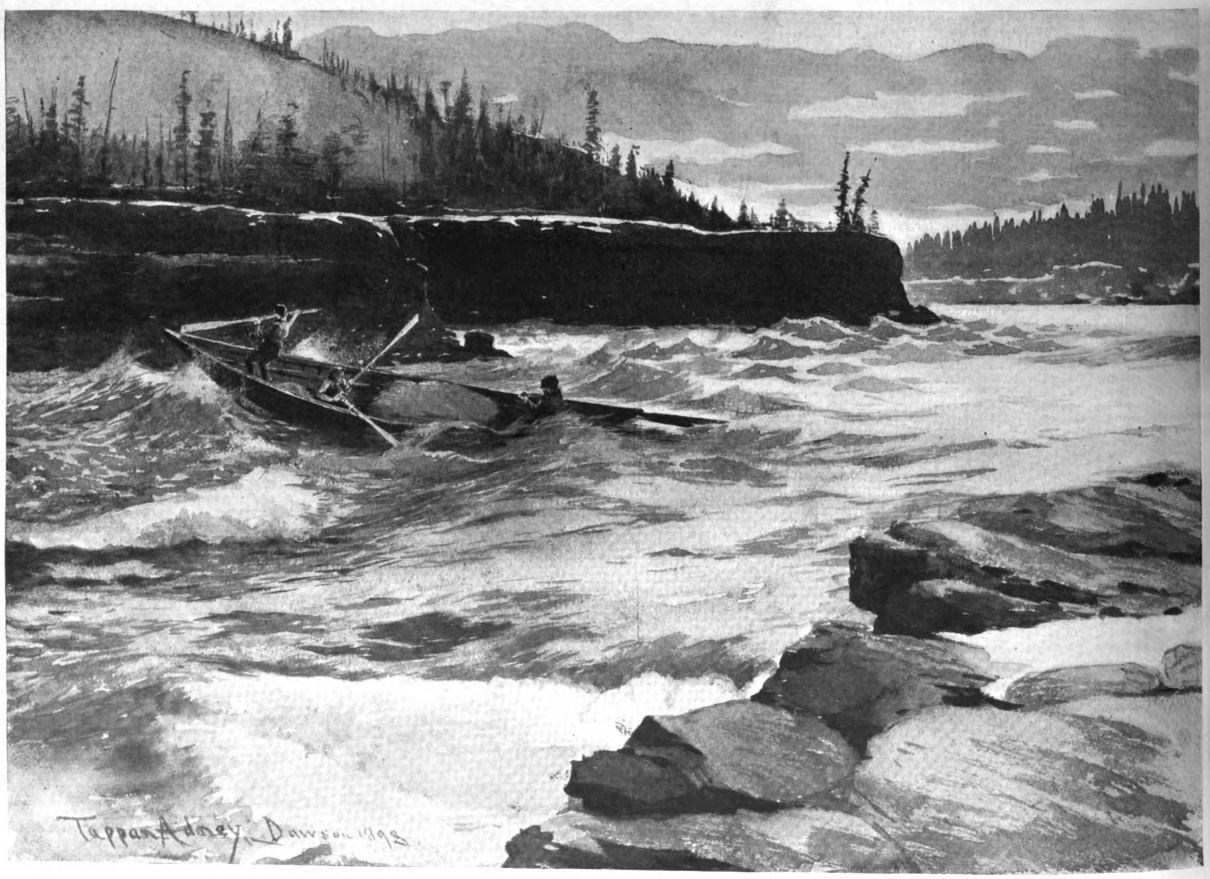
PORTAGING GOODS AT THE CANYON.



KLONDIKE CITY—KLONDIKE RI



THE YUKON AT DAWSON IN

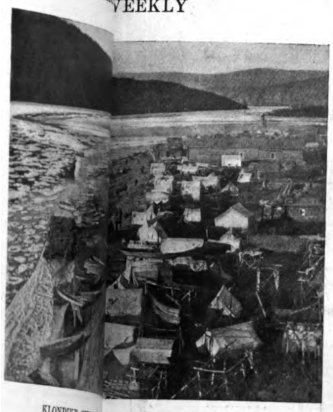


RUNNING THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

SCENES ON THE ROAD

PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL COR

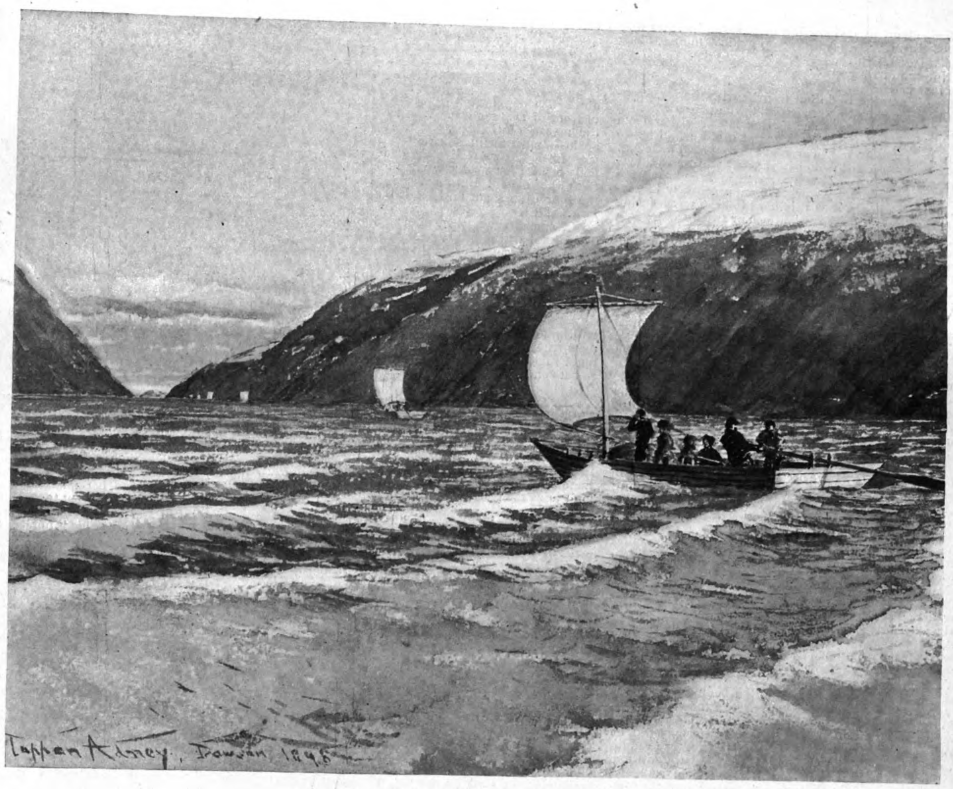
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KLONDIKE CITY—RIVER ENTERS ON RIGHT.



THE YUKON AT DAWSON—THE EARLY WINTER.




SAILING DOWN LAKE BENNETT.




DOG-TRAINS LEAVING DAWSON FOR DYEA.

ES ON THE
PAN ADNEY, SO

TO THE KLONDIKE.

ESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE GOLD-FIELDS.

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are frozen hard as rocks. We meet several parties with hand-sleds and canoes working up against the ice, along the shore, going out.

"No grub in Dawson."

So that is the truth!

There is nothing to do but to drift with the ice, keeping the channel and opens, avoiding the places where it sets against the shore. The thermometer registers from 10 to 5 degrees above zero. Even at this we find six to ten feet of thick ice frozen around the boat each morning, and our first task is to chop it out, but still much sticks to the sides, the water near by freezes, and the boat sinks lower and lower in the water. We are practically in winter clothes, and even then it is hard to keep warm facing a wind in the cold. We get fifteen or twenty miles in a day. Nervousness is disappearing. We no longer mind the crunching and punching of the floes. There is nearly always a boat in sight now.

When about twenty miles, we judge, above White River, which we look for on the left, and which we expect will put a lot more ice into the Yukon, we see a boat on the right-hand shore—a large boat with a stove cooking. As we draw near, it proves to be a party known as the "Christie" party, from the Skaguay trail. They have a Japanese cook and two ladies aboard. The Indians on Lake Labarge would not believe the Jap was not an Indian. "You Injun?" "No!" "You mamma Injun?" "No!" "You papa Injun?" "No! no!" protested the Jap; "me odder country."

With the Christie party is the New York *Times* correspondent, Pelletier. They are eating lunch, and at the same time trying to fend off the floes. They have been having trouble all the way down. They have only just come off an island where they have been three days. After this we keep them company, with this difference, that they hug the shore, while we keep out. It was easy for them to step out, but the boat is in imminent risk of being crushed by the heavy ice.

We pass White River without knowing it, and ten miles on we come to a straight reach, where on the right are thirty or forty boats drawn out on the ice, and tents set up, and cabins.

This is Stewart River. It seems as if every one is stopping here, except some who cannot get through the ice in time. They have stopped either to remain and prospect, or from fear of ice, and also to hear whether it is safe to take their outfits to Dawson. Wild stories are coming up river, and we know not what to expect.

We go on at noon the next day. One thing the ice does. It piles up on the heads of the bars, and now it is easy to avoid them, and to see the set of the water. We keep to the right-hand channel, among the many islands. Several miles below Stewart a bar, with ice as usual piled up on the head of it, looms up. For our lives we cannot see, even by standing up, which way the water runs. While hesitating, we are borne directly on the island, and when we try to avoid that, we are carried directly towards the great mass of ice. Only one thing saves us: a floe happens to be between us when we strike. It crushes, and we slip along the side and slide out into deep water. Nothing else under heaven could have kept us from going under the ice.

We make shore quickly after this, by a big pile of drift-wood, and have hardly got our tent up and a place



NEARING DAWSON.

chopped for the boat when another boat heaves in sight, and calls to us to take a line. It is the Christie party, and they have met with an accident.

Hugging the shore, as usual, they had run upon some sweepers hanging over the water. All hands jumped for the bottom. The boat was stern down stream when it struck. The sweeper caught the steering-sweep and swept the boat clear, stove-pipe and all. Christie had failed to find a point of safety, and had been doubled up and nearly killed.

We take their line, and they camp with us. After that, at last, that boat keeps clear of the shore.

Navigation is getting more difficult; the channels are growing so narrow that a boat can hardly go through. We can only drift and keep the sides of the boat clear. We have been told to keep to the right from Sixty Mile Creek down. On that side we can see scores of parties going out with sleds. By this time we have discovered one thing—that we are better off taking nobody's advice about camping-places, so we have taken the other side, and do not know how near Dawson we are.

On the 29th of October, judging ourselves to be about ten miles away, we make camp and set about fixing up a sled, stay there two days, then start once more. When we have the covers nicely tucked around for a big trip we turn suddenly to the left, and see on the right bank ahead a large number of tents, houses, and boats, some of them in the water, others drawn out.

"How far to Dawson?" we ask.

"This is Dawson," is the reply; "you'd better hurry, or you'll be carried past."

We make a landing in good order, and tie fast to the shore. We are not yet in Dawson proper. This is but a suburb, on the site of the old Indian village, and known as Klondike City, or Lousetown.

Four days later the river jammed, then it moved on again, and closed for good on the 7th of November. It had closed in front of Dawson on about the 15th of the month of October, but had broken again—a most fortunate circumstance for us. Little did we realize the danger we had been in, for we knew not then how the Yukon closed. Burnham's party, with the four canoes, got no farther than Selkirk. Major Walsh's party lost three boats, one after another, under the ice. The last parties to reach Dawson had miraculous escapes, which have been detailed before. Yet there was only one death in the ice, so far as is known. When it is remembered how through the length of the upper river there were hundreds taking the greatest chances, first with water, then with ice, it would almost seem true, as has been said, that a guarding Providence watched over the newcomers on the Yukon this year.



MINERS LEAVING DAWSON BECAUSE OF FOOD SHORTAGE.

### HOW ADNEY GOT THROUGH.

The "man leading the horses," mentioned by Tappan Adney in one of his late letters (June 4, 1898) from Dawson, has a vivid recollection of the chance meeting referred to, at the foot of Lake Lindeman, where the Skaguay trail of agony and mud joins the original thoroughfare to the gold-fields, *viâ* Chilkoot Pass.

As I came down the sandy hill-side to the lake, I saw at the landing two men unloading a trim-looking double-ender boat of distinct individuality that it needed only a glance to show was vastly superior to the ordinary Yukon type. One of the men was a slender six-footer, with a face wind-tanned the color of sole-leather.

He wore weather-stained clothes, that, judging from the general suggestion, no doubt still carried a little of the smoky smell and balsam aroma from camps in the green woods of New Brunswick. His feet were moccasined, and his black hair straggled from under a red toboggan cap. Not only was his rig suggestive of the aborigine, but his every action proved him to be so thoroughly at home in his untamed environment that it is little wonder at first glance I took him to be an Indian, and that it required several minutes after his jolly smile and voluble greeting to dispel the illusion.

Adney was a hustler of the most advanced type. Though just recovering from an attack of the prevailing malady of the trail, he carried across the portage packs weighing as much as 125 pounds that evening and the following day, and in an extremely short time had his boat emptied of her cargo and ready for the trip from Lindeman to Bennett. These lakes are connected by a rapid stream, with a rocky, obstructed channel. White men let their boats down by ropes—a process known as "lining." The Indians, who are familiar with the stream, shoot a portion of the rapids, but near the lower end they land, and make a short portage past a particularly dangerous place, where the current dashes tumultuously over and around a number of large bowlders lying in the bed of the stream. Above on the bank is the grave of a man who lost his outfit and in his despair committed suicide.

Adney was an expert at river navigation; and his companion, though inexperienced in this kind of work, was a champion oarsman, cool-headed, and gritty. On a later occasion I happened to be on the trail near the point referred to when I heard some men calling out from the top of the canyonlike bank that the HARPER'S WEEKLY man was shooting the rapids. I ran across just in time to see the boat swept by with the speed of a bolt from a crossbow, leaping from wave-crest to wave-crest, and drenching its occupants with sheets of spray. Adney and Brown were standing erect in bow and stern, each wielding a single oar used as a paddle, and from their masterly course it was evident that they had their boat well under control. It was all over in a very small fraction of time. They had avoided by the narrowest margin jagged bowlders that it seemed impossible to pass, and in a slather of foam shot out into the smooth water below.

I overheard one man remark on the daredevil skill of the newspaper man, to which his companion replied: "Oh, that's the kind of a fellow Adney is. I knew him at Sheep Camp."

J. B. BURNHAM.

## THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

### XIX.—MARGERY'S BREAKFAST.

VERY early the next morning Margery pushed wide open the window of her studio chamber. The sash was a large one, and opened outward on hinges. She looked out upon the dewy foliage, she inhaled the fragrance of the moist morning air, she listened to the song of some early birds, and then, being dressed for the day, she got on a chair, stepped on the window-sill, and jumped out. She walked quietly round the cabin and went out toward the lake. She had never seen the woods so early in the day. All the space between the earth and the sky seemed filled with an intoxicating coolness. She took off her hat and carried it in her hand; the sun was not yet high enough to make it necessary to put anything between him and her.

"This is what I am," said Margery to herself as she stepped blithely on. "I never knew before what I am. I am really a dryad under difficulties."

Presently, to her amazement and his amazement, she saw Martin. She went toward him.

"Oh, Martin," she said, "are you up so early?"

He smiled. "This is not early for me," he answered.

"And Mr. Matlack, is he up?"

"Oh yes, he is up, and gone off to attend to some business."

"Well, really!" exclaimed Margery. "I thought I was the first one out in the world to-day. And now, Martin, don't you want to do something for me? I did not think it would happen, but I am really dreadfully hungry, and couldn't you give me my breakfast now, by myself, before anybody else? I am not particular what I have—anything that is easy to get ready will do—and I would like it down at the very edge of the lake."

"You shall have it," exclaimed Martin, eagerly. "I will get it ready for you very soon, and will bring it to you. I know you like bread and butter and jam, and there is some cold meat, and I will boil you an egg and make some coffee."

"That will be lovely," said Margery, "and I will go down by the lake and wait. I do believe," she said to herself as she hurried away, "that this hermit business is the only sensible thing that ever came into the head of that classic statue with the glass fronts."

Very soon Martin appeared with a rug, which he said she would want if she were going to sit on the ground; and then he ran away, but soon came back with the breakfast. Margery was surprised to see how tastefully it was served.

"You could not have done it better," she said, "if you had been a"— she was about to say waiter, but as she gazed at the bright, handsome face of the young man she felt that it would hurt his feelings to use such a word, so she suddenly changed it to woman.

"If it is done well," he said, "it is not because I am like a woman, but because you are one."

"What does that mean?" thought Margery; but she did not stop to consider. "Thank you very much," she said. "Here is where I am going to eat, and nobody will disturb me."

"Is there anything else?" he asked.

"No," said she. "I have everything I want; you know I take only one cup of coffee."

He did know it; he knew everything she took, and he felt that there was no excuse for him to stay there any longer, so he slowly walked away.

The place Margery had chosen was a nice little nook for a nice little hermit. It was a bit of low beach, very narrow, and flanked on the shore side by a row of bushes, which soon turned and grew down to the water's edge, thus completely cutting off one end of the beach. At the other end the distance between the shrubbery and the water was but a few feet, so that Margery could eat her breakfast without being disturbed by the rest of the world.

Reclining on the rug with the tray on the ground before her, with some green leaves and a few pale wild flowers peeping over the edge of it to see what she had for breakfast, Margery gave herself up to the enjoyment of life.

"Each, one," she said aloud; "I am one, and beautiful nature is another. Just two of us, and each, one. Go away, sir," she said to a big buzzing creature with transparent wings; "you are another, but you don't count."

Arthur Raybold was perhaps the member of the party who was the best satisfied to be himself. He had vowed, as he left the camp fire the night before, that his sister had at last evolved an idea which had some value. Be himself? He should think so! He firmly believed that he was the only person in the camp capable of truly acting his own part in life.

Clyde had told him that on this morning he was going to move the tent over to their own camp, and though he had objected very forcibly, he found that Clyde was not to be moved, and that the tent would be. In an angry mood he had been the first one of the Associated Hermits to assert his individuality. He made up his mind that he would not leave the immediate atmosphere of Margery. He would revolve about her in his waking hours and in his dreams, and in the latter case he would revolve in a hammock hung between two trees not far from his sister's tent; and as he was not one who delayed the execution of his plans, he had put up the hammock that night, although his tent was still in Camp Rob. He had not slept very well, because he was not used to repose in a hammock; and he had risen early, because, though wrapped in a blanket, he had found himself a little chilly.

Starting out for a brisk walk to warm himself, he had not gone far before he thought he heard something which

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

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sounded like the clicking of knife and fork and dish. He stopped, listened, and then approached the source of the sounds, and soon stood at the open end of Margery's little beach. For a few moments she did not know he was there, so engrossed was her mind with the far-away shadows on the lake, and with the piece of bread-and-jam she held in her hand.

"Oh, happy Fates!" he exclaimed. "How have ye befriended me! Could I have believed such rare fortune was in store for me?"

At the sound of his voice Margery turned her head and started, and in the same instant she was on her feet.

"Margery," he said, without approaching her, but extending his arms so that one hand touched the bushes and the other reached over the water, "I have you a gentle prisoner. I consider this the most fortunate hour of my whole existence. All I ask of you is to listen to me for ten minutes, and then I will cease to stand guard at the entrance to your little haven, and although you will be free to go where you please, I know you will not go away from me."

Margery's face was on fire. She was so angry she could scarcely speak, but she managed to bring some words to her lips to express her condition of mind.

"Mr. Raybold," she cried, "if I ever hear any more of that horrid trash from you I will speak to Mr. Archibald, and have him drive you out of this camp. I haven't spoken to him before because I thought it would make trouble and interfere with people who have not done anything but what is perfectly right, but this is the last time I am going to let you off, and I would like you to remember that. Now go away this instant, or else step aside and let me pass."

Raybold did not change his position, but with a smile of indulgent condescension he remarked:

"Now, then, you are angry; but I don't mind that, and I am quite sure you do not mean it. You see, you have never heard all that I have to say to you. When I have fully spoken to you, then I have no fear—"

He had not finished his sentence, when Margery dashed into the water, utterly regardless of her clothes, and before the astonished intruder could advance towards her she had rushed past him, and had run up on dry land a yard or two behind him. The water on the shelving beach was not more than a foot deep, but her mad bounds made a splashing and a spattering of spray as if a live shark had been dropped into the shallow water. In a moment she had left the beach and was face to face with Martin, pale with fright.

"I thought you had tumbled in!" he cried. "What on earth is the matter?"

She had no breath to answer, but she turned her head toward the lake, and as Martin looked that way he saw Raybold advancing from behind the bushes. It required no appreciable time for the young guide to understand the situation. His whole form quivered, his hands involuntarily clinched, his brows knitted, and he made one quick step forward; but only one, for Margery seized him by the wrist. Without knowing what he was doing, he struggled to free himself from her, but she was strong and held him fast.

"I must go to my tent," she gasped. "I am all wet. Now promise me that you will not say a thing or do a thing until I see you again. Promise!"

For a moment he seemed undecided, and then he ceased his efforts to get away, and said, "I'll promise."

Margery dropped his arm and hurried toward the cabin, hoping earnestly that the Archibalds were not yet up.

"This is a gay and lively beginning for a hermit," she thought, as she made her way around the house; "and I don't see how on earth I am ever going to get through that window again. There is nothing to stand on. I did not expect to go back until they were all up."

But when she reached the window there was a stout wooden stool placed below it.

"Martin did that," she thought, "while I was at my breakfast. He knew I must have come through the window, and might want to go back that way. Oh dear!" she sighed; "but I am sure I can't help it." And so, mounting from the stool to the window-sill, she entered her room.

Having given his promise, Martin turned his back upon the sombre young man, who, with folded arms and clouded brow, was stalking toward the tents at the other end of the camp.

"If I look at him," said Martin, "it may be that I could not keep my promise."

It was about half an hour afterward, when Martin, still excited and still pale, was getting ready for the general breakfast, forgetting entirely that he was a hermit, and that some of the other hermits might have peculiar ideas about their morning meal, that Phil Matlack arrived on the scene. Martin was very much engrossed in his own thoughts, but he could not repress an inquiring interest in his companion.

"Well," said he, "did you bounce him?"

Matlack made no answer, but began to cut out the top of a tin can.

"I say," repeated Martin, "did you bounce him, or did he go without it?"

Without turning toward the younger man, Matlack remarked: "I was mistaken. That ain't fat; it's muscle."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Martin, in astonishment, "that he bounced you out of that camp!"

"I don't mean to say nothin'," was the reply, "except what I do say; and what I say is that that ain't fat; it's muscle. When I make a mistake I don't mind standin' up and sayin' so."

Martin could not understand the situation. He knew Matlack to be a man of great courage and strength, and one who, if he should engage in a personal conflict, would not give it up until he had done his very best. But the guide's appearance gave no signs of any struggle. His clothes were in their usual order, and his countenance was quiet and composed.

"Look here," cried Martin; "how did you find out all that about the bishop?"

Matlack turned on him with a grim smile. "Didn't you tell me that day you was talkin' to me about the boat that he was a tough sort of a fellow?"

"Yes, I did," said the other.

"Well," said Matlack, "how did you find that out?"

Martin laughed. "I shouldn't wonder," he said, "if we were about square. Well, if you will tell me how you found it out, I will tell you how I did."

"Go ahead," said the other.

"The long and short of my business with him," said Martin, "was this: I went with him down to the lake, and there I gave him a piece of my mind; and when I had finished, he turned on me and grabbed me with his two hands and chucked me out into the water, just as if I had been a bag of bad meal that he wanted to get rid of. When I got out I was going to fight him, but he advised me not to, and when I took a look at him and remembered the feel of the swing he gave me, I took his advice. Now what did he do to you?"

"He didn't do nothin'," said Matlack. "When I got to the little tent he sleeps in, there he was sittin' in front of it, as smilin' as a basket of chips, and he bade me good-mornin' as if I had been a tenant comin' to pay him his rent; and then he said that before we went on with the business between us, there was some things he would like to show me, and he had them all ready. So he steps off to a place a little behind the tent, and there was three great bowlders, whopping big stones, which he said he had brought out of the woods. I could hardly believe him, but there they was. 'You don't mean,' says I, 'that you are goin' to fight with stones; because, if you are, you ought to give me a chance to get some,' and I thought to myself that I would pick up rocks that could be heaved. 'Oh no,' says he, with one of them smiles of his—'oh no; I just want to open our conference with a little gymnastic exhibition.' And so sayin', he rolled up his shirt sleeves—he hadn't no coat on—and he picked up one of them rocks with both hands, and then he gave it a swing with one hand, like you swing a tenpin ball, and he sent that rock about thirty feet.

"It nearly took my breath away, for if I had to move such a stone I'd want a wheelbarrow. Then he took another of the rocks and hurled it right on top of the first one, and it came down so hard that it split itself in half. And then he took up the third one, which was the biggest, and threw it nearly as far, but it didn't hit the others. 'Now, Mr. Matlack,' says he, 'that's the first part of my little programme. I have only one or two more things, and I don't want to keep you long.' Then he went and got a hickory sapling that he'd cut down. It was just the trunk part of it, and must have been at least three inches thick. He put the middle of it at the back of his neck, and then he took hold of the two ends with his hands and pulled forward, and, by George! he broke that stick right in half!

"'Then, says he, 'Would you mind steppin' down to the lake?' I didn't mind, and went with him, and when we got down to the water there was their boat drawed up on the shore and pretty nigh full of water. 'Mr. Clyde brought this boat back the other day,' says he, 'from a place where he left it some distance down the lake, and I wonder he didn't sink before he got here. We must try and calk up some of the open seams; but first we've got to get the water out of her.' So sayin', he squatted down on the ground in front of that boat and took hold of it, one hand on one side of the bow and one on the other, and then he gave a big twist, and just turned that boat clean over, water and all, so that it lay with its bottom up, and the water running down into the lake like a little deluge.

"'That ought to have been done long ago,' says he, 'and I'll come down after a while and calk it before the sun gets on it.' Then he walked back to camp as spry as a robin, and then says he, 'Mr. Matlack, my little exhibition is over, and so we'll go ahead with the business you proposed.' I looked around, and says I: 'Do you find that little tent you sleep in comfortable? It seems to me as if your feet must stick out of it.' 'They do,' says he, 'and I sometimes throw a blanket over them to keep them dry. But we are goin' to make different arrangements here. Mr. Clyde and I will bring down his tent after breakfast, and if Mr. Raybold doesn't choose to occupy it, Mr. Clyde says I may share it with him. At any rate, I've engaged to attend to the cookin' and to things in general in this camp durin' the rest of the time we stay here.'

"'And so Mr. Clyde is tired of trespassin', is he?' says I. 'Yes, he is,' says he; 'he's a high-minded young fellow, and doesn't fancy that sort of thing. Mr. Raybold slept last night in a hammock, and if that suits him he may keep it up.' 'If I was you,' says I, 'if he does come back to the camp, I'd make him sleep in that little tent. It would fit him better than it does you.' 'Oh no,' says he, 'I don't want to make no trouble. I'm willin' to sleep anywhere. I'm used to roughin' it, and I could make myself comfortable in any tent I ever saw.' 'Well,' says I, 'that was a very pretty exhibition you gave me, and I am much obliged to you, but I must be goin' over to my camp to help get breakfast.' 'If you see Mr. Clyde,' says he, 'will you kindly tell him that I will come over and help him with his tent in about an hour?' To which I said I would, and I left. Now then, hurry up. Them hermits will want their breakfasts, for they can't starve."

### XX.—MARTIN ASSERTS HIS INDIVIDUALITY.

"GOOD-MORNING," said Mr. Clyde, as he approached Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, seated opposite each other at their breakfast table. "So you still eat together? Don't ask me to join you; I have had my breakfast."

"Yes," said Mr. Archibald; "we did think that, as we were hermits, we ought to eat in some separate, out-of-the-way fashion; but we could not think of any, and as we were both hungry and liked the same things, we concluded to postpone the assertion of our individualities."

"And Miss Dearborn?" asked Clyde.

"Oh, she had her breakfast long ago, so she told us," said Mrs. Archibald. "I suppose she took some bread and jam, for I do not know what else she could have had."

"As for me," said Clyde, "I thought I would do something of the sort. I like an early breakfast, and so I turned out more than an hour ago and went to look up Mrs. Perkenpine; and I might as well say, sir, that I am now looking for the bishop to come and help me carry our tent back to our own camp, where he is going to cook for us. I never wanted to be a trespasser on your premises, and I don't intend to be any longer."

"That's the right feeling," said Mr. Archibald; "although, in fact, it doesn't make any difference to us whether your party camps here or not. At first I thought it would, but I find it does not."

"By which he means," said Mrs. Archibald, "that if you want to go away he is perfectly willing to have you stay, but if you don't want to go away he doesn't like it, and would have you move."

Clyde laughed. "I haven't anything to say for the others," he answered, "but as long as I have a camp of my own I think I ought to live there."

"But how about Mrs. Perkenpine?" asked Mrs. Archibald. "Did you find her willing to wait on you one at a time?"

"Not exactly," said Clyde. "I discovered her, by her kitchen tent, hard at work eating her own breakfast. I must have looked surprised, for she lost no time in telling me that she was a hermit, and was living for one person at a time—herself first—and that she was mighty glad to get a chance to have her breakfast before anybody else, for she was always hungry and hated waiting. I looked at the table, and saw that she had the breakfast ready for the whole party; so I said, 'I am a hermit too, and I am living for myself, and so I am going to sit down and eat.' 'Squat,' said she, and down I sat; and I had the best meal of her cooking that I have yet tasted. I told her so, and she said she shouldn't wonder. 'Because,' said she, 'I cooked this breakfast for myself—me, one—and as I wasn't thinkin' what other people 'd like, I got things a little more tasty than common, I guess.'"

"And what does she expect Miss Raybold and her brother to do?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"When she had finished she got up," Clyde answered, "and went away, merely remarking that the victuals were there, and when the others were ready for them they might come and get them."

"I hope," said Mr. Archibald, "that Matlack will not fancy that sort of a hermit life. But as for me, I am greatly taken with the scheme. I think I shall like it. Is Miss Raybold about yet?"

"I see nothing of her," said Clyde, looking over toward her tent.

"Good!" said Mr. Archibald, rising. "Harriet, if you want me, I shall be in my cave."

"And where is that?" she asked.

"Oh, I can't say exactly where it will be," he answered, "but if you will go down to the shore of the lake and blow four times on the dinner-horn I'll come to you, cave and all. I can easily pull it over the water."

"You forget," said Mrs. Archibald, with a smile, "that we are associate hermits."

"No, I do not," said her husband; "I remember it, and that is the reason I am off before Miss Raybold emerges upon the scene."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Archibald to Clyde, "exactly how I am going to assert myself to-day, but I shall do it one way or the other; I am not going to be left out in the cold."

Clyde smiled, but he had no suggestion to offer; his mind was filled with the conjecture as to what sort of a hermit life Margery was going to lead, and if she had already begun it. But just then the bishop came up, and together they went to carry the tent back to Camp Roy.

It was at least an hour afterward, and Mrs. Archibald was comfortably seated in the shade darning stockings, and an open book in her lap. Sometimes she would read a little in the book, and then she would make some long and careful stitches in the stocking, and then she would look about her as if she greatly enjoyed combining her work and her recreation in such a lovely place on such a lovely summer morning. During one of these periods of observation she perceived Corona Raybold approaching.

"Good-morning," said the elder lady. "Is this your first appearance?"

"Yes," said Corona, with a gentle smile. "When I woke this morning I found myself to be an individual who liked to lie in bed and gaze out through an open fold in my tent upon the world beyond, and so I lay and dozed and gazed, until I felt like getting up, and then I got up, and you cannot imagine how bright and happy I felt as I thought of what I had been doing. For one morning at least I had been true to myself, without regard to other people or what they might think about it. Now to-morrow, if I feel like it, I shall rise at dawn, and go out and look at the stars struggling with Aurora. Whatever my personal instincts happen to be, I shall be loyal to them. Now how do you propose to assert your individuality?"

"Unfortunately," said Mrs. Archibald, "I cannot do that exactly as I would like to. If we had not promised my daughter and her husband that we would stay away for a month, I should go directly home and superintend my jelly-making and fruit-preserving; but as I cannot do that, I have determined to act out my own self here. I shall darn stockings and sew or read, and try to make myself comfortable and happy, just as I would if I were sitting on my broad piazza at home."

"Good!" said Corona. "I think it likely that you will be more true to yourself than any of us. Doubtless you were born to be the head of a domestic household, and if you followed your own inclination you would be that if you were adrift with your family on a raft in the middle of the ocean. Now I am going away to see what further suggestions my nature has to offer me. What is Mr. Archibald doing?"

Mrs. Archibald smiled. She knew what Corona's nature would suggest if she met a man who could talk, or rather listen. "Oh, his nature has prompted him to hie away to the haunts of game, and to stay there until he is half starved."

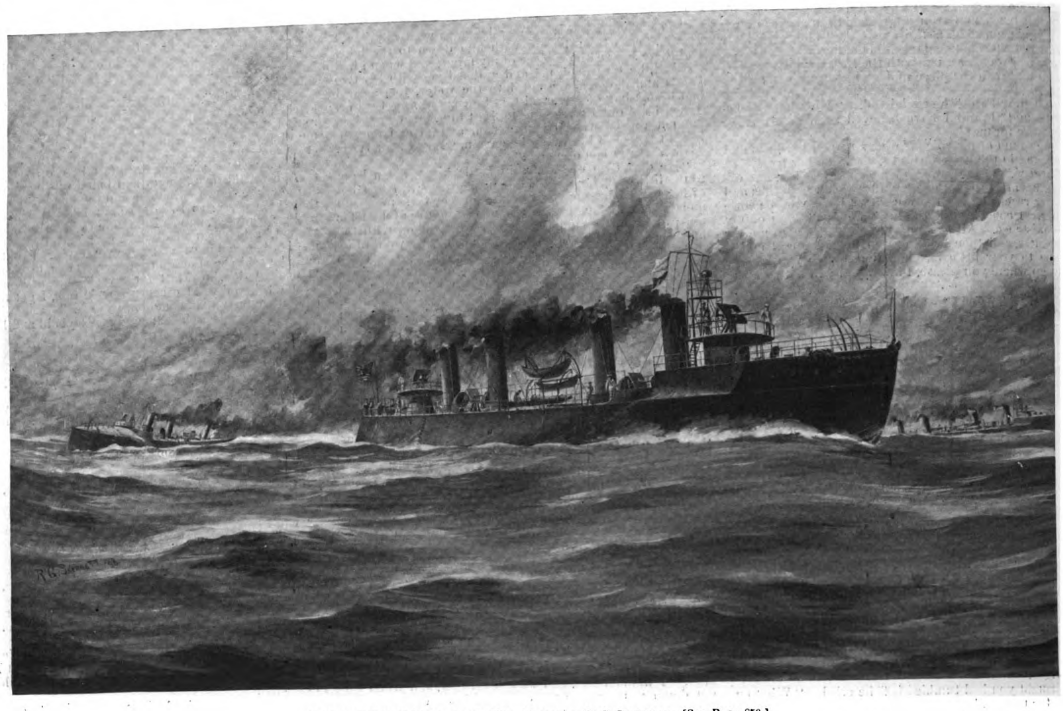
Miss Raybold heaved a little sigh. "I see very few persons about here," she said—"only the two guides, in fact."

"Yes," said Mrs. Archibald; "the bishop has gone to help Mr. Clyde with his tent."

Corona moved slowly away, and as she walked her nature suggested that she had better eat something; so she repaired to the scene of Mrs. Perkenpine's ordinary operations. There she found that good woman stretched flat on her back on the ground, fast asleep. Her face and body were shaded by some overhanging branches, but her great feet were illumined and gilded by the blazing sun. On a camp table near by were the remains of the breakfast. It had been there for two or three hours. Arthur Raybold had taken what he wanted and had gone, and before composing herself for her nap Mrs. Perkenpine had thrown over it a piece of mosquito-netting.

Corona smiled. "Their natures are coming out beautifully," she said. "It really does me good to see how admirably the scheme is unfolding itself." She sat down and ate what she could find to her taste, but it was not much. "I shall send for some fruit and some biscuit and some other little things," she thought, "that I can keep in my tent and eat when I please. That will suit me much better than the ordinary meals." Then, without awaken-

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OUR LATEST TORPEDO CRAFT.—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.—[See Page 850.]

ing Mrs. Perkenpine, she strolled away, directing her steps toward Camp Roy.

When Margery had gone to her room, and had changed her wet clothes, she was thoroughly miserable. For some time she sat on the side of her little cot, unwilling to go out, on account of a nervous fear that she might meet Mr. Raybold. Of course, if he should again speak to her as he had done, she would immediately appeal to Mr. Archibald, but she did not want to do this, for she had a very strong desire not to make any trouble or divisions in the camp, and she lay down to think over the matter, and in less than two minutes she was asleep. Mrs. Archibald had come to call her to breakfast, but upon being told that she had been up ever so long, and had had her breakfast, she left the girl to her nap.

"I shall sleep here," thought Margery, "until they have all gone to do whatever it is they want to do, and then perhaps I may have a little peace."

When she awoke it was nearly eleven o'clock, and she went immediately to her little side window, from which she could see the lake and a good deal of the camp-ground. The first thing which met her reconnoitring gaze was a small boat some distance out on the lake. Its oars were revolving slowly, something like a pair of wheels with one paddle each, and it was occupied by one person. This person was Arthur Raybold, who had found the bishop calking the boat, and as soon as this work was finished, had moodily declared that he would take a row in her. He had not yet had a chance to row a boat which was in a decent condition. He wanted to be alone with his aspirations. He thought it would be scarcely wise to attempt to speak to Margery again that morning; he would give her time for her anger to cool. She was only a woman, and he knew women!

"It's that Raybold," said Margery. "He knows no more about rowing than a cat, and he's floating sideways down the lake. Good! Now I can go out and hope to be let alone. I don't know when he will ever get that boat back again. Perhaps never."

She was not a wicked girl, and she did not desire that the awkward rower might never get back; but still she did not have that dread of an accident which might have come over her had the occupant of the boat been a brother or any one she cared very much about. She took a novel, of which, during her whole stay in camp, she had read perhaps ten pages, and left the cabin, this time by the door.

"How does your individuality treat you?" asked Mrs. Archibald, as Margery approached her.

"Oh, horribly, so far," was the answer; "but I think it is going to do better. I shall find some nice place where I can read and be undisturbed. I can think of nothing pleasanter such a morning as this."

"I am very much mistaken in your nature," thought Mrs. Archibald, "if that is the sort of thing that suits you."

"Martin," said Margery, not in the least surprised that she should meet the young guide within the next three minutes, "do you know of some really nice secluded spot where I can sit and read, and not be bothered? I don't mean that place where you hung the hammock. I don't want to go there again."

Martin was pale, and his voice trembled as he spoke. "Miss Dearborn," said he, "I think it is a wicked and a burning shame that you should be forced to look for a hiding-place where you may hope to rest undisturbed if that scoundrel in the boat out there should happen to fancy to come ashore. But you needn't do it. There is no necessity for it. Go where you please, sit where you please, and do what you please, and I will see to it that you are not disturbed."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Margery. "That would never do. I know very well that you could keep him away from me, and I am quite sure that you would be glad to do it, but there mustn't be anything of that kind. He is Miss Raybold's brother and—and in a way one of our camping party, and I don't want any disturbances or quarrels."

Martin's breast heaved, and he breathed heavily. "I have no doubt you are right," he said—"of course you are. But I can tell you this: if I see that fellow troubling you again I'll kill him, or—"

"Martin! Martin!" exclaimed Margery. "What do you mean? What makes you talk in this way?"

"What makes me?" he exclaimed, as if impossible to restrain his words. "My heart makes me, my soul makes me. I—"

"Your heart? Your soul?" interrupted Margery. "I don't understand."

For a moment he looked at the astonished girl in silence, and then he said: "Miss Dearborn, it's of no use for me to try to hide what I feel. If I hadn't got so angry I might have been able to keep quiet, but I can't do it now. If that man thinks he loves you, his love is like a grain of sand compared to mine."

"Yours?" cried Margery.

"Yes," said Martin, his face pallid and his eyes sparkling, "mine. You may think it is an insult for me to talk this way, but love is love, and it will spring up where it pleases; and besides, I am not the common sort of a fellow you may think I am. After saying what I have said, I am bound to say more. I belong to a good family, and am college bred. I am poor, and I love nature. I am working to make money to travel and become a naturalist. I prefer this sort of work because it takes me into the heart of nature. I am not ashamed of what I am, I am not ashamed of my work, and my object in life is a nobler one, I think, than the practice of the law, or a great many other things like it."

Margery stood and looked at him with wide-open eyes. "Do you mean to say," she said, "that you want to marry me? It would take years and years and years for you to become naturalist enough to support a wife."

"I have made no plans," he said, quickly, "I have no purpose. I did not intend to tell you now that I love you, but since I have said that I will say also that with you to fight for, there could be no doubt about my success. I should be bound to succeed. It would be impossible for me to fail. And as for the years, I would wait, no matter how many they should be."

He spoke with such hot earnestness that Margery involuntarily drew herself a little away from him. At this the flush went out of his face.

"Oh, Miss Dearborn," he exclaimed, "don't think that I am like that man out there! Don't think that I will persecute you if you don't wish to hear me, that I will follow you about and make your life miserable. If you say to me that you do not wish to see me again, you will never see me again. Say what you please, and you will find that I am a gentleman."

She could see that now. She felt sure that if she told him she did not wish ever to see him again he would never appear before her. But what would he do? She was not in the least afraid of him, but his fierce earnestness frightened her, not for herself, but for him. Suddenly a thought struck her.

"Martin," said she, "I don't doubt in the least that what you have said to me about yourself is true. You are as good as other people, although you do happen now to be a guide, and perhaps after a while you may be very well off, but for all that you are a guide, and you are in Mr. Sadler's employment, and Mr. Sadler's rights and powers are just like gas escaping from a pipe; they are everywhere from cellar to garret, so to speak, and you couldn't escape them. It would be a bad, bad thing for you, Martin, if he were to hear that you make propositions of the kind you have made, to the ladies that he pays you to take out into the woods and guide and protect."

Martin was on the point of a violent expostulation, but she stopped him.

"Now I know what you are going to say," she exclaimed, "but it isn't of any use. You are in his employment, and you are bound to honor and respect him; that is the way a guide can show himself to be a gentleman."

"But suppose," said Martin, quickly, "that he, knowing my family as he does, should think I had done wisely in speaking to you."

A cloud came over her brow. It annoyed her that he should thus parry her thrust.

"Well, you can ask him," she said, abruptly; "and if he doesn't object, you can go to see my mother, when she gets home, and ask her. And here comes Mr. Matlack. I think he has been calling you. And now don't say another word, unless it is about fish."

But Matlack did not come; he stopped and called, and Martin went to him.

Margery walked languidly toward the woods and sat down on the projecting root of a large tree. Then leaning back against the trunk, she sighed.

"It is a perfectly dreadful thing to be a girl," she said; "but I am glad I did not speak to him as I did to Mr. Raybold. I believe he would have jumped into the lake."

[To be continued.]

## COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S PRIDE.

I have been amused over Colonel Roosevelt's claims for the worth and efficiency of his Rough Riders. It is such an old soldier trick.

Also, the curious effect it has had on the public, who, not understanding soldiers, take it seriously.

All soldiers, the world over and history through, will claim every virtue for their own regiments, privates as well as colonels, and so, too, will "Jackies" for their particular ships. Privates and Jackies will clip you on the nose if you even presume to question their claims.

Regimental affection is a grand thing, too. It means so much to the members. It involves their past and their pride.

What a poor stick a colonel would be who did not think his regiment was the best in the world, ancient or modern! And you may be sure a private who won't stand up for his regiment is wrong somehow; probably no good.

And soldiers retain this affection for their old regiments, although they may be long out of them. General Miles won't go anywhere without the Fifth Infantry if he can help it; and I firmly believe General Merritt would hang any one who said aught against the Fifth Cavalry.

By the same token soldiers and sailors will stand up for their colonel (and when they won't, it is a sure sign that the officer is sadly lacking) or their captain "to a finish" anywhere, any place, any time.

I hope the Rough Riders will never have to lick all the people that their belligerent colonel thinks they can lick. Yet it wouldn't do at all for you to go near a Rough Rider camp and say anything derogatory of Roosevelt. You would have to make good on the spot.

Frederic Remington.

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WITH OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON AFTER SKETCHES BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES.

1. Soldiers drilling on the Parade-ground. 2. Outer Gate of the Arsenal-yard, Cavité—Spanish Wrecks in the Distance. 3. Barracks of Spanish Marines, near main Gate of Arsenal.

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## TO THE WAR LORD.

A despatch from Berlin states that the Emperor William was thrown from his horse while returning to the palace yesterday. The animal was frightened by bouquets thrown at the Emperor by ladies who stood on the sidewalk while his Maje-ty was passing.—*Daily Paper.*

O August Potentate, Most Glorious Me,
King of the first Person, Self of Majesty,
Lord by a Right Divine, Emperor Serene,
Placed on a throne by God, what can this mean?

Does the Polar Star e'er fall to grovelling Earth
Because of a misfit, misplaced saddle-girth?
Hath grim Gibraltar slipped e'er from its base,
Or even budged from its appointed place?

Hath seething old Niagara stubbed its toe
And landed with an ignominious splash below;
Hath dark Thermopylæ, deep stained in blood,
E'er stumbled o'er itself with sickening thud,

Because some lady fair on festal day
Hath deigned to pelt it with a small bouquet?
Hath the grim stone face up in the Hampshire Hills
E'er had to blush because of earthly ills?

Yet these, my Lord, each one like unto thee,
Are full of grandeur, full of Majesty,
Placed as they are by Him who placed thee where
Man may admire, may marvel at and stare.

Of God's superb creations, why of all,
O Kaiser great, art thou the first to fall?
And not by some convulsion in fair Nature's course,
But *chucked*—oh, shameful tale—*chucked* from a *horse!*

John Kendrick Bangs.

## OUR LATEST TORPEDO-CRAFT.

Despite the untimely ending of Spain's boasted torpedo-boat-destroyers before Santiago, and the fact that some naval critics are disposed to consider such craft of little avail at any time, still we have not lost faith in the usefulness of the type, and on the 23d of the present month bids will be opened at the Navy Department for the construction of a dozen torpedo-boats and of sixteen "destroyers" of the most improved order.

Heretofore the department has not prepared plans for the "destroyer" class, and those of the bidders have been either wholly planned abroad, or so closely fashioned upon the lines of those of Great Britain and France that no claim for American ingenuity could be raised through them; but now the Navy Department has drawn up its own design, and the boats promise to be improvements upon the best of those abroad, especially in the all-important elements of seaworthiness and powers of offence.

The boats will be 175 feet long on the load water-line, will have a maximum beam of 17 feet, and draw about seven feet of water on a normal displacement of 165 to 170 tons.

The boats will carry a battery of at least three rapid-fire guns, and an ammunition supply of three and a half tons. The design contemplates 3-pounders, but the calibre of the guns will depend somewhat upon future settlement, and there is reason to believe some of the pieces will be of the 1-pounder automatic type, much on the order of those highly effective Maxim guns. The torpedo outfit will consist of three short torpedo-tubes and a supply of five torpedoes. The tubes will be placed either abreast or *en échelon* on either side amidships, with the third tube on the centre line 'way aft. This disposition gives the greatest effective service for three tubes, especially where the broadside tubes cannot be trained athwartships.

The boats will have two conning-towers, each fashioned of half-inch nickel-steel plating. From the forward tower most of the navigating work will be done, and the steering-gear there will be effected by steam control, while the after-tower will be fitted only with the ordinary hand-wheel arrangement. On the forward tower there will be an electric search-light of considerable power—a feature distinctly novel to our torpedo-boats, and a facility of great usefulness during much of the service of craft of this kind. An electric plant will also supply energy for a set of night signals, for the running lights, and also for all interior illumination.

So far as possible within the narrow limits of such vessels the comfort of officers and crew has been considerately studied, and every effort has been made to make the boats both comfortable and healthful, even under the stress of bad weather, when hatches are battened down, and only the blowers can be induced to draw down the fresh air from without. Folding-berths have been provided for twenty-four enlisted men, and these will be turned up out of the way when not in use. The crew are placed aft, where they will be less affected by the movements of the boats in a heavy seaway. Forward there are accommodations for a commanding officer, an engineer officer, and two petty officers; and it is some evidence to the cunning of the plan that bathing accommodations have been provided for both the officers and the crew.

The boats will be driven by two sets of triple-expansion engines of the four-cylinder type, and for those who love figures it may be well to state that the high-pressure cylinder of each engine will have a diameter of 14 inches, the intermediate cylinder a diameter of 22 inches, and each of the two low-pressure cylinders a diameter of 25½ inches, while all will have a common stroke of 18 inches. When making about 350 revolutions a minute, the engines will develop quite 3000 indicated horse-power, and the boats should make then between twenty-six and twenty-seven knots. Steam will be supplied by three good-sized water-tube boilers, in two separate water-tight compartments—forward and aft of the two engine-rooms—and the working pressure will be 250 pounds to the square inch. At least forty tons of coal must be provided for in the bunker space, and the department's design contemplates its distribution abreast the engines and boilers for protection.

A cost limit of $170,000 is placed upon the torpedo-boats, and no bid will be considered that does not promise a speed of at least twenty-six knots; and it is needless to remark that the department's boat has a margin considerably in excess of this.

THE DESTROYERS.

The torpedo boat destroyers are exceptionally fine boats, and in compass considerably overreach anything now built or building abroad. They may really be said to be the Spanish "destroyers" bettered.

The department's design covers a craft 245 feet long, of beautiful model, having a maximum beam of only 23 feet, and drawing, upon a trial displacement of 420 tons, practically eight feet of water. The usual turtle-back has given way to a flush forecastle-deck, promising fine seagoing qualities, and affording at the same time superior accommodations for the crew of sixty persons. There are two conning-towers, one on the forecastle-deck and one 'way aft on the main-deck, and the vessel can be handled from either, although only the forward tower will have its steering-gear worked by steam. On top of each of the towers there will be a 12-pounder rapid-fire gun, and a very wide arch of fire is assured each. On an extension of the bridge upon the forward tower there will be a third steering-wheel, by which most of the navigating will be done in reasonable weather, and on a stand reared above this steering-station there will be placed an effective search-light.

The boats will be lighted throughout by electricity, and the running lights and the night signal code will be worked in the same way. There are fine ventilating arrangements in the shape of numerous blowers; and an extensive pumping plant, connecting with each of the numerous separate water-tight compartments, provides against all reasonable demands in case of either fire or leak. All wood-work will be carefully fireproofed, and the decks will be covered with linoleum instead of the usual planking. The crew will be placed forward, and the officers aft. The captain will have a state-room and a cabin, while each of the other officers will have a comfortable state-room. There are quarters aft, too, for a dozen petty officers.

The armament will consist of two 12-pounder and four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns and two large torpedo-tubes. The 6-pounder guns will be mounted in convenient places on the main-deck, two of them having a bow fire; and the torpedo-tubes, one amidships and one 'way aft, each on the centre-line, will be able to fire on either side and through wide arcs of train. For the rapid-fire guns seven tons of ammunition will be carried, and the power of that battery, where each gun is capable of a rate of twenty aimed shots a minute, can easily be estimated, and there are but few gunboats that could stand up before so wicked a storm of shell.

The boats will have twin screws driven by two triple-expansion engines of the four-cylinder type, each in a separate compartment, and will develop 8000 indicated horse-power when making 327 revolutions a minute. Steam will be supplied by four water-tube boilers, two forward and two aft of the engine spaces, and at a working pressure of 300 pounds. A coal-supply of at least 100 tons, stowed abreast the boilers and engines, will give an effective radius of action. The layman can hardly appreciate the power of these engines, the weight of which, together with the boilers and auxiliaries, is practically half the displacement of the vessels, but they develop a driving force for these boats four-fifths as great as that required to propel one of our 11,500-ton battle-ships at a rate of 16 knots. The care and proper management of such machinery and boilers require the highest kind of skill, and the navigation of such craft is very much akin to the control of a locomotive loose upon an untracked surface, where but the slightest initiative movement would involve a delirious sweep. To fall overboard from such a boat would certainly mean a broken neck, and to make the most of her at top-rate speed demands the greatest precision of judgment from every working member of her complement—from the navigator at the wheel to the humblest stoker in the fire-room.

The average cost limit for the destroyers is $295,000, and substantial advantage is promised the bidders guaranteeing the highest speeds, the best sea-going qualities, and the promptest deliveries, either upon the department's design or upon plans of their own.

*August 20, 1898.* Robert G. Skerrett.

## EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER RECEIVED FROM A MEMBER OF TROOP "A."

"On Board Transport 'Massachusetts.'

"This is Monday, and we expect to be in sight of Puerto Rico this afternoon, and our journey is almost over. You have really no idea of what a transport is, and especially one that is over-crowded. It is really a hell on earth—or rather on water! Thank Heaven, the weather has been fine, and I have slept on deck every night, not even going below when it rained. I never felt better in my life, and have come to the conclusion that I can stand anything. As I have not been at all seasick, I volunteered for the stable police, who have to clean up below decks where the horses are. If you could put all the terrible smells in the world together, you would get some idea of what it is. We can only stand it for about a half an hour at a time, and then have to take a spell on deck to recover. If we had a storm I am afraid it would go hard with some of the lads, as a good many are pretty seasick now. The food is fierce, and we only have condensed steam to drink, which is almost hot; but still I seem to thrive upon it. Every morning we get up at five, and form a line in our birthday-suits and have a great hose played on us. Then we have breakfast, and after that comes target practice at boxes over the stern. I am so sunburnt that you would not know me, and, as I said before, feel out of sight. The hardest time we ever had was the day before we started; the loading up was simply awful, and I was so tired that I just lay down on a bale of hay and went to sleep. The horses have stood the trip very well, and I don't think we will lose a single one."

"Ponce, *August 4, 1898.*

"We got in sight of land day before yesterday morning at about 7 A.M., and at three o'clock in the afternoon came in sight of the harbor of Ponce. It was a wonderful sight, for the town had only surrendered two days before, and the harbor was full of war-vessels and transports. Well, we were sailing proudly along, when, just at the entrance of the harbor, we ran aground on a reef, and stuck there in spite of every effort to get us off. We staid there until yesterday afternoon, almost dead from the heat, and not a drop of water to drink, when they took us over to the *Prairie*, where we spent the night. I tell you that transport was as near hell as any place could be, and I will never forget it. We were on fire three times in two days, and only had hardtack and rotten coffee to eat and a little dirty water to drink. I cannot imagine what it would have been if there had been a storm. We had beautiful weather, and most of us slept on deck every night. We came ashore this morning, and we got the first square meal in a week. This is the quaintest little place I ever saw, and the natives are very friendly to the Americans. We changed some of our money to-day, and got two dollars in Spanish money for one American dollar. There are thousands of troops here, and they say the Spaniards cannot run away fast enough. The weather here is much cooler than I have felt in New York lots of times, and I am feeling very well. Our horses are coming ashore this afternoon. We are camped right in front of a little church that is 150 years old."

## FROM: A VISION OF RECONCILEMENT.

BY EDWARD McQUEEN GRAY.

Men of the Anglo-Saxon Race:

Across a thousand leagues of sea
Ye may not parley face to face,
But yet your generous hearts are free
To interchange a generous thought;
Or else in vain your splendid seers
Have to their listening brethren sought
To teach the lesson of the years.

This is the hour of human stress;
Surging against the clanging door
Of doom bewildered millions press
Together on a dwindling floor
Where still the elemental war
Is waged between the Day and Night;
The powers that aid, the powers that bar
Their struggling fellows from the light.
Oppugnant forces on the earth
Have set humanity at stake;
Here Liberty is choked at birth;
There Freedom bids the soul awake.

All are involved, for none may shun
That issue, and mankind can mark
How some are turning to the sun
And some are huddling in the dark.
And some are trampling others down
And some are hurling others back;
Here a new nation wins renown;
There drifts a dynasty to wrack.
And closer, as the narrowing space
Drives each upon the other, grows
The grip of wrestling race with race,
The grapple of instinctive foes.

What course to take? What cause espouse?
Self-interest or common weal?
Madman or saint alone avows
What steadier intellects but feel.

Yet, by the things that make you great:
The wrath that stirs you at the cry
Of freemen overborne: your hate
Of wrong: your scorn of treachery:
Ye stand engaged at Tyranny
To strike; earth's fallen to uplift;
Are ye not heirs of Liberty
And stewards of her priceless gift?
'Tis not for nothing in your veins
The ichor of the Viking runs
That bids you firmly grasp the reins
Of rule, bequeathing to your sons
A birthright of supremacy
By deep deserving strongly stayed;
No germ of fatuous ecstasy.
But on the prime foundation laid.
Ye are the vanguard of the bright
Battalions of progressive Time;
March onward, upward to the light;
Fulfil your destiny sublime
To be the marshallers of Peace
And Progress in their blest career;
From Ignorance to wrest release;
To vanquish Enmity and Fear.

Mine eyes may not behold it, but
Some day shall rise a nobly planned
Valhalla where with Farragut
Shall Collingwood and Nelson stand.
The stars and stripes and crosses flaunt
Their mingled blazons through the dome
Where Wellington shall welcome Grant,
Sherman and Wolfe shall find a home.
There, Freedom's sleepless warder, shall
His wings a mighty Eagle spread
Above that fane; within that hall
A Lion guards the sacred dead.
And highest in that House of Fame
Shall stand Virginia's deathless son;
And England write her noblest name
After the name of Washington.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Wednesday, August 10.*—The first American soldier who has been killed by the enemy in Puerto Rico fell in an engagement near Hormigueros to-day. General Schwan's command, proceeding along the Mayaguez road, was opposed by a force of about 1200 Spaniards. The enemy was driven back with heavy loss, and our advance continued. Our loss, one killed and sixteen wounded.

*Friday, August 12.*—M. Cambon received authority to sign the protocol on behalf of Spain, at one o'clock this afternoon. At 4.23 his signature and that of Secretary Day were affixed in the Cabinet Room of the White House. The provisions of the document are these: (1.) Spain will relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba. (2.) Puerto Rico and other Spanish islands in the West Indies, and an island in the Ladrones to be selected by the United States, shall be ceded to the latter. (3.) The

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United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines. (4.) Cuba, Puerto Rico, and other Spanish islands in the West Indies shall be immediately evacuated, and commissioners, to be appointed within ten days, shall, within thirty days from the signing of the protocol, meet at Havana and San Juan, respectively, to arrange and execute the details of the evacuation. (5.) The United States and Spain will each appoint not more than five commissioners to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace. The commissioners are to meet at Paris not later than the 1st of October. (6.) On the signing of the protocol, hostilities will be suspended, and notice to that effect will be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces.

A proclamation by President McKinley was issued, which stated that the governments of the United States and Spain had formally agreed upon the terms on which negotiations for the establishment of peace between the two countries should be undertaken, and added: "Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do, in accordance with the stipulations of the protocol, declare and proclaim on the part of the United States a suspension of hostilities, and do hereby command that orders be immediately given through the proper channels, to the commanders of the military and naval forces of the United States, to abstain from all acts inconsistent with this proclamation." Orders for carrying this direction into effect issued from Washington.

A bombardment of Manzanillo by the *Newark*, *Suwanee*, *Osceola*, *Hist*, and *Alvarado*, which began this afternoon about an hour before the protocol was signed, was reported to-night, and efforts were made to send news to that point in regard to the cessation of hostilities.

At Havana a few shells were fired by the batteries early this morning. One shell struck the *San Francisco*.

In Puerto Rico, General Wilson has sent artillery to dislodge a Spanish force near Aibonito. An inconclusive skirmish took place, in which one of our men was killed and several wounded. There was also skirmishing along General Wilson's line on the military road to San Juan.

*Saturday, August 13.*—Madrid sends word that "a feeling of profound relief pervades all classes," and "there is not a political man in Spain strong enough to dare suggest a continuation of war." While some of the Spanish newspapers express sorrow and bitter resentment in view of the terms of the protocol, this dissent is no more than might have been anticipated; indeed, it is less, both in volume and in violence, than was generally expected.

Captain Goodrich of the *Newark* was notified early this morning of the suspension of hostilities. In the bombardment at Manzanillo, thus brought to an end, it is reported that six persons in the town were killed and seventeen wounded, and sixty-five houses were destroyed.

Near Guayama, Puerto Rico, the news of peace stopped a battle, not a moment too soon. A despatch says that General Brooke had thrown out three strong columns to the left of Guayama, his plan being to force his way to a junction with General Wilson at Cayey. "Three miles out beyond the scene of Monday's fight the enemy was discovered, intrenched in a splendid defensive position on the top of a hill. Light-battery B of Pennsylvania had been ordered into position to begin the engagement. The guns of the first section had been brought up and a gun had been unlimbered; a shell had been placed in the chamber; a Pennsylvanian stood ready to fire.

"Suddenly there was a loud shout from the rear. Two men on horseback dashed into view, frantically waving their arms. The men at the guns waited." A message from General Miles had been received by General Brooke, directing that all hostile military operations should be stopped. "The Pennsylvanians, officers and men, howled with disgust, and [when ordered to return to camp] sullenly wheeled the guns about and went, grumbling, to the rear."

The defences of Manila were bombarded by our fleet while the trenches were stormed by our soldiers. News of the armistice had not been received. Captain-General Augustin, carried in a launch to the German cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta*, took passage on that vessel to Hong-kong. Admiral Dewey's despatch of this date says:

"Manila surrendered to-day to the American land and naval forces after a combined attack. A division of the squadron shelled the forts and intrenchments at Malate, on the south side of the city, driving back the enemy, our army advancing from that side at the same time. The city surrendered about five o'clock, the American flag being hoisted by Lieutenant Brumby. About 7000 prisoners were taken. The squadron had no casualties; no vessels were injured. On August 7 General Merritt and I formally demanded the surrender of the city, which the Spanish Governor-General refused."

*Sunday, August 14.*—Four transports from Santiago reached Montauk Point, Long Island. The *Miami* had on board Colonel Roosevelt with six troops of Rough Riders, and General Joseph Wheeler with four troops of the Third Cavalry.

*Tuesday, August 16.*—The members of the commissions to adjust details of the evacuation of Cuba and Puerto Rico by the Spanish troops were appointed by President McKinley. Their names follow: For Cuba—Major-General James F. Wade, Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, Major-General Matthew C. Butler. For Puerto Rico—Major-General John R. Brooke, Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, Brigadier-General William Washington Gordon.

Ambassador Hay, at London, accepted the office of Secretary of State, to replace Secretary Day, who will serve on the Peace Commission.

*Wednesday, August 17.*—A despatch to the London *Times* from Manila adds details of especial interest to the story of the surrender of that city last Saturday. "When the bombardment had lasted an hour," the correspondent says, "the ships were ordered to stop firing. A fierce fight was proceeding in the trenches; the Spaniards were driven back to their second line of defence, and fifteen minutes later they retreated into the walled city, where resistance was hopeless." Soon afterwards a white flag was raised, and then "the Belgian consul boarded the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey's flag-ship, and returned with an American lieutenant [Brumby] to the Spanish military governor, who agreed to surrender. General Merritt went to the palace at 3.30, where the Spaniards formed in line and laid down their arms."

Apparently an hour or more was consumed in these ceremonies, for Dewey's despatch says that the surrender took place about five o'clock.

"The American loss," this correspondent continues, "was from six to eight killed and forty wounded. The Spanish losses are unknown, but are considerable. The trenches were filled with badly wounded men. Manila is now under martial law, and General Merritt is military governor. The Red Cross Society from California is rendering valuable aid to the sick and wounded."

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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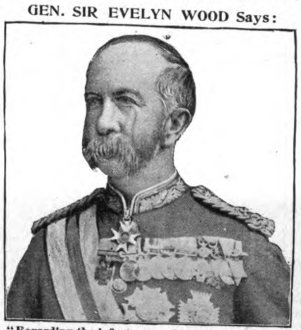
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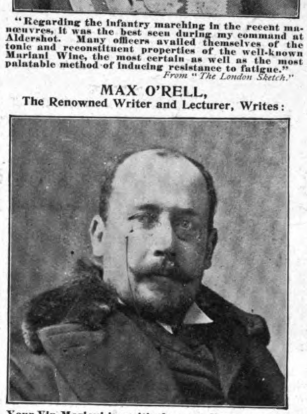
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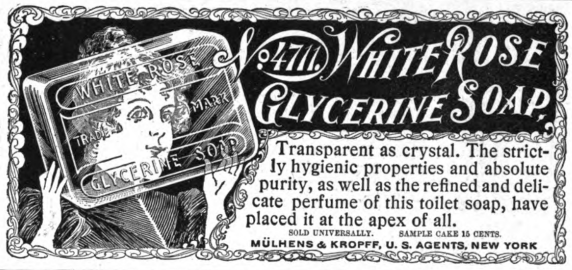
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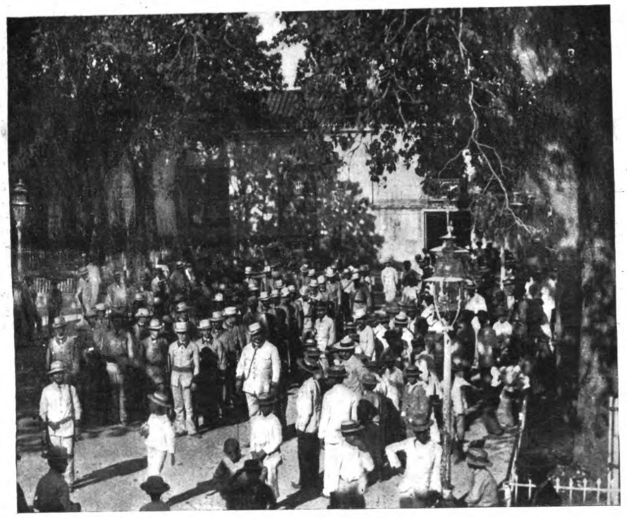
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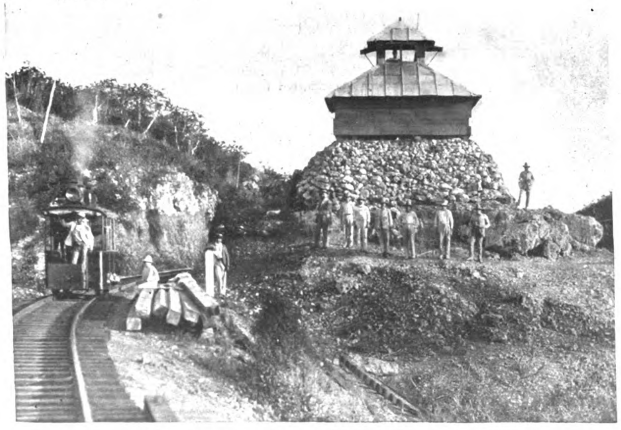
RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE CASA MUNICIPAL.



PLAZA DE ARMAS.



GENERAL VARA DEL REY, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF CANEY.



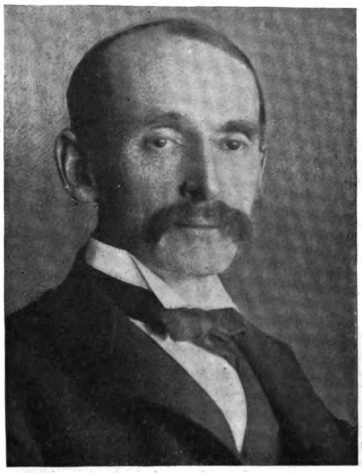
BLOCK-HOUSE PROTECTING SAN LUIS RAILWAY.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LINARES, SPANISH COMMANDER IN EASTERN CUBA.

SANTIAGO.

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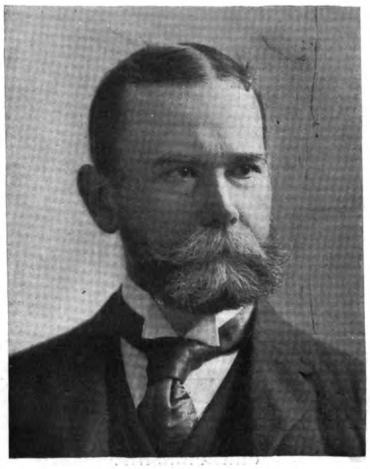
HON. WILLIAM R. DAY.

## JUDGE DAY.

WILLIAM R. DAY, who is about to resign his position as Secretary of State to accept the chairmanship of the Peace Commission that is to determine the terms on which the United States shall resume relations with Spain, was born at Ravenna, Ohio, April 17, 1849, and is the son of Judge Luther Day, of the Supreme Court of Ohio. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin with the class of '70, and was admitted to the bar of his State in July, 1872. He established himself in Canton, where fourteen years later he was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the Ninth Judicial District; but as he had not sought the office and was averse to the routine of the bench, he resumed practice the following year. Under the administration of President Harrison, Judge Day was nominated to be United States District Judge for the Northern District of Ohio, but he declined the honor, because of his health. Living for so many years in Canton, and having so many interests in common with Mr. McKinley, it is natural that Judge Day should have become an intimate friend of the President, who soon learned to appreciate the sound character of his townsman, and presently to place great confidence in his judgment and opinions. While never active in politics himself, Judge Day was always of great service to Mr. McKinley, especially during the period of the latter's Governorship of Ohio and at the time of the last Presidential campaign. There is no doubt, therefore, that Judge Day might have had almost any appointment within the gift of the administration, had he chosen to express such a desire, and it is very probable that several posts of trust and honor were offered to him after Mr. McKinley's election; but he declined all; until, at the very trying period some months previous to the declaration of war, he consented to accept the Assistant-Secretaryship of State—a position which at that time required a man of cool judgment and courage. Here Judge Day displayed so much energy and ability that, upon the resignation of Secretary Sherman, he was promoted to be chief of the department of which for some months he had in fact been the actual head. As Secretary of State, Judge Day, although unversed in diplomacy and untrained in the ways of international intercourse, but sound in his judgments and principles and learned in law, so conducted the affairs of the nation at one of the most critical stages of our recent history that he earned the respect and confidence even of those who had doubted the capacity of the man they termed a country lawyer.

## THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE.

JOHN HAY, Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who has just been appointed by the President to succeed Judge Day as Secretary of State, was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838. He graduated from Brown University in 1858, and was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1861. Immediately afterwards he embarked upon the career which has eminently fitted him for the post he is about to assume. He was first appointed assistant secretary to President Lincoln, and in the civil war, which soon followed, he attained the rank of Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General. His diplomatic career began in 1865, when he was sent to Paris as Secretary of Legation. In 1868 he became *Chargé d'Affaires* at Vienna, and in 1869 Mr. Hay was made Secretary of Legation at Madrid. As a result of his observations while living in Spain, he wrote a book, entitled *Castilian Days*. In 1870 Mr. Hay became one of the editors of the New York *Tribune*, a position which he occupied almost continuously until 1879, when he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State. Upon his election to the Presidency, Mr. McKinley sent Mr. Hay to London as Ambassador of the United States, and during his brief sojourn in England Mr. Hay has strengthened the ties which are gradually binding the two great Anglo-Saxon nations into a closer and firmer friendship.



HON. JOHN HAY.

## THE MILITARY COMMISSIONERS.

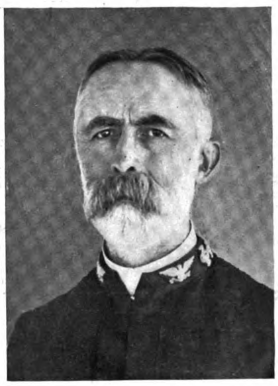
THE President has nominated the following commissioners to serve on the military boards that are to arrange the terms for the evacuation of Cuba and Puerto Rico:

For Cuba—Major-General James F. Wade, Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, and Major-General M. C. Butler.

For Puerto Rico—Major-General John R. Brooke, Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley, and Brigadier-General W. W. Gordon.

General Wade is a native of Ohio, and was born in 1843. At the age of eighteen he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Sixth United States Cavalry, from which he rose to be Captain, and subsequently Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tenth Cavalry, and in 1887 Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry. Upon the outbreak of hostilities, General Wade took command of the camp at Tampa.

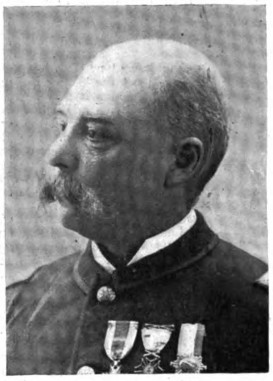
General Butler was born near Greenville, South Carolina, in 1836. He studied law, and at the outbreak of the civil war joined the Confederate army as a Captain of cavalry. He rose rapidly, and at the close of the contest had attained the rank of Major-General, to which rank he was reappointed by the President at the beginning of the war with Spain. Previous to this resumption of a military career General Butler had been prominent in politics, and represented his State in the United States Senate.



REAR-ADMIRAL WM. T. SAMPSON, U.S.N.



MAJOR-GENERAL MATTHEW C. BUTLER, U.S.V.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, U.S.V.

COMMISSIONERS FOR CUBA.



REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD S. SCHLEY, U.S.N.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U.S.A.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WM. W. GORDON, U.S.V.

COMMISSIONERS FOR PUERTO RICO.

Admiral Sampson's recent record is so well known that it is unnecessary to go into the details of his life beyond stating that he was born at Palmyra, New York, in 1840, and graduated from the Naval Academy in 1860.

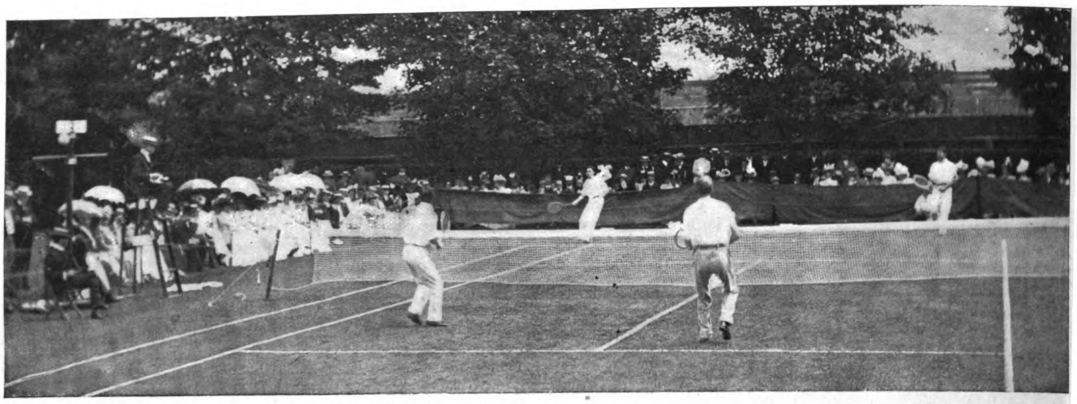
General Brooke was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in 1838, and began his military career as Captain in the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment in 1861. In 1888 he was made Brigadier-General in the United States army, and assigned to the command of the Department of the Platte. At the outbreak of the war with Spain, General Brooke was placed in command of Camp Thomas, Georgia, and he is now in Puerto Rico.

General Gordon was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1834. He graduated from Yale with the class of '54, and entered the Confederate service in 1861. Subsequently he went into business, and in 1884 was elected to the State Legislature. The President made General Gordon a Brigadier-General of Volunteers soon after hostilities began.

Like Admiral Sampson, Commodore Schley has been too prominently in the public eye of late to require any extensive biographical introduction. He was born in Maryland in 1839, was appointed to the Naval Academy in 1856, and took a prominent part in the naval actions of the civil war. He commanded the Greely relief expedition.

**AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS FOR THE EVACUATION OF CUBA AND PUERTO RICO.**

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THE CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES—EAST *VS.* WEST.

## THE NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

There were but fifty-three entries for the National meeting at Newport this year, as against sixty-two in 1897. But it is rather in the quality than in the length of the entry list that the meeting of 1898 suffers by comparison with the one that preceded it. A year ago both R. D. Wrenn and W. A. Larned were in the field, and the presence of Eaves, Nisbet, and Mahoney gave the event a quasi-international character and assuredly a supreme interest.

The accident of war is distinctly chargeable with the absence of champion Wrenn and of W. A. Larned, his most prominent rival for first honors. Wrenn may well be satisfied to retire with the glory that he has won, but Larned has still to earn the blue ribbon of the tennis world, and a year lost means something when a player is at the very top of his game. On the other hand, Larned's success would have been inconclusive if he had won the title through the champion's default, and nothing but an actual victory over Wrenn could set the fitting seal upon his tennis career. In this connection it may be noted that a third invasion of British players might have been an accomplished fact but for the war, and the consequent withdrawal of our two leading men. The Englishmen had the sportsmanlike feeling that they wanted to win only over the best tennis that America could show, and it can hardly be doubted that either Nisbet or Dr. Eaves could have walked off with the nominal title had they chosen to take advantage of this off year.

East *versus* West in the double event was a misnomer, for both Ward and Davis and Whitman and Wrenn were really Eastern teams. The Western players were supposed to make their sectional selection at the Kenwood tournament held at Chicago the third week in July, while the Eastern couples fought it out at Longwood a week later. No player could enter both tournaments, but there was nothing to prevent an Eastern team from choosing to compete at Chicago rather than at Longwood, and this is what actually happened. Ward and Davis, a team of Harvard Juniors, entered at Kenwood and beat out Bond and Collins for the right to meet the Longwood winners in East *versus* West at Newport. Now if it is really intended that this event should have a genuine sectional flavor, it is surely absurd that the spirit of the law should be so glaringly violated. Ward and Davis should not have been permitted to enter at Kenwood. They should have competed at Longwood or not at all. The so-called sectional and State championships are expressly devised for the purpose of bringing out young and local talent, and this purpose is quickly defeated if players from all over the country are allowed to compete. It is a reduction to absurdity when we see that Paret of New York is an ex-champion of Maine, while Ward and Davis of Harvard are the titular Western team.



M. D. WHITMAN.

Whitman and Wrenn made a surprisingly poor showing before their younger rivals, and Ward and Davis met Ware and Sheldon, the title-holders, on Wednesday. It was a most exciting contest, and three times the challengers were within one stroke of the set and match. It was only Ware's magnificent "getting" that finally enabled the champions to pull out. Sheldon has played but little this season, and the pair had only appeared together in two of the season's tournaments. On both occasions they were beaten, and Ward and Davis won from them in straight sets at Magnolia a week ago.

The single matches were interrupted by the rain on Friday, and up to the time of going to press the final result was in doubt. Whitman has ranked as favorite all through the tournament, and on his true form should win.

The weeding-out process was uninteresting, although the matches in which Richard Stevens was drawn all showed good tennis. The veteran's fierce ground strokes are as effective as ever, and it was a genuine surprise when he finally went down before the clever net-play of Dwight Davis. Bond, the Western player, also did well, and is fancied to meet the winner of the Whitman-Ware match in the finals.

It is extraordinary how Harvard University continues to figure in the annual distribution of tennis honors. It has been so from the days of R. D. Sears down to the triple championship of Bob Wrenn, and the crimson was certainly well represented in this year's event. The three teams that competed for the double championship were all composed of Harvard men, and of the four players in the semi-finals three were from the university at Cambridge.

W. G. VAN T. S.



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"Where's my dinner? The Americanos never kept me waiting."



"What! only soup? I am used to five courses. This is only a starter."



"I'll go to market myself. My wife don't buy enough to feed a cat."



"Ah! This is the first square meal since I've been home. It puts me in mind of that land of plenty and humanity, Uncle Sam."



"Ha! There's Americanos ship. I'll get a passage for Inez and me. Inez will starve here, poor thing."



Makes up a party of two other ex-captives, and with Inez goes back to America. "Vivan los Americanos!"

HOW UNCLE SAM'S TREATMENT OF THE CAPTIVE SPANISH SAILORS AFFECTED THEM ON THEIR RETURN TO SPAIN.

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*July 1, 1898.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.) | $24,103,986.67 |
| Total Liabilities, | 19,859,291.43 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $4,244,695.24 |
| Paid to Policy-holders since 1864, | $35,660,940.19 |
| Paid to Policy-holders January–July, '98, | 1,300,493.68 |
| Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life), | 1,161,705.00 |
| Life Insurance in Force, | 94,646,669.00 |

GAINS.

*6 Months—January to July, 1898.*

| | |
|---|---|
| In Assets, | $1,234,992.51 |
| In Surplus (to Policy-holders), | 522,060.12 |
| In Insurance in Force (Life Department only), | 2,764,459.00 |
| Increase in Reserves, | 705,642.18 |
| Premiums Received, 6 Months, | 2,937,492.77 |

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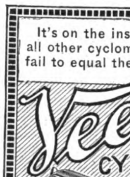
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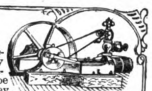
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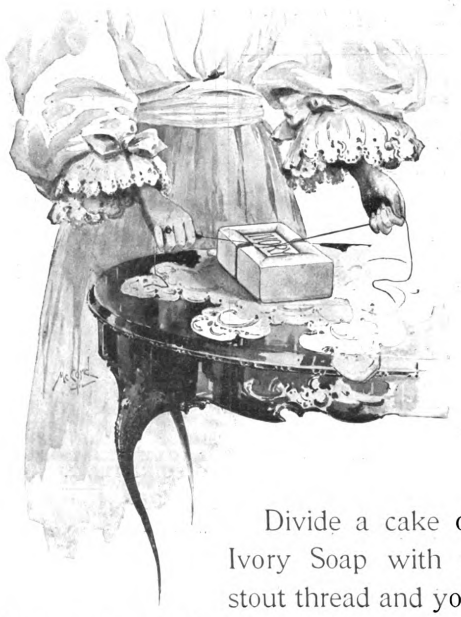
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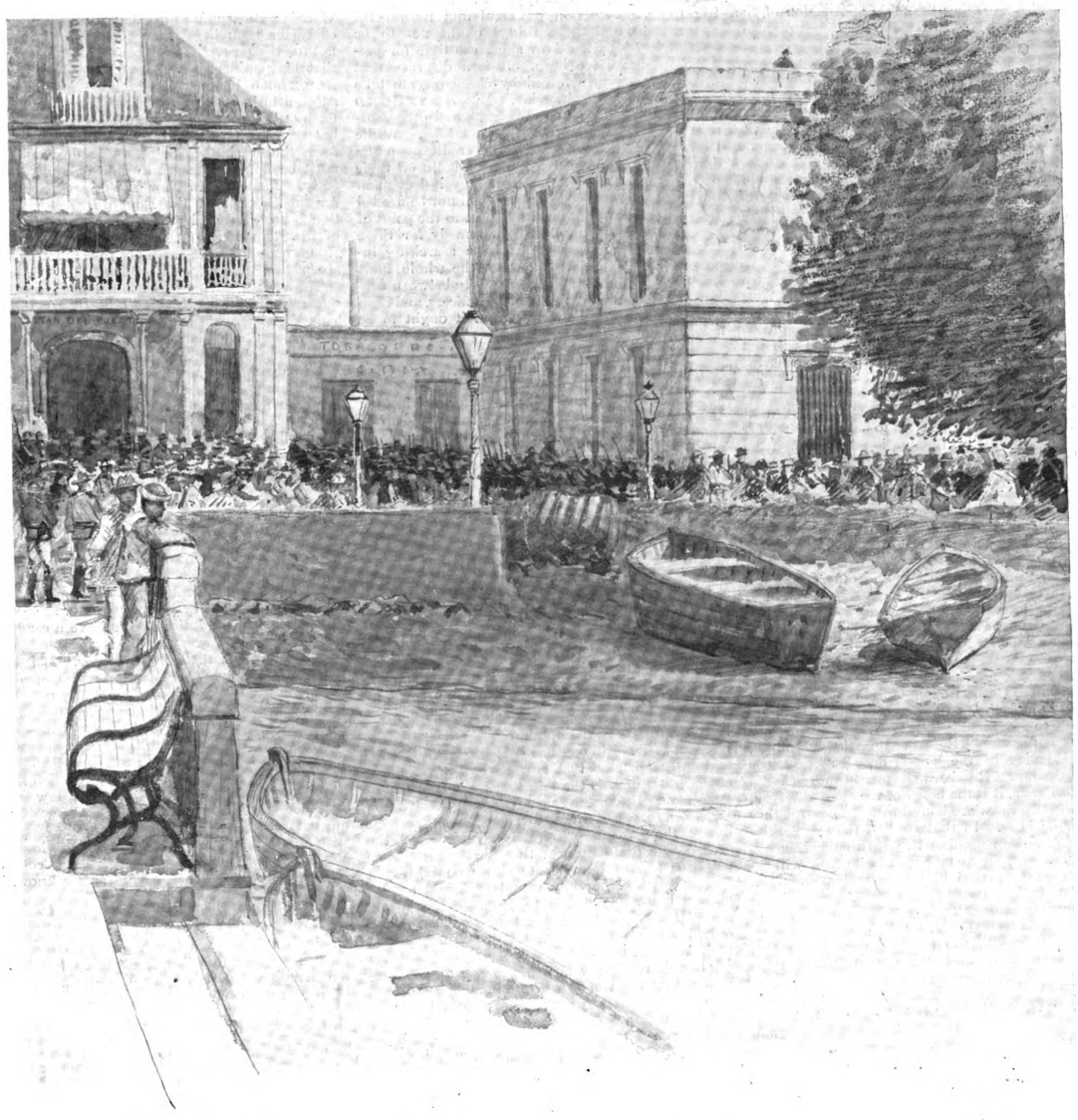
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# THE WELCOME TO THE BATTLE-SHIPS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2176. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.
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THE OCCUPATION OF PONCE.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MILES'S FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 863.]

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square


*The Amateur Sport Department will be resumed before the end of the year, probably on the return of* Mr. CASPAR WHITNEY *from the Hawaiian Islands, where he has gone on a mission for* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *In the mean time he is preparing his promised papers on the present condition of Sport in France, Germany, and England, and also a series of articles, entitled "The Jungle-Hunter," in which he will give the results of his shooting-trips in Siam, Malaya, and Sumatra.*

THE descriptions that have come to us of the ceremonies attending the taking possession of the Hawaiian Islands by this country are not pleasant reading. There was a silent, almost solemn protest on the part of the natives against the change, which shows that we are ruling there over a hostile people, who look upon us not only as interlopers, but as plunderers of their land. The best that we can hope for is that time and the character of the government we establish there will reconcile the natives to our rule.

WE are already beginning to get a glimpse of the questions that may arise by reason of our new possessions in the West Indies. Canada wants to know whether she can ship fish to Puerto Rico and Cuba free, and has suggested a trade with us of the inshore fishery rights in Canada in return for free fish in the Antilles. We have not yet heard from Gloucester on this subject, and when we do we will learn that there are still some trade questions, owing to our tariff law, which will not help along our growing friendship with Great Britain.

IT is very good news for the whole State that Mr. ROOSEVELT has consented to be a candidate for Governor, even if his nomination shall come from the hands of PLATT. What Mr. QUIGG said to him, and what he said to Mr. QUIGG in reply, when the latter made his pilgrimage to Oyster Bay to see the Colonel of the Rough Riders, we do not know, of course, but we are perfectly sure that Mr. ROOSEVELT did not in any way compromise himself with QUIGG or with PLATT. He is a Republican and a politician, and he is also a gentleman and a man of honor; and if he should be elected Governor, we are quite sure that no independent or Democrat who may vote for him will be disappointed by finding him a truckler to the boss or to his machine.

WHETHER or not England and Russia are to come to blows over China it is difficult to say. It seems now as though the two nations are doomed, sooner or later, to an armed conflict. Whether the cause of the coming war be Russian aggressions in China, or the policy of the "open door" against the closed door, or a Russian movement towards India or into Persia, it is the belief of the close observers that the two races are bound to fight one another sooner or later. In that conflict the sympathies of the American people will be with the Englishmen; but whether we take part in it or not will depend upon our material interests, and our material interests will be largely determined by our holdings in the Pacific. To-day, Russian possession of China would be better for us than Chinese possession, and while British possession would be still better for us, the gain would not be so great as to warrant our participation in a war.

UNDOUBTEDLY it is only necessary to call the attention of the good people of this country to General YOUNG'S plea for the regulars at Montauk Point to remedy the wrong of which he complains. It is natural that the people at home should think first of the volunteers, who have so recently left them. They are their friends, their relatives, and their neighbors. It is natural that the first delicacies should go to the sick volunteers at Montauk, but it will be disgraceful if the regulars there continue to be neglected. We are sure that this neglect will not continue, now that the attention of the charitable and patriotic is called to the fact that the sick and wounded men who did most of the fighting, who won our victory for us, and upon whom we must depend in every war, are actually suffering for lack of ordinary comforts and delicacies. That these men, who are suffering in silence and in obedience, should still be living on hard-tack and bacon, some of that being mouldy, is the fault of the government; but if the government thus neglects its brave citizens we are sure that the people will not, and that those who have carried food and comforts to the volunteers will see to it that the regulars no longer lack.

WE sincerely trust that the President and Mr. ALGER will succeed in finding out who is responsible for the conditions prevailing at Montauk Point. Judging from newspaper reports, they are not only disgraceful, but criminal. Sick soldiers are brought to Camp Wikoff only to find a lack of hospital accommodations, and insufficient and incompetent surgeons. Not only that, but sometimes the sick go for many hours, sometimes for more than a day, without necessary nourishment. Sick and dying men, it is said, are lying upon the floor for lack of cots. The milk which is necessary for their sustenance sours because there are no refrigerators. The water at Camp Wikoff is insufficient in quantity and bad in quality, and the consequence is that typhoid fever is progressing there. This is a powerful and resourceful government, and these things ought not to be true of it, no matter how short the time for preparation may have been. It is a disgrace that private citizens are forced by sheer pity to take care of the government's sick. Miss HELEN GOULD has generously contributed $25,000, and other persons have given according to their means. While these contributions reflect great credit upon the donors, and indicate the sincerity both of their patriotism and their humanity, they reflect upon the government, because they would not be needed were the government not inefficient to the point of cruelty. There must first be a remedy for these things, and then there must be a searching inquiry. We do not believe that the whole fault lies with the doctors; but somewhere between doctors, quartermasters, commanding officers, and Congress rests the responsibility, and it ought to be determined.

## OUR GOVERNMENT AND COLONIES.

THERE are few and not altogether satisfactory signs that the politicians realize that our changed conditions have created new duties and responsibilities for the government. It has, indeed, dawned upon some minds among them that the campaign at Santiago betrayed a sickening degree of incapacity in the staff corps of the army; that while the fighting arm of the service has won renown, the campaign beyond that has brought us little credit. It has occurred to some, too, that we shall now need a much larger army and a much larger navy than we have hitherto possessed; that we must have means for defending our distant possessions, and to keep in order our subject peoples, who do not yet take kindly to our rule. Beyond these crude and obvious suggestions the minds of our politicians do not travel.

We have already under our control Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii. We may eventually take the Philippines. It is not certain that we shall, but it is likely, unless public opinion becomes wiser than it seems to be. No one has yet given a reason for taking these islands that is worthy of the slightest consideration. All the talk that we have heard of our duty to the distant savages who inhabit them and to the world at large is vaporing. The facts remain that, commercially, they are not worth the cost of their maintenance; that for the little trade which a few of our private citizens might gain there, the whole country would be forced to pay annual taxes amounting to from $20,000,000 to more than $100,000,000; that they will not be colonized by white men; that they cannot be exploited except by the forced labor of subject races—and this is mainly true of all our new possessions; that most of the islands and most of the millions of savages of the Philippines know no rule but their own, being only theoretically under the rule of Spain; and that we shall be at the same time at war with them for many years, and responsible for every act of violence which any of them may commit against friendly foreigners. The idea of annexing the Philippines is folly bordering upon madness, and we trust that delay will be accompanied by thoughtfulness, for thoughtfulness, we are sure, will prevent the consummation of a folly which, besides the other evils it will bring upon us, will make us a probable participant in the barbarous war threatened in Asia for the alleged expansion of civilization—meaning what all the colonization of our day means, the expansion of trade and commerce, an expansion which, it is true, does often mean the spreading abroad of civilization and order, justice and religion, but which has only been directly wholesome when not forced upon unwilling peoples by bloody wars.

The Philippines aside, the country has assumed new duties and responsibilities which will severely tax our system of government, and our politicians are showing no adequate conception of the magnitude or character of the momentous change. It is easily and airily said that we Americans will rise to the occasion, and will be found adequate to the new tasks which we have assumed. But it is forgotten that "we Americans" do not control our government, and we have shown little sign of any intention to take the first step toward rising to our responsibilities. Only in New York can the war be said to have affected politics, and here it is likely that a popular hero, who happens also to be an honest politician, will be forced upon the Republican machine as a candidate for Governor. But it is not because of any of the statesmanlike qualities which he possesses that THEODORE ROOSEVELT is likely to be made Governor; it is because he is a picturesque and brave figure at the head of a picturesque and brave regiment, made up of kindred spirits from all ranks, conditions, and races of our country's society. Let us not be misunderstood, Mr. ROOSEVELT is a statesman of great intelligence and high character, though of some eccentricities; but it is not for the possession of these admirable qualities that his popularity is sweeping both PLATT and BLACK out of his way! And if this government is to succeed in its new tasks, men must be chosen to office not because they happen to be popular heroes, but because they are capable and willing to perform the work that ought to be done, and that must be done, if we are to rule colonies successfully. But even in New York, in this rising of for the Colonel of the Rough Riders, no intention is betrayed of depriving PLATT of the control of the Republican machine; the purpose of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S friends is simply to compel PLATT to accept their candidate as his own.

The very first step to be taken in rising to our new responsibilities is to rid ourselves of the boss. This democracy is to become responsible to the world for the management of distant lands that touch some of the sorest spots in European frontiers. While we may permit the boss to stand between us and our government so long as we manage only our own affairs, we ought not to permit him to exercise our power when we must accept the responsibility for all that he does in our colonies and in our relations with foreign governments. When we see the beginnings of a general revolt against this irresponsible and uncrowned king, we shall believe that the day has come when the people are beginning to rise to their responsibilities.

It is, however, the government and not the people who must carry on the work and perform the task. And what signs have been given by the men who make up the essential part of the government—Congress—that they are prepared or are preparing for their new duties? We have a crude and dangerous monetary system. Its discussion has been suspended, but the evil remains. It is likely to trouble us in our new relations with commercial powers. It is likely to come up at any time when large numbers of the people feel the stress of hard times, and then our colonial system will complicate and enhance our difficulties. Is any politician, with power, talking of the necessity of an immediate definite settlement of this question? We have a barbarous and foolish tariff law which does not yield sufficient revenue, and which, with our colonies, already threatens our new friendship with Great Britain. No politician has noticed this. We have no system for administering colonies. No member of Congress, so far as we know, has suggested the necessity of establishing a permanent colonial service. The reason is, undoubtedly, that most of them hope that colonies will increase the number of places into which they can inject their heelers and strikers. Even in the case of the army and navy, nothing has been suggested looking to the adoption of the fundamental and essential reforms. The curse of the army is Congressional control. The navy is far from being free from this evil, but it suffers much less from it than the army; and its efficiency is greater than that of its kindred service in proportion as political interference with it is less. We have seen no suggestion looking to the establishment of the army on a purely military basis, to the surrender by civilian politicians of the power which they have exercised to the detriment of the service, and even to the killing of brave soldiers. On the contrary, in the midst of war, when patriotism called upon these politicians to surrender powers for the exercise of which they are unfit, and to legislate for the good of both army and navy, Congress refused, and neglected to perform its obvious duty.

In the face of contemporary political conditions none but hopeful and thoughtless babblers can content themselves with saying that we Americans

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rise to our responsibilities and perform our new tasks to the satisfaction of the world. We do not perform our present tasks; and while the failure of the government to act has not been an unmixed evil, since inaction has helped to leave the individual unhampered, this cannot be true when we find ourselves the governors of other peoples. Then we must have a government that will act firmly, promptly, and certainly. We must have an executive independent in all its branches of Congressional meddling. We must have not only a sufficient army and navy, but an army and navy under the command of soldiers and sailors. When the country begins to recognize the extent of its task, and the character of the changes that must take place; when it learns that another breed of men than those who now compose Congress must be sent to Washington, and that the executive power must advance while the legislative power retires—then we may expect to find the democracy able to govern colonies. That the day will come at some time in the future we sincerely believe, but it is not here, nor is it near; and it is the duty of men who know and who write to prepare the country for its work, not to flatter it into the belief that, with its present politics and politicians, it is already so well prepared for it that it may safely assume the government of all the colonies offered to it.

## "THE NEW CHIVALRY."

THAT is a very happy expression in which Mr. LABOUCHERE characterizes and praises the conduct of the war on the part of the United States. He explains what he means by "the new chivalry" as "manly, honest, generous, and chivalrous conduct." But "chivalry" is an element incapable of further reduction. What is "new" in American chivalry is its combination with the most practical and businesslike habits of mind. These seem to cursory observers to exclude it, and when it is found in connection with them and is not based upon illusion at all, the surprise of such observers leads them to call it "new."

To be terrible in war and generous after victory is not a modern ideal. It long antedates the age of chivalry. It was the motto of the Roman people, as expressed in one of the most famous lines of their greatest poet,

Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

But it is gratifying to find that Europe recognizes it in the most energetically industrial of modern nations. Most gratifying of all is it to have it recognized by those whom we have beaten and then spared. Such a recognition has come to us in a fuller measure than it ever came from vanquished to victors before in the history of the world. The published letter in which Admiral CERVERA has given formal expression to what he had often expressed in conversation, in which he bears testimony to the "royal" treatment which he and his officers and men have received from their captors, and says that he can take home "nothing but the kindest remembrances of such a people," is a trophy, so to say, worth preserving in the national archives. Another prisoner, a commander in the Spanish navy, supplements his admiral's statement with one upon his own account, saying that the victorious country has never in any way made him and his companions "feel as conquered prisoners. Although our enemy in war," he says, "in personal relations the American people do not know what hate is." More extraordinary and less precedented still is the message sent through General SHAFTER "to the American army," in which "PEDRO LOPEZ DE CASTILLO, private of infantry," on behalf of "11,000 Spanish soldiers," thanks the conquerors for their humanity and courtesy, and wishes them "all happiness and health in this land which will no longer belong to our dear Spain."

These are tributes such as no nation has ever received before from an enemy at the first bitterness of defeat. They do us great honor. But we ought not to forget that they are "equally honorable to both parties." We do not doubt that American naval officers in the position of the Spanish naval officers would rise to the same magnanimity, and not permit the sting of defeat to prevent them from bearing testimony to the magnanimity of the conquerors. They might do as well; they could not do better. But how many American privates of infantry would make it a point of self-respect to bear public testimony to the virtue of their conquerors? "We would not be fulfilling our duty as well-born men, in whose breasts there live gratitude and courtesy," begins Private PEDRO LOPEZ DE CASTILLO, "should we embark for our beloved Spain without sending to you our most cordial and sincere good wishes and farewell." Decidedly CERVANTES did not "smile Spain's chivalry away," as BYRON untruly declared. It may not be "new," but there is still real substance in it.

But the Jingoes and the blatherskites have no part in the achievements which have raised the American name. The American magnanimity which is acclaimed by Spanish magnanimity is not theirs. While the prostrate victim is applauding his conqueror, they are maturing schemes for ransacking his pockets. The question whether we shall retain the respect of mankind will depend upon the use we make of our victory. If we use it clearly and indisputably in the interest of civilization, keeping the solemn pledge we made at the outset of the war that it was not to be a war of aggrandizement or conquest, we shall not only retain, we shall increase the admiration our conduct of the war has won. If, in violation of our pledges, we use it to loot Spain of her possessions, whether we really want them or not, the admiration of the world will be turned to a just contempt.

## OUR GAINS IN THE WORLD'S COMMERCE.

RECENT returns have proved the immense advance of the export trade of the United States, and these are now supplemented by facts giving an international comparison, extending over a considerable period, and revealing our present position and perspective among the industrial powers of the world. The Swedish government recently issued a series of carefully prepared statistical tables covering the production and commerce of the world during five-year periods, beginning with 1871–5. Mr. CONSTABLE, the British consul at Stockholm, made a thorough examination of these tables, and reported the result to the British government, and a copy of the report has been received by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. It deals chiefly with the production and growth of trade in iron, coal, cotton, and wheat; the comparative expansion of railways; the output of the world's gold and silver mines, and the total commerce of the leading nations. In this great array of figures the showing made by the United States is highly gratifying, and may be justly held to warrant in the near future an increase in the number of great staples in which we now hold the first place in production and commerce.

Taking the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany as the chief pig-iron-producing countries, our progress is shown by the different averages of annual production. For example, in 1871–5 the average annual production of pig-iron in France was 1,265,000 tons, and in 1891–5 this had increased to 2,006,000 tons; Germany's production in 1871–5 was 1,946,000 tons, and in 1891–5 it was 5,082,000; Great Britain had increased from 6,562,000 tons in 1871–5 to 7,361,000 tons in 1891–5; while the annual production of the United States increased from 2,284,000 tons in 1871–5 to 8,263,000 tons in 1891–5, an increase of from 16.1 per cent. to 30.9 per cent. in our proportional share of the world's production. During the same period Great Britain's proportional share decreased from 40.3 to 27.5 per cent. In iron ore the comparison is equally decisive in our favor, Great Britain's production having decreased from 16,087,000 tons in 1871–5 to 12,249,000 tons in 1891–5, while the production of this country increased from 4,532,000 tons in 1871–5 to 14,288,000 tons in 1891–5.

In coal Great Britain is still first, her average annual output exceeding ours by nearly 24,000,000 tons; but here again the rate of increase is in our favor. Great Britain's annual output in 1871–5 was 126,972,000 tons, against 184,819,000 tons in 1891–5, while the output of the United States has increased from 45,283,000 tons in 1871–5 to 160,832,000 tons in 1891–5. Great Britain's annual output in 1871–5 was 47 per cent. of the world's total coal production, but now it is only 34 per cent., while our advance during the same period has been from 17 to nearly 30 per cent. of the world's annual production.

In the production of raw cotton our primacy is so preponderant as not to need any illustration, but in the consumption of this staple we have been running a well-contested race with Great Britain, especially since 1870. In this case the figures go back to 1830–40, since when Great Britain's average annual consumption has increased from 1,590,000 tons to 7,091,000 tons in 1891–4, while during the same period our increase has been from 376,000 to 5,522,000 tons per annum. Since 1870 Great Britain's annual consumption has increased by a fourth, while ours has doubled. We are by far the greatest grower of raw cotton, and stand next to Great Britain as a manufacturer of cotton goods.

A comparison of production in the different wheat-growing countries shows that the United States produce nearly one-fifth, the British colonies more than one-eighth, and Germany less than one-twentieth of the total wheat of the world.

In gold and silver the comparison is made between the United States, Germany, and the British colonies and dependencies. At present the United States produce 22 per cent. of the world's gold and 35 per cent. of its silver; while the United States together with the British colonies and dependencies produce more than one-half the world's annual output of gold, and nearly one-half the world's annual output of silver.

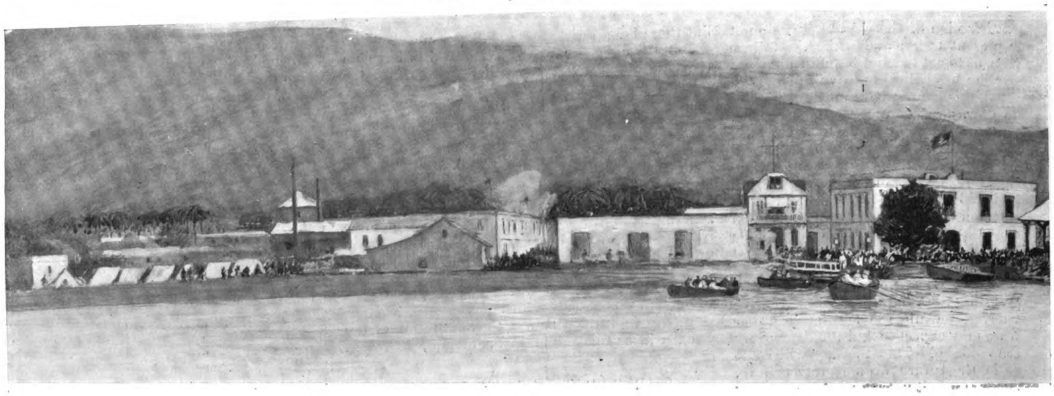
In discussing the growth of railways, the report notes the progress made by Great Britain, Germany, Russia, France, and the United States. Between 1870 and 1895 the length of railway lines in Great Britain and Ireland has increased by 9000 kilometres, in Russia by nearly 24,500 kilometres, in Germany by 27,624 kilometres, and in France by 22,486 kilometres, while in this country the increase is over 207,000 kilometres, which is nearly eight times the increase in Germany, and twenty-three times that in Great Britain and Ireland.

Of the world's commerce, Great Britain and Ireland's annual average increased from £573,888,888 in 1881–5 to £589,166,166 in 1891–5; Germany's commerce increased from an annual average of £306,611,111 to £352,777,777 within the same period; while the increase of the United States was from £302,333,333 to £347,333,333. Consul CONSTABLE has the following comment on these figures: "Thus during this period Great Britain's trade has increased by slightly more than 2½ per cent., that of Germany and the United States each by 15 per cent., while the trade of France has steadily declined. The volume of trade has, it need scarcely be said, increased to a much greater degree than is indicated by these figures, but, owing to the almost universal fall in the prices of commodities, the increase in the value of exports and imports has been less than might have been expected." The facts above set forth will prove to be a surprise, we venture to say, even to those who were prepared for a revelation of manufacturing and commercial strength; but their deep significance lies in the promise of greater things to come, and the further advance of a world-wide trade which needs no annexation of territory, but only a free commercial policy, and the enterprise and skill of our manufacturers and merchants, to secure the primacy it is destined to attain.

## RED CROSS AND RED-TAPE.

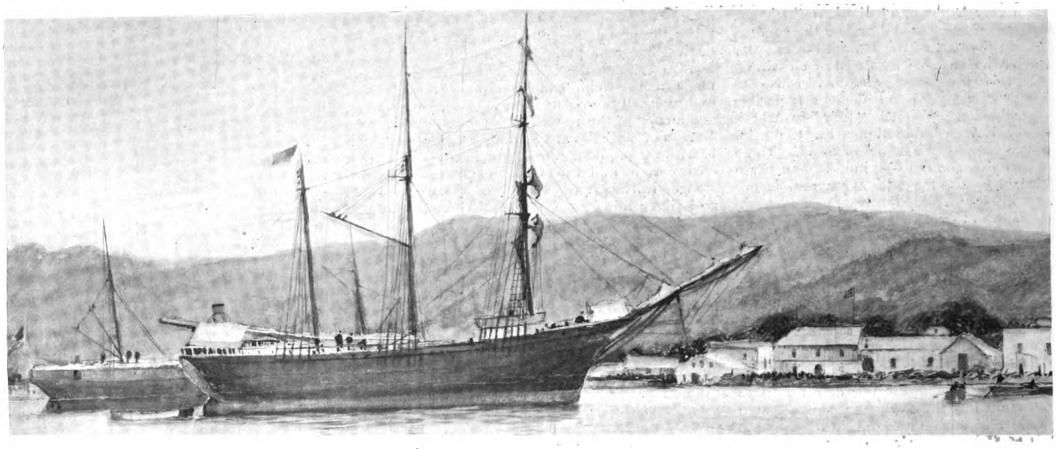
THERE has been a good deal of apparent friction between the Red Cross and the medical authorities of the army, but we are inclined to think that it has been more apparent than real. We know that many of the best surgeons of the army have accepted the Red Cross aid and relief, not only willingly, but gladly, and we have read testimonials written from the front by regular surgeons to the efficiency of Miss BARTON and her aids. A good deal of trouble has been caused by the red-tape system prevailing in the army, but this system is not to be charged to the medical department, although it is responsible for much, or to any executive department. It comes from the disposition of Congress to interfere in every administrative function of the government. The result of this interference is that not a dollar can be expended, and not a bit of the property of the government used, without following certain minute directions contained in statutes, except at the personal risk of the man primarily responsible. An instance of the petty character of Congressional interference in administrative functions is furnished by a story, which we have recently heard, of an officer who hired a tug in an emergency for the purpose of hauling into the stream a ship that was on fire, and which threatened some very valuable government stores upon the wharf, which were in his charge. This was illegal—that is, unstatutory—on the part of the officer, who, under the law, should have advertised for bids for hauling out the vessel. The consequences to him were very unfortunate. He paid the captain of the tug out of his own pocket, and a grateful country—meaning Congress—did not appropriate the money to repay him until two years had gone by. The medical department is hampered and tied up, as all other administrative departments are, by Congressional acts, such as that which made this officer smart for his diligence. The Red Cross has encountered this kind of entanglement, and we trust that its officers and aids know where the responsibility lies. As to the Red Cross itself, and Miss BARTON in particular, most noble work has been done, great self-sacrifices have been made, and enormous good has been accomplished. Miss BARTON is one of the heroic figures of this war, and the suggestion that she should be the first woman ever thanked by Congress is one worthy of serious consideration.

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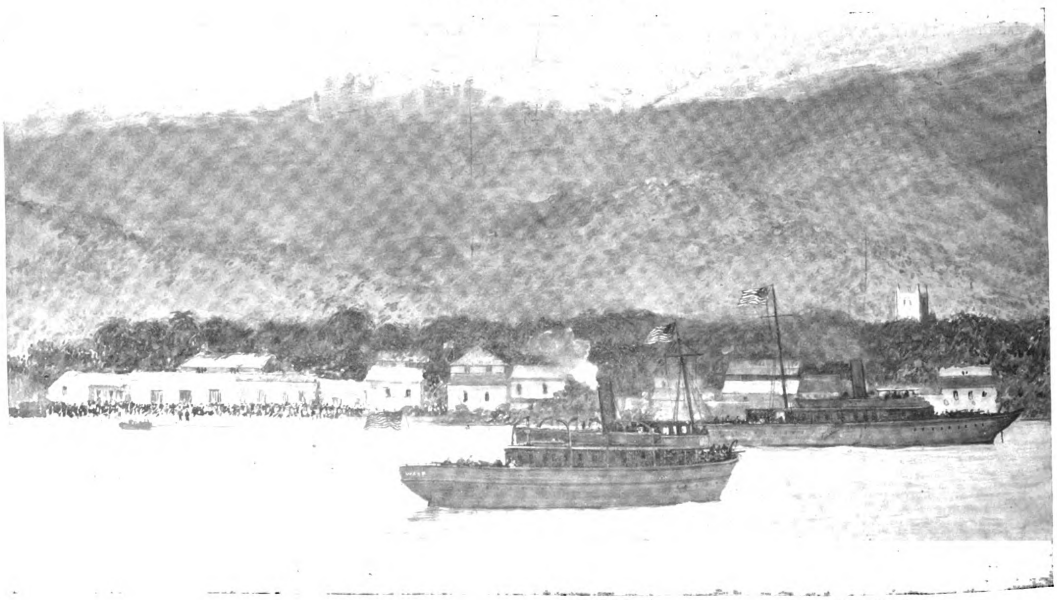


Warehouses. Main Street. Tobacco Warehouse. House of Captain of the Port. Custom-house.

PONCE, FROM THE HARBOR.



IN THE HARBOR OF PONCE.



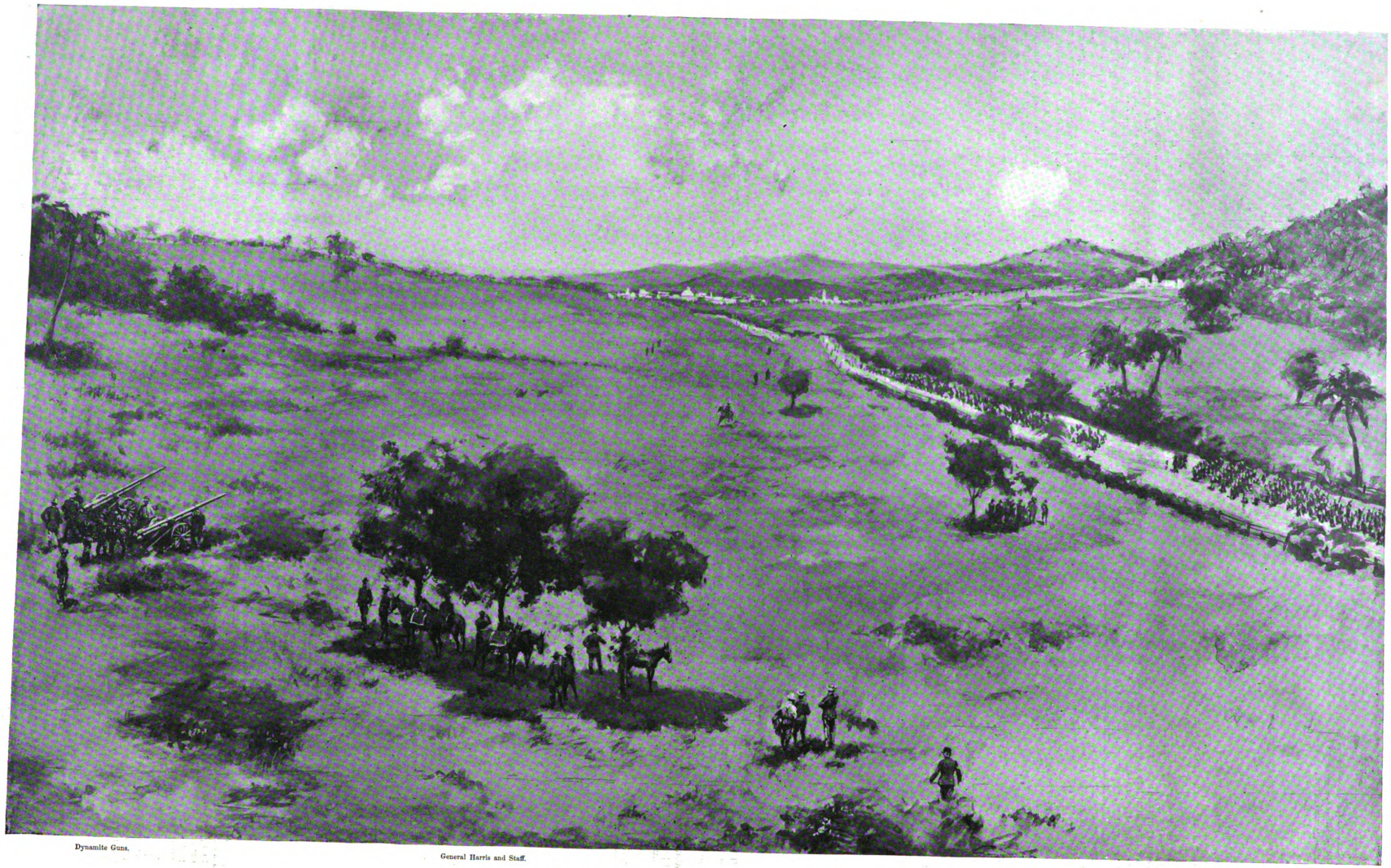
"Wasp." "Gloucester."

HOW THE AMERICAN FLAG CAME TO ARROYO.

WITH OUR ARMY IN PUERTO RICO.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Forces.—[See Pages 863 and 874.]

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THE ADVANCE ON GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO.

From a Sketch by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Forces, made on the Morning of Friday, August 5, 1898.

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

THERE is an interesting significance in a newspaper despatch, dated August 17, which says that Chicago's National Business League, in making new plans for a peace jubilee late in October, has resolved to put the thing through if possible, and to use every effort to secure the presence of the President, Admiral Dewey, and Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. There is not any doubt that for spectacular uses the usefulest battle-scarred hero we have, next to Dewey, is Roosevelt. Perhaps it ought not to be so, but so it is. The National Business League of Chicago has merely recognized an existing fact.

The little sail-boat race in Canada between the representatives of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club of New York and the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Canada has proved a large enough teapot to hold a very disagreeable tempest. We have all read how the Canadian club entered a craft modelled like a catamaran, which surprised and displeased the American contestants, who felt, rightfully enough, that while the rules of the race did not expressly prohibit catamarans, common-sense and sound sportsmanship did prohibit them. Nevertheless, the American boat sailed against the Canadian freak and was beaten. But, under instructions received by telegraph from the Seawanhaka-Corinthian committee, Mr. Gibson, the club's official representative, declined to receive public hospitalities after the race, absented himself from the hop given in honor of the visitors by the Canadians, and went home in a state of ostentatious displeasure.

Hence we have a very sickly and grewsome international episode. The Canadians are angry, and say they will send the cup to New York and let it stay there, which is the expression of a natural feeling. The best opinion on our side of the river seems to be that our men might with propriety have declined to race the little catamaran, but, so long as they did race, they should have taken all the consequences, including a full round of Canadian hospitalities, and kept their experiences for future use. Squabbles over international yacht-races have so deeply disgusted and irritated the American people that they have no toleration for even a little one.

Our most important imports this last month seem to have been malarial and typhoid fevers brought back from Santiago, and it is small consolation to know that they have been offset by large exportations of typhoid germs from our camps to Puerto Rico, and by a very large increase in domestic production of the same germs for home consumption. All over the country there has been more anxiety about the health of soldiers since the war stopped than there was at any time during its continuance. It is a small family circle that has not got a sick soldier member on its hands, or in a hospital somewhere, or that is not very uneasy at the prospect of soon having one. We hear so much of fever cases and sick men that it seems as if the majority of our soldiers must be ailing. It isn't so bad as that. A large majority of them are still fit for service, and many of those even who were at Santiago are all right. A recent visitor to Montauk Point was impressed with the superior condition of the regular troops he saw there as compared with the volunteers—a condition ascribed to the superior ability of the regulars to take care of themselves in Cuban camps, and their willingness to go without food, if necessary, rather than imperil the constancy of their insides by indulgences in tropical fruits.

A conspicuous example of a Santiago veteran who keeps his legs is Colonel Roosevelt. He continues, to all appearances, as "disgracefully well" as when he landed, and if he has any mutinous germs in him he keeps them in subjection. The desire that he shall run for Governor appears at present to be widespread and irrepressible, and is based not only on the opinion that he could easily be elected, but that he would make a first-rate Governor. Cautious persons might object to Colonel Roosevelt as a candidate for President on the ground that he might want to annex Europe, whip Germany, build a bigger fleet than England has, keep a bigger standing army than the Czar's, and set up a wholesale administration business to regulate the affairs of the world. But as Governor of New York the colonel's scope would be limited, and though he might annex Nantucket and fortify the Erie Canal, most of his energies would be bent on promoting good civil government, killing bad laws, and appointing fit men to office. All that he could do to increase the efficiency of the standing army of the State would be well done, and he could not do too much.

The suggestion of nominating Captain William Astor Chanler for Governor or Lieutenant-Governor on the Democratic ticket to run against Colonel Roosevelt is interesting, though the basis of it is hardly visible enough as yet to entitle it to very grave consideration. Captain Chanler is a patriot of energy and ability, and a cordial supporter of Mr. Croker. He has not only a war record, but an interesting record as an explorer of the wilds of Africa. He is a good writer, a soldier commended for gallantry, and an agreeable gentleman. Nevertheless, an administrative office in New York State seems hardly suited as yet to Captain Chanler. Somewhere beyond the venue of the ten commandments—in some big outlying island of the Philippines perhaps—a man of his audacious enterprise might find a fitter field.

The makers of geographies ought to find a profit in the present nebulous condition of Uncle Sam's boundaries. The newspapers reported on August 18 that the New Hebrides had had a big earthquake, and that the island of Ambrym had been severely shaken, and covered seven inches deep with rain, and two with ashes from the volcano Lopevi. A few months ago we would have borne this news without a flutter; but coming when it did, it sent folks to the map to find out where on earth the New Hebrides might be, and whether Admiral Dewey captured them along with the rest of creation on the 1st of May. For years to come, apparently, when news comes by way of San Francisco of earthquakes, we shall wonder whether it was our volcano that got loose, and how big a bill Uncle Sam will have to pay in damages.

August 19 was pay-day at Camp Black, and the newspapers report that in the course of the evening the soldiers cleaned out all the camp canteens and also most of the saloons in the village of Hempstead. This was an effectual way to deal with the saloon evil, but it may be doubted if it was really so efficacious for the promotion of temperance as the course followed in the Seventh Army Corps at Camp Cuba Libre, near Jacksonville, Florida, where all company commanders have been instructed to recommend for discharge, on surgeon's certificate of disability, all cases of chronic alcoholism in their companies. The intention of this circular is to discourage whiskey-drinking. Alcoholism is rated as a disease not incurred in the line of duty, and a surgeon's certificate of discharge on that account would be of no value as a basis for a pension claim, and of no great use in proving the returning soldier's title to the esteem and gratitude of his home community.

Every day the newspapers have reports of disorder created and damage done by obstreperous or drunken volunteers. Bar-room brawls are common. There are, of course, many ne'er-do-wells and some criminals in our armies. In time the incorrigibles would be weeded out, and those amenable to correction would be improved by discipline. Meanwhile the ructions that our troops are responsible for are probably not more numerous or serious than we ought to expect. It is interesting and somewhat consoling to read that our British brethren have at Halifax a regiment of new Irish recruits which seems to be more disorderly than any of ours. During the week ending August 20 twenty-eight of its members were sentenced to imprisonment, and responsible men are so scarce among the rest of the rank and file that it has been necessary to send back to England for experienced sergeants to keep the men in order.

Word comes from Boston that Mayor Quincy and Water-Commissioner Murphy have established free ice-water fountains at various centres of their town, and have thereby incurred the protests of the neighboring saloon-keepers, hotel proprietors, soda-water venders, and dealers in soft drinks. The Mayor should have the doctors on his side. Free ice-water must make for the health of a city in hot weather. Certainly scarcely any drink that one can buy is a wholesomer hot-weather beverage than cold water, provided the water is good. In some cases interference with trade is a secondary consideration, and this would seem to be one of them.

On August 20, at Old Orchard, Maine, Parson Simpson of the Christian Alliance Convention made his annual call for funds for the spread of the gospel in heathen lands. It is stated that he took in about $55,000. Not so much by $10,000 as last year, not so much by $45,000 as in 1896, but still a large sum to raise at a missionary mass-meeting. The reports of Dr. Simpson's effort are not so full this year as formerly. The newspapers have still a great deal of ground to cover—Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Spain, and Europe generally in a greater degree than of old, and all the great camps besides. That makes so lively a competition for space that only very important speeches, great disasters, and murders of exceptional interest can get in. Interesting murders, however, have abounded. Both the Grand Hotel murder and the candy-poisoning case have had enough mystery about them to give them intellectual interest.

The appointment of First-Lieutenant, Albert L. Mills, of the First United States Cavalry, to be superintendent of the Academy at West Point is so striking a departure from precedent that it has caused extreme surprise. The superintendent at West Point has usually been an officer of the engineer corps, and usually of a rank not lower than colonel, so that the appointment of a lieutenant of cavalry to that place is upsetting to preconceived notions of military propriety. Lieutenant Mills was chief of staff for General Young at Santiago, with the rank of captain, and greatly distinguished himself at the storming of San Juan heights, where he was severely wounded in the head and lost an eye. The appointment is understood to have been given him by the President as a reward for gallantry and good conduct. It is interesting to find the appointment especially commended by Major-General Wheeler in a message from Montauk Point to the Secretary of War. In evidence of Lieutenant Mills's special qualifications for the place, it is stated that he has served as instructor at the Military Academy and had charge last year of the department of strategy and tactics in the cavalry and infantry school at Fort Leavenworth. He was appointed to West Point from New York in 1874, and is stated to be nearly forty-five years old. A competent officer who has been twenty-four years in the army ought to be something more than a first lieutenant, and it is doubtless no fault of Lieutenant Mills's that he did not get his captaincy, at least, years ago. Whether it is expedient that the Military Academy should be put in charge of a lieutenant, however deserving, is a matter that will doubtless be as fully discussed beforehand as though the merits of the question were not in the way of being settled by experience.

It may not be too late yet to take note of the death of Isaac Hill Bromley, journalist, who died at Norwich, Connecticut, on August 11. He was born at Norwich in 1833, and was a member for two years of the somewhat famous class of '53 in Yale College. The record of his life is a record of many changes and shifts from various newspaper labors to various elective or appointive offices, under the government and otherwise. He studied law in Connecticut, was admitted to the bar in 1854, was clerk of the Connecticut Legislature for several years, and in 1858 established the Norwich *Bulletin*. He went to the war, and after the war to the Connecticut Legislature. Between 1868 and 1872 he edited the Hartford *Post*. After that he was connected for a time with the New York *Sun*, then (as editorial-writer) with the New York *Tribune*, and later edited the New York *Commercial Advertiser* for a short time before becoming a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1884 he took charge for a time of the Rochester *Post-Express*, and in October, 1891, after six years of service as secretary to the president of the Union Pacific Railroad, he rejoined the staff of the *Tribune*, and continued to be an editorial writer for that paper until a few months ago. He was a writer of unusual facility, and was particularly well known and valued for the quality of his humor. His gifts as an amusing and effective speaker were also very much appreciated, especially among the sons of Yale.

One of the most curious survivals which are open to inspection in this country is the continuance of croquet in Norwich, Connecticut. Croquet, as adult readers will remember, began during the civil war, reached its climax in the early seventies, and faded away as a fashionable pastime before lawn-tennis. Since then tennis has been dethroned by golf; but as it still maintains a hold upon the interest of some young and vigorous persons, so croquet has never absolutely died, but is still played by children, and in retired places by a few conservative grown-ups. There are still tennis tournaments in various places every year, though public interest in them is far from being what it was, but, so far as known, there is only one annual croquet tournament in this country—the one which is held every August in Norwich. Every year some of the newspapers report the Norwich croquet matches, and give the names and scores of the players, and tell where they come from. They are brought in, it seems, from Norwich and neighboring Connecticut towns, with sporadic recruits from Washington, Philadelphia, New Brunswick, Trenton, Cleveland, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and other respectable places. It would seem that in the interest of science these curious matches ought to be more carefully observed and more fully reported than they are. We would like fuller information about the contestants and their appearance and habits, and how they came to be so. Also, whether they seem to be a dying race, and what prospect there is for the continuance of these weird encounters. The managers of our great natural-history museums will have reason to be mortified if they shall discover some day that they have allowed the race of adult croquet-players to become extinct without securing specimens for their collections.

Another strange band, the philatelists, had their annual conventions in New York, beginning August 23. There is no sign of decadence among the stamp-collectors. Their industry has its vicissitudes, like all others, and it is reported to have felt of late some ill effects from the war; but it is firmly established, with thousands of traders back of it, and only falls off to rise again, like the tides. Four distinct stamp-collecting societies have held conventions in New York within a fortnight. The most important of them is the American Philatelic Association, with 700 members. Any one who has ever been a collector can imagine how the stamp-collectors have gossiped about the concerns of their fad. Special subjects of interest were the effect of annexation on the price of old Hawaiian stamps, and the effects of the war upon the colonial stamps of Spain. It is stated that naval officers in time of peace (and Admiral Dewey among others) are especially interested in stamp-collecting.

There is a serious time ahead for American sculptors and all persons interested in American art, and especially for five well-known and worthy gentlemen who have agreed to be members of the Lafayette Monument Commission. The object of this commission is to set up in Paris a monument to Lafayette by an American sculptor. Commissioner-General Ferdinand W. Peck, of the Paris Exposition, seems to be the moving spirit in the matter, and the members of the commission who have agreed to serve have sent their acceptances to him. There may be nine of them; at last accounts (August 20) there were five: John W. Mackay, Senator Allison of Iowa, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Alexander H. Revell, of Chicago. Certainly this is a competent quintette, and equal to a great variety of undertakings. The Chicago despatch which records their acceptance as commissioners says that the plan of action is to send letters to a lot of American sculptors, asking them to submit designs, and then to have the commission select the best design and prepare an inscription for the monument. It does not say that the plan is to have the monument done in time for the exposition, but that seems to be the intention. Undoubtedly designs can be obtained, a selection made, the work of construction "rushed," and a monument be furnished in time for the exposition; but whether it will be such a monument as the authorities of Paris will allow to be exhibited permanently in their town remains to be seen. In so far as present information goes, the prospect is not particularly favorable.

President Baldwin of the Long Island Railroad seems to have won a fair rating as a war hero by his enormous and successful efforts to connect Montauk Point at short notice with civilization. An admiring correspondent of the *Sun*, who seems to have had personal cognizance of Mr. Baldwin's achievements, says that he had only six days' notice of the government's selection of Montauk as a camp-ground, and in that time contrived marvels of preparation. There was very little at Montauk when the American eagle determined to perch there, and the choice was made in the midst of the Long Island Railroad's busy season. A week later there were freight-houses, sheds, and many miles of new-laid track, as well as a considerable collection of rolling stock hired in to meet the emergency. There has since been a vast deal of complaint about the backwardness of the government work at Montauk, and the inadequacy of the hospitals, and the scarcity of proper food, and all such matters; but, so far as the present paragrapher has noticed, there has been little or no reasonable complaint about the inability of the Long Island Railroad to handle its business. Judging from the absence of indications to the contrary, President Baldwin must have hustled to good purpose.

Persons who are disposed to consider that exercise and physical development are the things most needful to make life worth while must have been pained and perhaps disconcerted to read of the unusually bad condition of affairs in the family of James Corbett, the prize-fighter. After Patrick Corbett, the fighter's father, had killed his wife and then himself, a son, John, was released from State prison to attend the funeral of his parents. Misfortunes may pile up on the worthiest of families, but, on the whole, the inference seems justified that the identification of the Corbetts with the manly art of knocking out has not proved a source of moral strength.

E. S. MARTIN.

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# THE OCCUPATION OF PONCE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

PONCE, PUERTO RICO, U.S.A., *August 1, 1898.*

THE harbor of Ponce is simply an open roadstead, in which occasional vessels anchor to load with molasses, sugar, rum, or tobacco. A flat beach fringed with mangoes, that grow in dense, tangled, impenetrable masses, forms a kind of natural breakwater to the eastward, and stops, in a measure, the force of the heavy ground-swell and the eternal trade-wind.

Time has made few changes in the methods of doing business here; ships anchor for one month or six, and their cargoes are leisurely floated to and from the shore in lighters with flat bottoms and slanting ends—unwieldy things that are managed, however, with great skill by the native boatmen.

Along the flat beach the town stretches and spreads back into the country. One-story warehouses, substantially built, and painted in tints of pink, yellow, or pale blue, front the principal streets, filled with bales and bags of rice, sugar, tobacco, and flour; for a considerable business is done in this the port of entry for the handsome city of Ponce, which is back in the country, at the foot of gently sloping hills, and reached from the Playa by a broad level road, shaded by trees, and flanked by fertile fields, sugar factories, handsome houses set back from the road mid flowers and palms, or tumble-down wooden shanties—all sorts in the two-mile drive.

The house of the captain of the port is a two-and-a-half-story wooden affair, with signal pole and yards on top. Balconies and awnings give it an air of comfort. In front is a wooden pier, where boats can land with ease when there is no surf, and with difficulty when it runs high; a flying leap well done and you gain the platform, while the boat backs off for another chance or bangs against the pier. Across a narrow street is the custom-house, mayor's house, post-office, and headquarters of the civil government of the Playa del Ponce—a handsome two-story plastered building, with an open court running through the centre.

In front is a great mango-tree, whose dense foliage spreads over a little iron fountain, where horses are watered, and men loaf from morning till night, while the sun beats down on the white walls and hot gravelled square.

In front of the custom-house a dock has been recently built, covered with an open iron shed. Another shed adjoins to the right of the custom-house, and both these shelters came in very handily for the vast stores that followed the army ashore from the ships of the quartermaster's department.

When we first saw Ponce, shining in the early morning sunlight, the United States flag was flying from the staff on top of the custom-house and office of the captain of the port. The transports were getting in as close to the land as possible, and navy launches were towing lighters full of soldiers ashore. By ten o'clock General Miles had landed and made his headquarters in the custom-house, and the blue and gold headquarters flag flashed its colors beside the stars and stripes, each held and guarded by a husky soldier sitting on the roof of the old Spanish building.

On the wooden shutters of one of the windows was scrawled in pencil, dated the day previous, a touching farewell to the dear walls of the old Aduana, where so many happy days he had passed. I spelled it out slowly, and smiled at the expense of "Don José," whom the sight of Yankee ships on the horizon had compelled to take so hasty a departure.

Perhaps, however, he may have his place back in time; but he will not have so much leisure to smoke cigarettes and lounge over the balcony through the sleepy days, while the empty harbor sparkles in the sunlight. For a new order of things has come to Ponce. The busy life of the North has already touched with its magic this sleeping El Dorado. Wake it must to the new condition; touched with new life, inspirited by new energy, and strengthened by more just and equitable laws, its prosperity is assured. All that the boundless wealth of nature has so liberally given will be added too, until this fertile island and kindly people will form one of the richest and most valuable possessions of the greater United States.

On Monday, the 25th of July, the *Columbia*, carrying 300 men composing the first battalion of the Sixth Illinois Regiment, the *Wasp*, *Gloucester*, and *Dixie*, convoying a part of the troops of General Miles, consisting of the Sixth Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin volunteers, Eleventh regular infantry, and one battalion of engineers, had arrived at Guanica, on the southwest end of Puerto Rico.

Ever since the bombardment of San Juan by Admiral Sampson's fleet, on the 12th of May, preparations had been made for the reception of the American navy and army in case of a second attack. Fortifications had been strengthened, rifle-pits and batteries erected, and a warm greeting planned for *los Americanos* in case they came back. Misleading telegrams had been given to the press and sent from Guantanamo and Mole St. Nicholas by General Miles, stating that the American army of invasion would land at one of two places on the north coast of Puerto Rico. Cape San Juan was selected as one, and several ships were sent there in charge of a naval convoy to make a feint of landing. This was done with intention of deceiving the enemy, and succeeded admirably, for preparations were made in exactly the wrong place to meet the Americans, and Guanica, the first place really selected, was taken by surprise, and, undefended, offered no resistance to the landing.

The transports with the naval convoy arrived off Guanica early in the morning, and the *Gloucester*, ahead, felt her way slowly in, while the fleet remained outside. The little town was silent, but a Spanish flag flew on a tall staff near the shore; after firing a few shots the *Gloucester* sent in a landing party of about twenty men under Lieutenant Huse. They carried a Colt automatic gun with them, and when Lieutenant Huse ordered the Spanish flag hauled down and the stars and stripes hoisted, they were fired upon by a force of about eighty Spaniards secreted behind houses and corners of the streets. The fire was promptly returned. The Colt automatic was turned up the streets, and the *Gloucester* firing from her 6-pounders over and into and around the town, the place was soon completely deserted. None of our men was injured, but four Spanish soldiers were found dead, and probably a number of wounded were carried off.

The harbor of Guanica is landlocked and deep, so all the ships could come close in, and the work of landing the soldiers began at once, and by night the place was in full possession of our troops. Pickets were posted, and to many of them the enemy's country possessed many terrors that dark night. The gloomy hills and black masses of trees held hidden menace for untried men fresh from the crowded life of a transport. Firing began on the picket-line about midnight, and kept up at intervals during the night, keeping General Miles, out on the *Yale*, on the anxious-seat as to what it was all about. Morning proved that the cause of all the alarm was a group of cattle moving about in the gloom, and surviving with greatest indifference the fire of the pickets. The *Lampasas* had on board the battalion of engineers, and having practised at Guantanamo the art of building a pontoon bridge successfully at night, they were able to construct one very quickly. The ship was pulled in close to the beach, and a pontoon was built from her to the land; so by 11.30 at night men and horses were all ashore. Their camp fires lighted up beach and town and reflected on the dark transports in the harbor; the sound of arms and tread of marching men adding to the warlike scene.

On Tuesday word was brought to Ponce that the Americanos had come, and the volunteers, in their striped blue and white pajama suits with green trimmings, were summoned in hot haste to meet the invader. A more unwilling lot were never gathered together. They had no desire to fight for Spain or to risk their blood and bones in any sort of an encounter with the Americanos. Just the thing most of them wanted was to have the United States come and deliver them from paying 75-per-cent. taxes and wearing the blue and white pajama at the Queen's bidding.

In spite of the fact that the gracious Regent had built for them a fine barracks and a new military hospital on the hill above Ponce, where they could go if they were wounded (and could get there) in serving their country of Spain—I have the story from one of them who survived a desperate march to Yauco, and drove a hack two days afterward at double rates for his deliverers with unabated vivacity,—loud were the wails and great the consternation in Ponce, Playa and city, at the summons. The regulars would stay with the civil guard to defend the city, but forth the voluntarios must go to defend their country.

Some managed to hide and evade the summons, but most were caught and marched down the dusty road to Yauco. The railroad runs that far, and passes so near the sea that a man could jump from track to water. They did not use the train, however, but tramped, tramped like soldiers. No food, for they would soon put the Yankees to flight, and no water to drink *en route*, so their enthusiasm was dry when they arrived.

"We will hold the beach," said the comandante, "and they cannot land. Mine the track and blow them up if they dare to come by the cars, so convenient." So to work they turned and dug mines, a dozen or so, under the track. These they filled with powder, and laid a fuse twenty feet long to ignite them when the enemy should dare to arrive.

Over the land, seven miles or so away, was the Yankee fleet. They could see them plainly; dozens of ships they looked, and big they seemed against the western sun, greater than anything that had ever come to Ponce. Were they deceived? Had the Americanos so many ships and soldiers to spare from Cuba? But night was coming, and they were not yet arrived. Now there were those in Ponce who reflected that food and water and a little wine would do the volunteers some good, and carriages were got, and out came friends and food and drink and fresh courage; fires were lighted and supper prepared and eaten—and then what? Would it not be wise to withdraw till morning, and let these invaders go to work out their own ruin? It would indeed; but some must stay to fire the mines, at twenty feet, to blow them into the sea! So back the brave command went to join the regulars in Ponce, while those left to guard the mines and set them off thought better of their valor and fled back to the city, with tales of brave deeds. Many in the night march dropped out of line, preferring to let others do the fighting, that they might fight another day. So goes the story of the volunteers and the defence of Ponce; and it was all the defence that was made.

That same day into Ponce Harbor came the little *Wasp*, leading the way for the *Annapolis*, and for the *Dixie*, that had got ashore and vainly claimed by seniority the right to demand the surrender of the city. Now the charts were bad, the defences an unknown quantity, but the *Wasp* knew no fear and wanted to be first. So on they came, and anchored off the Playa. A boat was lowered, and Ensign Curtin put in charge to make demand for the immediate surrender of the port and city. Hundreds of people thronged the landing and the plaza in front of the alcaldia, gazed from windows and balconies, as the little ensign sprang from his boat and strode up the landing, his handkerchief tied on a stick for a flag of truce, his sword at his side, and the guns of his ship, including his own port forward 6-pounder, winking with wicked look towards the white town in the late afternoon sunlight and the crowds that thronged the way. "Vivan Americanos!" some said, while others said "Hush!" and all looked at the small young officer, eager in their hearts to welcome him and his flag.

"Where is the alcalde?" said Curtin.

"In jail," said some one, "for American sympathies," and his wife pressed forward to tell her story, tears streaming down her face.

"The capitan del puerto, then, where is he?" The way was quickly shown to the house and broad arched doorway. Once in the presence of the only civil authority to be found, Curtin stated his business quickly—a half-hour to surrender, or the fire of his ship and of the others coming in.

The town destroyed by the terrible American guns!

"But, señor, I cannot surrender. The governor at Ponce, he alone can give the surrender."

"Then he must be sent for at once. There is no time to lose if you wish to save the town."

Then a young man came to the front who spoke good English. "If the lieutenant will go."

"Very good, then; I will take you as interpreter."

"Oh no, never! The civil guard will kill me." For this was one of the volunteers who had run away, and would not have gone to Ponce for all the money in it. It meant the Americans or nothing to him.

After thinking it over, Curtin sent a message to the governor, at the risk and expense of the capitan del puerto, saying his Excellency must come in half an hour or the town be destroyed. Clever young man! That was a move worthy of a major-general. In the mean time the *Wasp* was getting anxious lest something had happened to the young officer. Signals were hoisted, saying: "Return aboard. Do you want help?" And as Curtin translated these to the captain, his nervousness became great; a telephone was brought into use, and then the message came, "The governor surrenders."

In the mean time the *Dixie*, having gotten off the rocks, sent a boat in with armed bluejackets and marines, and nearly undid Curtin's work with an offer of twenty-four hours of leeway. Fortunately the surrender had been given, and a flag was hoisted; but as the day turned into night the armed force from the *Dixie* was withdrawn to the *Wasp*, and slept on its arms till daylight, when it went ashore and took possession just as the army appeared.

Nothing could have been more peaceful. There was no intention of resistance so far as the people were concerned. Once sure the Americans had come to stay, their joy knew no bounds; they greeted them as friends, and shouted, "Vivan Americanos!"

Somewhere they got little American flags and buttons, and the fortunate possessor of the magic emblems was the envy of all other Puerto-Ricans.

Just as the night fell the *Gloucester* had come in from Guanica, and had set to work gathering up the lighters, of which there was a goodly number, and by morning had them towed out to the transports and ready for the work of landing.

As they had bargained to pay the crafty Don who owned the lighters a full legal price with bonus, he had no objections, since needs must, and gathered his men and his lighters with alacrity. Now if he had only objected, he would have had to do it all for nothing, and go to jail, besides, for hindering the army. So he vowed allegiance and moved his boats with eagerness, and was the first person to profit by the arrival of Uncle Sam in the island of Puerto Rico.

I went ashore in the afternoon with officers from the *Wasp*, and, after visiting headquarters and greeting friends, we got a carriage and drove out to the city. Squads of soldiers were marching, and guards had been posted all along the way and in the cross-streets. Already they fraternized with the people in a friendly, free-and-easy way characteristic of the American soldier. A guard sat in front of a barber shop under the shade of an awning, perspiration pouring down his face; gun in one hand, handkerchief in the other, he mopped his brow and chatted with the family and neighbors, who brought out chairs and gathered about, apparently very proud to have such a distinguished visitor. Half-way out we passed a soldier who, tired of lugging his heavy-marching outfit, had annexed a boy with a small cart; into that he dumped his knapsack and blanket, another boy carried his gun, and a third helped the other two, while the soldier walked behind, fanning himself with his hat and bossing his pack-train with vigorous words.

Ponce was already in possession of our troops, and they kept coming all the afternoon, part going into camp in the plaza, where they made good use of a large and gorgeous band-stand. The larger part of the force went into camp beyond the city; another camp was established halfway between the Playa and Ponce, with a guard at headquarters.

It was a great day for Ponce. Most of the houses were shut tight at first, and nearly all the stores; but when they found the soldiers would not harm them the whole city opened its doors and business began to boom. The little French-Spanish hotel was the first thing to fall into the hands of the enemy, and never in its history had it done so much business, or served so many breakfasts, or dispensed so many cooling drinks in so short a time. General Wilson established his headquarters in the house of the former governor, and that gentleman had fled with such haste as to show a most unpremeditated departure. A meal was found set upon the table, clean clothes laid out for the day; a broken roll, a full cup of coffee, a carving-knife that had but just begun to cut, proved clearly that the governor's appetite had been lost in an instant, and his retreat was so rapid as to distance his men by many miles.

When the Spanish troops marched out of the city they first looted the largest dry-goods store and made armor-plating from anything that came to hand, stuffing it up their backs to protect them from Yankee bullets. Then they retreated in good order.

They have quite an extensive fire department in Ponce, with a building on the plaza and an old-fashioned hand-engine and hook-and-ladder, made in New York State, too. The firemen act also as a kind of policemen, and turned out in force that day, wearing their red shirts and broad belts and little caps. They were down at the Playa early in the day, and as the scene of excitement shifted to the city they marched back there. Then they got their band out, about four o'clock, and marched around the plaza playing some lively tunes. There were not enough to reach all the way across the square, so they just went round and round the cathedral corner, till they looked full twice as many—like the march of the Amazons in a comic opera. Their band did nobly, the people cheered, the soldiers laughed, and it was certainly more like the stage than real life.

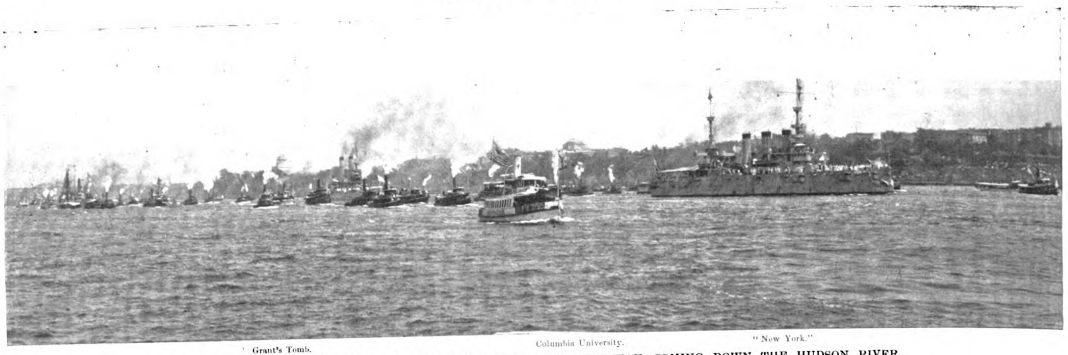
Up the street came a full regiment of dusty soldiers—long lines of rifle-barrels and shining bayonets and broad-chested, sturdy, blue-shirted, heavy-shod men. The tramp, tramp of their steady tread cleared the street, and as they came into view their band—the only one we had heard in Wilson's division—struck up "Marching through Georgia." With splendid rhythm the men kept time to the stirring notes of that old battle-song. It warmed our hearts—it was real; no holiday parade—and all the jesting effervescence of the crowd in the plaza melted out of sight as the column swung by and on to the green fields, where some of them were to lose their lives, and where all were willing to face whatever came.

Back we went to the port and the ship and the busy harbor, passing soldiers everywhere, their pickets guarding every road and corner, and their camp fires blazing out against the dark trees and the twilight sky.

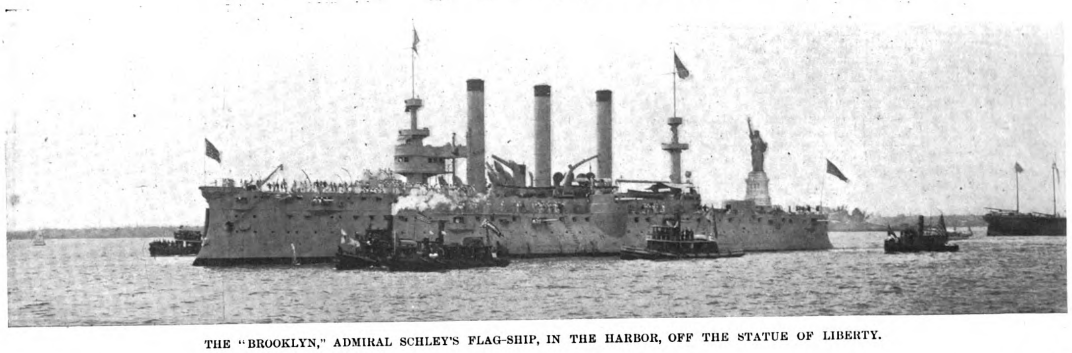
So far not a shot had been fired in this first day of the peaceful occupation of Ponce.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

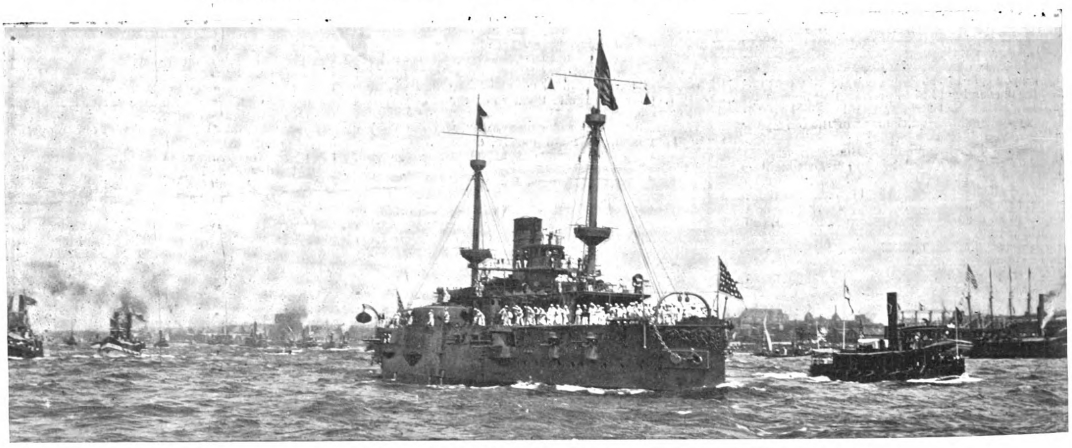
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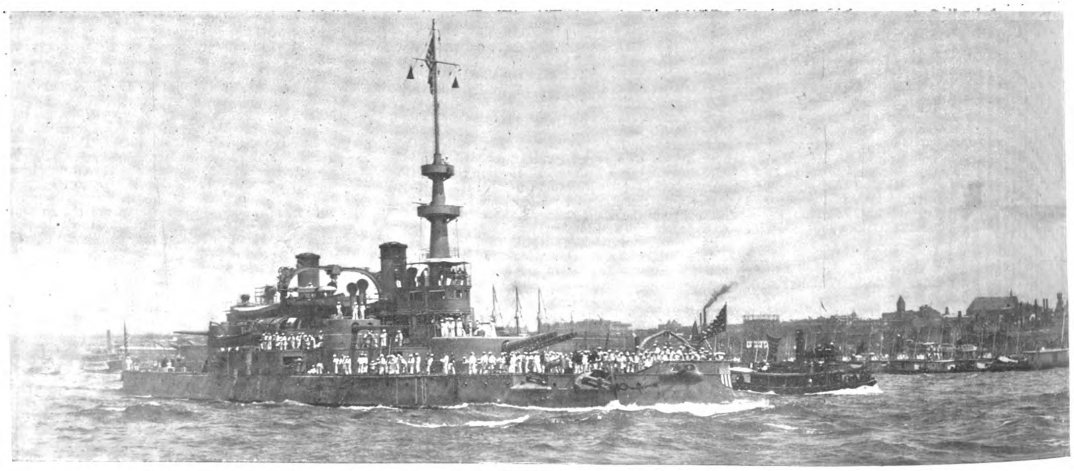

THE "NEW YORK," ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG-SHIP, LEADS THE WAY—COMING DOWN THE HUDSON RIVER.



THE "BROOKLYN," ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S FLAG-SHIP, IN THE HARBOR, OFF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.



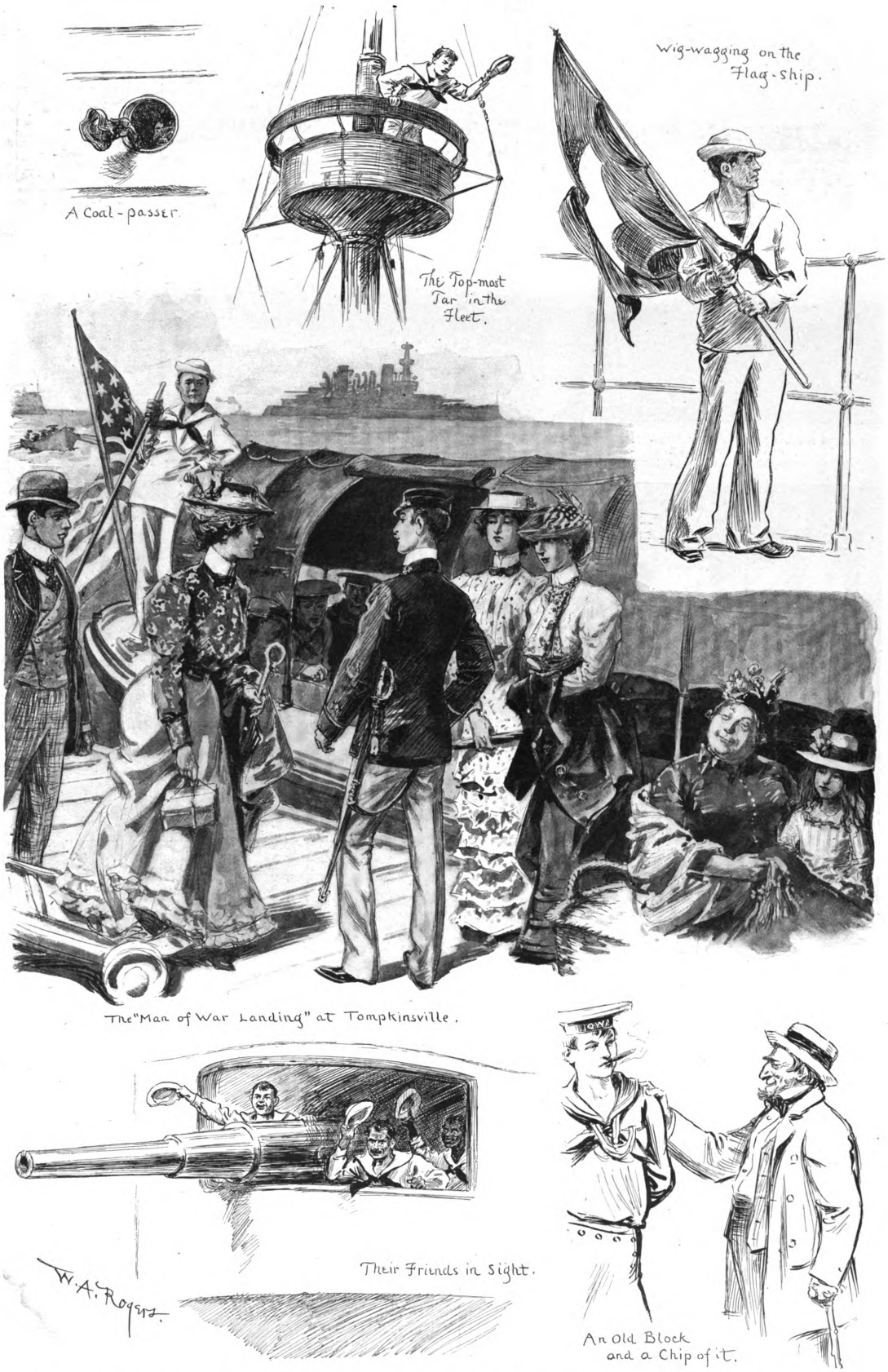
THE "TEXAS," COMMODORE PHILIP'S REFORMED HOODOO.



THE "OREGON," CAPTAIN CLARK'S "BATTLE-SHIP CRUISER."

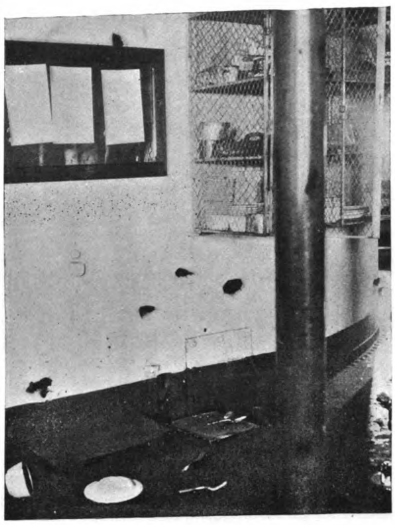
THE HOME-COMING OF THE FLEET—THE NAVAL PARADE, NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1898.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HART.

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THE HOME-COMING OF THE FLEET—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE NAVAL PARADE, NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1898.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

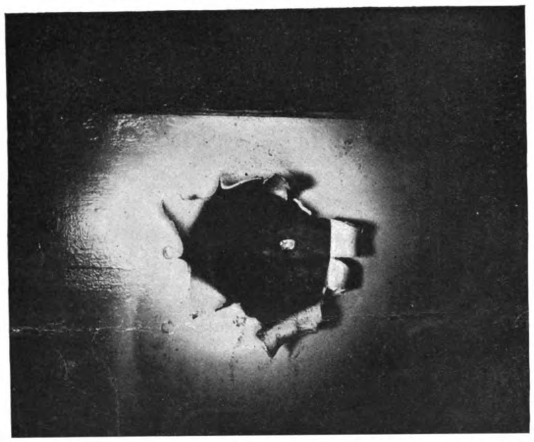
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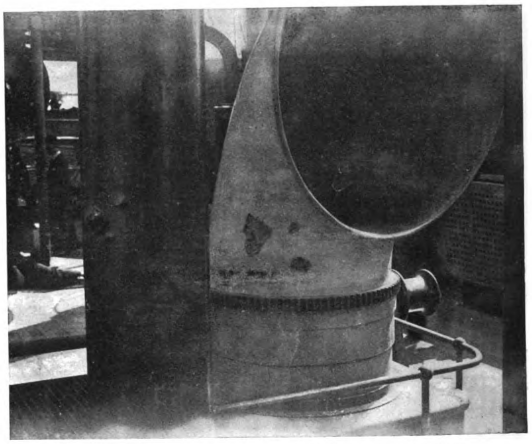
1. HOLES MADE BY EXPLODING SHELL—FRAGMENTS GLANCING TO RIGHT.
Crockery in Cupboard was thrown about as here indicated.



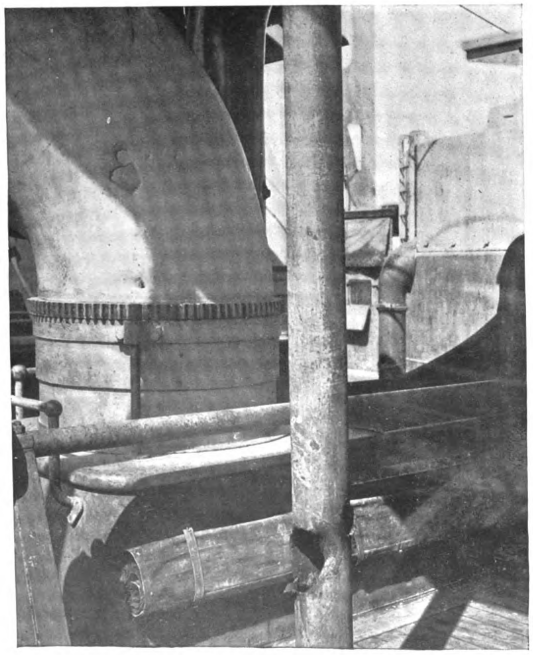
2. HOLE SEEN FURTHEST TO THE RIGHT IN NO. 1.



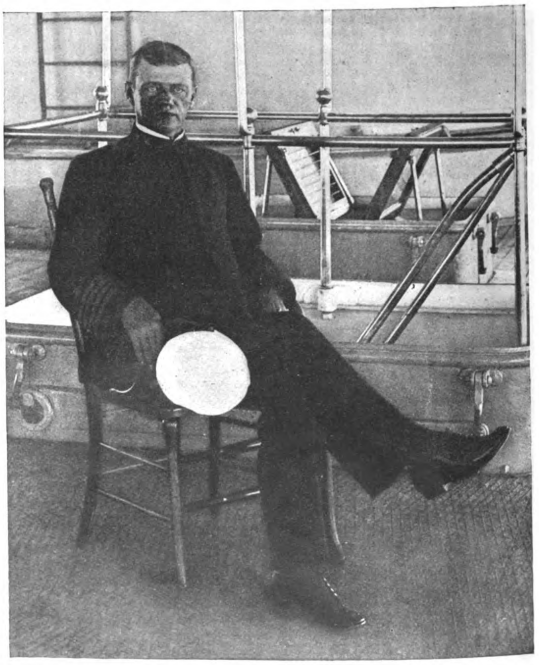
3. HOLE MADE IN SIDE OF "IOWA" BY SPANISH SHELL PENETRATING, AND EXPLODING AS SHOWN IN NO. 1—VIEW FROM INSIDE.



4. VENTILATOR DAMAGED BY GLANCING SPANISH SHOT.



5. HOLE MADE IN STANCHION BY SPANISH SHOT, WHICH THEN GLANCED AND PENETRATED VENTILATOR.



6. CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, U.S.N., COMMANDING U. S. BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."

THE BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA'S" HONORABLE SCARS.
From Photographs by Hart, taken in New York Harbor August 21.

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## CHART OF THE NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

WHAT really happened at the battle of Santiago? All the world knows, of course, that the Spanish squadron was destroyed by the American ships, and that forty minutes of sea-fighting occurred bigger with results than any forty minutes in the history of naval warfare. No one doubts that the flame which leaped to the sky when the first of the Spanish vessels went up in explosion was the dawn of peace. No one stops to think now what would have been the result had our ships been strewn blazing hulks along the Santiago coast, with the Spaniards, uninjured and victorious, free to steam their way to the American shores.

But what was the relation of ship to ship from the moment the *Infanta Maria Teresa* poked her black nose around Puntillo on that bright Sunday morning? When the *Furor* blew up, where was the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, which she had been following immediately? When the *Oregon* was abeam of two of the Spaniards at once, where were our other ships? Was an opening left at any time for one of the Spaniards to escape? Could the result have been affected by Cervera taking a different course—say, making for the eastward instead of the westward, as has been suggested frequently? Where did the *Colon* pass her consorts, and how did she escape thirty-seven miles further west, and practically uninjured?

In the multitude of accounts there is much apparent confusion. This is not surprising, when it is remembered that each account has been written either solely or for the far greater part from the view-point of one person or, at the most, one ship. In the heat of battle the observer naturally feels that he is the centre of operations. Stand on the bridge of a war-vessel and watch a land battery reply to your ship's fire, and you feel sure that each and every shell fired is aimed directly at your individual self. You may feel foolish, when you have ducked, to see the shell explode half a mile away, but you cannot get rid of the rooted conviction that the gunner meant that shell for you. Most individual accounts of a great battle, while honest as the sunlight, fail to leave a satisfying impression in the mind of the reader, because they are almost always written from the individual view-point alone. The purpose of the subjoined sketch, or map, is to tell the story of the battle of Santiago as a comprehensive whole. It shows the position of each ship in relation to all the others from the moment Cervera's squadron passed under the shadow of the Morro to the beaching of the *Vizcaya*. Add to this the hopeless flight of the *Cristóbal Colon*, with the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Texas* in pursuit in continuation of their courses as shown on the map, and you have the whole battle of Santiago in a nutshell—or rather on a sheet of paper.

The map is mathematically and geographically correct, or as nearly so as it was humanly possible to make it under the circumstances. It was drawn on the *Texas* by Lieutenant Mark L. Bristol, aided by Assistant-Engineer Crank, in the days immediately following the battle. Its data were furnished by the personal observation of the officers of the *Texas*, revised, corrected, or corroborated by interviews with officers of the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Gloucester*, an extended account written soon after the battle by an officer of the *Vixen*, and by notes taken by myself during the engagement. The times, relative and actual positions, and distances were worked out with the greatest care. As a comprehensive story, the map stands by itself, and needs no explanation.

Position 1, at 9.35 o'clock, when general signal 250, "The enemy is escaping," fluttered from the yard-arms of Sampson's vessels, finds the squadron in about its usual blockading position, in the general form of an arc of a circle with the Morro as its centre. The ships in order, beginning from the west, are *Vixen*, *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *Indiana*, and *Gloucester*. The *Texas*, by actual observation, is 5100 yards from the Morro, and the others are approximately the same distance. The *New York* having gone to Siboney, and the *Massachusetts* to Guantanamo, the *Vixen*, *Brooklyn*, and *Texas* are moved somewhat eastward from their ordinary positions, the *Iowa* and *Oregon* somewhat further westward. The customary position of the *Massachusetts* was between the *Iowa* and *Texas*; that of the *New York*, between the *Indiana* and *Gloucester*.

The beginning of the battle (Position 2) shows the Spanish ships coming out of the Santiago Harbor entrance and veering westward. All the American ships have headed straight for them, closing in, until it was seen what course the enemy ultimately would take. The Spaniards are firing broadsides as they come out and swing westward, and the Americans are firing bow on. The next ten minutes was the hottest period of the battle. It was seen that the Spaniards meant to try to escape to the westward by hugging the shore, and the American commanders swung west in a parallel course for the running fight.

The end of this ten minutes (Position 3) shows four of our ships, *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Oregon*, and *Iowa*, well bunched. This is a feature which may afford ground for criticism to the foreign naval expert, the four ships together offering a magnificent target for the Spaniards; but it was merely the accident of speed, and lasted for only a moment or so. The *Brooklyn*, it will be seen, has swung about. The *Texas* is in the lead of the squadron; the *Iowa* is nearest inshore; the *Indiana* is coming up from her position on the far east as fast as the poor condition of her boilers will allow. The *Oregon* has begun her magnificent burst of speed and has caught up with the *Iowa* and *Texas*. The *Gloucester* is nearly abreast of Morro, in a straight line for the torpedo-boat-destroyers. The little *Vixen* has come about in a curve and is running west, well outside. Of the Spaniards, the *Maria Teresa*, *Vizcaya*, and *Colon* are also somewhat bunched, having proceeded about two miles from the harbor entrance. The flag-ship is still leading, with the *Vizcaya* close behind her, while the *Colon* is rapidly overhauling them, and has cut her course inshore, being thus protected by her consorts. The torpedo-boat-destroyers, it will be seen, have just cleared the harbor entrance.

Events followed very rapidly in the succeeding ten minutes, and Position 4 (ten o'clock) shows radical changes. Captain Clark's magnificent "battle-ship cruiser" *Oregon* has taken the lead of all the American ships except the *Brooklyn*, which is a little in advance of her, but considerably further out. The *Iowa* is overhauling the *Texas*, and is a little further inshore. The *Indiana* has come into good range with the torpedo-boats, and is preparing the way for the glorious hammering the tiny *Gloucester* gave them. Cervera's flag-ship is in difficulties (already her guns are clogged by dead and dying, and the Spanish officers are shooting their own men to keep the others at their work). She has dropped to third place in the column. The *Vizcaya* is leading, nearly a mile away, with the *Colon* at her heels. Both the *Vizcaya* and the *Colon*, it may be observed, are more than half a mile in advance of our foremost ships.

Another ten minutes and the *Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo* are both looking for a good place to run ashore, as shown by Position 5. The *Colon* has outstripped all her companions, and is crowding on all steam, more than a mile in advance of the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon*, with the *Vizcaya* a good second. The *Furor* and *Pluton* are wrecks. It is just forty minutes from the time Cervera was discovered coming out, and the battle is virtually over. Of our ships, the *Iowa* has drawn up abeam of the *Texas*, blanketing her fire for a moment, about a mile astern of the *Oregon*, which is abeam of the *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa*. In a moment or two these two ships are surrendered and beached.

Position 6 takes us up to the surrender of the *Vizcaya* at Aseradero, showing the *Brooklyn* abeam and well outside, the *Oregon* slightly astern and nearest the prize, and the *Texas* considerably astern, but leading the *Iowa* about a mile. Schley, Clark, and Philip push on after the fleeing *Colon*, Evans stays by the *Vizcaya*, Taylor puts in to the wrecks of the *Oquendo* and *Teresa*, and the battle is over. The chase of the *Colon*, ending thirty-seven miles further in the surrender of the last of Cervera's vaunted squadron, was but a pleasant summer afternoon's cruise.

THOMAS M. DIEUAIDE.

## A LAST WILL.

HE was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men, and in many broad lines of business he had grown rich, until his wealth exceeded exaggeration. One morning, in his office, he directed a request to his confidential lawyer to come to him in the afternoon. He intended to have his will drawn. A will is a solemn matter, even with men whose life is given up to business, and who are by habit mindful of the future. After giving this direction he took up no other matter, but sat at his desk alone and in silence.

It was a day when summer was first new. The pale leaves upon the trees were starting forth upon the still unbending branches. The grass in the parks had a freshness in its green like the freshness of the blue in the sky and of the yellow of the sun—a freshness to make one wish that life might renew its youth. The clear breezes from the south wantoned about, and then were still, as if loath to go finally away. Half idly, half thoughtfully the rich man wrote upon the white paper before him, beginning what he wrote with capital letters, such as he had not made since, as a boy in school, he had taken pride in his skill with the pen:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory [he lingered on the word memory], do now make and publish this my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, in order, as justly as I may, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"And first, that part of my interests which is known in the law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of it in this my will.

"My right to live, it being but a life-estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath:

"*Item.*—And first, I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously as the needs of their children shall require.

"*Item.*—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the drugon-flies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

"*Item.*—I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises; and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. I do give to said boys to be theirs. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of cares.

"*Item.*—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, or aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"*Item.*—To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and of possessing companions; and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

"*Item.*—And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave Memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution; and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is."

WILLISTON FISH.

## AS TO WAR TAXES.

THEY'VE put a stamp upon our checks,
As well as on our beer;
They've taxed the note that often wrecks,
And things that bring good cheer.
They've taxed the mortgage on the roof,
They've taxed insurance too,
Until some folks have but reproof
For schemes for Revenue.

I've but a word of good advice
For those who make the tax:
Why not impose some of the ice
On more deserving backs?
Why make the man who pays a debt
Add something to his score,
When there are several millions yet
'Twere well not to ignore?

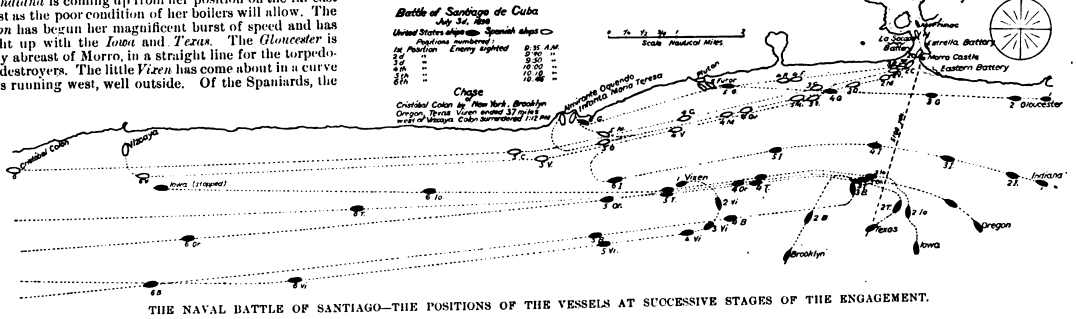
Tax nuisances, not virtues. There
Is sure no lack of these:
The man who talks while cutting hair,
The man demanding fees
For doing what he ought to do,
And others of his ilk;
Pray why ignore the pirate crew
And put so much on silk?

The Yellow Journalist should be
Compelled to pay two cents
On every one-cent extra he
Brings out with lines immense.
Tax all the fibs this fellow tells;
I think you'll surely find
That you've at last removed the spells
That weak finances bind.

Tax all the saffron clergymen,
Forgetful of their place,
For every word they utter when
They would incite the race.
Tax people like our loved Van Wyck,
And Platt, and Croker too,
For every scheming little strike
Their politics put through.

Tax deals and schemes, tax everything
Which makes our folk appear
To be bound fast within a ring—
You'll find there's plenty here.
Tax everywhere corruption, and
I think you'll shortly see
The people in a chorus grand
Acclaim you splendidly.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.




THE NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO—THE POSITIONS OF THE VESSELS AT SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

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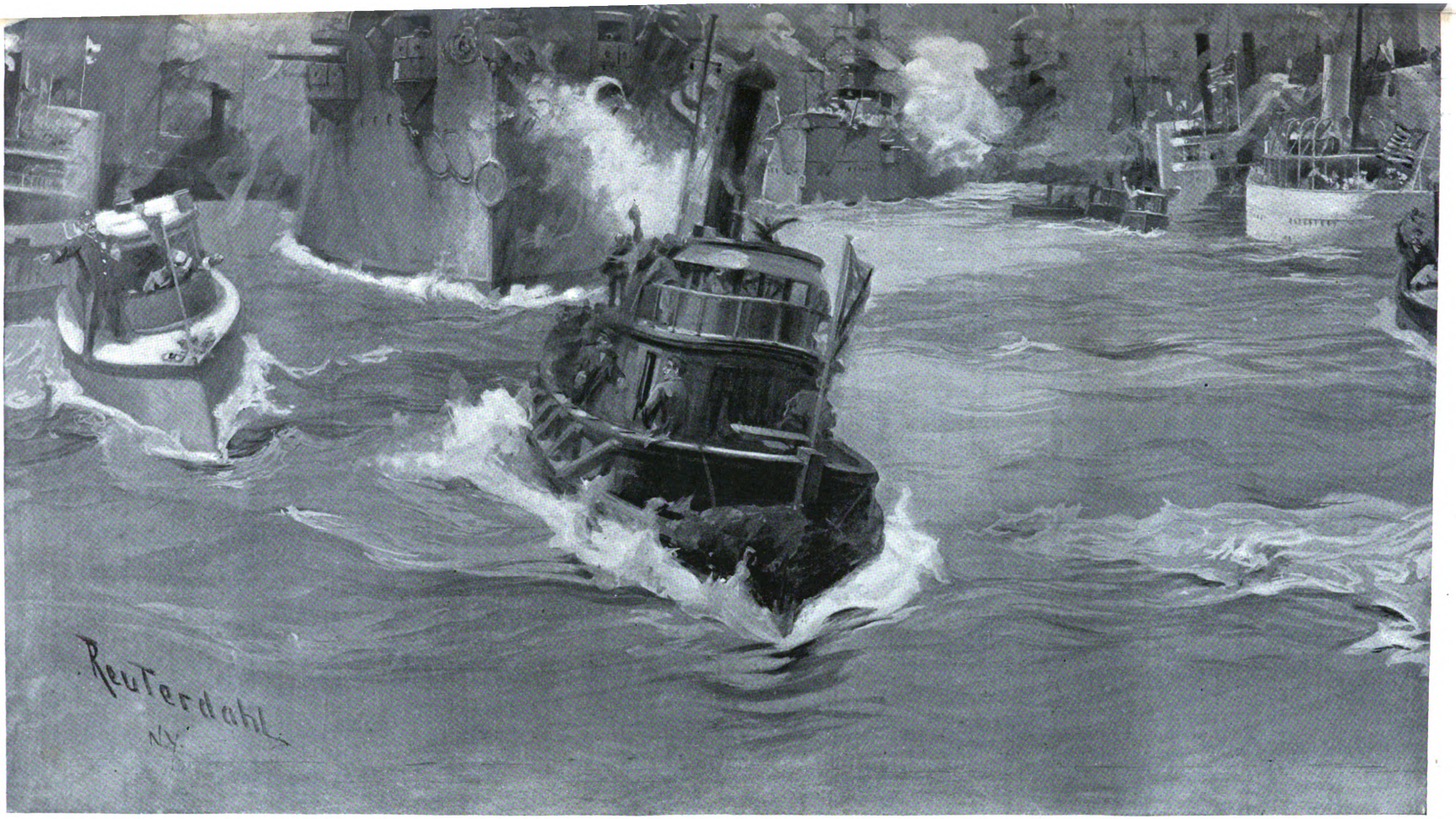
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HONORING THE NAVY.

THE GREAT MARINE PARADE OF AUGUST 20 IN NEW YORK HARBOR—FIVE BATTLE-SHIPS AND TWO ARMORED CRUISERS IN LINE.

Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

Original from PENN STATE

# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "The Great Stone of Sardis," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

## XXI.—THE INDIVIDUALITY OF PETER SADLER.

"MARTIN," said Matlack, sharply, before the young man had reached him, "it seems to me that you think that you have been engaged here as lady's-maid, but there's other things to do besides teaching young women about trees and fishes. If you think," continued Matlack, when the two had reached the woodland kitchen, "that your bein' a hermit is goin' to let you throw all the work on me, you're mistaken. There's a lot of potatoes that's got to be peeled for dinner."

Without a word Martin sat down on the ground with a pan of potatoes in front of him and began to work. Had he been a proud crusader setting forth to fight the Saracens his blood could not have coursed with greater warmth and force, his soul could not have more truly spurned the earth and all the common things upon it. What he had said to Margery had made him feel ennobled. If Raybold had that instant appeared before him with some jeering insult, Martin would have pardoned him with lofty scorn; and yet he peeled potatoes, and did it well. But his thoughts were not upon his work; they were upon the future which, if he proved himself to be the man he thought himself to be, might open before him. When he had finished the potatoes he put the pan upon a table and stood near by, deep in thought.

"Yes," said he to himself, "I should go now. After what I have said to her I cannot stay here and live this life before her. I would wait on her with bended knee at every step, but with love for her in my soul I cannot wash dishes for other people. I have spoken, and now I must act; and the quicker the better. If all goes well I may be here again, but I shall not come back as a guide." Then a thought of Raybold crossed his mind, but he put it aside. Even if he staid here he could not protect her, for she had shown that she did not wish him to do it in the only way he could do it, and he felt sure, too, that any further annoyance would result in an appeal to Mr. Archibald.

"Well," said Matlack, sharply, "what's the matter with you? Don't you intend to move?"

"Yes," said Martin, turning quickly, "I do intend to move. I am going to leave this camp just as soon as I can pack my things."

"And where in the name of thunder are you goin' to?"

"I'm going to Sadler's," said Martin.

"What for?"

"On my own business," was the reply.

Matlack looked at him for a moment suspiciously. "Have you got any complaints to make of me?" he said.

"No," said Martin, promptly, "not one; but I have affairs on hand which will take me off immediately." And he moved toward the tent.

"Before dinner?" asked Matlack.

"Yes," said the other, "before dinner; now."

"Go ahead then," said Matlack, putting some sticks of wood into the stove; "and tell Sadler that if he don't send me somebody before supper-time to help about this camp, he'll see me. I'll be hanged," he said to himself, as he closed the door of the stove, "if this isn't hermitism with a vengeance. I wonder who'll be the next one to cut and run; most likely it will be Mrs. Perkenpine."

Early in the afternoon, warm and dusty, Martin presented himself before Peter Sadler, who was smoking his pipe on the little shaded piazza at the back of the house.

"Oh, ho!" said Peter. "How in the name of commonsense did you happen to turn up at this minute? This is about as queer a thing as I've known of lately. What did you come for? Sit down."

"Mr. Sadler," said Martin, "I have come here on most important business."

"Lake dry?" asked Peter.

"It is a matter," said Martin, "which concerns myself, and if all the lakes in the world were dry, I would not be able to think about them, so full is my soul of one thing."

"By the Lord Harry," said Peter, "let's have it, quick!"

In a straightforward manner, but with an ardent vehemence which he could not repress, Martin stated his business with Peter Sadler. He told him how he loved Margery, what he had said to her, and what she had said to him.

"And now," said the young man, "I have come to ask your permission to address her; but whether you give it or not I shall go to her mother and speak to her. I know her address, and I intend to do everything in an honorable way."

Peter Sadler put down his pipe and looked steadfastly at the young man. "I wish to heaven," said he, "that there was a war goin' on! I'd write a letter to the commander-in-chief and let you take it to him, and I'd tell him you was the bravest man between Hudson Bay and Patagonia. By George! I can't understand it! I can't understand how you could have the cheek, the unutterable brass, to come here and ask me—me, Peter Sadler—to let you court one of the ladies in a campin'-party of mine. And, what's more, I can't understand how I can sit here and hear you tell me that tale without picking up a chair and knocking you down with it."

"Mr. Sadler," said Martin, rising, "I have spoken to you fairly and squarely, and if that's all you've got to say, I will go."

"Sit down!" roared Peter, bringing his hand upon the table as if he would drive its legs through the floor. "Sit down, and listen to what I have to say to you. It's the strangest thing that ever happened to me that I am not more angry with you than I am; but I can't understand it, and I pass it by. Now that you are seated again, I will make some remarks on my side. Do you see that?" said he, picking up a letter on the table. "Do you see who it is addressed to?"

"To me!" exclaimed Martin, in surprise.

"Yes, it's to you," said Peter; "and I wrote it, and I intended to send it by Bill Hammond this afternoon. That's the reason I was surprised when I saw you here. But I'm not goin' to give it to you; I'd rather tell you what's in it, now you are here. Before I knew you were the abject ninnyhammer that you have just told me you are I had a good opinion of you, and thought that you were cut out to make a first-class traveller and explorer—the sort of a fellow who could lead a surveying expedition through the wilderness, or work up new countries and find out what they are made of and what's in them. And only yesterday I heard of a chance that ought to make you jump, and this morning I wrote to you about it. A friend of mine, who 's roughed it with me for many a day, is goin' to take an expedition down into New Mexico in the interests of a railroad and minin' company. They want to know everything about the country—the game, fish, trees, and plants, as well as the minerals—and it struck me that if you are not just the kind of man they want you could make yourself so in a very short time. They'd pay you well enough, and you'd have a chance to dip into natural history, and all that sort of thing, that you had no reason to expect for a dozen years to come, if it ever came. If such a chance had been offered to me at your age I wouldn't have changed lots with a king. All you've got to do is to pack up and be off. The party starts from New York in just three days; and I'll give you a letter to Joe Hendricks, and that 'll be all you want. He knows me well enough to take you without a word. If you haven't got money enough saved to fit yourself out for the trip I'll lend you some, and you can pay me back when they pay you. You can take the train this afternoon, and maybe you can see Hendricks to-night. So pack up what you want and leave what you don't want, and I'll take care of it. I'll write to Hendricks now."

Many times did the face of Martin flush and pale as he listened. A vision of Paradise had been opened before him, but he felt that he must shut his eyes.

"Mr. Sadler," he said, "you are very kind. You offer me a great thing—a thing which two weeks ago I should have accepted in the twinkling of an eye, and would have thanked you for all the rest of my life; but I cannot take it now. With all my heart I love a woman; I have told her so, and I am now going on the path she told me to take. I cannot turn aside from that for any prospects in the world."

Peter Sadler's face grew red, and then it grew black, and then it turned red again, and finally resumed its ordinary brown.

"Martin Sanders," said he, speaking quietly, but with one hand fastened upon the arm of his chair with a grasp which a horse could not have loosened, "if you are cowardly enough and small enough and paltry enough to go to a girl who is living in peace and comfort and ask her to marry you, when you know perfectly well that for years to come you could not give her a decent roof over her head, and that if her family wanted her to live like a Christian they would have to give her the money to do it with; and if you are fool enough not to know that when she sent you first to me and then to her mother she was tryin' to get rid of you without hurtin' your feelin's, why, tryin' to get rid of you without hurtin' your feelin's, why, then, I want you to get out of my sight, and the quicker the better. But if you are not so low down as that, go to your room and pack up your bag. The coach will start for the train at three o'clock, and it is now nearly half-past two; that will just give me time to write to Hendricks. Go!"

Martin rose. Whatever happened afterward, he must go now. It seemed to him as if the whole world had suddenly grown colder; as if he had been floating in a fog and had neared an iceberg. Could it be possible that she had spoken, as she had spoken, simply to get rid of him? He could not believe it. No one with such honest eyes could speak in that way; and yet he did not know what to believe.

In any case, he would go away in the coach. He had spoken to Sadler, and now, whether he spoke to any one else or not, the sooner he left the better.

When he came to take the coach, Peter Sadler, who had rolled himself to the front of the house, handed him the letter he had written.

"I believe you are made of the right kind of stuff," he said, "although you've got a little mouldy by bein' lazy out there in the woods; but you're all right now; and what you've got to do is to go ahead with a will, and, take my word for it, you'll come out on top. Do you want any money? No? Very well, then; good-by. You needn't trouble yourself to write to me, I'll hear about you from Hendricks; and I'd rather know what he thinks about you than what you think about yourself."

"How little you know," thought Martin, as he entered the coach, "what I am or what I think about myself. As if my purpose could be changed by words of yours!" And he smiled a smile which would have done justice to Arthur Raybold. The chill had gone out of him; he was warm again.

On the train he read the letter to Hendricks which Peter Sadler had given to him unsealed. It was a long letter, and he read it twice. Then he sat and gazed out of the window at the flying scenery for nearly half an hour, after which he read the letter again. Then he folded it up and put it into his pocket.

"If she had given me the slightest reason to hope," he said to himself, "how easy it would be to tear this letter into scraps."

Now an idea came into his mind. If he could see her mother quickly, and if she should ignore his honorable intentions and refuse to give him the opportunity to prove that he was worthy of a thought from her and her daughter, then it might not be too late to fall back on Peter Sadler's letter. But he shook his head; that would be dishonorable and unworthy of him.

He shut his eyes; he could not bear to look at the brightness of the world outside the window of the car. Under his closed lids there came to him visions, sometimes of Margery and sometimes of the forests of New Mexico. Sometimes the visions were wavering, uncertain, and transitory, and again they were strong and vivid—so plain to him that he could almost hear the leaves rustle as some wild creature turned a startled look upon him.

That night he delivered his letter to Mr. Hendricks.

## XXII.—A TRANQUILLIZING BREEZE AND A HOT WIND.

AFTER Martin had left her, Margery sat on the root of the tree until Mr. Clyde came up and said he had been wondering what had become of her.

"I have been wondering that, myself," she said. "At least, I have been wondering what is going to become of me."

"Don't you intend to be a hermit?" said he.

She shook her head. "I don't think it is possible," she answered. "There is no one who is better satisfied to be alone, and who can make herself happier all by herself, and who, in all sorts of ways, can get along better without other people than I can, and yet other people are continually interfering with me, and I cannot get away from them."

Clyde smiled. "That is a pretty plain hint," he said. "I suppose I might as well take it, and go off to some hermitage of my own."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Margery. "Don't be so awfully quick in coming to conclusions. I do feel worried and troubled and bothered, and I want some one to talk to; not about things which worry me, of course, but about common ordinary things, that will make me forget."

A slight shade came over the face of Mr. Clyde, and he seated himself on the ground near Margery. "It is a shame," said he, "that you should be worried. What is it in this peaceable, beautiful forest troubles you?"

"Did you ever hear of a paradise without snakes?" she asked. "The very beauty of it makes them come there."

"I have never yet known any paradise at all," he replied. "But can't you tell me what it is that troubles you?"

Margery looked at him with her clear, large eyes. "I'll tell you," she said, "if you will promise not to do a single thing without my permission."

"I promise that," said Clyde, eagerly.

"I am troubled by people making love to me."

"People!" exclaimed Clyde, with a puzzled air.

"Yes," said she. "Your cousin is one of them."

"I might have supposed that; but who on earth can be the other one?"

"That is Martin," said Margery.

For a moment Mr. Clyde did not seem to understand; and then he exclaimed, "You don't mean the young man who cuts wood and helps Matlack?"

"Yes, I do," she answered. "And you need not shut your jaw hard and grit your teeth that way. That is exactly what he did when he found out about Mr. Raybold. It is of no use to get angry, for you can't do anything without my permission; and, besides, I tell you that if I were condemned by a court to be made love to, I would much rather have Martin make it than Mr. Raybold. Martin is a good deal more than a guide; he has a good education, and would not be here if it was not for his love of nature. He is going to make nature his object in life, and there is something noble in that; a great deal better than trying to strut about on the stage."

"And those two have really been making love to you?" asked Clyde.

"Yes, really," she answered. "You never saw people more in earnest in all your life. As for Mr. Raybold, he was as earnest as a cat after a bird. He made me furiously angry. Martin was different. He is just as earnest, but he is more of a gentleman; and when I told him what I wanted him to do, he said he would do it. But there is no use in telling your cousin what I want him to do. He is determined to persecute me and make me miserable, and there is no way of stopping it, except by making a quarrel between him and Uncle Archibald. It is a shame!" she went on. "Who could have thought that two people would have turned up to disturb me in this way."

"Margery," said Mr. Clyde, and although he called her by her Christian name she took no notice of it, "you think you have too many lovers; but you are mistaken. You have not enough; you ought to have three."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes," he said, quickly; "and I want to be the third."

"And so make matters three times as bad as they were at first?" she asked.

"Not at all," said he. "When you have chosen one of them, he could easily keep away the two others."

"Do you mean," said Margery, "that if I were to agree to have three, and then, if I were to ask you to do it, you would take one of the others and go away quietly with him and leave me in peace with the third one?"

Mr. Clyde half smiled, but instantly grew serious again, and a flush came on his face. "Margery," said he, "I cannot bear trifling any more about this. No matter what anybody has said to you, whether it is any one in this camp or any one out of it, there is not a man in this world who—"

"Oh, Mr. Clyde," interrupted Margery, "you must not sit there and speak to me in such an excited way. If any one should see us they would think we were quarrelling. Let us go down to the lake; the air from the water is cool and soothing."

Together they walked from under the shade of the tree, and so wended their way that it brought them to a mass of shrubbery which edged the water a little distance down the lake. On the other side of this shrubbery was a pretty bank, which they had seen before.

"It always tranquillizes me," said Margery, as they stood side by side on the bank, "to look out over the water. Doesn't it have that effect on you?"

"No!" exclaimed Clyde. "It does not tranquillize me a bit. Nothing could tranquillize me at a moment like this. Margery, I want you to know that I love you. I did not intend to tell you so soon, but what you have said makes it necessary. I have loved you ever since I met you at Peter Sadler's, and, no matter what you say about it, I shall love you to the end of my life."

"Even if I should send you away with one of the others?"

"Yes; no matter what you do."

"That would be wrong," she said.

"It doesn't matter. Right or wrong, I'd do it."

Margery gave him a glance from which it would have been impossible to eliminate all signs of admiration. "And if I were to arrange it otherwise," she said, "would you undertake to keep the others away?"

There was no answer to this question, but in a minute afterward Clyde exclaimed, "Do you think any one would dare to come near you if they saw you now?"

"Hardly," said Margery, raising her head from his shoulder and looking up into his sparkling eyes. "Really, Harrison, you ought not to speak in such a loud voice. If Aunt Harriet were to hear you she might dare to come."

Margery was late at dinner, although the horn was blown three times.

Much to the surprise of his wife, Mr. Archibald returned to camp about an hour before dinner.

"How is this?" she exclaimed. "Wasn't the fishing good?"

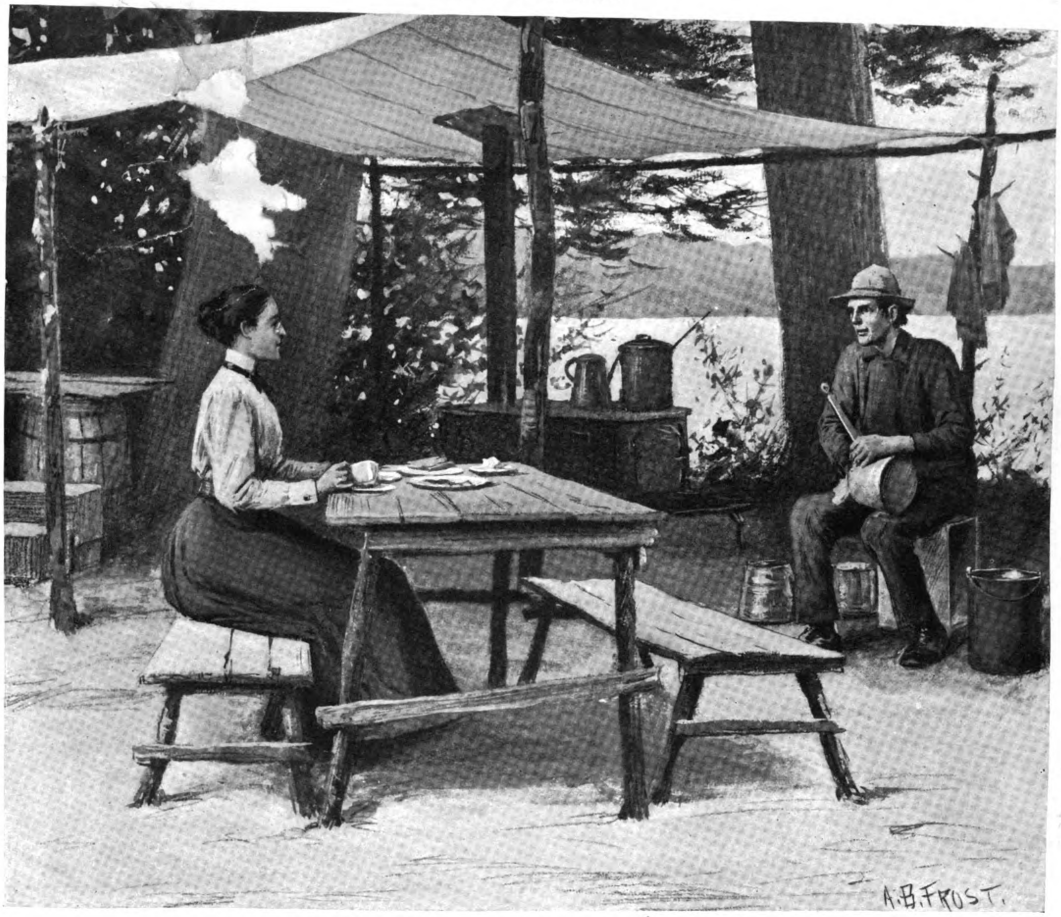
"I have had a disagreeable experience," he said, "and I will tell you about it. I was fishing in a little cove some distance down the lake and having good sport, when I heard a thumping, and looking around I saw Raybold

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2167.

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"MISS RAYBOLD DID NOT APPEAR TO NOTICE HIS STATE OF MIND, AND ATE HEARTILY."

in a boat rowing toward me. I suppose he thought he was rowing, but he was really floating with the current; but as he neared me he suddenly pulled his boat toward me with such recklessness that I was afraid he would run into me. I considered his rowing into the cove to be a piece of bad manners, for of course it would spoil my fishing, but I had no idea he actually intended to lay alongside of me. This he did, however, and so awkwardly that his boat struck mine with such force that it half tipped it over. Then he lay hold of my gunwale, and said he had something to say to me.

"I was as angry as if a man in the street had knocked my hat down over my eyes and said that he did so in order to call my attention to a subscription paper. But this indignation was nothing to what I felt when the fellow began to speak. I cannot repeat his words, but he stated his object at once, and said that as this was a good opportunity to speak to me alone, he wished to ask me to remove what he called the utterly useless embargo which I had placed upon him in regard to Margery. He said it was useless, because he could not be expected to give up his hopes and his plans simply because I objected to them; and he went on to say that if I understood him fully, and if Margery understood him, he did not believe that either of us would object. And then he actually asked me to use my influence with her to make her listen to him. From what he said, I am sure he has been speaking to her. I did not let him finish, but turned and blazed at him in words as strong as would come to me. I ordered him never to speak to me again or show himself in my camp, and that if he did either of these things he would do them at his peril; and then, for fear he might say something which would make me lose control of myself, I jerked up my anchor and rowed away from him. I didn't feel like fishing any more, and so I came back."

"His behavior is shameful," said Mrs. Archibald. "And what is more, it is ridiculous, for Margery would not look at him. What sort of a man does he think you are, to suppose that you would give your permission to any one, no matter who he might be, to offer marriage to a young lady in your charge? But what are you going to do about it? I think it very likely he will come to this camp, and he may speak to you."

"In that case I shall have him driven out," said Mr. Archibald, "as if he were a drunken vagabond. I personally shall have nothing to do with him, but I shall order my guides to eject him."

"I hope that may not be necessary," said his wife. "It would make bad feeling, and deeply wound his sister, for it would be the same thing as putting her out. She talks too much, to be sure, but she is a lady, and has treated us all very courteously. I wish we could get through the rest of our stay here without any disturbance or bad feeling."

"I wish so too, with all my heart," said her husband. "And the only thing necessary to that end is that that ass Raybold shall keep out of my sight."

It was about two o'clock that afternoon, and Mrs. Archibald, under her tree, her basket of stockings all darned, and her novel at its culminating point of interest, was the only visible occupant of Camp Rob, when Corona Raybold came walking toward her, an obvious purpose in her handsome face, which was somewhat flushed by exercise.

"I do not think," she said, as soon as she was near enough for Mrs. Archibald to hear her, "that the true purpose and intention of our plan is properly understood by all of the party. I think, after some explanation, everything will go well, but I have been endeavoring for the last half-hour to find Mrs. Perkenpine, and have utterly failed. I am very hungry, but I can discover nothing to eat. All our stores appear to be absolutely raw, or in some intermediate state of crudity. I intend to order some provisions in cans or boxes which will be at all times available, but I have not done so yet, and so I have come over to speak to you about the matter. Did your guides prepare your dinner as usual?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Archibald. "A hermit life seems to make no difference with Mr. Matlack. We become associates at meal-times, but, as you see, we have separated again."

"I must instil into Mrs. Perkenpine's mind," said Corona, "that, in order thoroughly to act out her own nature, she must cook and do other things of a domestic character. Of course she will do those things in her own way; that is to be expected; but she must do them. It is impossible to imagine a woman of her class whose soul is not set more or less upon domestic affairs. I will instance Mr. Matlack. His nature belongs to the woods and the out-of door world, and that nature prompts him to cook what he shoots."

Mrs. Archibald laughed. "I think his nature is a very good one," she said; "and I will go with you to find him and see if he cannot give you a luncheon, if not a dinner."

"Thank you very much," said Corona; "but indeed I do not wish to trouble you. I will go to him myself. You are very kind, but it is not in the least degree necessary for you to accompany me. A cup of tea and some little trifle is all I shall ask him for."

For a moment Mrs. Archibald hesitated, and then she said, "As we are hermits, I suppose we must not keep together any more than we can help, and so I will let you go alone."

Corona found Phil Matlack by his kitchen tent, busily engaged in rubbing the inside of a large kettle. He was not in a good humor. The departure of Martin had thrown all the work of his camp upon him, and now the appearance of a person from another camp requesting to be fed aroused him to absolute anger. He did not scold; it would have been impossible to look at that beautiful and imperturbable face and say hard words to it. He did not refuse the cup of tea or the bread and butter for which he was asked, and even added some cold meat; but he indignantly made up his mind that he would stand no more of this nonsense, and that if necessary he would go to Sadler and throw up the job. He had not engaged to cook for three camps.

Miss Raybold did not appear to notice his state of mind, and ate heartily. She thought it was fortunate that he happened to have the kettle on the stove, and she asked him how he liked the hermit life—the living for himself alone.

"Haven't tried it," he answered, curtly.

"I understand," said Corona, "you have had to live too much for other people; but it is too soon to expect our plan to run smoothly. In a short time, however, we shall be better able to know our own natures and show them to others."

"Oh, I can do that," said he; "and I am goin' to, precious soon."

"I have no doubt of it," she answered. "And now can you tell me where Mr. Archibald has gone? I did not see him this morning, and there are some matters I wish to speak to him about."

"No, miss," said Matlack, promptly; "I don't know where he is. He's a real hermit. He's off by himself, most likely miles away."

Corona reflected. "Mr.—the bishop? Have you seen him? He may be able to—"

The guide grinned grimly. He had seen the man of muscle—not fat—conversing that morning with Corona, and an hour afterward he had seen him, not in the same place, but in the same companionship, and it gave him a certain pleasure to know that the man who could heave rocks and break young trees could not relieve himself from the thralls of the lady of the flowing speech.

"The bishop?" said he. "Don't you know where he went to?"

"He left me," she answered, "because he was obliged to go to prepare dinner for my brother and Mr. Clyde; but he is not in Camp Roy now, for I went there to look for Mrs. Perkenpine."

"Well," said the wicked Matlack, pointing to the spot where, not long before, Margery had found a tranquilliz ing breeze, "I saw him going along with a book a little while ago, and I think he went down to the shore, just beyond that clump of bushes over there. He seems to be a man who likes readin', which isn't a bad thing for a hermit."

"Thank you," said Miss Raybold, rising. "I do not care for anything more. You are very kind, and I am quite sure I shall not have to trouble you again. To-morrow everything will be running smoothly."

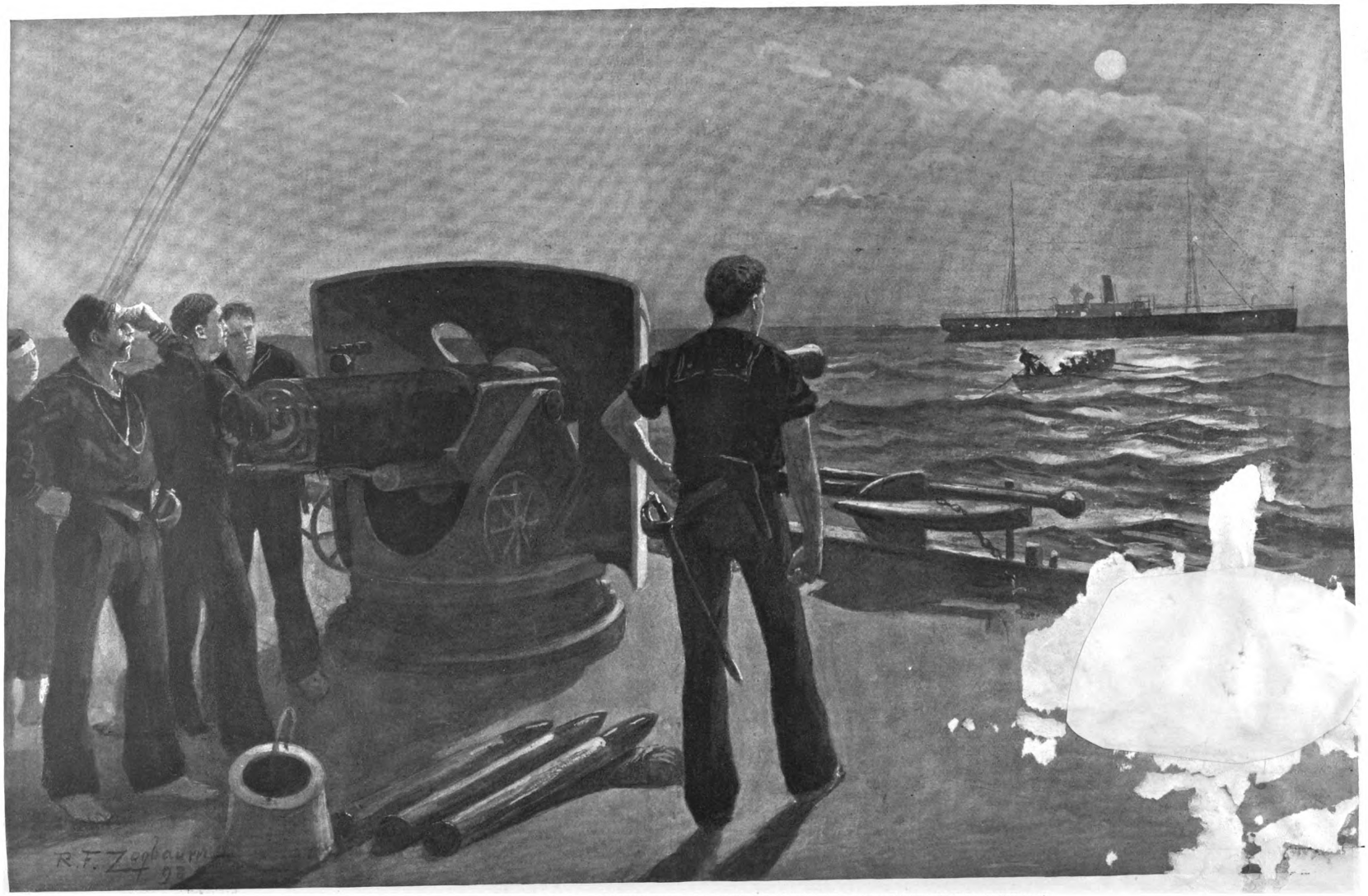
Matlack looked at her as she quietly walked away. "She's a pretty sort of a hermit," he said to himself. "If she really had to live by herself she'd cut out a wooden man and talk to it all day. It won't be long before she accidentally stumbles over that big fellow with his book."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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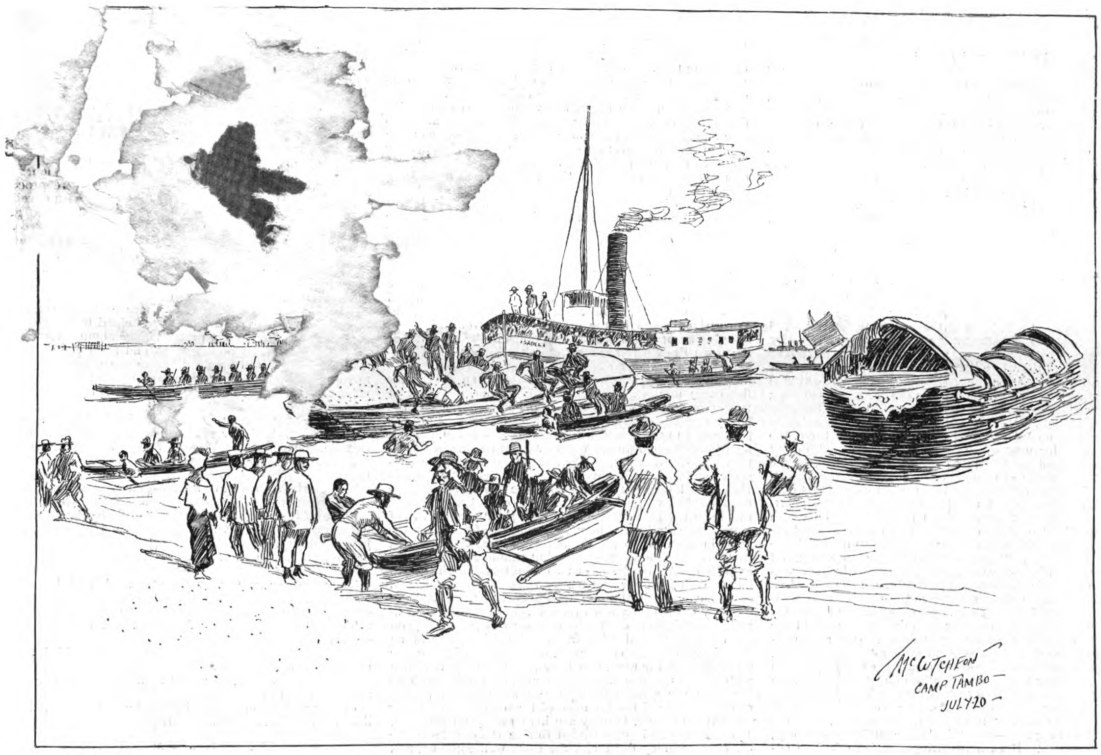
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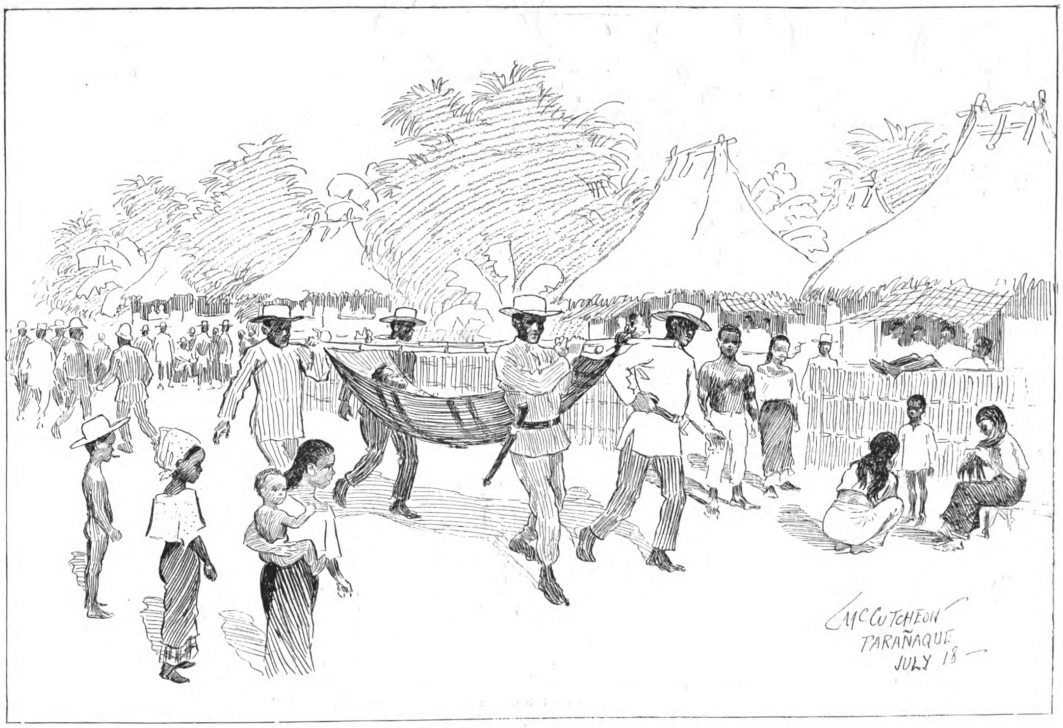



ON THE BLOCKADE OFF SAN JUAN—"UNDER THE CRUISER'S GUNS."—Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

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1st COLORADO VOLUNTEERS LANDING ON THE BEACH NEAR CAMP TAMBO—CRUISER "BOSTON" IN REAR OF "ISABEL."




BRINGING IN A WOUNDED INSURGENT FROM THE TRENCHES NEAR MALATE.

## OUR ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

SKETCHES BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL MERRITT'S TROOPS.

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## HOW THE STARS AND STRIPES CAME TO ARROYO.

On Board U.S.S. "Wasp."

At daylight, Monday, August 1, the *Wasp* and *Gloucester*, acting under orders received during the night, got under way and proceeded to the eastward to find a landing for a division of General Brooke's Second Army Corps, which it was intended should land at a point from where it could advance to turn the flank of the probable Spanish position on the road to San Juan. I was awakened by the hurry of men on deck and sound of the engines turning, and jumped into my clothes and hurried to the bridge to see what was going on. A gray and threatening sky lowered overhead, and the sleeping transports loomed big and black as we swept by them. The *Cincinnati*, *Columbia*, and *Massachusetts* swung at their anchors, the morning watch just turning to to scrub down decks. We soon left them behind us with the silent town and harbor, and raced after the *Gloucester*, that anchored farther out and had a good start of the little *Wasp*.

The charts of this coast are utterly unreliable, and not even the presence of a native pilot on the bridge could make Captain Ward believe his vessel safe when we turned in towards the land at the spot on the map marked Port Jobos, five fathoms by the chart and only three by the lead. That would not do; and as we saw the *Gloucester* draw off, and the white line of breakers on either side of the entrance, not even the assurances of the dark-skinned gentleman referred to could make the passage seem safe; so slow speed was rung, and as we crept toward the only spot of smooth water the lead was kept going constantly —now five, now seven, and then shoaling to three, too little even for a vessel drawing thirteen feet. "Plenty of water," said the pilot; and there was just then, for the squalls and spills of rain that had kept the decks wet all the morning now culminated in a perfect deluge that shut out the shore-line and made the windows in the chart-house gray blots, through which nothing could be seen but the figures of oil-coated officers on the bridge and the barefooted pilot, one shoulder twisted up as if in defiance of the downpour. "Stop her," now came the order, and "Slow astern"—no venturing in such a place, in such weather; but tropic showers do not last long, and presently a gleam of sunlight showed through the rain, and the horizon at sea straightened out again. Only the dark hills were still wrapped in sheets of rain, but we could see them and hear the harbor bar moaning. Orders are orders, so try again is the word, and we shoot ahead—slowly, though—while the lead goes continually, and the leadsman cries, "Quarter less seven—five fathom—four," and then "three"—slow speed and twenty men looking for danger. The sun struggles through the mist; we can see the bottom over the side. "Slow her down—steady," for the swell lifts along here—and "Yes, we're on," comes the cry; "we've struck. Back her—full speed astern." The engines respond, and off we go, leaving a trail of muddy water as long as the ship—good work, for if we had trusted the chart or the pilot we would have been stuck sure; but a careful skipper takes no chances, and the *Wasp* is free as ever.

The *Gloucester* is off now to the eastward, hailing us, for they see there is no getting in there. "We are going to Arroyo; follow us." Follow, indeed! We'll find our own way, and we do. Arroyo, thirty-seven miles from Ponce, port of the fine city of Guayama, and right in the midst of many large plantations and a fertile cultivated country, is marked on the map with dotted lines, showing uncertainty as to the channel and coast-line. Think of it! Islands in the Pacific where nobody ever goes are better charted; but that is the Spanish way of doing things; and they would not allow the United States to make a chart of their possessions. Never!

Shoals are marked that do not exist, and deep water where it is shallow; but in we go, the lead giving seven fathoms one minute and fourteen the next, followed by five—a bad bottom truly, and a guess at the course; but in time the town looms up before us, straggling along on the beach, with a fertile plain beyond, and dark hills shut in with rain. Off to the left a few miles inland is the city of Guayama, set on low hills, and crowned with a great cathedral, one of the finest in the Western world. Sugar plantations and their tall-chimneyed works for crushing the cane line the shore, and the lower hills are marked in squares of varied color that remind one of the well-tilled hill-sides of France. Altogether it is a pretty and prepossessing country, and so much more interesting than Cuba as to make us agree that the term "Queen of the Antilles" ought to belong to it in preference to any other.

The *Gloucester* had come to anchor, in about five fathoms of water, off the town, at a few minutes before eleven o'clock. We followed, anchoring just astern and slightly outside, at 11.06. Both ships were cleared for action, and the crew of the *Wasp*, fresh from their victory at Nipe over the *Jorge Juan*, were eager to try again their powers, and looked in vain for a Spanish flag. None was to be seen, however. Four French flags and one English union-jack floated over the town. That was all. No sign of Spanish colors.

A crowd had gathered on the beach in front of the custom-house—the entire population apparently—watching the approach of the boat carrying a little white flag. The alcalde and the village priest stood out in front of the crowd on the beach and bowed low to the Americanos. Lieutenant Wood of the *Gloucester* informed them of the terms of surrender, and after a short parley went up to the custom-house and hoisted the American flag at 11.28. The crowd flocked around the officers and cheered the flag, and seemed to be glad it had come.

There were one or two citizens, however, who did not want to surrender without taking a good long time to discuss the matter. One of these was the captain of the port, a Spanish naval officer, who was made a prisoner of war and released on parole. The alcalde and other civil authorities, with foreign consuls, were taken off to the *Gloucester*, and the town formally surrendered to the United States. The small force of regulars and volunteers stationed at Arroyo had retreated in haste to Guayama, and a messenger was sent demanding the surrender immediately of the city and forces. Meantime the *Wasp* made careful soundings about the harbor, establishing the course, so that the *St. Louis* and other large vessels could find their way in without trouble.

During the night the British consul, whose life had been threatened by the soldiers, took his family to the consulate, and many women and children flocked there for protection, and all passed an anxious night. The *Gloucester* withdrew her small guard of bluejackets, but remained off the town, keeping watch. The consul's office is right on the beach, and during the night the work of getting the fleet of lighters found at Arroyo ready for work in the morning was pushed on by the energetic consul, who was also an agent for the United States.

About midnight a column of volunteers came stealing down the street, taking long steps and looking from side to side like the villains in a comic opera. They ranged up in front of the houses on the beach, and opened fire from their Mausers at the *Gloucester*. Their fire caused consternation to the scared people in town; but the *Gloucester* only turned her search-light on the beach and the would-be heroes, who immediately turned and fled, scattering cartridges all along the street in their haste, which were picked up in the morning as souvenirs. The *Gloucester* couldn't fire very well without hurting friends as well as foes, but her search-light served just as well to put the enemy to flight, and the balance of the night passed in peace. Early in the morning the *Cincinnati* left Ponce for Arroyo, followed by the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, and the work of landing the troops was immediately begun. We arrived again in the afternoon, and went ashore at once. The presence of Spanish troops in the outskirts of the town drew a few shots from the *St. Louis* and *Cincinnati*, which did no harm, so far as known, except to kill some cattle grazing in the broad green fields. As there was no dock or facilities of any kind, the work of landing was somewhat slow. Ships' launches towed the heavy lighters, crowded with men and stores, as near as they could to the beach, when they were poled in, and the men jumped out into the water or upon the beach as best they could. Work was immediately begun on a landing-stage, and they now have a quite sufficient one. As at Ponce, and before that in Cuba, the army would have been helpless without the aid of the navy launches, and the handling of so many men and great quantities of stores has entailed an immense amount of work on the boats in addition to the regular ships' work—a demand that has been successfully met, but should not be always expected. A harbor tug or two as a forethought would have saved the wear and tear of the ships' launches, and could have been left for permanent work in these harbors.

Arroyo is a pretty town on a level plain with a background of high hills. The streets are wide, and the principal one is shaded with trees, and reminds one of an American village. The houses, mostly built of wood, are set back from the road, and have pretty front yards filled with flowers. The inhabitants greeted the soldiers as brothers; the women brought out flowers, and pinned roses on their shirts—for none of them wears a coat, nor scarcely an officer, as they are here purely on business. The Third Illinois was landed during the day from the *St. Louis*, and by dusk had the town well guarded, and its outpost far on the road to Guayama. Late in the afternoon a skirmish took place, with no harm done on our side. From the headquarters of Major Bennett, on the top of the building in which the British consul has his office, we could see the troops moving up the road, and the reports of their rifles and little puffs of smoke caused a temporary excitement; otherwise it was the most delightful war imaginable, and the soldiers, glad to be ashore and in a country so beautiful, were already establishing the most friendly relations with the population, especially the female part. In fact, except for the former *capitan del puerto*, who stood at his front gate smoking a pipe and watching the soldiers pass, and frowning hard at them too, I did not see a look or expression other than that of pleasure. It was a great day for Arroyo; the little harbor never saw so many big ships, and the streets never echoed to the tread of so many men. The entire population was out-of-doors too, and was just as glad as if it had been American always. There is a handsome church in Arroyo, standing in a little square off the main street, with the priest's house embowered in flowers near it, and the father in charge offered his services from the first to aid in keeping order and helping the people to understand the new order of things; but Arroyo needed not to be conquered, but was only waiting for the coming of the stars and stripes.

Ponce, *August 9.*

On Thursday, the 4th, the Third Illinois and Fourth Ohio regiments had a skirmish with the enemy, who occupied a position in the woods extending across the road from Arroyo to Guayama. The enemy were well hidden in the woods, and it took five hours of Indian fighting, from tree to tree and bush to bush, to drive them out; and with their smokeless powder they had a great advantage over our men, whose whereabouts was exposed by the smoke from their rifles at every discharge. It finally became too hot for the Spaniards, and they retreated to Guayama, and then through the town, firing back on their own city when our forces occupied it. Five of our men were wounded, and the Spanish loss was not discovered.

One dead soldier was found thrown into a well. The rest of their dead and the wounded had been carried off. Guayama is a fine healthy city, and an important point on the road to San Juan. Every day at Ponce has seen the gradual straightening out of army affairs—vast stores of ordnance and provisions have been landed and stored or sent on to the front.

The transports are now all unloaded, and the army in good condition to advance. Wilson's outposts are now seventeen miles from Ponce, and a general advance will be made within a day or two. The arrival of Troops A and C, New York cavalry, has given Ponce quite a metropolitan touch, and these men, who have worked like troopers—and there is no more expressive phrase—swarmed into Ponce on Sunday. Liberty for a few hours was celebrated by baths and clean shirts—if they had them—and a dinner at the little Hotel Française, headquarters for those off duty and for the navy and correspondents. There were many greetings, and more bottles of "Monopole" opened than ever before in the history of one day in Ponce, I am sure, and it is not often that soldiers at $15 60 per month ride expensive horses and drink champagne. This was an incident only of the peaceful occupation of Ponce. The rule has been *work*, night and day, and the New York men have sweated and toiled as hard as the regulars.

A theatrical troupe—from the Bowery, I should judge—which has been "doing" the West Indies this summer, has just arrived in Ponce from St. Thomas, and is advertised to open at the handsome theatre here this evening, booming, and the town never had so much excitement in its history before. American money changed at 100 and at 75 per cent., according as you make your purchases. The quartermaster's headquarters gives 100 per cent., but the natives are inclined to take advantage of the scarcity of silver in that little matter.

The road to San Juan is a fine, broad, macadamized thoroughfare, passing through many towns and villages, and bridged for the most part very well. Some of the bridges are forded, and the frequent rains, together with the heavy army traffic, have made some of the fords impassable in places to get over. I drove out Sunday, with a party of officers, many miles in the country. There were long processions of heavy pack-wagons rumbling along the road, escorts trotting ahead and behind them, and a column started in heavy campaign order at dark, and kept on the road, looking very like regulars and experienced; a heavy wagon with four vigorous, kicking mules obstructed one ford and blocked the road. The drivers were swearing, the mules kicking, and the population turning out to see the excitement as we splashed through, giving some nautical advice that was scorned, but which we felt sure would have helped matters had it been heeded. There is a pretty village about seven miles from Ponce, nestled among trees, and from the top of a low hill, as the road bends down to the town, there is a magnificent view of the rolling country and distant hills, glimpses of big trees and houses snuggled in masses of foliage.

Well cultivated and more comfortable-looking than any spot in the West Indies, Puerto Rico seems a veritable El Dorado, and with the infusion of fresh energy and more equitable laws, this fair island has vast possibilities before it. On this point I enclose an editorial from a Ponce paper, which starts with a new name—and new sentiments, I fancy—just at this time.

Some of these sentiments about public hygiene are due to the vigorous measures of Chief Medical Inspector Major Woodbury, a New York man, who has taken charge of the local health affairs in a way new to this easy-going race.

They are to have a new cemetery. A plot has been selected and blessed, and the old burying-ground, used over and over again for two hundred years, and right in the midst of the city, is to be closed, and one source of danger to public health removed.

The weather has been excessively hot, but probably not more unendurable than is New York in August, and this is the hot season here, too; next month it will be comfortable, the Puerto-Ricans say.

From the *La Nueva Era*, Ponce, August 8, 1898. Published partly in English and partly in Spanish:

IT SEEMS LIKE A DREAM.

Yes, it does seem like a dream, that the flag of the United States, should be waving over Ponce guaranteeing all the longings for prosperity and happiness, that filled our soul, for this our beloved island of Porto Rico.

As true disciples of the Republican doctrine, we never forsook our ideal, and never bowed our head before the false idols of Monarchism, which only serve to corrupt and make abject slaves of men.

Immense therefore is our joy to see the Republican form of government triumphant forever—yes, forever—in this beautiful land.

In our inmost soul, like the Hebrew of old, on seeing the Promised land, we lift up to God our song of praise and gratitude. We are ready now to go to our graves with an easy mind, for we know, that our children are, and will be, citizens of a free and truly great country.

The immense load of mistrust does not overwhelm us with its weight, nor does it fetter our mind. We are citizens of the great land of Washington and Lincoln!

Henceforward our Municipalities will be absolutely Autonomous and will not be dependent on the smile or frown of our former Lords and masters, to do, or not do, what they think best for the interests of the community.

It will be by the direct vote of the people, that those men thought worthy of confidence will be empowered to manage the Communal interests.

We are going to have all the responsibility, and all the glory, of our actions as an integral part of a great people.

We will be free to legislate on everything concerning the suffrage, electoral procedure, etc., in fact, on all matters that refer to our local administration and government. If we err we will have no one to blame but ourselves, but if we hit the mark, the glory and benefit will be exclusively our own.

We ought, therefore, to look at the situation full in the face and begin to prepare ourselves to enter into the community of civilized peoples.

It is not possible that an island like Porto Rico should be longer without Railways, roads, bridges, and harbors adequate to the requirements of modern traffic; without a Postal and Telegraph service worthy of the name; without having its agricultural products better known in the consuming markets, especially its tobacco, not inferior, by any means, to that of the Vuelta-abajo; without developing its industry to the proper degree.

It is not possible that a city like Ponce, should continue with an inefficient Police force, nor with Public Hygiene, so abandoned, that for want of a Filter, in the Aqueduct, we have to drink, when there are freshets, water full of all kinds of impurities.

It is no longer bearable that an extensive town like ours should not have a system of Sewers for its proper Sanitation.

All these matters, and many others, which we will go on pointing out, must be attended to. When we have done so, when, everything which means civilization and advancement, spread their beneficent influence over us, then we shall have a better reason to say:

It seems like a dream, yes, but a very beautiful and comforting dream.

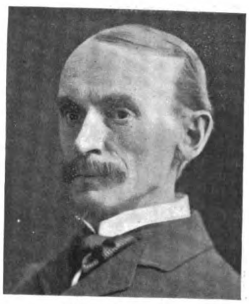
Carlton T. Chapman.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Thursday, August 18.*—General Merritt's account of the capture of Manila was received at the War Department. After referring to the notification to the Spanish commander (August 7) to remove non-combatants from the city, and the reply stating that the Spanish were without places of refuge, the despatch continues:

"On the 9th inst. sent joint note [*i.e.*, in conjunction with Admiral Dewey] inviting attention to sufferings in store for sick and non-combatants in case it became our duty to reduce defences, also setting forth hopeless condition of Spanish forces, surrounded on all sides, fleet in front, no prospects of re-enforcements, and demanded surrender as due to every consideration of humanity. Same date received reply admitting their situation, but stating council of defence declares request for surrender cannot be granted, but offered to consult government if time was

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WILLIAM R. DAY,
Secretary of State.



EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE,
Associate Justice United States Supreme Court.



CUSHMAN K. DAVIS,
United States Senator from Minnesota.



WILLIAM P. FRYE,
United States Senator from Maine.



WHITELAW REID,
Formerly United States Minister to France.

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

granted necessary for communication *viâ* Hong-kong. Joint note in reply, declining. On 13th joined with navy in attack, with following results: After about half an hour's accurate shelling of the Spanish line, McArthur's brigade on right and Greene's on left, under Anderson, made vigorous attack, and carried Spanish works. . . . Behavior of troops excellent; co-operation of the navy most valuable. Troops advanced rapidly on walled city, upon which white flag shown, and town capitulated. . . . Insurgents kept out. No disorder or pillage."

*Friday, August 19.*—In Madrid it is said that the Cortes will meet about the middle of September, to provide the indispensable authorization for the signing of articles of peace on the part of Spain.

*Saturday, August 20.*—General Merritt cables the terms of the capitulation of Manila: "The Spanish troops, European and native, capitulate, *with the city and defences*, with all honors of war," etc. In another despatch he states that our loss in the assault was five killed and forty-three wounded.

Naval parade in New York Harbor. The cruisers and battle-ships *New York, Iowa, Indiana, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Oregon*, and *Texas* passed in review.

*Monday, August 22.*—A general order issued to-day, in relation to the volunteers, prescribes that a thorough physical examination shall be made of officers and enlisted men immediately prior to their muster out. The records are to be preserved in view of pension claims arising from war service.

An elaborate report by General Calixto Garcia on the operations of the Cuban forces at Santiago was published to-day, and together with this the information is received that his resignation has been accepted by the "insurgent government."

*Tuesday, August 23.*—A despatch from Manila states that General Merritt has relinquished to General Otis the immediate command of our forces at that point, and has assumed his duties as Military Governor. Improvement is noted in the attitude of the insurgents toward the Americans.

*Wednesday, August 24.*—At a conference between our commanders and the leaders of the Philippine insurgents, the latter declared they were willing to co-operate with the Americans, and to surrender their arms promptly if assured of American or British protection. Otherwise they refuse to disarm.

Orders have been issued at Washington for the mustering out of sixteen organizations in the volunteer army.

Secretary Alger arrived at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point. In the evening, after having inspected the camp, he said, "I am very agreeably surprised with the whole situation." Rather more encouraging than such misplaced cheerfulness was the Secretary's promise that the conditions should be improved in many particulars, and without delay. M. W.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

RAISED TO HEALTH.

MORE infants have been nourished with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than by all other so-called infant foods combined. Thousands of mothers testify to its merit.—[*Adv.*]

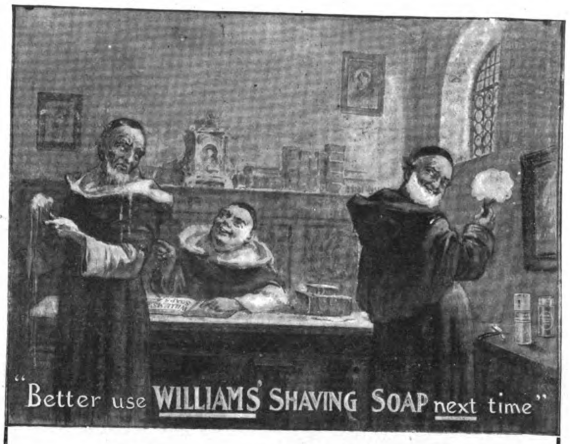
BANISH the blues by taking ABBOTT'S—The ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS—lightens heart, helps health. —[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.




**This man**

has been persuaded to try one of the many **substitutes** offered in place of WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap. See the **Thin, Frothy Lather.** Note how quickly it dries. It "kills the razor," which pulls and "rasps." The face smarts, burns and itches—the skin is parched and drawn. It's bound to make a man cross and miserable.

**Danger** lurks in such soaps too.

**But this man**

sticks to the "old reliable" **Williams' Shaving Soap.** Note the **Great, Rich, Creamy Lather.** It holds its moisture indefinitely—softens the beard—so that the razor cuts easily and without pulling. The face has a smooth, velvety, refreshed feeling after shaving. He feels jolly and contented, and at peace with the world.

**Which of these men would you rather be?**

A half Century of unrivalled popularity has demonstrated that **Williams'** are the **only Real Shaving Soaps.**

*Williams' Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail, if your dealer does not supply you.*

**Williams' Shaving Sticks, 25c.**
**Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.**
**Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers')** 6 cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet.
**Luxury Shaving Tablets, 25c.**
**Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.**



Trial cake 2c. Stamp.

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**Williams' Exquisite "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 15c.**

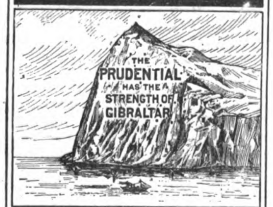
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**THIRTY-SECOND NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF G. A. R. AT CINCINNATI, O.**

**Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.**

For the thirty-second National Encampment of G. A. R., to be held at Cincinnati, O., September 5 to 10, 1898, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets at rate of *single fare for the round trip.*

These tickets will be sold on September 3, 4, and 5, and will be good to leave Cincinnati returning not earlier than September 6 nor later than September 13, except that by depositing ticket with Joint Agent at Cincinnati on September 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9, and on payment of twenty-five cents, return limit may be extended so that passengers may remain at Cincinnati until October 2.

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are more largely used in this country than any other. **Crescent Bicycles** stand up and **Crescent Prices** are not cut. **Quality Unexcelled.**
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WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

## THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

THE 31st of August of this year the young Queen of Holland will attain her majority. According to the Dutch Constitution a sovereign must have accomplished eighteen years before ascending the throne. As the little Queen first saw the light at six o'clock in the evening, it is at that hour that the regency of her mother will end, and that Wilhelmina will begin to reign over the united Netherlands.

Her first act will be to sign a decree, in which she will make an opportunity of thanking her mother officially for the devotion with which she has fulfilled the position of Regent and watched over herself and her education. That night there will be religious services in all the churches in Holland.

On Monday, the 5th of September, the two Queens will go from The Hague to Amsterdam, where they will be formally received at the Eastern Railway Station, and conducted to the Palais Royal in the Dam—the old palace which was formerly the Hôtel de Ville, but which was given by the city in the beginning of this century to Louis Napoleon, when he was King of Holland. For the escort of the two Queens there will be a guard of honor on horseback, one on foot, and there is talk of a guard of honor of women. All the towns in Holland will be draped with flags and beautifully decorated. And as Amsterdam is considered the Venice of the North, there will be Venetian fêtes at night and brilliant illuminations.

No foreign princes will be invited to the ceremony, which can scarcely be called a coronation, for the very good reason that in Holland two of the vital elements are lacking—a crown and a crowner. The Dutch speak of it as the *intronisation*, or the enthronement. Foreign princes are not asked, so I am told by the best authority on the inside of things at the Dutch court, for two reasons. First, it is feared that the German Emperor might cast a too preponderating shadow over the event. Next, all the courts which have aspirations towards the young Queen's hand would try to outvie each other in sending a handsome young man. From the same authority I learn that the Queen has decided not to marry for some years. She wishes first to have her people accustom themselves to seeing her upon the throne, and to keep the relation between her and them without any outside influence. When she does marry, her husband will be a prince-consort. Her wish is to make her accession to the throne an intimate fête between herself and her people. The princes under the suzerainty of Holland have asked permission to be present, and received it, such as the Sultan of Deli, the famous tobacco country, the Emperor of Solo, the Queen of Gowa.

On Tuesday morning, the 6th of September, the enthroning will take place. This is neither a religious nor a military nor a civil function. It is parliamentary, and is as republican in form as the inauguration of an American President at Washington. It is not yet decided whether the Queen will go on foot or by carriage from the Palais Royal to the New Church, where the ceremony will take place. Kings always go on foot. In the cortége is carried the regalia, which contains one thing entirely peculiar to Holland, and that is a copy of the Constitution, richly bound. It is upon this that the Queen takes the oath.

In the church she finds herself surrounded by her ministers, the dignitaries of state, governors of her provinces, etc. And in presence of the representatives of the States-General, one hundred members of the Second Chamber, eighty members of the First, she takes the oath as follows: "I swear to the Dutch people that I will always maintain and observe the Constitution of this country, that I will defend it with all my power, and will guard the independence of the territory of this country. That I will protect the general and individual rights of all my subjects, and will forward the general and special well-being by all the means that the law places at my disposition, as is the duty of a good king or queen."

Then the members of the States-General take the oath of fidelity, one by one, by holding up two fingers of the right hand. Even the ministers do not take the oath. It is a bond established between the Queen and her people in the person of their representatives.

The following day there will be a military fête, at which it is probable the Queen will present flags to the regiments; and in the evening there will be a great maritime fête, in which flotillas from every commune in Holland will take part. This does not mean the Dutch navy alone, but every craft that lives on the Dutch canals, filled with groups of peasantry in the national costume of each town.

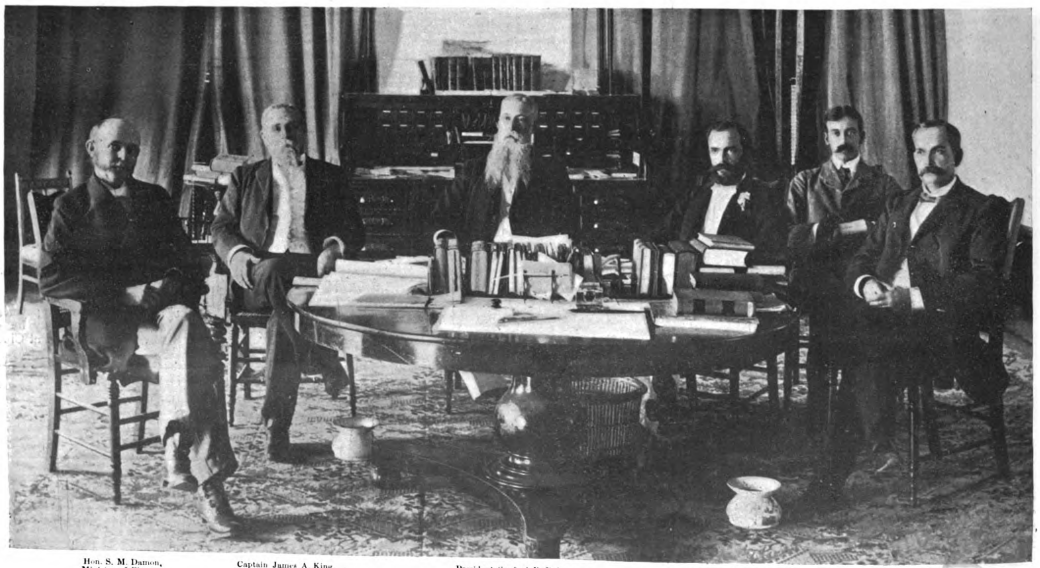
Holland is arranging for an exhibition of souvenirs of the house of Orange-Nassau during the coronation fêtes, and also for the most remarkable and complete exhibition of Rembrandt's works that has ever been made, for which Queen Victoria and many others have promised to lend their private collections. "We want to show the world," a distinguished Hollander said to me, "that while we find the house of Orange-Nassau interesting, we find our Rembrandt one of our national glories also, and, as we are republican in spirit, no less worthy of notice than our Queen."

A sum of money will be offered by the Dutch people to the Queen-Regent on her daughter's accession, as a token of sympathy and of gratitude, which she has signified her intention of devoting to the foundation of a charity or some useful enterprise. The Holland people also wished to make a present to the Queen, but her mother has published a statement that by mutual agreement between herself and Queen Wilhelmina the latter would accept nothing, feeling that she has as yet merited nothing.

PARIS, *August 18.* ALLEN SERGEANT.



EMMA, QUEEN-REGENT OF HOLLAND.

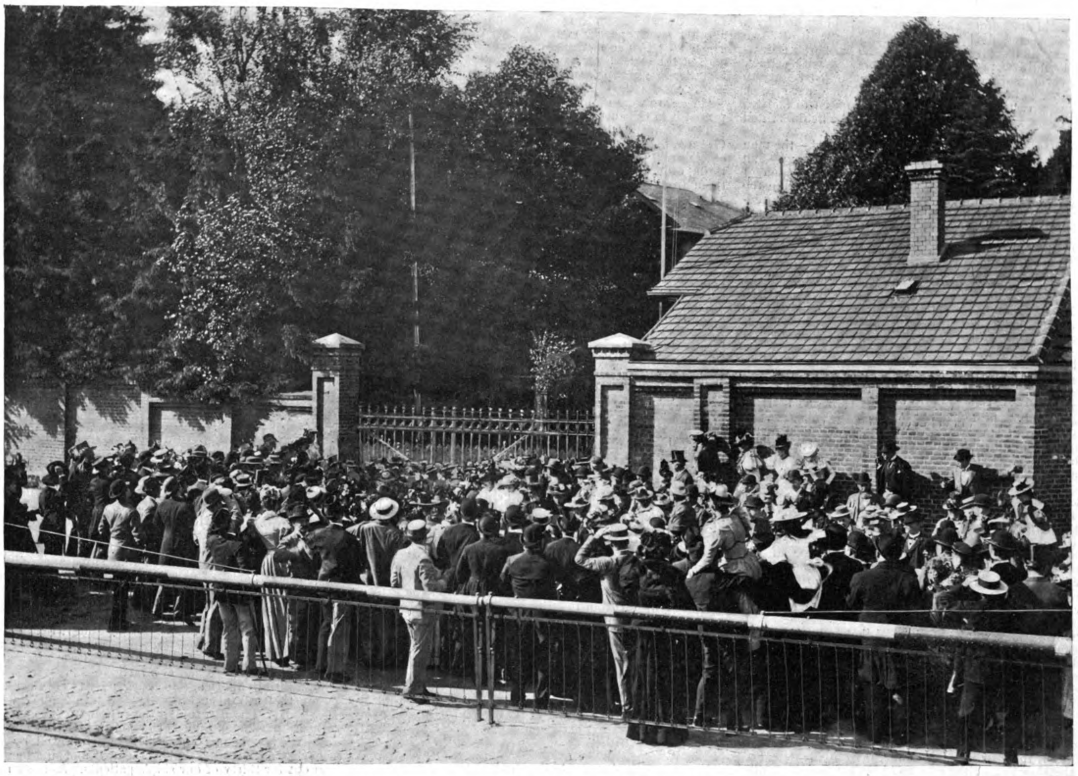


Hon. S. M. Damon, Minister of Finance. Captain James A. King, Minister of Interior. President Sanford B. Dole. Hon. H. E. Cooper, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Stenographer. Hon. W. O. Smith, Attorney-General.

THE LAST MEETING OF THE HAWAIIAN CABINET

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THE BURIAL OF BISMARCK—CROWDS AT THE GATE OF THE SCHLOSS AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

# THE BURIAL OF BISMARCK.

BY JULIAN RALPH,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HAMBURG, *August 6.*

THE obsequies of the most extraordinary man since Napoleon, if not of the entire century, were as unconventional as had been his career. "I detest 'first-class funerals,'" he had said to Dr. Schweninger, as the two sat looking at the green hill crest on the edge of the forest opposite his house. "I want to be buried there, quietly. See that no fuss is made over me." He thought a moment, and then a gleam in his eye betokened a flash of the dry humor which always distinguished his speech. "At all events, I had a first-class funeral when I left Berlin nine years ago, and that is enough."

Prince Otto von Bismarck died on Saturday, July 30, at his Schloss in Friedrichsruh, in the Sachsenwald, seventeen miles from Hamburg. He had been very weak for months, but was actually ill only parts of a few days. He was so entirely without consciousness of what was coming that on the day before he died he gave his servant two new meerschaum pipes to color for him. His daughter and her husband, Count Rantzau, managed the Schloss for him, and she was at his side when the end came. His sons and his physician and intimate friend of fifteen years' standing—Dr. Schweninger—had gone their ways, and had to be telegraphed for. The last to return was the doctor, who only reached the Schloss in time to feel the final flutter of the Iron Chancellor's pulse.

Germany was as unprepared as the family—as the Prince himself. When the news went forth from the little post-office built in the wall of the Prince's grounds, the American newspapers, profiting by the difference in time, were the only ones in Christendom which acquainted their whole public with the disaster. In Germany Bismarck's personal organ, the Hamburger *Nachrichten*, got out an "extra," but for the most part the news leaked weakly from the railway telegraph-operators at all the stations in the empire. Bidden by HARPER'S WEEKLY and by a London newspaper editor to attend the formal burial before the Emperor, I hastened to Germany, expecting, as every one did, to see the Emperor assume charge of the affair, and make of it a demonstration in one stroke of the grief and of the majesty of Germania. In all the world there lives no man who could have arranged a more gigantic and impressive spectacle than could William II. with the body of the empire-builder as the basis and his vast army as the superstructure. But he was to be thwarted—at this distance the whole truth should be made clear—and there was to be no grand spectacle, no burial at all.

On Monday night, as the Emperor was on his way from Norway and I was making sixty miles an hour through Germany, there seemed no chance but that at least two days must pass before formal expression could be given to Germany's grief; and yet, when Hamburg was reached on Tuesday morning, I was told, "The funeral takes place to-day; perhaps even now it is over." It did take place that day, but not until evening, when the Emperor was able to reach the side of the closed coffin.

After the stroke of death had fallen, Dr. Schweninger embalmed the body with his own hands, and laid it back upon the death-bed in the position in which he had scores of times seen the Man of Blood and Iron lie when asleep. He put the right arm out, with the hand over the edge of the bed; the face and head inclined toward the right shoulder; the left arm a little apart from the body. In the left hand he put four roses—a white one of his own choice, and three dark ones, such as the great Bismarck loved. "Dark roses suit a man of my years best," he used to say. These, in this case, were the gift of an elderly Austrian noblewoman, who idolized the Prince, and had hastened to Friedrichsruh at the first warning that he was ill. Thus the Prince was seen by her, by Lenbach the famous painter, by Eugen Wolf the traveller, by Mr. Sidney Whitman, and by two or three other close personal friends. Including the family, not twenty-four persons saw the maker of modern Germany after he died. These only saw a plain small wooden bed, a chair, a table upon which rested a slight present sent to the Prince by a foreign monarch, and four bare walls.

On Monday night the body was lifted into a metal coffin fitted into an enormous oaken box, whose sides were blackened and decked with four heavy silver handles. The body was dressed in a linen night-shirt, and around the neck was folded a thin white cloth, such as he always wore in later years. The roses remained in the left hand. Those who were privileged to see the Prince noticed more than ever before how small was the well-rounded head in proportion to the gigantic frame of which it was the capital. The face was thin and aged, but the expression was peaceful. After thirty years' suffering from facial neuralgia, and two decades of familiarity with the gout, no trace of pain or of the agony that he suffered just before death was left upon the rugged, heavily lined face which had inspired his always poetic fellow-countrymen to speak of him as "an oak." At the moment they were everywhere repeating the phrase "the most splendid oak in the German forest has fallen."

The bed, the chair, and the table were taken from the room, and the enormous coffin was moved to where the bed had stood, in order that the Prince's body might lie precisely where death had come upon him. So it lies now, and will until a vault in the foundations of the mausoleum Prince Herbert Bismarck is to build upon the soft round hill in front of the house is ready to receive it. The walls of the room were covered with black cloth, the windows were coated over with the same cloth, and a pall of thin black stuff was flung over the coffin, so that it fell in folds upon the floor. It is so thin that the silver handles gleam through it. On the coffin was put a floral wreath from Prince Herbert, and another whose streamers of silk bore the words, "From Bill and Sybille"—Count William Bismarck and his wife.

On the morning of Tuesday, August 2, the family gathered in the sombre chamber to take the communion, with Pastor Westphal of the near-by village of Brunstorf officiating. Those who attended this simple service were Prince Herbert and the Princess; Count William, the Countess, and their children; the Baroness von Arnim, sister of the ex-Chancellor, and her daughter, the Baroness von Kotze. The heavy lid of the coffin was even then screwed down. Prince Hohenlohe had come the night before, and had been told that, owing to the incomplete effectiveness of the embalming, it had been impossible to leave the casket open any longer.

Already as I passed through Hamburg that morning I found that souvenir post-cards of Prince Bismarck were in all the shop windows, and being offered on the street corners in numbers like the leaves of Vallombrosa. And in the windows of certain fashionable shops were gigantic wreaths of the laurel and palm, with which the Germans love to typify death, or of cypress and palm and roses and lilies. Each had hanging from it a pair of long broad ribbons, white or black, bearing in gold a motto, and the name of some mourning guild or society. I did not dream—no man who had only the past to go by could dream—what a multitude of these wreaths I was to see. There never was in the history of grief such a downpour of symbols of that kind, such a despoiling of the gardens and hot-houses of an empire for the heaping of a nation's tribute upon the bier of its people's idol.

I found Friedrichsruh a mere railway station in a wooded country-side. Despite the lavish generosity of nature, it is not given to man to enjoy in many places a scene so beautiful as this hamlet presents. The country is undulating, and all broken with alternate patches of cool dark green forest and of brilliant sunlit meadows. One might look for a suggestion of the same combination beside Lake Champlain, but our newer country has no



PRINCE HERBERT BISMARCK.

farm-land quite so soft and parklike, no forests quite so clean and orderly. There is no house to be seen except the Prince's Schloss as you stand on the railway station platform, but on the day of the funeral ceremony before the Emperor the uttermost quiet and restfulness of the place was slightly jarred by a line of men and women seated on the grassy hill overlooking the Schloss, by a

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knot of idlers before the gates of the Schloss, and by a string of seated figures on a neighboring wall of loose bowlders. The officers and men of the Bismarck Cuirassiers, in uniforms of white flannel braided with yellow, and wearing shining steel helmets, lent added beauty to the place as they strode in and out of the quiet groves. The two privates of the 31st Foot who paced to and fro between the inner and the outer gates of the Schloss fitted the occasion if not the scene.

How strange it seemed to find that Bismarck—the man of force and action, of war and of resistless energy—had been for years resting in this over-peaceful region of forest quiet, with only the sighing trees to strike the plaintive note of the place, except when a three-hundred-ton express to or from Berlin thundered past, not twenty feet from his gates, at the foot of the hill on which he asked to be buried! By the kindness of Prince Herbert I went into the place of death, and found the Schloss to be not at all what the word castle suggests, but a large many-windowed house with stucco walls, which had been built for a watering-place hotel, and now having its conventional garden, its pond and sluggish brook, and its few acres of open field enclosed within a high brick wall. A modern place to the last degree—utilitarian, frail, and not especially pretty.

I looked for the hotels of which I had heard, and so came upon scenes most strange to American eyes. Though no houses were in sight, there were hotels, and they were buried in the woods. They were small wooden taverns, whose activities flowed beyond their walls into acres of forest converted into beer-gardens. And these were crowded by hundreds upon hundreds of people, all drinking beer and eating. They were so orderly that one heard not a sound, until he climbed a knoll or turned a corner, and found himself confronting the rows of tables under the trees, and the groups of men and women plying knives and forks and draining metal-topped glass tankards. To be under the shock of the blow of a gigantic stroke of death, and then to find the mourners all eating and drinking, smoking and idling, in the very presence of the Leveller, was a trial to foreign sensibilities; and yet, an hour later, I wrote in my note-book these words, "They dare any people to question the depth and sincerity of their grief." As a sage has said, "In other lands, other manners."

The Kaiser telegraphed from Kiel that he would reach Friedrichsruh at six o'clock in the evening, and the funeral ceremony was set for that hour. By four o'clock telegrams to the Emperor began to collect in the railway telegraph office, and at the same time the crowds deserted the beer-gardens and reassembled before the Schloss gates, in the narrow space between them and the railway. At half past five o'clock two extra-large locomotives coupled together rushed up to the station, having been sent in advance of the imperial train to feel the way for it, and to take the blow in case the rails had been tampered with by murderous hands. Thus are all monarchs guarded when they travel in these days.

The iron outer gates of the Schloss were flung open, and so were the inner wooden gates. The men of the 31st Foot were formed in a double line to separate the crowd and wall it apart before the gates. Servants in the green forester livery of the dead Prince came pushing a huge roll of red carpet, which, when spread out, reached from the Schloss to the nearest rail of the railroad track. The crowd looked over the shoulders of the infantrymen, between their brass helmets, and saw the yellow front of the Schloss, the broad curving gravel road, the neatly edged lawns, and trees and bronze ornaments, the many windows, and the yellow and white cuirassiers before the front door.

"Where are the big dogs of our Bismarck?" a woman asked.

"The last of them all died two months ago," a soldier replied. "He might have known what was coming."

"Silence!" cried one of the dandified officers with upcurled yellow mustache who walked, clanking his sword, in the clear roadway between the guards.

Presently the Emperor's train came up and stopped, then started and crawled twenty feet to bring the steps of the imperial saloon-car to the end of the red carpet. We Americans have finer cars than his, for the interiors were comfortable rather than ornate; but no American rides, as he rode to Friedrichsruh, in a train of nine such cars. All were alike externally—blue below the windows and white beside them, with a crown of gold on each door, and the Prussian arms on each end of each side. The train was almost 600 feet in length, was drawn by two heavy engines, and was so well built, so heavy, and so well handled that it slipped almost noiselessly up to its halting-place and stopped without a jolt. We all saw the Emperor in cocked naval hat standing behind a plate-glass window of his saloon-carriage, beside his wife, with his left hand resting on the handle of his sword. He looked as a man does who is being photographed.

The crowd began to push against the soldiers. The officers ordered the guard-line kept even and straight. I saw a beaming rosy-faced girl with her chin on the shoulder of the infantryman in front of her, whispering nonsense in his ear, and he was grinning with pleasure and rolling his eyes at her. The crowd kept pushing. "Use force!" shouted one of the officers. Then the soldiers pushed mightily to straighten the line, and I saw the private who had been flirting double his body and dash it against the maiden, not once or twice, but many times, until she cried with pain and fright.

Now there came from the castle Prince Herbert, tall and stalwart and handsome, with the beauty of an uncommon intellectuality; Count William, stout and round and bald; and Count Rantzau, pale and undistinguished-looking. The Prince wore evening dress, without one of his very many decorations. Count William was in the cocked hat and court dress of his office as president of Königsberg. The Empress, all in black, beautiful with the appearance of greater youth than she possesses, and with a matronly glory about her, came down the steps of the car, to be welcomed by Count William Bismarck. The Kaiser followed—a man of medium stature, showing a little stoutness, sunburnt the color of a pale Indian, proud, cold, acutely watchful of all around him. He wore a beaver chapeau with very broad gold braid and the dark blue suit of an admiral. His mustachios were turned toward his eyes. His left hand rested on his sword handle as if it had been stitched to it. He waited until Count William had finished his address to the Kaiserin and had come forward and begun to speak to him. The Count made another short speech, and then the imperial pair were greeted by Prince Herbert, who bowed low before them, and, at the end, shook hands with both. Then all came together in a group for an instant.

"It came suddenly," said the Kaiser.

"Yes; we were unprepared," said the Prince. "We expected it in the autumn, but not at midsummer, like this."

The Prince led the Kaiserin; the Kaiser walked beside Count William. Out of the imperial carriages came many officials and civil functionaries in evening dress, with glittering orders hanging from their collars and sashes across their shoulder to waist. The leader of these was Herr von Bülow, the Foreign Secretary. All passed into the death-chamber. Until that time it had been heaped with wreaths and flowers—littered with them—on the coffin, the floor, and against the walls. Now these had been removed, and twenty-one chairs had been arranged at one side of the chamber opposite the coffin. Only the ladies used the chairs. The men stood throughout the half-hour's service.

The Emperor walked over to the closed coffin, and bending his head, offered silent prayer. The Empress wept. As the Emperor continued to stand after all were in the room, the men followed his example. Pastor Westphal asked that one of Luther's majestic chorals be sung, and this was done by all, without instrumental accompaniment. Then Pastor Westphal delivered a short address, at one part of which, as if unmindful of the Emperor's presence, he spoke of the Iron Chancellor's fearlessness before men. "He was fearless in their presence," he said, "because his belief in the will of God made him firm and unbending once he knew he was right." At the end of the address a hymn was sung, and then the mourners passed out of the presence of death. The Empress was still weeping gently, and Bismarck's old valet, Pillow, was sobbing audibly. The Kaiserin nudged the Emperor's arm. "William," said she, "there is the Prince's aged sister." To her the Kaiser went, and warmly grasped her hand. He then shook hands with Pillow, whom he had known from his boyhood. He asked to be shown the floral tributes, and expressed amazement at their size and cost and numbers as Prince Herbert led him from room to room on the ground-floor, which was literally heaped with these tributes. At the gate the Emperor kissed Prince Herbert on both sides of his face, and shook the hands of the others and of the officer in command of the cuirassiers. We saw Prince Bismarck assisting the Empress into the saloon-carriage, and then for perhaps two minutes we could see the Kaiser standing by her side in the military attitude of one who is saluting. Now and then his right hand went up to the peak of his cocked hat. Then the train moved softly away, and the obsequies of the builder of Imperial Germany were over.

I remained two days at Friedrichsruh, and during all that time, by night as well as day, wreaths kept coming to the station in van-loads. Each one was boxed in a packing-case, and some of these were eight feet long and nearly as wide. One wreath took up the body of a barouche. All day and far into the night these were hauled into the garden of the castle, until it too was burdened with them like the castle itself. They lay all over the lawns, against all the trees and ornaments—everywhere, on every side. There were thousands of them, all huge circlets of palms and flowers or cypress and flowers, and always with long silken ribbons bearing a motto and the names of the senders. They came from sovereigns, princes, parliaments, councils, states, towns, German colonies, clubs, societies, from Li Hung-Chang, even from the Empress Frederick. In-doors the furniture of the great ground-floor rooms was submerged beneath them.

## A FIELD FANCY.

The asters in the orchard nod
Serenely to and fro,
As does the flossy golden-rod
Whene'er the breezes blow.

I know that where the zephyrs stray,
They're acting all the time
Along the dreamy meadow-way
A fairy pantomime.

R. K. Munkittrick.

## THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "OLIVETTE."

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

For some days prior to the departure of this vessel from Santiago she lay in that port taking on board sick soldiers. On the afternoon of the 15th of August the last men from the Nautical Hospital were received, and the *Olivette* started for Hampton Roads, to report from there to Washington, and receive further instructions as to what course to pursue.

To the men who had been on board several days, waiting for the *Olivette* to leave, the news carried from bunk to bunk that the ship had actually left her dock and was bound to the cooler, life-giving breezes of the North was good news indeed. It revived the spirits of the sick, who through many days of fever in camp and in hospital, in the rain, the mud, and the sun, had looked forward to the day when they would start for home as the beginning of the end of their misery.

It was hard to realize that 200 sick men were on board the *Olivette*. There was a silence along her almost deserted decks that was broken by moans from the cabin behind you, and as you glanced through the windows that opened at your side, there was a sad sight of wasted forms, gaunt faces, and shrunken arms and feet. Every berth was full. Every room had two occupants, and in corners stood rifles, and on the floor were canteens, clothes, and worn army accoutrements.

The surgeon in charge of the vessel and his three assistants got matters in good running order by the second day out. Their work was hardest in the beginning, and then it was arduous indeed—the patients required unremitting attention, and there was a woful lack of nurses. Some of the few were taken sick, and the available force much cut down thereby. They worked on twelve-hour stretches, and at one time there were but four nurses in attendance on 200 men. As most of the patients had to have their food brought to them during the first days, and as there was a continual dearth of dishes upon which to serve it, some of them suffered in this respect. But as the vessel progressed northward and the majority of patients improved steadily, the dining-room was more crowded day by day, nurses recovered, convalescents were found who were willing and able to help, and the situation became easier.

There were eight deaths on the ship from Santiago to Montauk. They were all buried at sea. At the first burial the men leaned over the rail as the vessel slowed down, wondering what had occurred to stop them in mid-ocean. But the splash of the iron and the flash of the white-shrouded figure from the open port told the tale to the curious who lined the rail. As the screw took the water again there was no comment on deck. Afterward men knew what one bell in the engine-room, and the following quiet from the vibrating machinery, did mean. One boy had a home letter stuck in the pocket of his flannel shirt. It was plainly signed, "Your loving mother." The Episcopal service for burial at sea was read in each case.

At Hampton Roads the *Olivette* reported by telegraph to Washington, and, anchored in front of the two hotels, we awaited orders. The doctors here requisitioned milk and brandy from shore, two very necessary stimulants, and which were not supplied. This was Friday, the 19th. At six that evening orders, signed Sternberg, to report to the Montauk quarantine station were received, and at daybreak of Sunday, the 21st, the *Olivette* passed Montauk light and anchored off Camp Wikoff. On this run the men were in better physical condition than at any time on the trip. The cool air invigorated them, the hope of getting ashore buoyed their spirits. The quarantine examiners at Montauk found no contagion on the vessel, complimented the officers in charge on her clean condition throughout, and unofficially said they were through with her. Men on board hopefully scanned the sandy shore and the new tents, and longed for the tug that would bring them landing orders. It was somewhat discouraging to see that ships anchored here several days ahead of us still had their troops on board. But perhaps they held contagion, we argued; our vessel was clean. All day long the convalescents waited on deck. War stories were told again and again to different groups; it was talk of San Juan and Caney, the trenches, the first day's fighting, of what men would do when their sick leave came, and the everlasting subject of things to eat—something to be had in a farm-house one man knew of, or a dish in a Chicago restaurant for twenty cents.

Late that afternoon orders came again from Washington, signed Sternberg, telling the *Olivette* to nurse her sick on board until such time as Colonel Forwood at Montauk could receive them. This order was followed by word from Colonel Forwood that on the next morning he would send out for thirty of our ship's patients. Monday morning brought no boat to carry these thirty men ashore, but at ten o'clock we were approached by an immaculate quarantine tender, with immaculate officers on board, who inquired, through a megaphone, if we had sufficient coal and provisions to go to Boston. We replied we had enough coal, but lacked certain provisions, which we enumerated. "We will send them out in an hour, with your orders to proceed to Boston," we were answered.

"I wonder why they brought us to Montauk, anyway?" said a lean soldier who could not get his lips over his yellow teeth—fever treats a man's face that way. "I wasn't stuck on looking at their sand hills."

"If we stay by the old *Olivette* we'll learn the whole Atlantic coast; Portsmouth and Halifax next stops; land what's left of us in Labrador," said another.

All day long we waited for a barrel of potatoes, two quarters of beef, eggs, and a little milk and brandy to give to the dying, who could retain no other nourishment, and which had been requisitioned Sunday morning the instant we made port, and which we had asked for again Monday. At ten minutes of five in the afternoon we had all our stores, excepting the milk, on board, also orders to proceed to Boston and send our sick to the city hospitals. We weighed anchor at five. At eight o'clock on Tuesday morning we were at the Boston quarantine station. We showed a clean bill of health from the Montauk authorities. The Boston men asked us to remain at anchor until final hospital arrangements were completed and it was decided where best to dock our vessel. As we waited, the same familiar condition of waiting, we were saluted with music, cheers, tears from women, and fluttering white from every excursion-boat that knew we were in the harbor. At eleven o'clock we were told everything was ready to receive our sick, and we steamed to Lewis's wharves. Boston had everything prepared—ambulances, doctors, nurses. The vociferous cheering crowds were held properly in check by the police, and the sick of the *Olivette* can be thankful they did get to Boston, instead of being landed at the improvised hospitals at Montauk Point.

They are getting the best of attention at this city's hospitals, and the wandering voyage is at an end. They are getting proper stimulants and nourishment, good nursing, and quiet. All of which they would have had just forty-eight hours sooner if we had not visited Montauk, which could have been avoided if somebody had known that Montauk could not or would not receive us, and that Boston would and could do so thoroughly well. Likewise, we probably would not have buried a man off Cape Cod, and fewer men would have gone ashore on stretchers, and those who did would have been in a better condition.

Lieutenant William Tiffany, of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, died in Boston two days after the *Olivette* arrived there. The cause is stated as fever and starvation. "By starvation, I mean from the medical standpoint. I do not mean to say that he did not have food, but that he did not have food suitable to the condition of a convalescent."

It cannot be stated that the delay caused Mr. Tiffany's death, but it is assuredly a fact that if Mr. Tiffany had received proper food and care forty-eight hours sooner than he did he would have had a better chance for life.

Really there was no reason for our stopping at Montauk. We did get the brandy we had asked for at Hampton Roads, but we did not get the milk we wanted to strengthen dying men, and Boston had both brandy *and* milk. There was no sense whatever in going to Montauk; it made Boston forty-eight hours later.

Harold Martin.

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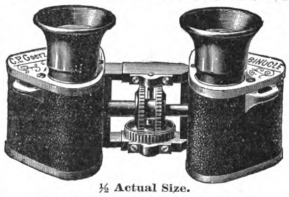
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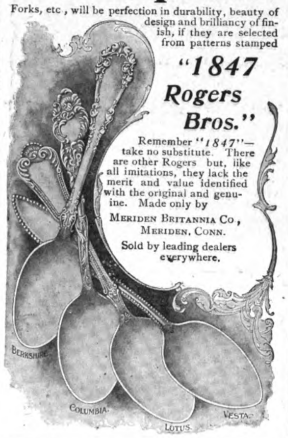
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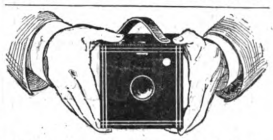
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

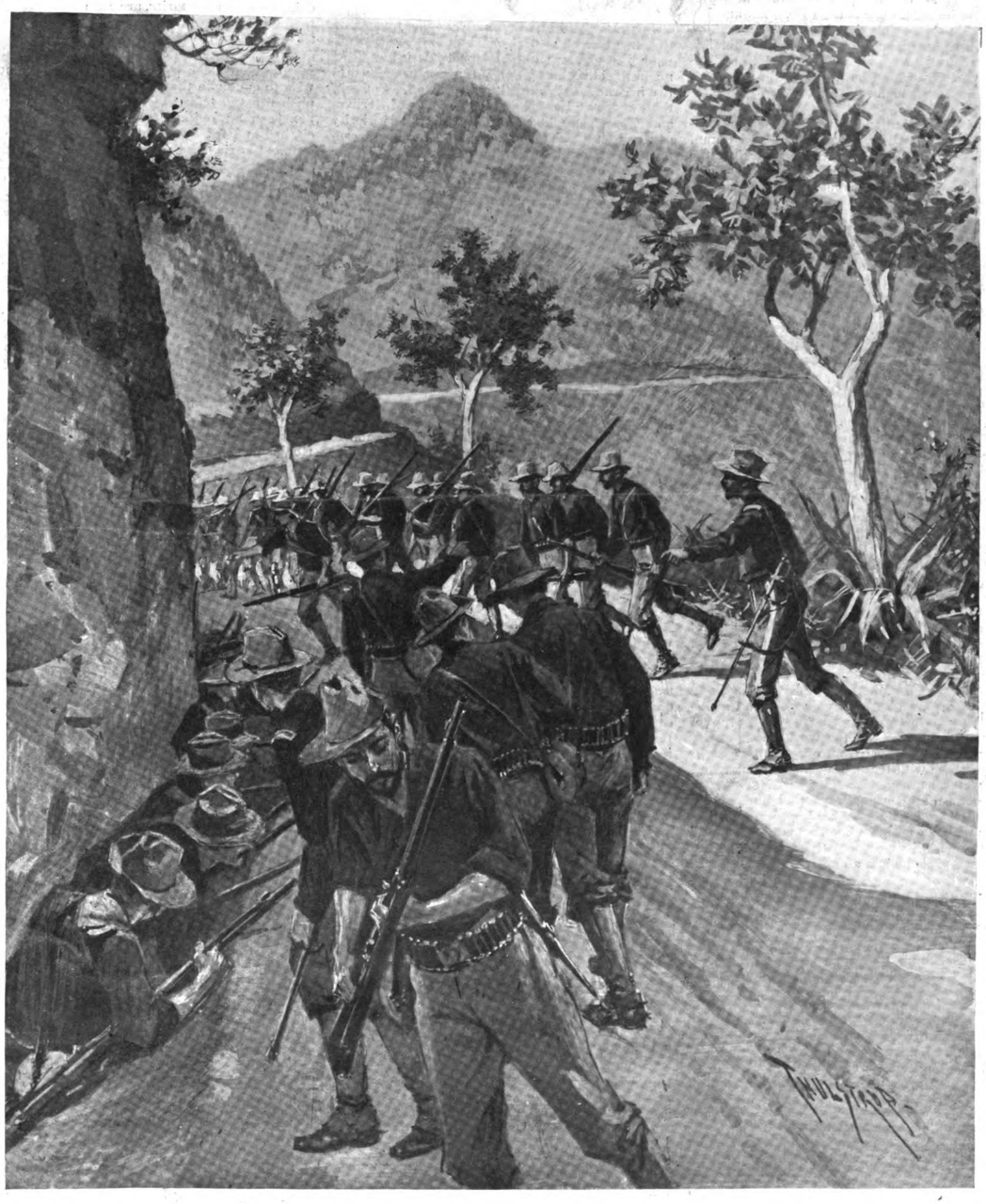
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

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WITH OUR TROOPS IN PUERTO RICO.

THE 4TH OHIO VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL COIT, IN A SKIRMISH AT BARRIO DE LAS PALMAS ON THE ROAD TO CAYEY.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Forces.—[See Page 897.]


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square


IT is evident from the statement by Dr. SENN, and from the conclusions reached by the corps of surgeons at the camp, that Montauk ought to be abandoned at once. Both Dr. SENN and Dr. EDSON unite in saying that if the camp remain, there will be an outbreak of typhoid more terrible than the country has ever yet known. The abandonment of this camp is entirely within the power of the War Department.

WE wish to call attention to the letter on Montauk Point which will be found in another column. The charges which have been made against the officers of the Seventy-first Regiment are of so grave a character that they must not be overlooked. The United States government is the only power which can adequately punish men guilty of such offences as have been charged against these officers. In order that punishment may be meted out, if it be deserved, this regiment should not be mustered out until a thorough investigation has been had of all the charges made against its officers. Meantime, of course, the men can remain at home, but the United States should keep control until punishment has been administered, or until it has been proved that punishment is not deserved.

THE new development in the DREYFUS case is a severe blow to the French army and to the French nation. It was already known that DREYFUS was convicted on secret testimony, and now it turns out that part of this secret testimony was forged by Colonel HENRY for the protection of the headquarters staff. HENRY has committed suicide, and General BOISDEFFRE, the head of the staff and the president of the DREYFUS court martial, has resigned. The world knows that DREYFUS has not been proved guilty, and that the army has insisted that the nation should do him the injustice for the protection of the army itself against suspicion of general corruption and even of treason.

WE regret exceedingly that Mr. HOAR does not find the English embassy desirable or practicable. Mr. HAY ought to have a worthy successor, because he himself is a worthy successor to Mr. LOWELL, Mr. PHELPS, and Mr. BAYARD, and Senator HOAR is qualified before almost any one else in the Republican party to take a place in this group of worthy representatives of the republic. But this lesson, at least, we learn from one of the reasons given, whether with truth or not we do not know, for his refusal to consider President MCKINLEY'S offer to him: Must we always find our worthy ambassadors to the Court of St. James among rich men, or will the nation some day pay a sufficient compensation to its representative to enable a poor man to accept its honors and its duties?

WE are glad to learn that Secretary LONG and the Navy Department are intending to do something to reform the grotesque character of the present methods of rewarding officers. As the WEEKLY has pointed out, there is no way at present to promote a naval officer for worthy service except at the expense of his brother officers. We have received several communications on this subject, and the country at large, which is interested in the navy, seems to feel that the government ought itself to pay its heroes, and should not charge their reward upon presumably equally capable officers who have not had an opportunity to distinguish themselves. Mr. LONG, we understand, proposes a roll of honor for the promoted men and an increase of their pay. This is well. Another way would be to group the promoted officer with an officer at the time several numbers ahead of him, both going up together. Some way certainly might be found better than the present way. We are sure that Congress is mistaken in supposing that the country would object to paying the bill of its own gratitude.

GENERAL WOOD is making excellent use of his authority over the district of Santiago. His first aim has been to enforce order and restore confidence, and then to establish an American school system as far as conditions would permit. He has increased the number of the police, and reduced the salaries of a number of officials who were very expensive and little more than ornamental. His reform of the schools is admirable. It was found that functionaries known as school commissioners were getting most of the pay for comparatively little work, while miserably underpaid teachers were giving such defective instruction as their training fitted them for. General WOOD has increased the salaries of the teachers, and provided for the teaching of the English language therein. These changes may be unpalatable at first to Spanish and Cuban prejudice and indolence, but with experience will come a gradual consciousness of what intelligent citizenship means. It has been noticed already that new energy seems to have been diffused among the inhabitants of the city, and that even the daily siesta seems to have been given up

INFORMATION given by our consular reports on the character of Eastern markets is especially valuable just now, when American trade interests demand the closest attention if they are to succeed in the international competition going on. Some of these reports give exhaustive analyses of German and French methods, awarding the superiority generally to the former. The German government sends out commissions of experts with the object of examining Chinese and Japanese markets, the peculiarities of taste in fabrics, the manner of packing goods, and the terms of credit most satisfactory to the purchasers. French methods are very similar, though not marked by an equal thoroughness in detail. The lesson most clearly taught by the success of the Germans and the French seems to be the necessity of employing commercial travellers who are thoroughly acquainted with the minutiæ of foreign trade needs, and who are trained adepts in the science of export trade. In Germany there are departments in commercial schools specially devoted to this purpose. It would seem that we must follow in a similar path if the best results are to be obtained.

OUR London letter of this week is of exceptional interest. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S mission to China is of great moment to the United States. There is no doubt that China is the most important of the unexplored territories of the earth, so far as commerce is concerned. The civilized world has never lived on very familiar terms with this great empire, but the advantages that have been obtained there have resulted from the skill and enterprise of British and American negotiators and merchants. The equal footing upon which all nations now stand with respect to that part of China opened to trade is threatened by Russia. The dominance of Russia, or the dominance of Germany or of France, wherever these nations make colonies, means an effort to establish exclusive trade with that colony for the mother-country. Our trade and British trade with China mean the trade of the "open door," at least for that part of the country which is controlled by Great Britain or by the United States. It is to promote and foster such interests as ours that Lord CHARLES BERESFORD has gone to China. We have reason to believe that his mission is of far greater importance than appears on the surface. The merchants and the government of the United States ought to watch his effort with great interest, and manifest for it the deepest sympathy.

THE responsibility for the wrongs that have been done our soldiers is widespread. For example, we refer to the report of General H. V. BOYNTON, a most intelligent and courageous officer, and an absolutely trustworthy man. General BOYNTON attributes a good deal of the sickness at Camp Thomas to the ignorance of the volunteer officers, and to their failure to enforce sanitary regulations prescribed by the doctors. The consequences were that the men drank polluted water, that sinks were put dangerously near to camps (in one case a sink being within thirty feet of the kitchen). In another case, that of the Ninth Pennsylvania, the sinks were so constructed that the overflow caused by rain spread over the camp. General BOYNTON also describes what he calls "the unspeakably filthy condition" of the camp of the First Illinois. The advice of the surgeons to pitch tents where they could be moved backward and forward, so that the sun might get at the bedding, was almost absolutely neglected. There was also an inadequate supply of surgeons, the result being cases of apparent cruelty, since it was absolutely impossible for the surgeons to make a thorough examination of the men applying for attention. All these facts are reminders of the still greater fact that when we went into the war we were unprepared for it, and that we did not take the time or the proper precautions to minimize the consequences of our unprepared state. But in view of these facts, why are not charges preferred by General BOYNTON or some one else?

THE other day a regular soldier of the United States army, speaking of the new uniform which he had on, and in reply to a question as to whether the government would charge him for it, his old uniform having been ruined in Cuba, said: "The government hasn't anything to do with this, Miss HELEN GOULD gave me this." We are glad that some one has given the soldiers of the United States army decent clothes and needed food. We spoke last week of the appeal made by General YOUNG in behalf of the regulars. It has been responded to by the merchants of this city, who sent to Camp Wikoff a boat-load of provisions, the boat also having been provided free of expense for the purpose. Large quantities of milk and of other delicacies, or necessaries, are also daily furnished to the soldiers. But nearly all the improvement that has thus far taken place at Camp Wikoff is due to private charity. Let this be remembered when we consider the subject, for it will not be wise to conclude that the government has accomplished many reforms. The government thus far has been an object of charity. Its soldiers are clothed and fed by private generosity. The government is rich and powerful, and ought to do all these things itself. It is just as disgraceful for it to be the object of charity as it is for a private citizen to accept alms. But the trouble is that the government has not intelligence enough to employ efficiently its great resources in the ordinary work of feeding and clothing its servants who have fought for it in the field. It is relieved of this task by good men and good women, who will always have to perform it so long as Congress insists upon controlling and commanding the army.

## THE HORRORS OF OUR WAR.

THE country has had its war and its victory, and is now horrified at the consequences of army incompetency and mismanagement. We have had our glory, and are finding out the terrible cost of it. The other day the remnant of the Seventy-first Regiment which was spared by war and disease came home to recover or to die. The men who rode could not have walked from the Battery to their armory without disastrous consequences. The regiment went to the war 1043 strong. It lost 14 killed in battle, and 64 were wounded, and 331 were in line or in the cars. The rest were dead, or on furlough, or in hospital in Cuba and at Camp Wikoff, and those who returned were, most of them, gaunt and yellow images of the men they had been, some of them so weak that they wept because of the kindness of their reception, while others stared at the cheering crowds with the wild strange look of men to whom the things of earth are of little moment. The condition of affairs at Camp Wikoff, and especially in this regiment, may be learned from a private letter and an article which will be found elsewhere in this paper.

A terrible episode has occurred in the history of the country—an episode so criminal that the glory of war and victory has been dimmed by the wrath caused by the wrongs and sufferings of the soldiers who have fought the war and achieved the glory. We are seeing the other side of war, and it is even more terrible than it ought to be. Thirty-three years ago we saw the soldiers coming home after a war that had endured for four years. Many of them had lived in camps and fought over fields from which the skeletons of to-day are carried to the hospital. We saw the veterans of that great conflict march home. Their ranks were thin. Some companies brought back a file or two led by a non-commissioned officer. Some men rode in carriages; but they were wounded men, not men sick with fevers. The men who marched moved with the vigorous stride of health. In that day we did not see such ghastly reminders of the war as we are seeing now in camp and on the return of the men who enlisted for the war, unless we saw the victims of Southern prisons. Then we saw men starved because their captors had nothing for them. Now we see men starved and fever-stricken because their government has not the capacity to take care of them, and even seems indifferent to their suffering.

The sufferings of our soldiers must not be forgotten. If the people of the country permit this scandal to find a grave before some one is punished, they will thereby make themselves accomplices in the crime. What has happened? An army of 250,000 men has been raised. A successful campaign has been fought in Cuba with one corps. A triumphal progress has been made in Puerto

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Rico by General MILES. Manila has been captured by Admiral DEWEY with the aid of troops under General MERRITT. The losses upon the field of battle were almost nothing. The ravages of disease and the hardships of the men by reason of neglect, of lack of food so great that men have died of starvation, of want of proper clothing, of insufficient tentage, are hideous; and the evil is still existing; in some quarters it is even spreading. Moreover, it is not confined to the troops who fought in Cuba. The men who were encamped in Florida and at Chickamauga are the victims of starvation and of disease-breeding conditions that were entirely preventable. If we should say that the government is returning to the people an army rotting with disease, we should not greatly exaggerate. And this is absolutely true, that nothing that we have gained is worth the sacrifice which our men have suffered for it, for nothing which we have gained would have been lost if we had waited to take it until the army in all its branches was prepared for the adventure.

Who is responsible for it all? That is a question much more easily asked than answered. The country is accusing the Secretary of War, and, in its rage against him, is in danger of overlooking criminals more directly responsible, and something of much greater consequence than is the guilt of any individual. Probably Mr. ALGER'S own attitude towards his accusers increases the anger against him. It will not do to deny that exceptional and unnecessary evils of misery have been inflicted upon the soldiers, and that these are the results of incompetency and of lack of preparation. It is not an excuse for the wretched conditions of camps and hospitals, for deaths due to neglect and starvation, that the War Department has actually accomplished a wonderful amount of work. This attitude makes Mr. ALGER appear indifferent to the sufferings of the soldiers, and we do not believe that he is indifferent. He is doubtless suffering more than many of his accusers. But there must be an investigation, and Mr. ALGER should encourage it, although he is perfectly right in refusing to order it. The President must order it, and it should not be conducted by interested persons. The President can appoint a commission of his own. Such a commission, it seems to us, ought to be composed of the best and most experienced officers of the regular army, sanitary experts, and private citizens of marked business and legal ability. It should be a commission on army affairs, and should have authority to go to the bottom of the trouble. Above all, it should not be composed of Congressmen, and a Congressional investigation should be discouraged; for the great criminal in this matter is Congress, and the master-evil—the evil that makes an efficient army in this country absolutely impossible—is the system of army administration which has resulted from Congressional command.

The fact that we have medical, quartermaster, and commissary departments inadequate to the task of emergencies is due to Congressional penuriousness. The fact that the staff corps are filled up with the sons of politicians and with the favorites of politicians is due to the greed of politicians—a greed whose indulgence in time of war is perilously near treason. The fact that red tape so effectually ties up, hampers, and limits the activities of administrative officers of the army is due to Congressional meddling. So petty, so minute, so foolish, is the control over the army exercised by Congress that if a commissary should replace to a soldier the ration thrown away in the heat of a fight, he would do so at his own risk, and very likely would have to go to Congress for an appropriation to reimburse him. This is an example of the character of Congressional administration. Congress commands the land forces of the government, and it is responsible for the system which makes inevitable inefficient staff departments, and which compels the President to employ in war hundreds of inexperienced civilians to do work that requires military training and experience.

Having an army consisting of a line that has shown itself the peer of any fighting line of equal size in the world, with a staff that had no experience in administration of large affairs, and that was deficient in personnel and material; having so little ammunition that, six weeks after the war broke out, there were only five shots in the best furnished fort in New York Harbor; having an artillery force to which it had refused the necessary funds for learning how to fire its guns; having guns without carriages and forts without range-finders; having too little smokeless powder; being unprepared in almost every respect but in the possession of a score of thousand fighting-men, and even refusing to make further provision—Congress plunged the country into war. In this it was helped by the yellow journals; and Congress and the yellow journals, not content with declaring war, insisted that the campaign should be begun without artillery, without proper means for transportation, without a sufficient number of trained medical, quartermaster, and commissary officers; without means for distributing the medical and food supplies, which had been in some places abundantly provided by the authorities at Washington. Without proper clothing or proper food for the tropics, the troops were rushed into Cuba, under a commander incompetent to do what might have been done to remedy the evils, and, after a free fight against a weak enemy, Santiago was taken, and disease and famine entered upon their perfect work. The signs now are that this war will breed more scandal than glory. The WEEKLY, both editorially and in a letter written by Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW, was the first to warn the government of the direful consequences that would necessarily result from this state of things, and we greatly regret that our own and Mr. BIGELOW'S forebodings have turned out to be true. The responsibility for the crime rests so heavily upon the authors of the war that their delinquencies must be exposed. Punish the guilty administrative officers, of course, but let not the many-headed criminal escape. It has been proved that, as this government is organized, it cannot carry on war. To rush it into war, then, was horrible; but be it borne in mind that, so long as Congress rules the army, the first days of any war into which we may enter will end in such horrors, in such crimes, as those which are to-day filling our hearts with wrath.

## POLITICS IN NEW YORK AND CONNECTICUT.

THE Republicans of New York and Connecticut have this year the opportunity of showing what the war has done towards purifying their politics. We have already expressed our opinion concerning the candidacy of Colonel ROOSEVELT in New York State. Sometimes Mr. PLATT seems to be in favor of his nomination, sometimes he seems to be against it. It is disgraceful that he should control it, and that he does control it under existing conditions is well known. Suppose that PLATT finally decides against the nomination of Mr. ROOSEVELT, is there virtue enough in the Republican party of the State of New York to overthrow PLATT and compel his nomination? It is not even necessary in order to accomplish this that the Republicans of the State should control the primaries. If they express their opinion strongly enough, and if they insist that Colonel ROOSEVELT shall be nominated, PLATT will be forced to yield.

There is also an opportunity, as we have already stated, open to the Republicans of Connecticut. An admirable candidate is in the field in the person of Mr. JOHN ADDISON PORTER, private secretary to the President. Mr. PORTER is especially well circumstanced. Party regularity, according to the traditions of the Republicans of Connecticut, demands his nomination. Mr. PORTER has been diligent in honorable party work. He has performed excellent service as a member of the House of Representatives of the State, and in various other positions, including his present honorable office. Above all, he is a man admirably equipped for the office of Governor, and would carry into it high purpose and a resolution to correct abuses and put an end to the corruption that has made the State a byword. But it is just at this point that the opposition begins. The Republican party of the State of Connecticut is under the control of as miserable a set of creatures as ever disgraced modern politics. The bosses are many, and every one of them is infinitely mean. For a number of years the two Senators from the State, Senators HAWLEY and PLATT, have been among the very few thoroughly honorable men connected with Republican party politics. It has been the custom of the Republican politicians of the State to buy nominations and elections, and it is openly charged by some of the best men in the State that if Mr. GEORGE LOUNSBURY this year secures the nomination for Governor instead of Mr. PORTER, it will be by reason of the corrupt use of money. We do not know whether or not this accusation is true, but it is almost universally believed throughout the State. On the other hand, Mr. PORTER, although a man of means, has absolutely refused to make use of money in politics for anything but legitimate expenses; he has declined to promise ex-Governor BULKLEY to remove the present insurance commissioner in case he is elected, the fault of the insurance commissioner apparently having been that he compelled BULKLEY'S company to pay over several hundred thousand dollars to the State. Mr. PORTER has not only refused to make this promise to BULKLEY, but he has declined to make any promises whatever, or, as we have already stated, to expend any money to secure his nomination or election. If he be defeated, it will be because he stands for pure politics, for hostility to the corrupt Republican machine of the State. The Republicans of Connecticut can prevent his defeat and the triumph of the machine if they are virtuous enough to seize their opportunity.

These two opportunities for the Republican voters to show that they have been inspired to better impulses by the war, and by the excitation of their patriotic feelings, come at an opportune time.

## "THE ARMED CAMP."

THERE have been many proposals for universal disarmament before now, but never one from such a significant quarter. Peace congresses, philanthropists, philosophers, enthusiasts, poets, have all had their say on the subject, but not until now has a decisive word come from a monarch with the power to advance as well as a temperament to applaud the old ideal. And from no other ruler on this earth to-day could that word have come with half the sobering weight as from the Czar of Russia. Only yesterday it seemed as though the great Slav Empire threatened danger to the peace of the world. Her successes in China were being pushed to the very brink of war with Great Britain; her policy was the object of profoundest suspicion; and nine out of every ten men were saying that the trial of strength was come at last, and that Russia had brought it on. A fortnight ago one would have as soon expected universal suffrage from Hungary as universal peace from Russia. And in the midst of this tumult, the very cause of it comes calmly forward with a plea for an international conference on furling the battle-flags and beating the swords into pruning-hooks! That, if you like, is reformation in a flood.

"It will lead to nothing," says the wise world, which does not much believe in these sudden repentances. "It is only the rhapsody of a sentimental young man, who has probably been reading TOLSTOI on the sly. Russia, which is not the Czar, doesn't really mean it. Obviously it is just a dodge to gain time, and we shall hear no more of it when the railroad reaches Port Arthur. And for the rest, what country is willing to begin the disarmament? Not Germany, till her flag is flying from an Adriatic port. Not France, while Alsace-Lorraine goads her like a poisoned thorn. Not England, while she has still an empire to protect. Who then? Italy perhaps, and possibly Denmark and Belgium; but no one else. And even supposing the really important powers were to agree to forego all their ambitions, and spend no more money on national defence, who would look to it that they kept their pledge? Who would be the general overseer of the nations? What authority could prevent them from building more ships, and adding battalion to battalion? The thing is impossible. Like all your visionary dreams, it cuts pedantically at the strongest passion in human nature, at history, at the elemental facts of life. It can never be realized."

It may be so; the poet's Utopia may not in our time descend upon the world. But this much at least is certain, that during the last eighty years the settlement of national differences otherwise than by the sword has grown more and more in favor. Every year sees a greater unwillingness to let loose the dogs of war. Disputes which a century ago would have made an unquestionable *casus belli*, are now referred, almost as a matter of course, to the decision of arbitrators. What is the Quebec Conference, now sitting at our very doors, but a sign of this spirit of mercy and good sense? What was the recent Anglo-French West-African Boundary Commission but another triumph for the cause of international reasonableness? The last forty-five years of the world's history have barely known a clear twelve months of peace, yet through them all the sentiment of the times has moved away from the crudeness, and usually futile barbarity, of war towards a quieter and more humane solution.

The Czar's invitation is addressed primarily to Europe, and not to us. Five years ago we should have been the first to respond in sympathy with his note. To-day it is not a little odd that from the country with such a record of aggressiveness as Russia there should come a proposal for universal peace just at the moment when the United States, which has always stood as the very antithesis of Continental militarism, is recklessly plunging into imperialism and its inevitable accompaniments. The country is not in the mood at present to appreciate disarmament. Imperialism has not yet shown its true face.

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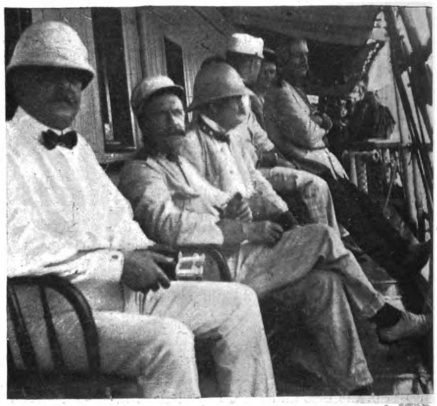
TWO-STORY TENT OF CALIFORNIA TROOPS, CAMP DEWEY.



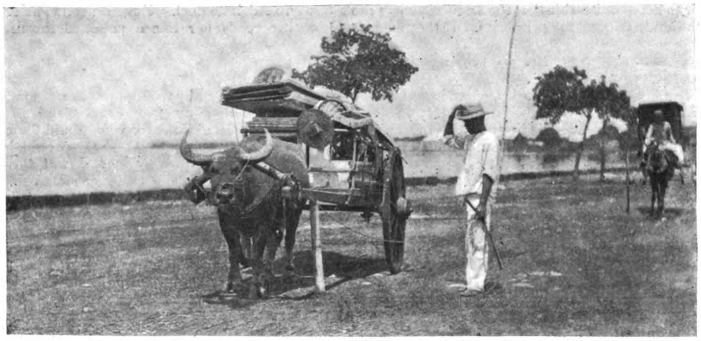
ENCAMPMENT OF COLORADO TROOPS, CAMP DEWEY.



GENERAL MERRITT AND STAFF ON THE BEACH AT TAMBO.



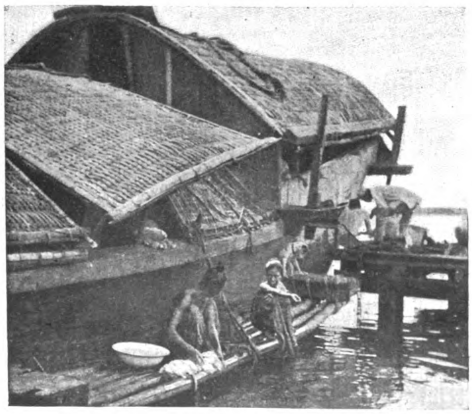
GENERAL MERRITT AND OFFICERS ON TRANSPORT "NEWPORT," APPROACHING MANILA.



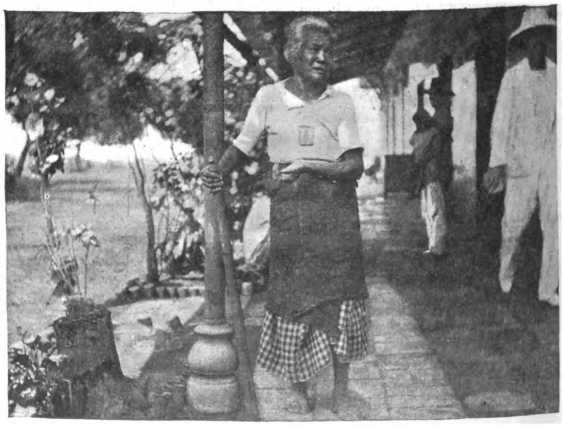
NATIVE BULLOCK-CART LOADED WITH LOOT FROM A SPANISH CHURCH.



TAGALO WATER-CARRIER.



WOMEN OF A CASCO WASHING CLOTHES IN THE BAY.



BEGGAR-WOMAN, CAVITE.

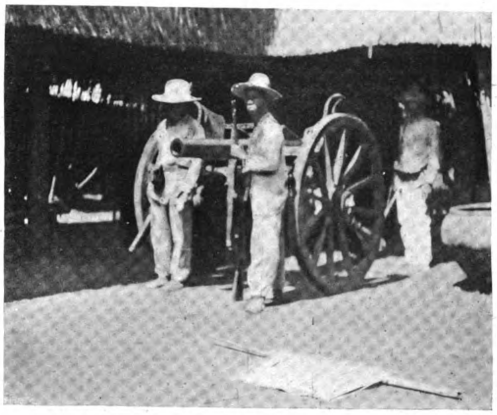
WITH OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. MILLET, BASS, AND DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 898.]

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SMOOTH-BORE GUN MOUNTED IN INSURGENT TRENCHES.



SPANISH FIELD-PIECE CAPTURED BY INSURGENTS.



GENERAL F. V. GREENE'S HEADQUARTERS.



IN THE INSURGENT TRENCHES.



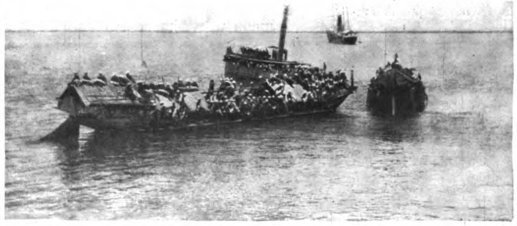
UNDER FIRE IN THE INSURGENT TRENCHES.



SEÑOR TORRES, SECRETARY TO AGUINALDO.



TROOPS JUST ARRIVED AT CAMP DEWEY.



"RAPIDO" TOWING CASCOS WITH NEBRASKA TROOPS ASHORE FROM TRANSPORT "SENATOR."



NEBRASKA TROOPS DEBARKING AND MOVING TO CAMP DEWEY.

WITH OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Photographs by Messrs. Bass and Davis, Special Correspondents for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 898.]

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

The anti-vaccination movement in England seems to be enjoying at least a temporary success. A bill lately passed to a third reading in the House of Commons which provides that "no parent or other person shall be liable to any penalty under the vaccination act of 1867 if he satisfies justices in petty sessions that he conscientiously believes vaccination would be prejudicial to the health of the child."

This bill, if it becomes a law, will of course do away with compulsory vaccination. Now compulsory vaccination is a considerable hardship for persons who object to it. It is well known that out of thousands of cases of vaccination there are a very few that result disastrously. Children have been poisoned by vaccination, and have died or suffered from painful diseases. The opponents of vaccination make the most of these cases, and tell extremely terrifying stories about them, maintaining that compulsory vaccination is an outrage on human rights, and a bigoted and cowardly concession to the opinions of doctors.



LIEUT. W. E. SHIPP,
10th U. S. Cavalry—A Victim of the Battle of San Juan.

It is without doubt an infringement upon personal rights, and only one thing can justify it. That thing is small-pox. At present vaccination has driven small-pox out of existence in civilized countries. Ordinarily there is none in sight, and the anti-vaccinationists have only a traditional bugaboo to fight. It seems hardly a matter of very serious concern whether their objections prevail or not. If they defeat compulsory vaccination, and small-pox returns, some lives will be lost and the public health will suffer. But once small-pox makes a little headway again, the inconveniences and risks of vaccination will seem so petty by comparison that compulsory vaccination will come back with a rush.

Every generation inclines to demand that it shall have its own experiences. We all know, as a historical fact, that war is dreadful and disastrous, but in its absence, when protracted, its terrors fade and its incidental glories brighten, so that some folks who have never seen a war begin to feel that they are not getting their due. When the public mind takes that turn, war is apt to ensue. It may be so in some degree with small-pox, though, Heaven knows, there is no glory in small-pox: no sport, no spoils—nothing but scars.

General Merritt and his staff, who are reported to have started for home on their way to Paris, are finding a very large proportion of excursion in their military experience. As far as seeing the world goes, their service seems to be proving a very comprehensive success. They have journeyed across our own continent, tested the interesting features of life in San Francisco, navigated the Pacific, visited Honolulu, and seen all there was on exhibition in Manila, including its surrender. Now, before life in the Philippines has lost any of its novelty, they come hurrying back, cross again a country which will be very greatly interested to see them and hear all they have to tell, and hie them swiftly on to Paris to see how the Europeans compare with the Asiatics. There is no reason to think that General Merritt is at all pleased to be called home, or anticipates any pleasure in helping our peace commissioners higgle over the terms of peace, but there is no question that when he finally gets home he will be like the New Bedford whaler, of familiar memory, in having had a durn fine sail.

The Zionists met again this year, on the last three days of August, at Basle, Switzerland. Not much has been written about them since their first international congress, in August a year ago, and some readers may have forgotten that they are Jews who have at heart the reinstatement of the Jewish people in control of Palestine. Nine delegates went to the congress from this country this year, among them Professor Richard Gottheil, of Columbia University, the Rev. Philip Klein, and Dr. Stephen A. Wise. The work before the convention this year was the organization of an administrative bureau, and, among other things, the promotion of the Zionist bank. The purpose of this bank is to encourage Jewish industries, especially agriculture, in Palestine; to promote colonization, and arrange for the purchase of farm-lands and the disposition of produce. It is reported that large lots of the shares of the bank have been subscribed for at $5 a share, and that companies have been organized in various places for the importation of Palestinian products. The project abounds in romantic interest, and if any considerable practical results come of it, all Christendom will watch them with lively curiosity. It should be possible to distribute the financial burdens of the scheme among so many share-takers that an experiment may have a fair trial without involving any of its supporters in very serious risks.

If the supply of newspapers for our camps is in any way commensurate with what we must suppose the demand to be, Uncle Sam, in his capacity of boarding-housekeeper, is not at all to be envied. The mind of man is too prone anyway to take kindly to complaints about food. With real hardships enough to stimulate their natural tendencies towards fault-finding, our heroes are now egged on to extra-strenuous efforts in that direction by the hourly assurances of nearly all the papers in the country that they are starved, neglected, and miscellaneously mismanaged. It must appear in the camps just now as if a soldier's whole duty was to distrust authority, reject his food, bewail his fate, and demand to be sent home. How discipline holds out under such conditions it will be interesting to observe, and if serious lapses of it should be reported, it will hardly be more (as a respected contemporary would say) than "any educated person would expect." There are those who say that it is impossible to improvise at short notice an organization that is fit to take proper care of armies, and that the complaints we hear now of maladministration were just as prevalent in the first year of the civil war, and abounded with equal venom in the Crimean war. It may be that finally the wise men will tell us that the choice to which we are limited is between maintaining a considerable standing army and having a disastrous experience whenever we try to collect a large army of volunteers.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, British author, has come to this country, and it is understood that his purpose is to lecture here. Persons who come here from Great Britain with that intention may be conveniently divided into those who have edifying information to impart and those who have long hair. Mr. Zangwill's hair is worn comparatively short. Certainly it is not of a spectacular length, and is not catalogued in prospectuses as the mainstay of his attractions. He does not rank yet as a great author, but he is known as a good and substantial story-teller, and the owner of a mind whose operations are of considerable interest. If he does lecture here, he will undoubtedly impart a good many ideas that are worth assimilating.

No doubt the results of the war include many deaths that were as sad as that of Lieutenant William Tiffany, of the Rough Riders, but Mr. Tiffany was so well known "in society," and consequently to newspaper readers, that the untimeliness of his taking off has been especially appreciated and deplored. He was a gallant young fellow, well known in New York, who had progressed to that stage in life where the future seemed full of delights and advantages. He died, after returning from Santiago, on August 25, at the Parker House in Boston, and was buried on August 29 at Newport. Sometimes there are consolations in a funeral, and especially in a military funeral. The accounts that the newspapers give of Lieutenant Tiffany's funeral leave the impression that it was a particularly satisfying and consoling ceremony. His near friends and relatives were present. The Newport Artillery, and the officers of the Forty-seventh New York from Fort Adams, were there; Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Astor walked ahead of the hearse, and the bearers were Rough Riders under Captain Woodbury Kane. When the interment came, Colonel Roosevelt stood, with sword drawn, at the head of the grave while it was being filled. Then the Rough Riders fired three volleys over it, and the bugler sounded taps. A military funeral is not in itself by any means worth dying for, but it is remarkably effective, and even triumphant, especially when, as in Lieutenant Tiffany's case, it is strongly felt. In his case, too, the conditions were unusual, for he was buried at home by men who had been his comrades in arms in a campaign across the seas that was very memorable and very recent.

It is gratifying to learn from the report of the stated clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly that, in spite of heretics, church members who sign petitions for liquor licenses, and stiff-necked college presidents who resent interference, the Presbyterian Church in the United States is making steady progress. During the last year it has increased 14,623 in the number of its communicants, 9702 in Sunday-school members, and $185,910 in contributions, and has decreased 272 in the number of candidates for the ministry. These figures must be very satisfactory to the Presbyterians. The falling off in candidates for the ministry seems a little odd, but that may easily be for the good of the church, since every one knows that many of its recent embarrassments have concerned candidates, and their willingness or unwillingness to accept the doctrinal views of the fathers. As long as the contract-labor law does not hinder the importation of ministers from Scotland and Ireland, the falling off in candidates won't matter much.

It was very graceful in Sir Thomas Lipton to send a contribution of $10,000 for the relief of the sick and wounded American soldiers. Funds are not absolutely lacking for that purpose, and it cannot be said that Sir Thomas's gift was needed, but it shows a spirit and a sentiment towards this country which it is very agreeable to observe, and especially agreeable to find in a challenger for the *America's* cup. There really seems to be a prospect that the next international yacht-race will be a joyous occurrence, and a promoter of good-will and friendly rivalry. Sir Thomas's gift was made through the New York Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

It may not be generally recalled that Sir Thomas Lipton came to this country last spring on the *Campania*, and was the chief instigator of the remarkable doings aboard that vessel, when all the first and second cabin passengers joined in an Anglo-American banquet in the main saloon. He has left no corner of room for doubt about the sincerity of his desire to promote the friendliest possible relations between our country and his.

A contemporary citizen who reads the WEEKLY remarks that in his walks abroad and his little journeys about the country he finds himself spontaneously comparing and measuring folks and experiences by war standards. He looks at the stout conductor on the train and wonders whether a man of his weight was too fat to enlist; he looks over his fellow-passengers in the steam-cars or the street cars and wonders if it was the like of them that captured Santiago; he sizes up individual men, wondering how much of a march they could stand, and what effect camp life would have on them. Wherever he sees his fellow-creatures he asks himself how far they are typical Americans, what sort of soldiers the men would make, what sort of fighting-men the sons of the women whom he sees would prove, and how the men and the women probably compare with the general run of folks in England or Germany or France or Spain. If he snatches a hasty meal at a lunch-counter or a railway restaurant, he wonders whether our soldiers in the field really suffer greater hardships than that. When his usual meals exhibit imperfections, his reflection is, "If food prepared under favorable conditions for one or two persons can sustain such maltreatment, what results should one expect in food prepared for whole regiments by green cooks working at a great disadvantage?" Finally, when he sees men in uniform (and they are prevalent everywhere just now) he looks them over with the liveliest interest, his usual unuttered comment being, "How young they are!" or, "How used up they look, poor things!"

The war has made us think of many new things, and has led us to reflections and comparisons and ruminations which we are not used to. Undoubtedly, whatever the final result of it may be, it will result in an enlargement of our minds and ideas which will not be without its meed of profit.

Teetotalers will find a strong argument in favor of their attitude on the drink question in the recent report of James Meikle, actuary, of Birmingham, England, on the comparative value of abstainers and non-abstainers as subjects for life-insurance. The report, according to a summary of it which is given by the New York *Evening Post*, is very favorable to the abstainers, and indicates that their lives should be insured at lower rates than those of their brethren who imbibe. Out of a large number of lives which Mr. Meikle drew conclusions from, he found that between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four only a little more than half as many abstainers died as the actuaries' tables gave reason to expect; between thirty-five and forty-four only about a third (34.4 per cent.) as many as was expected; between forty-five and fifty-four only half as many. It is pointed out that the report is not so conclusive as it seems against a moderate use of alcohol, because the class of drinkers includes not only all the truly moderate drinkers, but a good many immoderate ones. What sort of a showing the non-abstainers whose habits are really good would make alongside of the abstainers does not appear, and is not likely to be officially disclosed, because of the obvious difficulty of discriminating between the discreet drinkers and the others. The insurance companies can learn from their patrons whether they are abstainers or not, but not whether they are really moderate in their potations or tend to indiscretion. So far as it goes, however, Mr. Meikle's report certainly indicates that alcohol is not generally useful to sustain and prolong life. That much is pretty generally admitted nowadays by candid contemporaries, whether they drink or not. It is not claimed any longer that John Barleycorn in any of his disguises will benefit persons who are in good health. The most that is said is that stimulants are often exceedingly useful in sickness, and that well persons can drink a good deal first and last without injury, provided they are able to exercise constant discrimination about what they drink, and how much, and when. There used to be very many persons about who sincerely believed that a fair amount of habitual alcohol would "do you good." Persons who are of that opinion are scarcer now. Most drinkers of our day drink because it gives them pleasure, but without any illusion about deriving benefit from it. Either they don't care whether it is good for them or not, or they feel able to determine how much they can drink without serious risk of injury.

The extreme advocates of abstinence fall short in one particular—in that they do not recognize, or at least do not admit, that a very large proportion of the population does its drinking with considerable success. The average intelligent citizen is neither a professed abstainer nor a victim of drink. He drinks when he chooses and what he chooses, but his choice most of the time is to drink tea, coffee, or water. He has work to do every day, and he regulates his potations just as he does his food, with a view to keeping himself in condition to accomplish his daily task with the least inconvenience.



JUDGE W. F. FREAR, OF CALIFORNIA,
One of the five Hawaiian Commissioners appointed by the President.

Tolstoi's seventieth birthday is to be celebrated in New York, on September 8, by a dinner at the Hotel St. Denis. The committee that is responsible for the demonstration includes Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Howells, Mr. Henry M. Alden, Mr. Hamilton Mabie, Mr. R. W. Gilder, and other eminent and discerning gentlemen. Tolstoi is not so much read in this country as he was ten years ago, but that is partly because he was so thoroughly and widely read at that time, when the American translations of his

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great books came out in rapid succession, and were new to us. It is probable that some of the gentlemen at the dinner in his honor will speak of him as the greatest of living novelists. His right to that distinction will not be readily disproved. He has written very much on religious and social subjects to which the majority of his admirers in this country by no means subscribe; but about his great novels—*War and Peace*, *Anna Karénina*, and the like—there is a pretty general unanimity of opinion that they are surpassingly important additions to the world's literature. It was a happy idea to make this formal recognition upon his birthday of what the readers and the writers of this country owe him.

With so much that is of anxious moment going on in our own family, it is hard to pay due attention to the ailments of folks abroad, or the vicissitudes of life elsewhere. We are not disturbed, for example, about the condition of the Pope, although it is well known that his hold on life is no longer strong, and that any sudden flutter may loosen it for all time. Yet careful reports of his condition are published from time to time in our newspapers, and one of them—a recent one—commented on the interesting circumstance that the two latest Popes, both of whom have lived to a greater age than any of their predecessors, lived for years together shut up in the Vatican. Pius IX. was a prisoner in that enclosure for eight years; Leo XIII. has kept the same bounds for twenty years. The Vatican, though a big place, is by no means regarded as a sanatorium, and the earlier Popes used to leave Rome in summer and go to the hills, as all the other Romans who can afford to are used to do. Yet Pius lived to be eighty-five, and Leo, already past that age, is reported to be sound, if not exactly hale, and to be so little encumbered with body or mortal superstructure that there is no telling how long his spirit may animate its frail earthly tenement. Change is doubtless a pretty good thing for the young and hardy, but the cases of these two good old Popes seem to afford a fair basis for arguing that change may not, after all, be quite so indispensable as most well-to-do persons are taught to believe. E. S. MARTIN.

## LONDON.

*August 20, 1898.*

IN April last the readers of the WEEKLY were informed in these columns that the chief administrative post under the crown, that of the Governor-Generalship of India, was about to be filled up, and that Mr. Curzon was one of two alternative nominations contemplated by the government. The appointment has now been made, and is none the less interesting because for the first time in history an American lady becomes the head of society in India, and shares viceregal responsibility in the greatest position held by any subject of the Queen. The Viceroyalty of India is a brilliant and even a dazzling prize. This great post is generally held by elderly men—safe, sagacious, and impartial. Mr. Curzon is young. Not yet forty, he has the defects of his brilliant qualities. He is a capital debater, but is not always conciliatory or discreet. With a greater knowledge of Asiatic politics than any other Parliamentarian, the new Viceroy of India is not unlikely to become his own adviser on technical matters. He has already been everywhere, seen everybody, and knows everything. He is committed to what is known as the "forward" policy. Mr. Curzon has the reputation of Russophobe tendencies. His books are full of aspirations towards the realization of British mastery in Asia. The new Viceroy has, however, already enunciated a doctrine which commands the assent of all serious men. "I believe," he recently said, "that the security of our frontier rests not upon the number of battalions we place there, but on the individual character of the men whom we choose. It is a question not of cannon, but of character." Mr. Curzon is the eldest son of the Rev. Alfred Curzon, fourth Baron Scarsdale. There is little doubt that he will be offered a peerage without delay, but there is reason to believe that he will not accept it. His career has been one series of triumphant successes. He carried off innumerable prizes at Eton. At Oxford he made a great reputation in the schools, and was a first-rate president of the Union. He is a fine speaker, and there is but one drawback to the brilliant prospects before him. His health is bad. The dogged tenacity of his purpose in acquiring first-hand knowledge of Asiatic affairs is revealed by the fact that although he has ridden over the Indian strategic frontier and for thousands of miles in Central Asia and Persia, he never mounts a horse without suffering physical pain the whole time he is in the saddle. The spine trouble from which Mr. Curzon suffers is, however, not unlikely to be improved by a sojourn in Eastern lands. Hitherto Asia has been the best of tonics for him, and since he has youth, the command of wealth, knowledge, ability, and a charming wife, the endowment of health is, humanly speaking, the only thing required to assure success to the new Viceroy's career. The Jewish community is naturally pleased with the stately part to be played by the daughter of Mr. Levi Z. Leiter. She is compared to the Queen of Sheba.

The announcement of Mr. Curzon's appointment to the most splendid position under the crown was made in the course of the debate on the Chinese policy of the government in the House of Commons on the penultimate day of the session. The government was attacked by every speaker but one. All the ministerial declarations upon the subject of the "open door" have been contradicted by the logic of facts. England and Russia have staked their prestige against each other upon whether a Manchurian railway shall be made with English money from Tien-tsin to Niu-chwang. There was no room for compromise. The Chinese gave the concession to an English bank. The Russian acting minister at Peking is virtually Russian Resident at a mediatized court, and his veto on the concession was enough. In rejoinder Lord Salisbury authorized Sir Claude Macdonald, the British ambassador, to assure the Chinese government that England would not tolerate the interference of another power in commercial transactions freely entered into between the Chinese government and British subjects, and pledged itself to repel any attempted aggression in consequence of concessions given to British subjects. M. Pavloff, the Russian diplomat, impervious to words and impregnable to ink, repeated his orders to the Chinese, and reminded the Yamen of the notorious instability of British intentions. "The English," say the Chinese, "only make promises from the teeth outwards." Still, the British government last month announced to Russia that for commercial purposes we do not recognize spheres of influence. But, alas for the intentions of the English government, their objections to spheres of influence have followed their declarations in favor of the "open door." The English government has been promptly and successfully flouted in the test case upon which it publicly staked the prestige of England in Asia. Ministers seem incapable of acting with decision in the Far East. Equality of opportunity and treatment is jettisoned. French, Germans, Belgians, Russians, freely obtain concessions denied to Englishmen. No one really knows what the policy of the government is in China. For the second time this year, Lord Salisbury has gone abroad for his health, "in good spirits," say the newspapers. If he has a policy in China, he conceals it. The public are only able to judge by results. These are visible to the man in the street. England loses ground. Other countries gain it. Our most powerful opponent is alternately flattered and irritated. We have concentrated European suspicion and irritation against us, and the policy of "squeeze" is likely to develop into a new and more ominous phase.

On the other hand, the friends of Lord Salisbury contend that, however desirable it may be to play the strong game with Russia, it is better to suffer a diplomatic defeat of the most public, damaging, and humiliating character than to engage in a European war before the capture of Khartoum is actually achieved. There is a good deal to be said for this aspect of the case. Victory over the Khalifa is certain, so far as it can be insured by careful preparation; but a check on the Nile would require the exertion of England's full military strength, and until the possibility of a check is over it is more prudent, if not more glorious, to suffer M. Pavloff's interference with British interests in Manchuria. Lord Salisbury's government, however, went out of its way to challenge a trial of strength with Russia upon the Niu-chwang railway question. He fixed the attention of the globe upon the issue. The issue is a failure, and the echoes of the blow to English prestige will resound throughout the bazars of Asia. So far as Manchuria is concerned, the "open door" is not only slammed in our faces, but on our fingers. As the supreme sanction of diplomacy is resort to force, Sir Claude Macdonald, however able, is helpless as a village maiden. British ambassadors' weapons are words, and their words are not believed. Lord Salisbury declared months ago that England would not go to war over North China. He assented to the surrender of Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. He respected the desire of M. Muravieff that British men-of-war should leave Port Arthur. These acts may be wise or foolish, but the results springing from them are as inevitable as the tinkling of a bell when the knob is pressed. It was impossible to fight a pitched battle on weaker ground. The attempt to reopen the settled question of Manchuria was no less impotent than ostentatious. We have given Russia the opportunity of two triumphs, and have inflicted upon ourselves two humiliations, when one defeat would have sufficed and when none was necessary. The disaster is public, self-inflicted, injurious, and humiliating.

Parliamentary sophistry, petty debating points, and thin logic-chopping are not the weapons with which a great empire is either held or enlarged. The *Times's* correspondent at Peking during the last six months has virtually replaced the Foreign Office, so far as the affairs in the Far East are concerned. He has kept the people of England well informed. Almost invariably the denials of Mr. Curzon or the deprecations of Mr. Balfour have been followed within twenty-four hours by a clear, incisive telegram from Peking on the subject in dispute, which has always demonstrated that the weakness of the government is only exceeded by its ignorance of passing events. If I enter thus into detail, it is because American interests are directly concerned in the success or failure of British diplomacy on trade in China as much as those of the merchants of London and Manchester. What is unintelligible, now that the session is closed, is why the government should have made a feint of fighting on a line which it knew was untenable. Whining to Russia does not affect her. Like all semi-Oriental races, she understands peace and she understands war. She does not understand the necessity of making any arrangement, except under the conviction that superior forces will be used to constrain her to surrender the point in dispute. Drifting into the Crimean war was an object-lesson which seems to have taught no lessons to our rulers.

Whether the secret history of the time, when revealed, will vindicate Lord Salisbury, no one can tell. England is craving—strongly craving—for a leader. There never was a time since the death of the younger Pitt when a greater opportunity existed for the strong man to come to the front. The people look to the Prime Minister for leading; the minister looks to the people for light. Both are disappointed. There is no ground for complaint in the administration of the finances of the country or its navy—the two elements upon which the issue of the next international struggle in which Britain is engaged will be determined. Almost anybody who came to the front who knew his own mind, and who put his fortunes to the touch, could obtain the commanding position at the present juncture. The Opposition is impossible. The vacillation of the government is to that of their opponents as water is to wine. The nation knows it cannot turn to her Majesty's Opposition for an alternative ministry; for, except Sir Edward Grey, there is no one—unless it be Sir Charles Dilke, who is impossible on other grounds—capable of leading the nation. I recently heard one eminent statesman declare that so eager is the craving of England for a leader, that the nation would turn to a person of the type of Sir Ashmead Bartlett, who, by dint of constant repetition, persuades himself of the truth of his Jingo aspirations, rather than remain unled, humiliated, and subjected to a continued series of galling rebuffs. The issue from the present impasse will, in all probability, proceed from below, not from above, and a prediction made by the late Lord Randolph Churchill in a letter to myself is not unlikely to be accomplished. I venture to transcribe one passage of Lord Randolph's letter, as it is of special interest at the present time.

"Our land laws," he wrote, "were framed by the landed interest for the advantage of the landed interest, and foreign policy was directed by that interest to the same end. Political power passed very considerably from the landed interest to the manufacturing capitalist interest, and our whole fiscal system was shaped by this latter power to its own advantage, foreign policy being also made to coincide. We are now come, or coming fast, to a time when labor laws will be made by the labor interest for the advantage of labor. The regulation of all the conditions of labor by the state, controlled and guided by the labor vote, appears to be the ideal aimed at, and I think it extremely probable that a foreign policy which sought to extend, by tariff reforms over our colonies and even over other friendly states, the area of profitable barter of produce, will strongly commend itself to the mind of the labor interest. Personally I can discern no cause of alarm in this prospect, and I believe that on this point you and I are in perfect agreement. Labor, in this modern movement, has against it the prejudices of property, the resources of capital, and all the numerous forces—social, professional, and journalistic—which those prejudices and resources can influence."

Lord Charles Beresford's mission to China on behalf of the Chambers of Commerce is a more important step in the right direction than appears on the surface. His view is that nothing can be done with China trade, either by English or other capitalists, until due provision is made for law and order within the area in which capital is to be invested. Although this sounds like a truism, there is far more in it than meets the eye. There are two drawbacks to trade in the interior of China. The first is the danger of local disturbances; the second, the Lekin duties imposed by local mandarins for their own benefit, over and above the five-per-cent. import duty charged by the Chinese customs under the supervision of Sir Robert Hart. Lord Charles Beresford proceeds to China with a very strong backing, both financial and commercial. He has a free hand, an excellent staff, and the benevolent interest of her Majesty's government. Russian criticism against Lord Charles's mission is based on the assumption that a British admiral, who presumably knows little or nothing of commerce, is not likely to restrict his activities in China to the collection of trade statistics or the investigation of new markets. It is a fact, however, that the member for York goes to China in his private capacity, and is without any official position whatever. It is possible, of course, that the Chinese may consult Lord Charles Beresford on questions of defence and on the maintenance of law and order in the Yang-tse Valley, as they consulted General Gordon in 1879. Whatever may be the result of his mission, the American public will do well to keep an eye upon it, for in working for British trade Lord Charles Beresford is equally working for American interests. I shall not be indiscreet in mentioning the fact that Lord Charles regards his mission as one undertaken on behalf of the English-speaking race. The political and international possibilities of the Beresford mission are illimitable, and if he should succeed in paving the way to commercial development in the valley of the great Blue River, the history of Egypt may yet be repeated on a greater scale in the Far East.

It is a relief to turn from China to Egypt, where one laborious and silent strategist at the mouth of the Athara—affluent to the Nile—is approaching the day of his supreme triumph, and organizing national revenge for the memory of Gordon. Sir Herbert Kitchener is not a popular general. He keeps aloof from society and cultivates no acquaintances. He exacts from each one of his subordinates the very highest standard of good work. If that standard is not attained, the unfortunate officer is quickly sent back to Cairo or to England. When, however, the general's expectations are fulfilled, staff-officers know that they will receive due reward for energetic and tactful labor. Kitchener exacts from no one as much as from himself. Indefatigable by day and night, with an iron constitution, taciturn, ambitious, and proud, he is truly a man of blood and iron. Few people know him well. Those who have gained his confidence regard him with unbounded enthusiasm. They believe him to be capable of everything. His ambitions are enormous, and he is now marked out as the English generalissimo of the future. His victory at Khartoum will revive the fading reputation of ministers. It stands in need of a tonic. The casualty list is expected to be very heavy in the final battle, and much anxiety is felt as to whether sufficient white troops are provided. Lord Charles Beresford tells me that in his opinion victory is insured, but that the "butcher's bill" may be lamentably high.

With regard to Mr. Curzon's successor at the Foreign Office much interest is felt. The favorite prediction is that Mr. George Wyndham's services will be secured to the government. Mr. George Wyndham is considered to be the handsomest man in the House of Commons. He is member for Dover, on affectionate terms with Mr. Balfour, is married to the Countess of Grosvenor, is a Shakespearian scholar, has made a name in literature by his editorship and introductions upon North's *Plutarch* and the "Sonnets" of Shakespeare. Mr. Wyndham has maintained the fine traditions that once connected English politics and letters. He is no self-seeker, though no one has rendered greater service to Unionism in its days of struggle. He took no part in the vulgar push for places that occurred when the ministry was formed, and much surprise was expressed in 1895 that he was not included in the ministry. His attitude during the events that followed the Jameson raid, and his championship of Mr. Rhodes upon the commission, were indications of his Imperialistic tendencies. Still, I do not think the appointment would be a good one. Business qualifications—not literary, oratorical, political, or social—are what are chiefly lacking in the Foreign Office to-day, and its representative in the House of Commons should be rather a man in sympathy with and interested in the trade of his country than a fine specimen of the cultivated and sensitive product of literature and society. On this ground Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the son of the Colonial Secretary, who has been specially educated for such a post, and who now holds the position of Civil Lord of the Admiralty, is considered by many a preferable appointment to that of Mr. George Wyndham.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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THE SICK IN PARK CARRYALLS.



THE HEAD OF THE SECOND BATTALION.



THE WELCOME AT THE ARMORY, AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AND PARK AVENUE—HOME AT LAST!

THE HOME-COMING OF THE 71ST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, AUGUST 29, 1898.

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MONTAUK POINT—VISITORS IN CAMP.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

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# CAMP WIKOFF.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

On the Monday after the memorable flood at Johnstown, a man dropped into the press headquarters in the old plaster-mill at the end of the stone bridge over the Conemaugh, who said he had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and would tell us all about it. He said, as we newspaper men crowded around him, that he was a man who did not get excited like other people, he always kept cool, and he would tell us just how it happened. Before he had said a dozen words he went all to pieces, overwhelmed by the vivid memories of that day, and his story was never told.

I have been asked to write my impressions of our army just back from its glorious campaign in Cuba, and after three days spent at Camp Wikoff I am free to confess that the sight of those poor starved boys has put me in pretty much the same condition as that citizen of Johnstown.

When the Secretary of War arrived in camp he was agreeably disappointed, we are told, that things were no worse; but other visitors, not having the same opportunity for knowing the details of official delinquency in his department beforehand, were so shocked that the tears streamed down their cheeks—even the furrowed cheeks of old men hardened to life's blows, and of young men careless ordinarily to the hardships of others.

A big rough lineman, who had been putting up wires for the telegraph company at the camp, told me that he had shared his lunch with some poor famished soldier every day since he had been up there, "and Lord, how glad them poor lads was to git it!"

We all know the kind of men our volunteers are, for they are our neighbors, and we can call them by name often, but very few of us know or appreciate the "regulars." To do so one must see them at a time like this, worn and wasted, yet patient, and doing each one for some more helpless comrade, trying in a way that is most pitiful to see to maintain a soldierly bearing, while their limbs fail them from utter weakness.

I saw the Eighth (regulars) arrive at their camp. They came from the detention camp in army wagons. When the wagons stopped, many of the men fell headlong in attempting to get down, and lay just where they fell. One, a bugler, stood a little while swaying and dazed, and then fell in a heap by the road-side.

You will see in the official report that there are so many thousand sick. You naturally subtract that from the number in camp, and conclude the rest are well. Perhaps they are; but when I was there ten men from one company in a certain regiment were detailed for guard duty; before night seven of these men were in the hands of the doctor.

Of all the men, regulars or volunteers, that I talked with, not one had been anything but hungry for months, excepting one man of the Seventy-first New York volunteers, who told me that the men of that regiment, on the way up from Cuba on the *St. Paul*, got "hand-outs" from the rations of the big-hearted Jackies.

The soldiers who come up on the ordinary transports usually arrive famished. Upon arriving at the dock, they have to tramp a mile or more in heavy marching order to the detention camp. At the dock it is their good fortune to meet a kind friend. Mrs. Valentine Mott stands, day after day, early and late, with milk, beef extract, and sandwiches, to brace the poor weak fellows for their weary march over the hills.

It is, of course, impossible for the regimental surgeons to talk, except in confidence, about the lack of medicines and food before and after the fight at Santiago, on the voyage home, and here in camp, but it is also just as impossible for them to keep still about it in talking privately. The one cheerful feature of the camp is the black soldier; he, as a general thing, came through but little the worse of the pestilent climate of Cuba, and coming of a race used to privations, stood the starvation rations better than his white brother.

He is looked upon by the white soldier with positive affection and pride.

The gallant conduct of the black man, his hunting out and exterminating the sharp-shooters and guerillas who were picking off the officers and wounded from the trees, is a story that every white soldier will tell you with kindling eyes. To see the colored troopers bringing a hundred horses down to the water, singing and laughing as they swing along at a canter, is a sight pleasant to remember. Not one good word is to be heard in the whole camp for the Cuban. "Cubans! Well, if I have to go back to Cuba, I hope it 'll be to lick those horse-thieves. The Spaniards are all right; I haven't a word to say against them. In fact, we all liked the Spanish boys when we got to know them." This was what you might hear all over the camp.

One of the hardest things to look at in the camp is the meeting of a mother with the poor worn wreck of her boy. I have seen old officers walk off and grit their teeth at these meetings. A sight more bearable to see was a young girl carrying off a weak, gaunt, but happy-looking fellow to the train, trying to take from him his blanket-roll, and actually in possession of his canteen and cartridge-belt.

There is no exaggeration in the current stories of the starvation and utter neglect of these, our returning heroes.

I accompanied the two gentlemen sent up by the Merchants' Association of New York to investigate and report as to the needs of the regulars in the way of proper food for men in their condition. One of them, a newspaper man of experience, a man not to be easily shaken by what he might witness, went before the association on his return to New York, attempted to address the meeting, said a few words, then broke down and cried. It was enough, and no words of description can add to it.

It remains only to say a word of appreciation of the self-sacrificing Red Cross nurses and Sisters of Charity, who are working night and day in the hospitals, and to who are working night and day in the hospitals, and to who are working night and day that the like of the shameful spectacle of hope and pray that the like of the shameful spectacle of those poor famished lads gathered together after all their glory of achievement may never be witnessed in this country again.

W. A. Rogers.

# BARBARISM AT MONTAUK.

**Here is a moving letter from a young woman, describing what she saw at Montauk in her search for a brother who had enlisted in the Seventy-first New York Regiment. Its strength and sadness are beyond comment. We have not mentioned the name of the captain, but will give it to any one having authority to demand it for a proper purpose.—Ed. Harper's Weekly.**

Easthampton, Long Island, *August 25, 1898.*

My dear Mrs. ——,—I am afraid I shall scare you with a long letter this time, for I have lots to write. I thought you would be interested to hear about Jack, and what I saw at Montauk. Sunday we got a telegram from Jack, saying he was out of detention camp, and we could see him. We went up Monday morning. Mamma and —— and I drove from here—twenty miles—and the rest went by train. We were told for Heaven's sake not to go without taking something, and we loaded up the carriage with bread and hard-boiled eggs and fruit and forty or fifty sandwiches, as well as some dozens of handkerchiefs and socks and towels. We were glad we had done so. When we got within a mile or so of camp we began to meet soldiers, both regulars and volunteers. The first I saw was a young boy—he could not have reached eighteen years—who was leaning against the fence. He was white as death, thin, with dark lines under his eyes.

I called to him, and he came walking over—not walking, shuffling like an old man. "I'm awful hungry," he said, when I asked him. His voice was low and weak, and he steadied himself against the carriage as he spoke. We gave him a good meal to take away with him. He wanted to pay us. . . .

They tell me the suffering in the regulars' camps is as great as or greater than that in the volunteers'; but I can't say myself, for I did not go beyond the lines of the Seventy-first. I saw enough there. Men lying in their tents so weak that they cannot drag their canteens toward them, though they are frantic for water. Men, aching in every bone, who have to lie on the bare ground with nothing but a poncho under them. Many of their blankets were stolen by the Cubans, and they have had no others issued to them. Big six-foot bearded fellows so weakened by illness and starvation that they burst into tears at a kind word or action. Boys sitting outside their tents with a look on their faces it is terrible to see—a fixed blank look that asks nothing, but tells an awful story of suffering and despair. It is fearful.

We passed on, more and more sick at heart, until we reached Jack's company. I asked the first man I saw if he were there, and he said yes, and called his name. From in front of one of the tents a tall, thin, shaky figure got slowly up and came toward us. I thought, "Good heavens, I hope that's not *Jack!*"

It was Jack.

We rushed up to him, and he caught hold of us as though he would never let go again. Mamma came up just then, and Jack smiled at her, and the next moment rolled over at our feet in a dead faint.

A dozen men were round us at once, and they bathed Jack's head and gave him brandy, and tried to cheer us up. But it was long before we could bring him to. Then the men carried him to the village and told us to drive him up to the hospital and get the major there to give him leave. It was two miles there and a rough drive, but mamma succeeded in getting thirty days' furlough as soon as the surgeon saw him. —— and I staid back, and the rest came up just at that moment. We spent the time doing what we could for some of the sick men. Jack was a *well man*, and was to go on guard that night. He had almost died of the fever in Cuba, and if it had not been for Dr. Froelich he would have been left behind—forever. He had frightful chills and fever on the boat coming home. Before that he had bloody dysentery. The men told us that he worked so hard nursing his tentmates who fell ill first that he made himself much worse. They said that long after he ought not to have stood up he was working over them night and day, and would not give up. When they were out of danger he collapsed. I told you I felt sure he was ill, you remember.

Well, we got him home, and he fainted four times—though not such a faint as the first—before we could get him into bed. There he has been ever since, and the doctor fears it will be weeks before he can get up. The men's vitality has gone. They are wrecks. And there was no finer, healthier young fellow on earth than Jack four months ago.

Captain —— of Jack's company came up just as Jack fainted.

"That's nothing," he said; "he isn't sick; it's just the excitement. He's perfectly well."

I looked at him. He was stout and rosy and healthy, comfortably buttoned up in a new uniform. Around him stood a group of pale sick fellows, dirty, unshaven, hollow-eyed, and terribly thin—his men.

"We suffered awfully," he remarked, smiling at me.

"Yes, the *men* have," I answered, and turned my back on him.

He walked off; but one of the men came up and told me not to make the brute angry, or he would find some way to keep Jack back. "And he will take it out on us, anyway," he added.

I can tell you that frightened me, and I was polite enough after that, and left him in a beaming humor. He looked over what we had brought, and said he thought he'd take a watermelon we had there, and also a box of small cakes. These he put under his arm. Afterwards one of the boys came and said he had requisitioned most of the towels and handkerchiefs for himself, saying they were too good for the men.

I left him with mamma, who could keep up the game. I was afraid I should say something true if I staid longer. He wanted me to come up to his tent, but I wouldn't have entered it for anything on earth. Mamma went, and took the paper for him to sign, so that Jack could go. He had a beautiful big tent, board floor, nice cot, with all the trimmings, and at least four blankets, mamma said. Jack lay on the bare ground, as he had given his blanket to his tentmate, who was sicker than he, and had lost his in Cuba. The boys had their winter uniforms all during the campaign there, and were given their present thin ones on the boat. So they nearly freeze at Montauk, which is a very cool place.

Jack and some other men spent Saturday morning—the day they got out of the detention camp—in taking the board floors of the officers up a hill and back again. You can imagine how weak Jack was, and the rest weren't very much better. They were detailed to lug the sections of floor, which are very heavy, up this hill and make the platforms. They finished this, and then received the order to take them back again; that the officers weren't satisfied with that kind. They got them back, and Jack said he went to his tent and fell into it exhausted. In about ten minutes came the order for the detail to fall in and bring those tent floors back up the hill again. This was the morning.

The night before and most of the preceding day Jack had been taking care of one of his tentmates who was dying of exhaustion. On the afternoon of this day Jack feared the boy would die any moment if he couldn't be taken to the hospital, two miles off. There was no ambulance to be had, and so Jack asked the captain if he and some other men could not carry the boy up on a stretcher. This they did, with infinite toil. They came back with almost as heavy a load of medicine, and it was late at night before they got back to camp.

*Later.*—The doctor tells us that if we had not brought Jack back the day we did, we would probably never have brought him home at all. And to think that there are hundreds and hundreds as badly off as Jack and who cannot get off. They are afraid to muster out the regiments who have been through that Cuban campaign. They are afraid of what the boys are going to say. The horror of some of the men for their officers and the camp amounts almost to mania. Jack says that after the fighting, when they had been a long time without food, the quartermaster at last gave out some hardtack, but very little, so that the famished men were still frantic for more food. There was a lot of hardtack left—they got nothing else—and the men went back and asked for more. The quartermaster refused to give them any.

"Go to the captain if you aren't satisfied—he'll settle you," he remarked.

Jack, his tentmate (the man who is now dying), and some others went to the captain. This was his reply:

You clear out of here —— —— —— quick. If I hear any more of this talk I'll put you all on —— little hardtack and water, and nothing else." So they kept on starving.

*Later.*—I have been off tending to Jack. He fainted again. His weakness is something terrifying.

## WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN.

(New York Harbor, August 20, 1898.)

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthermost isles are free,
And the furthermost isles make answer, harbor, and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle-blast the length of the long blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them rise and go,
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land answered "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their country's God!

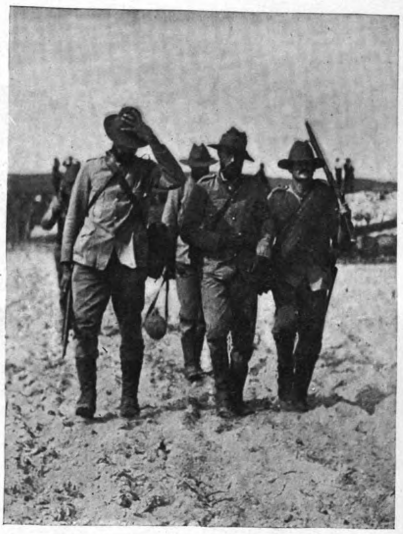
Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the strait:—
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads for home
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great gray ships come in!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

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SECRETARY ALGER ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION.



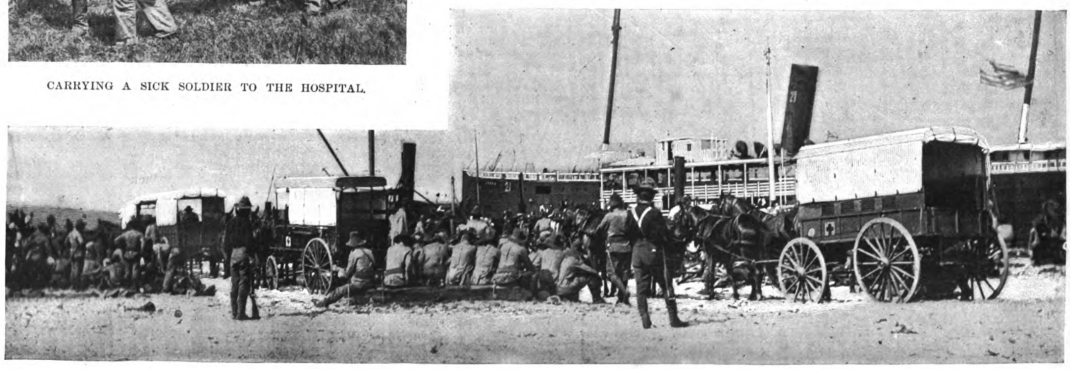
HELPING A SICK COMRADE INTO CAMP.



3D AND 20TH REGULARS LANDING AT QUARANTINE CAMP.



CARRYING A SICK SOLDIER TO THE HOSPITAL.

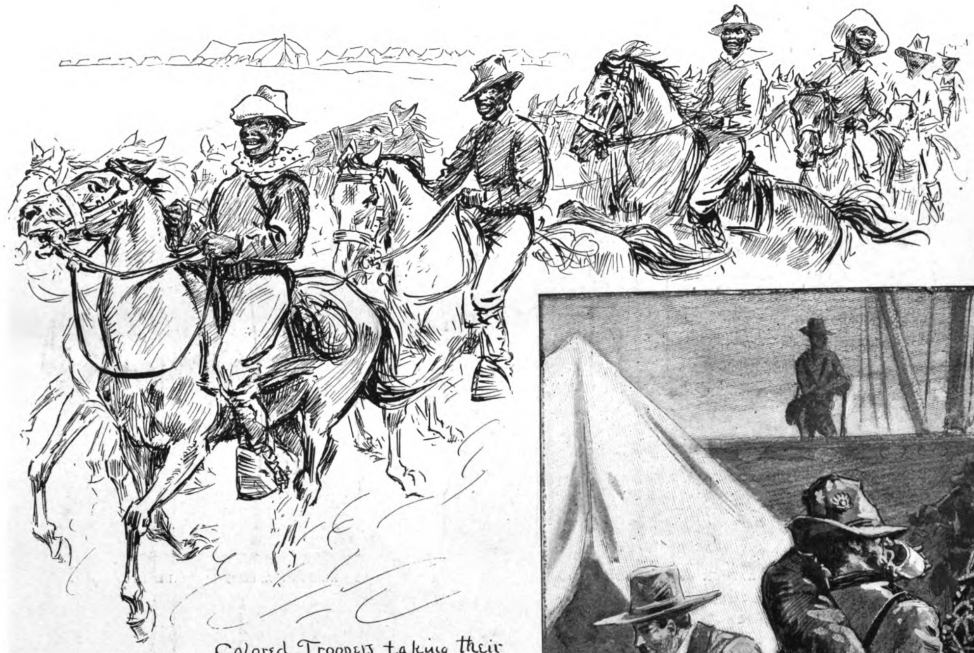


CONVALESCENTS WAITING TO BE TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL.

HOSPITAL SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

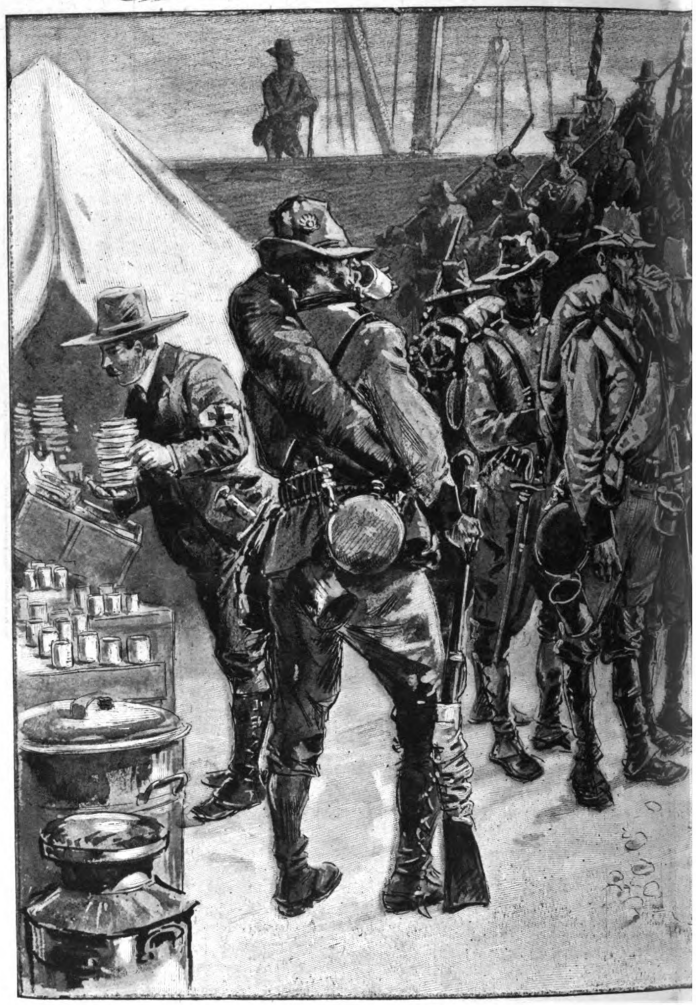
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Colored Troopers taking their Horses to Water.



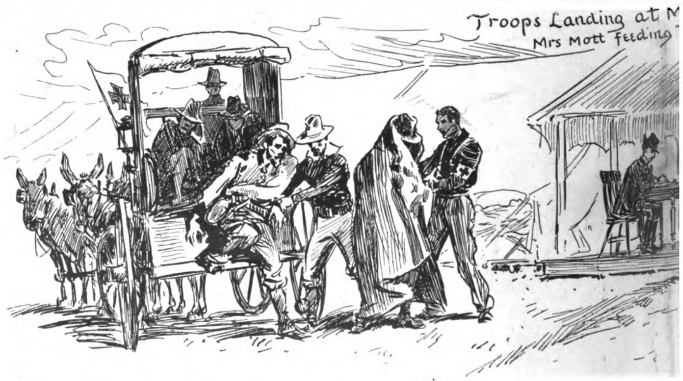
A chance, at last, to get Clean.





A Bugler of the Regulars.

W. A. Rogers.



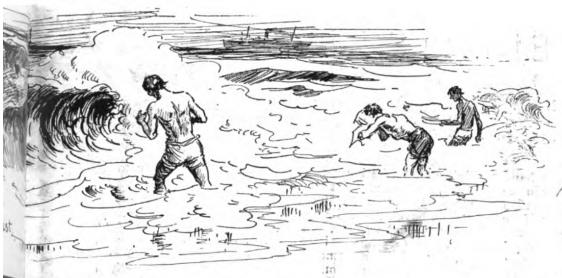
Troops Landing at M
Mrs Mott Feeding

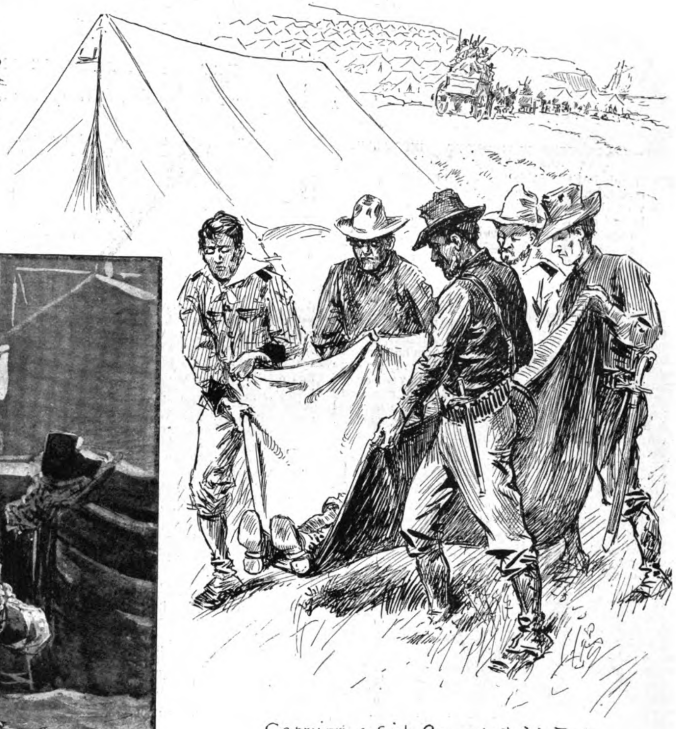
At the General Hospital.

LIFE AT CA

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST

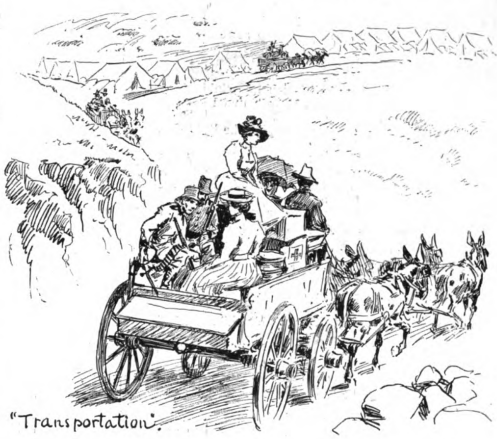
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Carrying a Sick Comrade to his Tent





"Transportation".

ontauk.
he Hungry Soldiers.





At the Lunch Counter.

IP WIKOFF.

R "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 890.]

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

### XXIII.—MRS. PERKENPINE FINDS OUT THINGS ABOUT HERSELF.

THE mind of the guide was comforted and relieved that he had got the better of the bishop in one way, although he could not do it in another. But he did not relinquish his purpose of putting an end to the nonsense which made him do the work of other people, and as soon as he had set his kitchen in order he started out to find Mrs. Perkenpine. A certain amount of nonsense from the people in camp might have to be endured, but nonsense from Mrs. Perkenpine was something about which Peter Sadler would have a word to say.

Matlack was a good hunter. He could follow all sorts of tracks—rabbit tracks, bird tracks, deer tracks, and the tracks of big ungainly shoes—and in less than half an hour he had reached a cluster of moss-covered rocks lying some distance back in the woods, and approached by the bed of a now dry stream. Sitting on one of these rocks, her back against a tree, her straw hat lying beside her, and her dishevelled hair hanging about her shoulders, was Mrs. Perkenpine reading a newspaper. At the sound of his footsteps she looked up.

"Well, I'll be bound!" she said. "If I'd crawl into a fox-hole I expect you'd come and sniff in after me."

Matlack stood and looked at her for a moment. He could not help smiling at the uncomfortable manner in which she was trying to make herself comfortable on those rough rocks.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Perkenpine," he said, "you'll get yourself into the worst kind of a hole if you go off this way, leavin' everything at sixes and sevens behind you."

"It's my nater," said she. "I'm findin' it out and gittin' it ready to show to other people. You're the fust one that's seed it. How do you like it?"

"I don't like it at all," said the guide, "and I have just come to tell you that if you don't go back to your tent and cook supper to-night and attend to your business, I'll walk over to Sadler's, and tell Peter to send some one in your place. I'm goin' over there anyway, if he don't send a man to take Martin's place."

"Peter Sadler!" ejaculated Mrs. Perkenpine, letting her tumbled newspaper fall into her lap. "He's a man that knows his own nater, and lets other people see it. He lives his own life, if anybody does. He's individdle down to the heels, and just look at him! He's the same as a king. I tell you, Phil Matlack, that the more I knows myself, just me, the more I'm tickled. It seems like scootin' round in the woods, findin' all sorts of funny hoppin' things and flowers that you never seed before. Why, it 'ain't been a whole day since I begun knowin' myself, and I've found out lots. I used to think that I liked to cook and clean up, but I don't; I hate it."

Matlack smiled, and taking out his pipe, he lighted it and sat down on a rock.

"I do believe," he said, "that you are the most out and out hermit of the whole lot; but it won't do, and if you don't get over your objections to cookin' you'll have to walk out of these woods to-morrow."

Mrs. Perkenpine sat and looked at her companion a few moments without giving any apparent heed to his remarks.

"Of course," said she, "it isn't only findin' out what you be yourself, but it's lettin' other people see what you be. If you didn't do that it would be like a pot a-b'ilin' out in the middle of a prairie, with nobody nearer nor a hundred miles."

"It would be the same as if it hadn't b'iled," remarked Matlack.

"That's jest it," said she, "and so I ain't sorry you come along, Phil, so's I can tell you some things I've found out about myself. One of them is that I like to lie flat on my back and look up at the leaves of the trees and think about them."

"What do you think?" asked Matlack.

"I don't think nothin'," said she; "just as soon as I begin to look at them wrigglin' in the wind, and I begin to wonder what it is I think about them, I go slam bang to sleep, and when I wake up and try to think again what it is I think, off I go again. But I like it. If I don't know what it is I think, I ought to know that I don't know it. That's what I call bein' really and truly a hermick."

"What else did you find out?" inquired Matlack.

"I found out," she answered, with animation, "that I admire to read anecdotes. I didn't know I cared a pin for anecdotes until I took to hermickin'. Now here's this paper; it came around the cheese, and it's got a good many anecdotes scattered about in it. Let me read one of them to you. It's about a man who made his will and afterwards was a-drivin' a horse along a road, and the horse got skeered and ran over his executor, who was takin' a walk. Then he sung out, 'Oh, bless my soul!' says he. But I'll read you the rest if I can find it."

"Never mind about the anecdote," said Matlack, who knew very well that it would take Mrs. Perkenpine half an hour to spell out twenty lines in a newspaper. "What I want to know is if you found out anything about yourself that's likely to give you a boost in the direction of that cookin'-stove of yourn."

Mrs. Perkenpine was a woman whose remarks did not depend upon the remarks of others. "Phil Matlack," said she, gazing fixedly at his pipe, "if I had a man I'd let him smoke just as much as he pleased and just where he pleased. He could smoke afore he got up, and he could smoke at his meals, and he could smoke after he went to bed, and, if he fancied that sort of thing, he could smoke at family prayers; it wouldn't make no difference to me, and I wouldn't say a word to him agin' it. If that was his individdiety, I'd say viddle."

"And how about everything else?" asked Matlack. "Would you tell him to cook his own victuals and mend his clothes accordin' to his own nater?"

"No, sir," said she, striking with her expansive hand the newspaper in her lap—"no, sir. I'd get up early in the mornin', and cook and wash and bake and scour. I'd skin the things he shot, and clean his fish, and dig bait if he wanted it. I'd tramp into the woods after him, and carry the gun and the victuals and fishin'-poles, and I'd set traps and row a boat and build fires, and let him go along and work out his own nater smokin' or in any other way he was born to. That's the biggest thing I've found out about myself. I never knowed, until I began this mornin' explorin' of my own nater, what a powerful hard thing it is, when I'm thinkin' of my own individdlety, to keep somebody else's individdlety from poppin' up in front of it, and so says I to myself, 'If I can think of both them individdleties at the same time it will suit me fust rate.' And when you come along I thought I'd let you know what sort of a nater I've got, for it ain't likely you'd ever find it out for yourself. And now that we're in that business—"

"Hello!" cried Matlack, springing to his feet. "There is somebody callin' me. Who's there?" he shouted, stepping out into the bed of the stream.

A call was now heard, and in a few moments the bishop appeared some distance below.

"Mr. Matlack," he said, "there's a man at your camp inquiring for you. He came from Sadler's, and I've been looking high and low for you."

"A man from Sadler's," said Matlack, turning to Mrs. Perkenpine, "and I must be off to see him. Remember what I told you about the supper." And so saying, he walked rapidly away.

Out in the open Matlack found the bishop. "Obliged to you for lookin' me up," he said; "it's a pity to give you so much trouble."

"Oh, don't mention it!" exclaimed the bishop. "You cannot understand, perhaps, not knowing the circumstances, but I assure you I never was more obliged to any one than to that man who wants to see you and couldn't find you. There was no one else to look for you, and I simply had to go."

"You are not goin' to walk back to camp?" inquired Matlack.

"No," replied the bishop; "now that I am here, I think I will go up the lake and try to find a very secluded spot in the shade and take a nap."

The guide smiled as he walked away. "Don't understand?" said he. "You've got the boot on the wrong leg."

Arrived at his tent, Matlack found Bill Hammond, a young man in Sadler's service, who informed him that that burly individual had sent Martin away in the stage-coach, and had ordered him to come and take his place.

"All right," said Matlack. "I guess you're as good as he was, and so you can settle down to work. By-the-way, do you know that we are all hermits here?"

"Hermits?" said the other. "What's that?"

"Why, hermits," said Matlack, "is individ'als who gets up early in the mornin' and attends to their own business just as hard as they can, without lookin' to the right or left, until it's time to go to bed."

The young man looked at him in some surprise. "There's nothing so very uncommon in that," said he.

"No," replied the guide, "perhaps there ain't. But as you might hear them talkin' about hermits here, I thought I'd tell you just what that sort of thing is."

### XXIV.—A DISSOLVING AUDIENCE.

WHEN a strange young man assisted Matlack at the supper table that evening, Mr. Archibald asked what had become of Martin.

"Peter Sadler has sent him away," answered the guide. "I don't know where he sent him or what he sent him for. But he's a young man who's above this sort of business, and so I suppose he's gone off to take up something that's more elevated."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Archibald, "for I liked him."

Mr. Archibald smiled. "This business of insisting upon our own individualities," he said, "seems to have worked very promptly in his case. I suppose he found out he was fitted for something better than a guide, and immediately went off to get that better thing."

"That's about the size of it," said Matlack.

Margery said nothing. Her heart sank. She could not help feeling that what she had said to the young man had been the cause of his sudden departure. Could he have done such a thing, she thought, as really to go and ask Mr. Sadler, and, having found he did not mind, have gone to see her mother? Her appetite for her supper departed, and she soon rose and strolled away, and as she strolled the thought came again to her that it was a truly dreadful thing to be a girl.

Having received no orders to the contrary, Matlack, with his new assistant, built and lighted the camp-fire. Some of the hermits took this as a matter of course, and some were a little surprised; but one by one they approached; the evening air was beginning to be cool, and the vicinity of the fire was undoubtedly the pleasantest place in camp. Soon they were all assembled but one, and Mrs. Archibald breathed freer when she found that Arthur Raybold was not there.

"I am delighted," said Corona, as soon as she took her usual seat, which was a camp-chair, "to see you all gather about the fire. I was afraid that some of you might think that because we are hermits we must keep away from each other all the time. But we must remember that we are associate hermits, and so should come together occasionally. I was going to say something to the effect that some of us may have misunderstood the true manner and intent of the assertions of our individualities, but I do not now believe that this is necessary."

"Do you mean by all that," said Mrs. Perkenpine, "that I cooked the supper?"

"Yes," said Miss Raybold, turning upon her guide with a pleasant smile, "that is what I referred to."

"Well," said Mrs. Perkenpine, "I was told that if I didn't cook I'd be bounced. It isn't my individdlety to cook for outsiders, but it isn't my individdlety to be bounced, nuther, so I cooked. Is that bein' a hermick?"

"You have it," cried Mr. Archibald; "you've not only found out what you are, but what you have to be. Your knowledge of yourself is perfect. And now," he continued, "isn't there somebody who can tell us a story? When we are sitting around a camp fire, there is nothing better than stories. Bishop, I dare say you have heard a good many in the course of your life. Don't you feel like giving us one?"

"I think," said Corona, "that by the aid of stories it is possible to get a very good idea of ourselves. For instance, if some one were to tell a good historical story, and any one of us should find himself or herself greatly interested in it, then that person might discover, on subsequent reflection, some phase of his or her intellect which he or she might not have before noticed. On the other hand, if it should be a love story, and some of us could not bear to hear it, then we might also find out something about ourselves of which we had before been ignorant. But I really think that, before making any tests of this sort, we should continue the discussion of what is at present the main object of our lives—self-knowledge and self-assertion. In other words, the emancipation of the individual. As I have said before, and as we all know, there never was a better opportunity offered a group of people of mature minds to subject themselves, free of outside influences, to a thorough mental inquisition, and to then exhibit the results of their self-examinations to appreciative companions. This last is very important. If we do not announce to others what we are, it is of scarcely any use to be anything. I mean this, of course, in a limited sense."

"Harriet," said Mr. Archibald, abruptly, "do you remember where I left my pipe? I do not like this cigar."

"On the shelf by the door of the cabin," she replied. "I saw it as I came out."

Her husband immediately rose and left the fire. Corona paused in her discourse to wait until Mr. Archibald came back; but then, as if she did not wish to lose the floor, she turned toward the bishop, who sat at a little distance from her, and addressed herself to him, with the idea of making some collateral remarks on what she had already said, in order to fill up the time until Mr. Archibald's return.

Mrs Archibald thought that her husband had been a little uncivil; but almost immediately after he had gone she too jumped up, and, without making any excuse whatever, hurried after him.

"Hector," she said, as soon as she was near enough for him to hear her, "don't go after the pipe; let us take a moonlight walk along the shore. I believe it is full moon to-night, and we have not had a walk of that sort for ever so long."

"Very good," said her husband, turning to her. "I shall be delighted. I don't care for the pipe, and the cigar would have been good enough if it had not been for the sermon. That would spoil any pleasure. I can't stand that young woman, Harriet; I positively cannot."

"Well, then, let us walk away and forget her," said his wife. "I don't wonder she annoys you."

"If it were only the young woman," thought Mrs. Archibald, as the two strolled away beneath the light of the moon, "we might manage it. But her brother!"

The moment before she had left the fire Mrs. Archibald had seen some one approaching from the direction of Camp Roy. She instantly recognized this person as Arthur Raybold, and felt sure that, unwilling to stay longer by himself, he was coming to the camp fire, and if her husband should see him, she knew there would be trouble. What sort of trouble or how far it might extend she did not try to imagine.

At the next indication of a pause in Corona's discourse the bishop suddenly stood on his feet. "I wonder," he said, "if there is anything the matter with Mrs. Archibald? I will step over to her cabin to see."

"Indeed," said Corona, rising with great promptness, "I hope it is nothing serious. I will go with you."

Margery was not a rude girl, but she could not help a little laugh, which she subdued as much as possible; and Mr. Clyde, who was sitting near her, laughed also.

"There is nothing on earth the matter with Aunt Harriet," said Margery. "They didn't go into the cabin; I saw them walking away down the shore."

"How would you like to walk that way?" he asked. "I think their example is a very good one."

"It is capital," said Margery, jumping up; "and let's get away quickly before she comes back."

They hurried away, but they did not extend their walk down the lake shore even as far as Mr. and Mrs. Archibald had already gone. When they came to the bit of beach behind the clump of trees where the bishop had retired that afternoon to read, they stopped and sat down to watch the moonlight on the water.

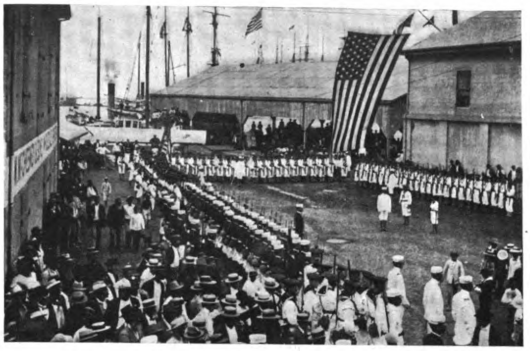
Matlack and Mrs. Perkenpine were now the only persons at the camp fire, for Bill Hammond, as was his custom, had promptly gone to bed as soon as his work was done. If Arthur Raybold had intended to come to the camp fire, he had changed his mind, for he now stood near his sister's tent, apparently awaiting the approach of Corona and the bishop, who had not found the Archibalds, and who were now walking together in what might have been supposed, by people who did not know the lady, to be an earnest dialogue.

Mr. Matlack was seated on his log and smoked, and Mrs. Perkenpine sat on the ground, her head thrown back and her arms hugging her knees.

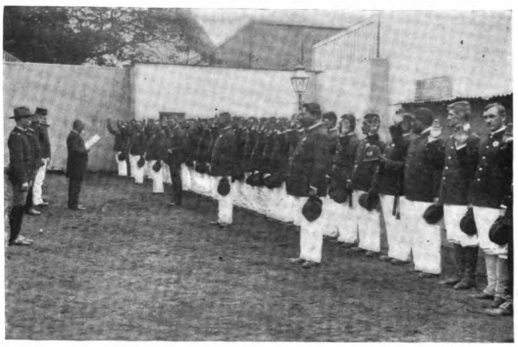
"Phil," said she, "that there moon looks to me like an oyster with a candle behind it, and as smooth and slippery as if I could jest swallow it down. You may think it is queer for me to think such things as that, Phil, but since I've come to know myself jes as I am, me, I've found out feelin's—"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

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MARINES FROM UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS LANDING TO ATTEND CEREMONIES.



HAWAIIAN POLICE SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

"Mrs. Perkenpine," said Matlack, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "there's a good many things besides moons that I can't swallow, and if it's all the same to you, I'll go to bed."

"Well," she exclaimed, looking after him, "his individdlety is the snapshortess I ever did see! I don't believe he wants to know hisself. If he did, 'm dead-sure I could help him. He never goes out to run a camp without somebody to help him, and yet he's so everlastin' blind he can't see the very best person there is to help him, and she a-plumpin' herself square in front of him every time she gits a chance." And with that reflection she rose and walked away.

"I tell you, Harriet," said Mr. Archibald, when he and his wife had returned from their walk and were about to enter the cabin, "something must be done to enable us to spend the rest of our time here in peace. This is our camp, and we want it for ourselves. If a good companionable fellow like the bishop or that young Clyde happens along, it is all very well, but we do not want all sorts of people forcing themselves upon us, and I will not submit to it."

"Of course we ought not to do that," said she, "but I hope that whatever you do, it will be something as pleasant as possible."

"I will try to avoid any unpleasantness," said he, "and I hope I may do so, but— By-the-way, where is Margery?"



DETACHMENT OF BLUEJACKETS LANDING FROM U.S.S. "PHILADELPHIA."

"I think she must be in bed," said Mrs. Archibald; and then stepping inside, she called, "Margery, are you there?"

"Yes, Aunt Harriet," replied Margery, "I am here."

"She must have found it dreadfully stupid, poor girl!" said Mr. Archibald.

The lights were all out in the Archibalds' cabin, and still Miss Raybold and the bishop walked up and down the open space at the further end of the camp.

"Corona!" exclaimed her brother, suddenly appearing before them, "I have told you over and over again that I wish to speak to you. Are you never going to stop that everlasting preaching and give me a chance to talk to you?"

"Arthur!" she exclaimed, sharply, "I wish you would not interrupt me in this way. I had just begun to say—"

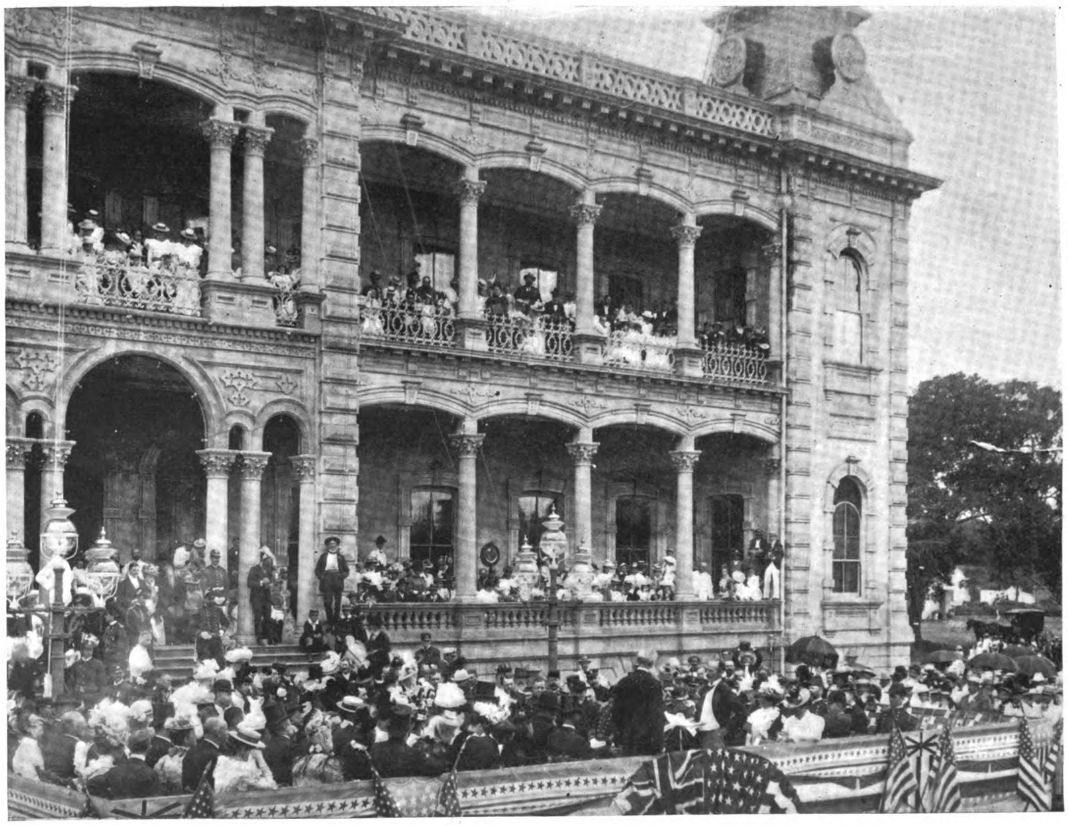
"Oh, my dear Miss Raybold," cried the bishop, "do not let me prevent you from speaking to your brother. Indeed, it is growing late, and I will not trespass longer on your time. Good-night," and with a bow he was gone.

"Now just see what you have done!" said Corona, her eye-glasses brighter than the moon.

"Well, it is time he was going," said her brother. "I have something very important to say to you. I want your good offices in an affair more worthy of your thoughts than anything else at this moment."

"Whatever it is," she said, turning away from him, "I do not want to hear it now—not a word of it. You have displeased me, Arthur, and I am going to my tent."

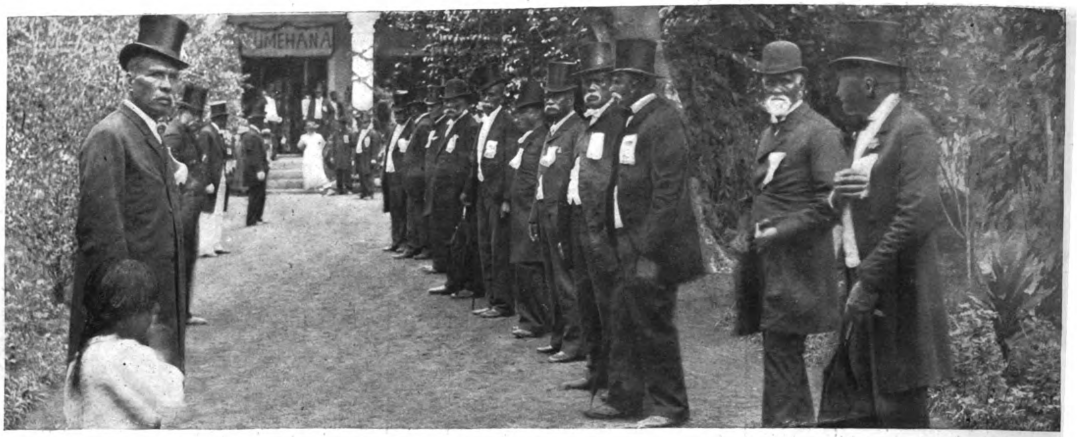
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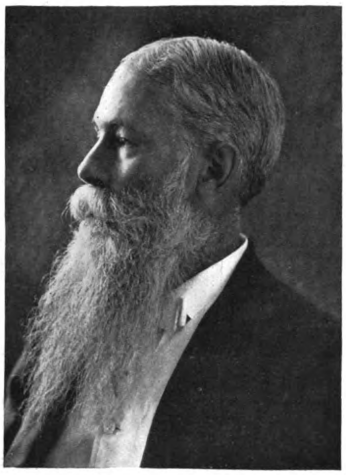
UNITED STATES MINISTER SEWALL PRESENTING THE RESOLUTION OF ANNEXATION TO PRESIDENT DOLE.

RAISING THE FLAG OVER HAWAII, AUGUST 12, 1898.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. MARTIN MILLER.

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ATTENDANTS WAITING TO RECEIVE GUESTS AT THE EXECUTIVE PALACE—THE LEGEND OVER THE DOOR MEANS "WARM WELCOME."
Photograph, Copyrighted, 1898, by Davey.



SANFORD B. DOLE, LATE PRESIDENT OF HAWAII.
Photograph by Davey.

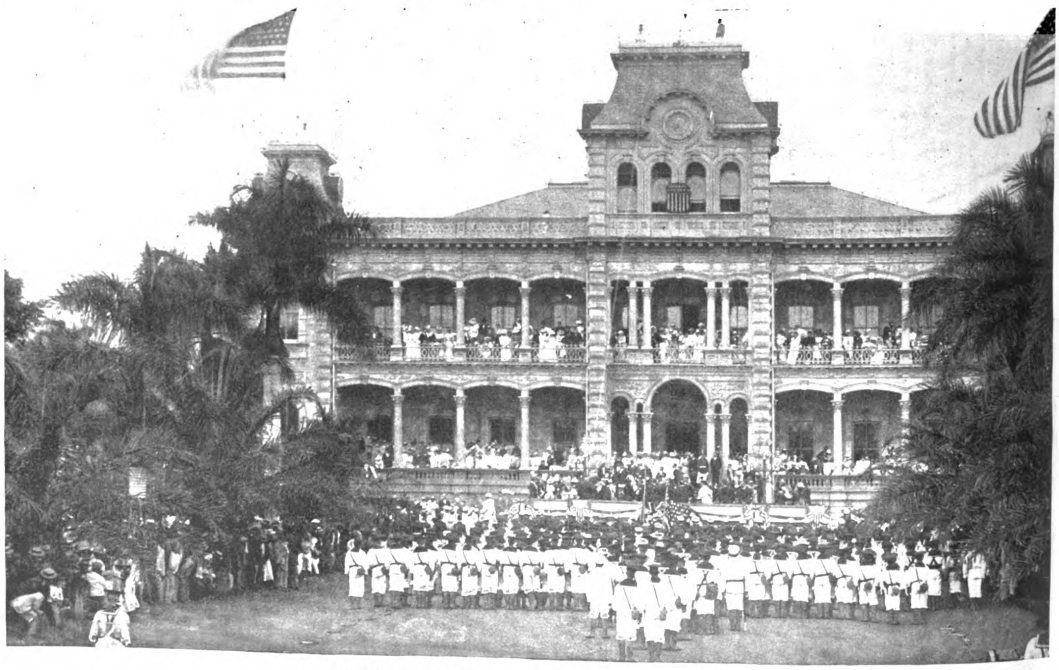


ADMIRAL MILLER, U.S.N., REPRESENTING THE UNITED STATES.
Photograph by Davey.





BRINGING OUR FLAG TO THE PALACE.
Photograph by J. Martin Miller.



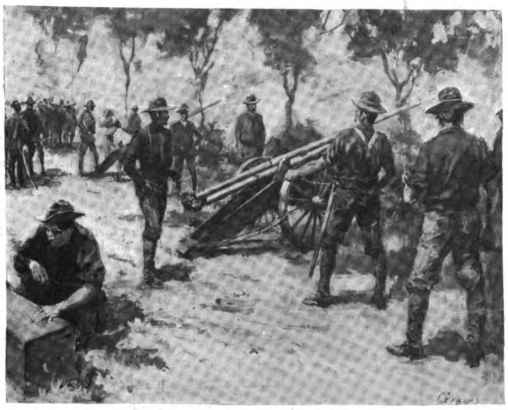
SCENE JUST AFTER THE FLAG WENT UP OVER THE PALACE.
Photograph by J. Martin Miller.

THE USHERING IN OF THE NEW RÉGIME IN HAWAII, AUGUST 12, 1898.

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ARROYO—BURIAL OF THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE CAMPAIGN.



PALMAS—DYNAMITE-GUNS IN ACTION.

WITH OUR TROOPS IN PUERTO RICO.

FROM SKETCHES BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

## DYNAMITE-GUNS IN PUERTO RICO.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO, *August 10.*

THE efficacy of dynamite-guns for artillery purposes had a striking illustration here day before yesterday. Under orders of General Brooke, the engineering corps was sent forward on the road to Cayey, supported by a battalion of the Fourth Ohio volunteers under command of Colonel Coit, to examine an important bridge on the main road to San Juan. It was reported that the bridge was mined, and that it was to be blown up to check our advance.

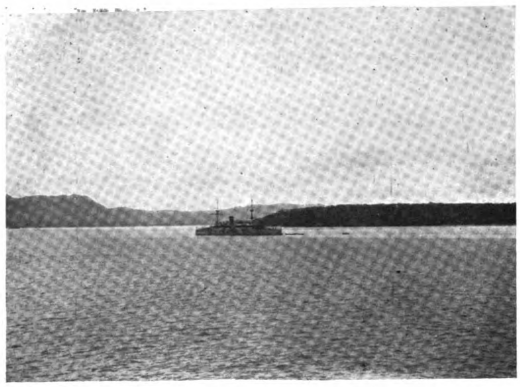
Our forces marched slowly, with only an advance-guard thrown out. It was impossible to deploy skirmishers, because of the nature of the country. A high mountain embankment ran along our left, and a sudden descent of nearly 500 feet was on the right of the road. The soldiers had gone about three miles along the steadily ascending road, and were within half a mile of the bridge, to reach which was the object of the expedition. There was a sharp turn in the road, and when the troops were about three hundred yards beyond it, in the most exposed place met thus far, there was a shrill whistling of bullets. The Spanish force was in ambush and knew the range.

The spot in the road was visible from all of the surrounding hills. Our men could not tell where the bullets came from. Fortunately there was a small ditch three feet wide and two feet deep on the side of the road, and the troops threw themselves pellmell into it. It was impossible to fix the stronghold of the Spaniards. After a few minutes our men crawled back to the turn in the road and awaited developments. The enemy kept up an incessant fire for an hour, the United States forces during that time not firing a shot.

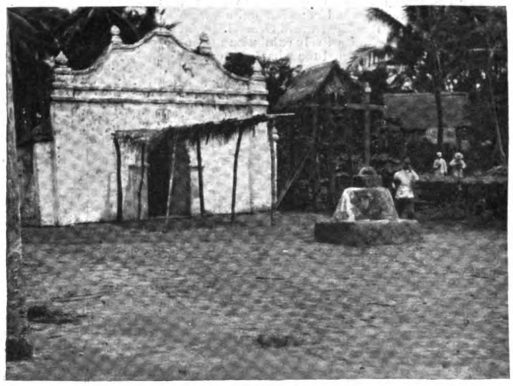
Soon Colonel Coit found an opening in the hills to the left. He sent some troops toward it, and formed a firing line up the steep ascent. Meantime messengers had been sent to the rear to bring up the dynamite-guns of the command. The men on the firing line did some shooting, but it was not of serious effect. The ambush of the Spaniards was found after a time, and the dynamite-guns arrived within two hours. They were quickly placed in position on the edge of the road. Almost at once the Spaniards ceased firing. Evidently they saw the "earthquake-hurlers." Three shots were fired at the enemy. The explosions that followed were most destructive, and the Spaniards disappeared. Our small advance was checked. The dynamite-guns had such a moral effect, however, that we practically won the day. There seems to be no doubt that hereafter their place in warfare will be recognized as established.

It is like taking one's life in his hands to go out after dark. More than one person has been wounded or killed by our own outposts. An outpost of the Third Illinois was killed by an outpost of the Fourth Pennsylvania recently. The unfortunate man was buried in the Protestant cemetery here. There are many fever-stricken soldiers in our camps. The Red Cross Society of Guayama has provided splendidly for some of them. The food furnished by that society is excellent, and the hospital is well appointed.

T. DART WALKER.



U.S.S. "CHARLESTON" AT THE ENTRANCE TO HARBOR OF AGAÑA.



CHURCH IN AGAÑA.



WAITING TO SEE "LOS AMERICANOS."



NATIVE FAMILY AND HOUSE.

SCENES ON THE ISLAND OF GUAM, OUR NEW ACQUISITION IN THE LADRONES.

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# WITH GENERAL MERRITT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Headquarters of the Expedition to the Philippines, S.S. "Newport," Manila Harbor, *July 25, 1898.*

The five other steamers of our fleet were already nearly all coaled when we reached Honolulu on the 7th, and in the evening they were, with one exception, sent outside the reef, to free the little harbor, already much overcrowded, there to await the *Newport*, and to start on the long voyage together. We were ordered to be on board at eleven o'clock the next morning—an hour which promised to come far too quickly for even the most unemotional amongst us, and the brief period which was allowed us on shore was improved with almost hysterical activity. General Merritt was met, on landing, by Consul-General Haywood, who proved to be a most efficient and energetic guide; the courtesies of the Pacific Club were tendered to the general and his staff, and the forenoon was spent in a pleasant visit to Minister Sewall, in a call upon President Dole and his cabinet, and in other formalities. The chief embarrassment to both officers and men was the lavishness, and withal the kindly urgency, of the hospitality. Nothing could be too good for a soldier; almost every man was decorated with wreaths of pinks and fragrant tropical blossoms—twined around his hat and hung around his neck and across his shoulders.

Every one wore a badge with eagle and crossed flags, and the motto, "Aloha nui to our Boys in Blue"—an expression of loving welcome suggesting in its phraseology a kinship of sentiment, if not of blood, anticipating, indeed, a union of interests which the long-desired annexation would confirm and establish. The spectacle of great, brown, hardy soldiers from the Northwest running about the town like so many children on a picnic, with wreaths and flowers and tropical fruits, sometimes accompanied by happy natives, sometimes driving with the ladies of society in sumptuous equipages, sometimes lounging on the shady lawns of the bungalows under palm and pepper trees, sometimes dashing along on bicycles, all as careless as schoolboys—this spectacle, forsooth, is not to be described, can never be forgotten. Reluctantly the soldiers boarded the crowded transports again; still more reluctantly did those whose foresight secured for them the enjoyment of a clean airy room in the hotel, and who were able to enjoy something of the unique Hawaiian hospitality, break away from the fascinating place, whose irresistible delights were only beginning to unfold themselves when the cruel moment of departure arrived.

A rumor that the Cadiz fleet had passed through the Suez Canal reached Honolulu by our boat, and was partly confirmed by newspapers brought by a quick steamer which left Victoria two days after we sailed from San Francisco. This rumor caused a certain anxiety at Honolulu, for the story of the Spanish occupation of Ponapi in the Carolines, in 1888, and the consequent interruption of successful mission-work, was still vividly remembered there; and, besides, the citizens were hyperconscious of their position as avowed friends of the United States at the present crisis, and naturally considered the voyage of Spanish cruisers for revenge and conquest quite within the range of possibility. The departure of General Merritt and his fleet caused, therefore, a lively exhibition of sentimental and patriotic interest, and the wharf was crowded with our new-found friends long before the hour of sailing. Officers and men on the *Newport* were adorned as for a carnival festivity, some of them, in fact, almost smothered with flowers.

No salutes from the idle Monitor *Monadnock* honored the occasion, but the citizens sent as an escort the fine Hawaiian band, which played patriotic airs as we slowly steamed along the narrow channel in the reef toward the distant group of steamers awaiting our arrival before starting on the long voyage. It was found, on reaching them, that one of the vessels was slightly disabled, and therefore, after an hour of busy signal-work, General Merritt, to the satisfaction of every one on the *Newport*, decided to lay the course of his transport straight to the Philippines by way of Farallon de Pájaros, the most northerly island of the Ladrones, and to leave the rest of the fleet to follow the plan originally decided upon, namely, to make first for the island of Guam in the Ladrones, where, it was believed, the Monitor *Monterey* would be overtaken, and then to steer for the general line of rendezvous, beginning at a point 600 miles due east from Cape Engaño, the northeastern point of the island of Luzon. Farallon de Pájaros is 450 miles north of Guam, and the route to Manila taken by the *Newport* would be about 4970 miles, as against almost 5100 miles on the course followed by the other vessels. The convoy of the Monitor was certainly desirable, but the delay caused by the increased mileage and the reduction of speed necessary to keep in sight of the other ships would have caused the *Newport* to lose three days at least. Somewhere on the line of rendezvous it was expected that a vessel sent by Admiral Dewey would meet us to escort us into port, or at least to give us news of the situation there for our guidance.

For ten whole days we ran at an average of about 310 miles, in weather absolutely perfect, and with a thermometer standing between 80° and 85° day and night. A following trade-wind of about the same speed we were making made the heat seem much more oppressive than these figures indicate; but an occasional shower apparently cooled the air, although the mercury scarcely ever fell a degree.

For ten days not an object broke the horizon, and the monotony of its sharp line was only varied by the slanting dashes of small showers as they slowly moved across the water. For ten days we saw nothing on the ocean more interesting than great schools of flying-fish and an occasional gull or albatross. The busy teeming life on the steamer was a continuous entertainment, and the ten days, which would otherwise have been deadly monotonous, passed with extraordinary rapidity. The men's quarters were cramped enough below, but the ventilation was good, the temperature at least a degree and a half lower than in the saloon, and the troop-deck was kept scrupulously clean. The bunks were, however, fixed and stationary, and, unlike the hammocks and folding-bunks in use on the English troop-ships, could not be removed to make room for mess tables. They accommodated more men in a given area, but the system compelled the occupants to eat their food and perform the manifold minor duties of soldier life wherever and whenever they could find a place on the crowded boat. It was therefore necessary to allow the men free run of all the decks, except a small space reserved for the officers between the deck houses.

The Astor Battery pre-empted the roof of the saloon-deck house, and many of them bivouacked there among the life-rafts and spars, and the sound of music and merriment was often heard above the awnings until late at night. K Battery, of the Third Regular Heavy Artillery, swarmed all over the bow; H Battery gathered on the stern, and stragglers from all three batteries were found in every part of the vessel. The hurricane-deck. After leaving Honolulu a system of squad drills in calisthenics and the manual of arms was carried on with great regularity, for the weather seldom interfered with these exercises, and there was no seasickness. There was no deck-room for parade, and the regulations about dress were not strictly enforced. Indeed, there was almost full liberty given to the men in this respect, and some of the officers themselves wore tennis suits and other civilian clothes for a larger part of the voyage. As for occupations and pastimes, they were so numerous that the days were all too short to exhaust the programme. Officers and men spent a great deal of time in the study of Spanish, and little groups busy over the same book occupied every retired corner at certain times of the day. Perhaps there was some indifference to the music of pure Castilian, and surely a wide ignorance of it prevailed, but a useful vocabulary was rapidly acquired, and even some fluency in speaking the language might be credited to some earnest students. Boxing was indulged in by the men every evening, and impromptu conversaziones were organized by the officers, and at twilight nearly every evening some officer related an interesting experience. Colonel Brainard's story of the Greely expedition will long remain in the memory of those who gathered around him in the warm evening air, and, dressed in the lightest possible garments, listened to the dramatic tale of life in the ice and snow of the far North. General Merritt gave a vivid but brief picture of an incident in the civil war; Major Thompson of the signal corps told of the Custer massacre; Surgeon Woodruff turned our thoughts to the disturbing theories of degeneracy; the Astor Battery furnished a well-equipped variety troupe on more than one occasion, and so the evenings succeeded each other with pleasant entertainment.

We ran into Spanish waters on the evening of the tenth day from the Hawaiian Islands, and then the real object of our voyage, lost sight of but not forgotten in the diversions of the trip, came strongly to our minds again, and the fertile imaginations pictured all sorts of adventures to be in store for us before we should reach Manila, if, indeed, we got there at all. It was with a sense of appreciation of the possible uncertainties of the situation in these waters that we had gayly sailed away from Honolulu, but all anxiety was soothed away as we quietly went along, and no one seemed to think very much about anything. But at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th (we had lost a day at the 180th meridian, it must be remembered) the great pyramid of the island volcano Assumption was discovered looming up boldly to the southwest. A few moments later, on the distant horizon, directly in our path, a tiny white wreath of smoke made a bright spot against the gray of the low clouds, and we rapidly ran up in the mirage the symmetrical cone of the Farallon de Pájaros, with its immense plume of sulphur steam drifting far away to the northeast, puffing up in huge rounded masses many hundreds of feet above the summit. A most gorgeous and dramatic sunset, with the great active volcano and its cloud of steam strong in contrast against a kaleidoscopic sky, kept every one watching its rapid transformations, until all the light went out of the west and Venus blazed brightly in our path. The volcano is over a thousand feet in height, and rises directly out of the ocean in the form of a slightly depressed cone, with a small rugged promontory jutting out to the southward. The crater is apparently about two hundred and fifty feet across, and, judging from the strong reflection on the steam-cloud, it is full of molten lava. We had the mountain abeam and about four miles distant at a quarter past eight, only six minutes later than Captain Saunders had promised ten days before. Our course was slightly changed to the southward, and in an hour the red light of the crater had disappeared astern.

Time now began to drag a little, as it always does toward the end of a long voyage, and the soldiers no longer talked of their present discomforts, but of the probable future operations. The wise words of the veterans were listened to with earnestness and attention, and discussions on the field operations, the new system of formation, the use of the weapons, and on kindred topics were heard on all sides. The non-coms., too, began to have a more paternal authority over the men, and even to a casual observer there were signs of awakened interest in the soldier's trade. The six-hundred-mile point was passed at one o'clock on the morning of the 22d, and we began to look for signs of vessels to the westward. The sea was almost without a ripple, for the trade-wind had died away altogether, and the horizon-line was clean and sharp. The heat rose gradually to 87°, where it remained without perceptible variation day and night, and threatening clouds hung over the western sky. Late in the afternoon of the 24th we saw through the veil of mist and between the distant showers of rain the headlands of Cape Engaño, and before midnight were well in the middle of the narrow strait between that point and the Babuyan Islands. At daybreak Sunday morning we entered the China Sea, and shortly after, passing a large steamer a dozen miles to the northward, which went on its course without so much as showing a flag, we stood away to the southward, toward the entrance to Manila Bay, less than three hundred miles distant.

Heavy rains and wind squalls made our last night disagreeable and very uncomfortable for everybody. At ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 26th, we passed the beautiful, luxuriantly wooded islands at the entrance of the harbor, and in a few moments saw in the distance the towering masts of a man-of-war off Cavité and a forest of smaller spars beyond. Shortly after eleven o'clock the *Concord* steamed out to meet us, and an officer came aboard, bringing the news of the fall of Santiago, the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters, and the annexation of Hawaii.

Headquarters of General Greene, Tambo, near Manila, *July 26.*

General Merritt and several officers came ashore to-day to inspect the position of the forces under General Greene's command, and visited the picket-line. The trip from the *Newport* is not an easy one, for there are no facilities for landing on the beach. A ship's boat brings the visitors from the steam-launch to within a hundred feet or so of the shore, and then they are carried through the surf on the backs of soldiers, who are always in the water—not only for pleasure, but to assist in landing operations. The camp is on a low, flat, sandy strip just behind a thick border of bamboo and other trees, which everywhere line the shore, and which at frequent intervals hide a cluster of palm-thatched fishing-huts. The camp is not only well laid out, but is very picturesque. Recognizing the importance of raising the bed above the ground, the soldiers have built platforms of bamboo, which they cover with their shelters. All around the camp is a Midway Plaisance of natives, and along the road, beyond which is the *camino real* from Cavité to Manila, there are huts every few yards. Indeed, the whole tract appears to be densely populated. The natives are exceedingly clean in dress and quiet in manners, and apparently feel already perfectly at home with the soldiers, for scarcely a hut but has some Western giant in or near it. General Greene has picketed a line about three-quarters of a mile east from the beach, near Malate, where the insurgent and the Spanish lines come to within 200 yards of each other. At this point there is an attack, if aimless firing can be called attack, every evening, and our pickets are so close to the rear of the insurgents that they are well within the danger zone. However, the peasants live there with their flocks and herds and children, and cultivate their rice quite unconcernedly, as if there was no danger. Indeed, I find it hard to believe there is any serious conflict on here, for the roads and the villages have quite a festive air. Bands and couples of insurgents are always going and coming, and they are all clean and neat, and have quite a holiday appearance. There is no system about their movements that I can find out, and they certainly do not look as if they were at serious work. It is an incongruous sight to see a picket of our own troops right in the midst of these people, giants in stature beside them, and looking quite out of keeping with the surroundings in their tan-colored uniforms and slouch-hats. We are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of the rest of our expedition, which is probably making slow progress on account of the convoy, the *Monterey*. Admiral Dewey visited General Merritt a few moments after the steamer dropped anchor yesterday. The Astor Battery and Batteries H and K of the Third Heavy Artillery were landed from the *Newport* to-day.

F. D. Millet.

# A NIGHT IN THE INSURGENTS' TRENCHES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Hospital, Cavité, *July 29, 1898.*

To get through the American lines and into the insurgents' trenches it is necessary to have two passes. One is easily obtained at General Anderson's headquarters; the other is a matter of long diplomatic negotiations at the headquarters of General Aguinaldo, President of the revolutionary government of the Philippines.

We made our way along the wharves of the arsenal, past the machine-shop—left intact by the Spaniards, and now noisily worked by the American workmen—down the long walk shaded with luxuriant trees and lined with low flat barracks, where the American soldier sleeps, cooks, and hangs out his washing. Everywhere the grounds were crowded with ragged, stolid, silent natives, some working, some standing about, some begging, their whole attitude that of indifference. An occasional leper drags himself along. Down in one corner of the wharves have settled a regular colony of dark-skinned Filipinos, employed in transporting troops and stores on their long bamboo-covered casco-boats. Their emaciated little children play about, and their women appear to be constantly employed in washing their rags and scouring their primitive pots and kettles. A very cleanly lot they seem, considering their resources.

Well in the middle of the grounds stands General Anderson's headquarters. As we went up the steps a tall man rather shabbily dressed preceded us. We noticed his military bearing, and were told that he was the captain of one of the Spanish men-of-war which lies with projecting spars at the bottom of Cavité Harbor. Following his footsteps, we of necessity overheard what he said to the general's aide:

"Señor, I borrowed, some time ago, two hundred dollars from Admiral Dewey to pay off my men. I have come to repay the debt."

He turned his profile towards us, and we noticed how thin he looked. He must have starved himself to collect the money. With a very straight back, he counted out the Spanish bills, and turned to go.

"Will you not take a receipt?" asked the aide of General Anderson.

"Never from an officer," answered the gray-haired old gentleman, with a courtly old-fashioned bow.

Here at least is a true Spanish caballero.

Leaving the arsenal, we walked through the narrow streets of Cavité, crowded with nut-brown natives in loose garments of bright colors.

In some of the low-lying houses the insurgents keep over a thousand Spanish prisoners starving, to the great shame of the American flag, which is supposed to float over Cavité.

At the wharf outside the town we get into our long dugout, dignified by the name of *Harper's Weekly Despatch-boat*, which, under the steady strokes of our four silent boatmen, takes us to Bakor, to which place General Aguinaldo moved from Cavité, probably to get further away from the strong hand of American authority.

Near by the seat of the revolutionary government is an improvised chapel, where, some days ago, Aguinaldo took oath as President of the new republic. Grotesque pictures of the "Holy Family" and tinsel ornaments still decorate the interior. At the government building lounge Aguinaldo's body-guard in natty white suits, with knife strapped

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on side, and the Philippine cockade jauntily stuck in their hat-bands.

We have a strapping Yorkshire man along, and he looks a giant striding along among this dainty little people.

We have friends at court, and are immediately ushered into the waiting-room; but it must not be supposed, from this promptness of attention, that we are to see the august "Presidente." He is, as usual, "very busy and somewhat indisposed."

It seems that Aguinaldo, while ostensibly helping our quartermaster to get means for transporting the troops, had secretly forbidden the natives to let their horses or buffaloes to the Americanos. At the moment of our entry Aguinaldo has just been informed with Anglo-Saxon brutality that unless transportation is furnished on demand the quartermaster of the American army would seize all the horses in the country.

We were entertained by the secretary of Aguinaldo, who, in the reflected grandeur of his master, is also a very great man. He is very polite, but never allows himself to show anything like interest in what is going on about him. With inscrutable face he discusses the political situation, after the fashion of a man of the world who is rather bored. For all his society airs, he puts us some rather difficult questions. "The Americans have, of course, come to give independence to the Philippines?" "Do we not find the people as worthy of self-government as the Cubans?" "Why will General Anderson not recognize the government of President Aguinaldo?" To all these questions we made answer as best we could, and after an hour's delay in getting our passes we rose to go, with a feeling that it was really we who had been interviewed. A very clever young man, this secretary of the President. One thing, however, we were given to understand—that only so long as the Americans favored the independence of the islands might they expect friendly treatment from the insurgents.

An hour's row brought us to Camp Dewey, where, wishing to see the fighting in the insurgents' trenches after dark, we waited. At nightfall four of us started on the muddy road which leads direct to Manila; our fat interpreter, the quondam-keeper of a sailors' boarding-house in the capital, showed symptoms of turning tail.

"It is very dangerous," he ventured, after an animated conversation with some natives.

"Very well; you go ahead, Ruis, and ward off danger." This plan did not seem to please Ruis, for he very soon dropped behind, saying that he would see that no one took us by surprise from the rear.

About a mile out we came to our own outposts; the men were having a good time, singing "Marching through Georgia."

"Not much like the English army in the field," remarked our Yorkshire man, who has seen twelve years of British service. "No man on outpost duty is even allowed to light a cigarette."

A short distance ahead we ran upon the last American picket.

"Where is the sentinel?" shouted the Lieutenant with us. "Why doesn't he challenge?"

At last the sentinel appeared from somewhere, but was so confused that he allowed us to go by without examining our passes. Our outpost duty is so wretched that a regiment of Spaniards might be smuggled through the lines and no one be the wiser. This is the kind of picket duty our National Guard learned in time of peace.

The road became more muddy and rough. It might be possible to get cannon along these paths, but, once at the front, it would be impossible to move them back again in a hurry. We floundered about in the blackness, and, to add to our discomforts, it began to rain. Not as it rains in America, but as if some one were throwing buckets of water on the particular spot where you happened to be. Two miles from camp we stumbled over the first insurgent barricade, a rude structure of bamboo and dirt thrown across the road. Passing this, we finally reached the fighting-line of the insurgents. Here two muzzle-loading cannon threatened the Spanish lines, some 200 yards ahead in the darkness. In the insurgents' trenches along the road ragged Filipinos, rifle in hand, lay stretched in the rain, watching for the enemy. On our right a desultory firing began, and we asked to be taken to the place where they were fighting. Ruis consulted with the leaders, and after many protests that it would be most dangerous, a guide was given us, who led us through swamps and bogs towards the firing-line. For some reason, tramp as we would, we did not seem to get there. At last we reached another barricade, only a short distance from the fighting. The comandante of this position informed us that the insurgent lines at this point were so scattered that the soldiers had orders to fire on any one approaching during the night. They were evidently afraid of a flank movement on the part of the Spaniards. Much against our will we were obliged to accept the hospitality of the comandante, and spend the night in an improvised hut fifteen feet square, where we were crowded with twenty-five insurgents and a large population of vermin.

During the night the Spaniards evidently made an attack on our position, for the firing approached, and the bullets began to whistle among the trees about us. The comandante made us lie up close to the barricade; and there, seeing nothing, and hearing only the crackling of musketry and the whistling of bullets, we spent the rest of the night, drenched to our skins.

With the first light we went into the insurgents' trenches, and were much impressed with the strength of the Spanish earthworks. With block-houses at regular intervals, only about 200 yards separated the insurgent and Spanish lines. While we were in the trenches a fusillade was opened on both sides, apparently for our benefit. Much ammunition was wasted and no harm done. Farther on we ran across a Krupp gun which the insurgents had taken from the arsenal and brought into position. So far as we could judge, both sides confined themselves to lying behind their earth-works and firing at each other—a method of campaign likely to be dragged on indefinitely without any result. The underbrush, trees, and hedges are so thick and the swamps so numerous that it would seem as if our advance must be confined to roads alone. Covering these the Spaniards have strong artillery, so that our advance would be made with great sacrifice of men.

J. F. BASS.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

*Thursday, August 25.*—General Miles has been directed to send home from Puerto Rico all troops not actually needed for service.

General Merritt cabled that the *Rio de Janeiro* and *Pennsylvania* had arrived out.

General Shafter formally relinquished the command at Santiago de Cuba to General Lawton, boarded the steamer *Mexico* with the members of his staff, and sailed for Montauk.

A despatch from La Coruña, Spain, states that the Spanish troops brought from Santiago de Cuba on the *Alicante* are being landed. Their condition is pitiable—eight died to-day. The government is hiring all the places in La Coruña which are available for their accommodation—a disused sardine-factory, the bull-ring, etc.—and will send them to their homes, after paying for their services in the lost colony during the past nine months. Private subscriptions in aid of the sick are also being received.

*Friday, August 26.*—A serious street fight, which occurred on Wednesday, is reported from Manila. One member of the Utah Artillery, Battery B, was killed, and one mortally wounded, and four troopers of the Fourth Cavalry were wounded. The natives attacked the soldiers through a misunderstanding. Their loss was four killed and several wounded.

*Saturday, August 27.*—Preparations for the embarkation of our troops are being made at Ponce, Puerto Rico. . . . General Miles had occasion to-day to assert his authority in the island. The mayor of Aguado had been imprisoned by the Spaniards, and later removed to San Juan, where, it was thought, there was danger of his being put to death on the charge of aiding the Americans. General Miles telegraphed to Captain-General Macias forbidding him to proceed with the execution of any sentence of capital punishment against the mayor, or to punish other political offenders.

An appeal for the removal of the ashes of Columbus from Havana to Spain was made by the *Diario de la Marina*.

*Sunday, August 28.*—Secretary Alger, in an interview on the conduct of the War Department, declared that there would be no investigation of any branch of the service, and that no investigation was necessary. "Out of the 250,000 men in camp in different localities in the United States and elsewhere," he said, "there have been possibly 1200 deaths from sickness. This is hardly more than a city of this number of inhabitants would have in the same period, and perhaps not as many if the city was subject to an epidemic of typhoid or yellow fever." It was asserted that food, clothing, and medicines had been everywhere provided in abundance; the officers, however, at the points of distribution had sometimes failed to make their requisitions in good season, not realizing the immense amount that would be needed. He added, "The Quartermaster-General is now distributing 400 tons of food a day to soldiers scattered over the earth from Puerto Rico to Manila." The necessity of a searching examination of the conduct of the various military departments is urged in communications from all parts of the country.

The condition of the Spanish troops at Guantanamo is reported to be so wretched that not more than two-thirds of those who start for Spain are expected to reach their destination alive.

*Monday, August 29.*—New York extended a greeting to those members of the Seventy-first Regiment who returned to-day and marched from the Battery to their armory in Thirty-fourth Street that has perhaps never been surpassed as a display of the city's enthusiasm and patriotism.

*Tuesday, August 30.*—The transport *China* left Manila, having on board Major-General Merritt and his staff. It is said that the general will go to Paris to take part in the Spanish-American peace conference. General Otis is Acting-Governor of Manila.

Major-General Garcia has been relieved by the Cuban government from the command of the Cuban troops in the eastern part of the island.

*Wednesday, August 31.*—Rear-Admiral Schley and General Gordon of the Puerto Rico military commission, together with representatives of every branch of the post-office service, several army paymasters and surgeons, and twenty-two trained nurses, sailed from Brooklyn for San Juan and Ponce.

By direction of the President, orders were issued to the commandants of the Naval Academy, Annapolis, and of the navy-yard of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to release the Spanish prisoners in their charge. The Spanish government has cabled Admiral Cervera $50,000, to be expended in providing for the transportation of the sailors and officers under his command who have been held prisoners of war.

A despatch from Madrid says that Señor Silvela, Conservative leader, had a conference with Sagasta. Silvela declined to accept a place on the Spanish Peace Commission, saying that it was the duty of the Liberals to make peace.

*Thursday, September 1.*—The plans of the Red Cross Society for carrying throughout Cuba the relief-work which was begun at Siboney and continued at Santiago are given in a letter from Miss Clara Barton. The steamship *San Antonio* has been chartered by the Central Cuban Relief Committee, and will sail from New York with one thousand tons of supplies for Havana.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk as a baby food from the hour of birth, stands without a competitor, presenting as it does the most perfect preparation of milk for the use of infants.—[*Adv.*]

INACTIVE liver, depressed spirits—make both right with ABBOTT'S—THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. The genuine ABBOTT'S will revolutionize the system. —[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American Tonic. —[*Adv.*]

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VICI KID

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OF HARTFORD, CONN.

*Chartered 1863.* [*Stock.*] *Life and Accident Insurance.*

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

*Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.*

PAID-UP CAPITAL, - $1,000,000.00

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.) | $22,868,994.16 |
| Liabilities, | 19,146,359.04 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $3,722,635.12 |

*July 1, 1898.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.) | $24,103,986.67 |
| Total Liabilities, | 19,859,291.43 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $4,244,695.24 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid to Policy-holders since 1864, | $35,660,940.19 |
| Paid to Policy-holders January–July, '98, | 1,300,493.68 |
| Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life), | 1,161,705.00 |
| Life Insurance in Force, | 94,646,669.00 |

GAINS.

*6 Months—January to July, 1898.*

| | |
|---|---|
| In Assets, | $1,234,992.51 |
| In Surplus (to Policy-holders), | 522,060.12 |
| In Insurance in Force (Life Department only), | 2,764,459.00 |
| Increase in Reserves, | 705,642.18 |
| Premiums Received, 6 Months, | 2,937,432.77 |

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D. Medical Director and Adjuster.
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.
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| | |
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| MAGAZINE | - $4 00 a Year |
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WALTER J. TRAVIS.



H. J. WHIGHAM.



JAMES A. TYNG.



F. S. DOUGLAS.

## THE MORRIS COUNTY GOLF-COURSE.

THE mere laying out of a golf-course is one thing; its development into conformity with championship conditions is quite another. The one may be the work of a day; the other is generally the result of years experimenting and rearrangement. All of the famous Old World courses have been perfected after this fashion, and our American links are now passing through a similar process of change and evolution.

It is only by the test of actual play that the golfing character of any piece of ground can be developed to the best advantage. What may look feasible in theory is often impossible in practice, and, contrariwise, a radical departure from orthodox canons may be amply justified by its practical outcome. It is a problem that may have many answers but only one solution. It is only after successive trials that we can be sure that we have found it.

The U. S. G. A. has selected the course of the Morris County Golf Club as the scene for the amateur championship meeting of 1898, and the choice is a wise one. The club's location is central, the accommodation for visitors is excellent, and the playing conditions are of the first order. The length and arrangement of the holes and the character of the turf and hazards make the course a fair proving-ground for the best of golf, and it will be the best man who shall win out in the championship meeting.

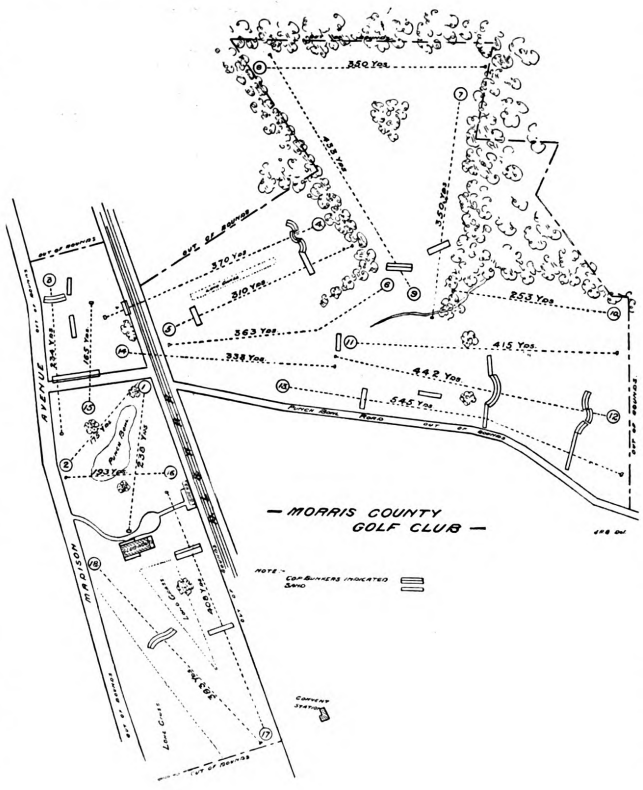
But golf at Morristown is a very different thing from what it was at the organization of the club four years ago. Not a link remains of the original course, for even the holes in and around the well-known "punch-bowl" have been changed, both in location and in the playing direction. The first hole was orginally situated upon the left-hand edge of the "punch-bowl"; now it is in the far right-hand corner. The home hole has been changed twice, and now occupies the old croquet-ground. The old seven-hole course covered some fifteen acres and aggregated about 1300 yards in playing distance; the present eighteen-hole round runs over ninety acres and foots up 5960 yards.

Of course it was the "punch-bowl" that first suggested the idea of golf to the Morristown pioneers. Its steep hollows and long grassy swales gave it a sporty appearance, and promised infinite possibilities. It is still an interesting feature of the course, but custom and the growth in golfing skill have robbed it of its old-time terrors. The three holes within its borders are now accounted as easy.

The original seven-hole round was ridiculously short—hardly more than a putting course. Most of the holes could be reached by a moderately good drive, and there was not a true second shot in the round. This weakness soon became apparent, and in 1895 the club acquired the lease of sixty-five acres of outlying land, and proceeded to install the full number of eighteen holes. This addition brought the playing distance up to two and three-quarter miles, and two of the holes were well over four hundred yards. This was a decided step in advance, but the playing qualities of the course were very far from perfection. The artificial hazards were badly arranged, with unfair traps in the way of trees and fencing; the fair green was rough and stony, and the putting-greens were small and far from true.

In 1896 the course was radically rearranged. Some of the flat meadow-land was abandoned and new ground was taken in. The club having been organized as a stock company, the whole tract was purchased, and solemnly consecrated to the interest of golf, and of golf alone. The green committee had many difficulties with which to contend, but at the close of the season (when the first woman's championship meeting was held upon it) the course was in very fair condition, and afforded a good test of golfing ability.

In 1897 it was determined that still further changes were necessary if the course were to conform to championship conditions. The club secured written opinions from Mr. Whigham and from several professionals upon the best possible utilization of the playing area, and these several suggestions were carefully sifted down and weighed against each other. The result is the course as it exists to-day, and in practice the various changes have been more than justified. Moreover, when the club decided to apply for the amateur championship meeting, the resolution carried with it the expensive necessity of laying water-pipes to every separate green, and the thorough overhauling of the mid-course. This has involved an immense amount of work, but it has been done, and done well. A forest of trees has been cut down and tons of stones have been carted off. Not a fence remains to bar the player's progress, and the big grass tees are a welcome innovation upon the ridiculous elevations of stone-hard clay, which were once considered the only proper thing. The putting-greens are all of the largest size, and most of them are upon the natural lay of the land—true, smooth, and beautifully undulating. The fair green is as good as it can ever be upon an inland course, and the playing distance is very nearly three and one-half miles. As the arena of the forth-coming national contest, it will be interesting to examine it in detail.




Going to the first hole (238 yards), the play is over the right slope of the "punch-bowl." A pulled ball may be buried in long grass at the bottom of the hollow, and a badly sliced one may go out of bounds to the right. The only other chance of trouble is in an overplayed approach, and the green is large and level. Bogey is four.

The second hole (175 yards) calls for careful consideration. The line runs across a corner of the "punch-bowl," and the edge of the plateau is about one hundred and sixty-five yards from the tee. A strong driver is not unlikely to play his ball into Madison Avenue, which is out of bounds, and consequently unplayable. The natural remedy would be to take a brassey or a cleek, but it is a long shot to safety, if we play directly on the flag. Anything short of 160 yards will leave the ball on the steep hillside, and very possibly in an impracticable cup. If we play well to the right the ball may strike in the branches of a wide-spreading oak-tree (one of the few that the axe has spared) and rebound into the depths of the "punch-bowl." The problem is one that every player must work out for himself. Colonel Bogey does the hole in three.

Going to the third hole (234 yards) an earth bunker must be carried from the tee, and a pulled ball is out of bounds. An open sand-pit may trap a sliced ball, but there is plenty of room if we drive even moderately straight. The hole is guarded by a cop-bunker, and the field beyond is out of bounds and unplayable. Bogey is four, and the hole is generally done in that figure.

The railway and a cop-bunker are the initial hazards for the fourth hole (370 yards). The danger limit is not over fifty yards or so, but a ball lying within the white stakes that define the railway embankment is unplayable. In this (as in all other cases of balls in unplayable ground) the local rules provide that the player *must* immediately drop and play another ball from the place of the original stroke, and lose *only* distance. A ball striking a telegraph pole or wire *may* be teed or dropped (according to whether the interrupted stroke was a tee or field shot), and replayed *without* penalty.

Safely over the railway, the line runs gently upward to the green, and the brassey lies are excellent. The hole is protected by a cop-bunker, and unplayable woodland punishes an over-approach. Bogey is five.

The fifth hole (310 yards) presents no especial features. An open sand ditch lies in wait for a topped tee shot, and there is a second hazard of the same variety to guard the green. Bogey is four.

It is possible to reach the sixth hole (363 yards) in two strokes, but both drive and brassey must be first-class play. The line is slightly deflected by a point of woods (as shown upon the map), and the average playing distance is consequently a trifle over the official figure. The woods being unplayable ground, it will not do to shave the danger point too closely, and we consequently drive slightly to the right of the true line. The green is one of the largest and finest on the course, and is unprotected. Bogey is five.

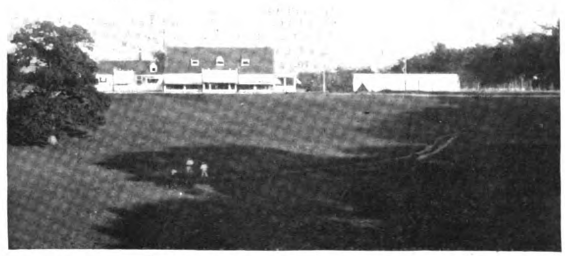
Open sand-pits, directly in front and on the left, punish a weak or wild drive to the seventh hole (350 yards). Unplayable woodland bounds the course upon the right,

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but otherwise the way is clear to the hole. The green itself is a grassy hollow, not unlike the "saucer" at Ardsley, and affords a fine chance for scientific putting. Bogey is five.

It is a beautiful view from the high tee of the eighth hole, but the golfer will probably have no eyes except for the splendid chance afforded him for getting in a "screamer." The course is of generous width, and it is all downhill to the hole. The ball gets a fine run, and although the distance is 350 yards, the second shot may be generally brought off with a cleek, for the green lies at the bottom of a steep slope. Beyond is unplayable ground, and to the right of the green is a lot of stone that means endless trouble to the slicer. Colonel Bogey is credited with a four.

A drive, a brassey, and an iron may bring us to the turn at the ninth green (433 yards), but it is an excellent hole in the Bogey figure of five. The lies are only fair, and the green is guarded by a high cop-bunker. The total Bogey for the outward journey foots up thirty-nine, and it is good golfing that can score within four strokes of that figure.



CLUB-HOUSE.

Beginning the homeward journey, a good drive and an iron approach bring us to the tenth hole (253 yards). An overplayed approach is out of bounds in the woodland, but the Bogey of four is generally equalled in steady play.

The eleventh hole (415 yards) and the twelfth hole (442 yards) call for no especial notice. A sand-pit punishes an over-approach to the tenth green, and there are two cop-bunkers to cross in going to the twelfth. The first of these bunkers is intended as the hazard for the second shot, but it lies so far from the tee that it is often skirted, on either side, without material loss in distance. Bogey is five for each hole.



JAMES F. CURTIS.

The thirteenth hole (545 yards) is the longest on the course, and open sand-pits are the hazards for the first, second, and third shots. The road to the left is out of bounds and unplayable. The lies are good, but the golfer's driving must be first class if the hole is to be halved with Colonel Bogey in six.

The fourteenth (333 yards) is the crux of the course. If the drive is a good one, the ball will have a good lie on gently rising ground, and the green may be reached with an iron. But the green is protected by formidable hazards to both right and left, and the way in is comparatively narrow. Moreover, the unplayable railway is again to be crossed, and there are therefore three chances of trouble to one of safety. Colonel Bogey regularly does the hole in four, and his competitors may either do as well or be hopelessly distanced. It is to be remembered that a ball on the track must be dropped and played again from the same place, and if the player's nerve chances to desert him at this critical moment, the process may be repeated indefinitely.

The fifteenth hole (165 yards) may be reached in one, but the earth bunker and road are full 135 yards from the tee, and there is therefore plenty of room for error. There is no sand-pit in front of the bunker, but the road and ditches beyond are full of bad lies. As the distance to safety is a little beyond the range of a cleek, most players use the brassey, and an over-drive does but little harm. Bogey is three.

The drive to the sixteenth hole (193 yards) is over the widest stretch of the "punch-bowl," and it is about one hundred and eighty yards to level ground. But the slope is well turfed, and a tee shot of anything over 125 yards will not be punished. Bogey is four.

Going to the seventeenth hole (408 yards) there is a high cop-bunker, 100 yards away, to be carried from the tee, and a sand-pit for the second shot. Both this and the home hole are laid out over the flat, and the lies are excellent. A strong over-approach to the green may be out of bounds, and over the fence to the left is unplayable ground, Bogey is five.

A high cop-bunker is the hazard for the second shot on the eighteenth hole (383 yards), but this is the only difficulty on the way to the green, except for some long grass on the left. Colonel Bogey is credited with a five.

Bogey foots up 39 for going out and 41 for coming in, or 80 in all. I append the amateur record up to date (September 2), as made by Mr. Winthrop Rutherfurd on July 22, and since tied by Mr. W. J. Travis:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Out | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 5 | —43 |
| In | 5 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | —41 = 84 |

The good points of the course are its length, the excellent condition of the fair green, the judgment shown in the situation of the hazards, and the large and true greens. The absence of a water hazard is to be regretted, and another weakness is the lack of a genuine short hole. As already pointed out, a cleek may be used at the second hole, but it is hardly possible to reach the green with it. The two other "punch-bowl" holes (the fifteenth and sixteenth) may be reached in one, but a wooden club is necessary.

It will be noted that the strict application of the local rule relating to a ball out of bounds virtually eliminates the contingency of a lost ball, with its accompanying penalty of lost hole. The rule comes into operation the instant that the ball goes into unplayable ground, and it makes no difference whether or not the ball is recovered. This rule was originally introduced at the amateur championship meeting on the Chicago Club course a year ago. It worked very well in practice, but it must be remembered that the Wheaton course is laid out in a peculiar way. Seven successive holes are bounded by a fence at a short distance to the left, and a pulled ball is consequently sure to get into trouble. At Morristown the conditions are much more varied, and the factor of safety is larger. But the rule is nevertheless made to apply not only to balls outside of the club property, but also to wild shots within it. For example, a ball sliced into the woods at the seventh hole is unplayable if it lie outside of the wire that marks the limit of the course, and despite the fact that it could easily be played out. The Wheaton rule deals only with balls that are distinctly outside of club property; the Morristown amendment applies its operation to wild shots *within* its own territory. The rule declares that a ball is out of bounds (*i. e.*, unplayable)—



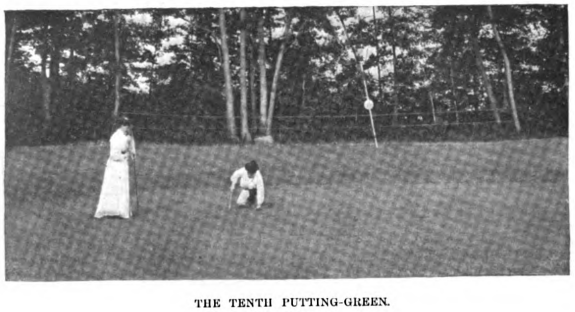
THE EIGHTH HOLE.

(*a*) When outside of fences or other boundaries of club property, except when in the public road running *through* club property—*viz.*, from Madison Avenue to Railroad (holes 3 and 15), thence westerly, parallel with track, to point indicated by red stake (holes 4 and 14).

(*b*) When within twenty feet of the centre of the railway track, as indicated by white stakes.

(*c*) When in the woods outside a line marked by *wires*.

Paragraph *c* is certainly a far-reaching innovation upon the accepted code of the game, and directly conflicts with the fundamental principles of match play, that a ball must be played or the hole given up, and that lost ball is lost hole. A ball outside of club property may properly be declared unplayable (*vide* the rule relating to the station-master's garden at St. Andrews), but it is against all the traditions of the match game that a ball anywhere on the course should not be played from where it lies, with the single exception of water. The utmost concession would be to substitute the word *may* for *must* in the case of balls lying within six inches of a water-hydrant or similar obstruction or in a gopher-hole. It does not seem that the Morristown rule of loss of distance only is sufficient penalty for a wild drive that is hopelessly lost in the woodland; and, again, a player should not be forced to lose the advantage of an extra-long shot simply because his ball may lie an inch or so beyond the wire, plainly visible, easily played out, and distinctly upon club property.



THE TENTH PUTTING-GREEN.

As to the prospects of the meeting, it seems likely that the entry list will be over the hundred mark. It is fortunate that Mr. Whigham is safely through with his war correspondence in Cuba, as otherwise his absence would deprive the event of its chief interest.

Judging from the results of the several open tournaments up to date, a list of the leading players would include the names of W. J. Travis (Oakland), F. S. Douglas (Fairfield), H. C. Leeds (Myopia), H. P. Toler (Baltusrol), G. C. Clark, Jr. (Harvard), A. M. Robbins (St. Andrews), H. B. Hollins, Jr. (Westbrook), C. B. Macdonald (Chicago), J. A. Tyng (Morris County), J. F. Curtis (Harvard), H. M. Harriman (Oakland), G. McC. Sargent (Harvard), W. D. Vanderpool (Morris County), J. G. Thorp (Brookline), and J. I. Blair (Princeton).

Travis has the top record for the season so far, and is credited with no fewer than five gold medals for the best scores in qualifying rounds and at medal play. He has also won the match-play cups at Dyker Meadows, Knollwood, and Oakland. Harriman won two gold medals at Oakland for the lowest returns in the qualifying and handicap rounds. H. P. Toler took the cup at the Baltusrol meeting, and also the gold medal for the best qualifying score. Douglas captured the Lakewood cup, and Hollins won the Shinnecock cup, and also the gold medal in the handicap. Leeds won the cup at Aiken during the winter, and made an excellent showing at the open tournament held on the Myopia Club course. J. F. Curtis is the intercollegiate champion, and Clark has been playing a very strong game in the handicap events at Shinnecock. Last season J. A. Tyng was the leading player in the Metropolitan circuit, but this year he has not put a single win to his credit, and was beaten in the finals at Seabright by Hugh K. Toler, a player who has never been thought to be in the same class with the Morris County championship. However, Tyng will certainly be among the thirty-two elect, and, once in his game, he is notoriously a hard man to beat.

The younger set, represented by Curtis and Clark, have been coming on with a rush of late, and may furnish some surprises at Morristown. But it must be remembered that the match-play rounds this year are at thirty-six instead of eighteen holes, and physical endurance may be a large factor in the final result. It is understood that this will prevent young Hollins from competing. He is hardly more than a boy, and his father thinks it best that he should wait another year.

Whigham and Douglas are undoubtedly at the top of the golfing tree, and if they come together the match should be the event of the meeting. Whigham beat Douglas at Chicago last September, but Douglas more than evened matters at Lakewood. Moreover, Douglas has been practising all summer, while Whigham has hardly had a chance to touch his clubs. It looks like Douglas's year, barring the dark horse.

The Bogey of 80 has already been given in detail, but it may be interesting to work out the par score, with particular reference to the kind of stroke-play required at the several holes. According to Mr. A. H. Doleman, the inventor of the system, the average first-class drive is put down at 170 yards, and of course two putts are allowed on every green.

| Hole. | Strokes. | Par. | Yards. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Drive and quarter iron | 4 | 288 |
| 2 | Drive or brassey | 3 | 175 |
| 3 | Drive and quarter iron | 4 | 234 |
| 4 | Two drives and short pitch | 5 | 370 |
| 5 | Drive and full cleek | 4 | 310 |
| 6 | Two drives and short pitch | 5 | 363 |
| 7 | Two drives and short pitch | 5 | 350 |
| 8 | Drive and brassey | 4 | 350 |
| 9 | Two drives and half iron | 5 | 433 |
| 10 | Drive and full iron | 4 | 253 |
| 11 | Two drives and half iron | 5 | 415 |
| 12 | Two drives and full iron | 5 | 442 |
| 13 | Three drives and short pitch | 6 | 545 |
| 14 | Drive and full cleek | 4 | 333 |
| 15 | Drive or brassey | 3 | 165 |
| 16 | Drive and short pitch | 4 | 193 |
| 17 | Two drives and quarter iron | 5 | 406 |
| 18 | Two drives and short pitch | 5 | 383 |

W. G. VAN T. SUTPHEN.

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# HAWAII.

## THE RAISING OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

The morning of the 12th of August, 1898, dawned upon the little city of Honolulu cloudy and showery, but advancing day brought promise of fair weather, and by eleven o'clock there was nothing to fear from passing clouds. There was a holiday air about the town; stores and shops were closed everywhere, Chinese and Japanese joining unanimously in the general suspension of business; for it is a great day in the annals of this people—at noon to-day the little republic of Hawaii will become a part of the great republic of the United States of America.

Before eleven o'clock the people began to flock to the spacious grounds which surround the Executive Building. Over the front steps a long platform was built, on which were seats for the chief actors in the day's events, while on either side of this platform and in the broad verandas were seats where spectators gathered—a quiet, expectant crowd.

It is a holiday, but the faces are serious and thoughtful. There are men and women here who have labored for this hour, looking forward to it with anxious longing, and now that it has come they realize that it is a solemn occasion, not a time for noisy demonstration, and in their thankfulness for the fulfilment of their earnest desire they feel a sympathetic thrill for the kindly people whose place among the nations is soon to become vacant.

The military bodies begin to come in—first the Citizen's Guard, who take up their position on the left; next to them the Sharp-shooters; then the small band of veterans who form the George de Long Post, G.A.R. The police, under Captain Kanae, form on the right. A battalion of 319 men from the U. S. Flag-ship *Philadelphia* and the U. S. S. *Mohican* were met at the boat-landing by the National Guard of Hawaii and escorted to the grounds, where they took their station in the driveway directly in front of the official platform. The First Battalion, First Regiment of the National Guard, formed in the driveway to the left, the Second Battalion in the driveway to the right.

The diplomatic corps, government and naval officials, and distinguished guests began to take their places on the platform at 11.30. President Dole, his staff and cabinet, came about fifteen minutes later, followed by Minister Sewall, Admiral Miller and staff, Consul Haywood, Vice-Consul Boyd, Colonel Barber, commanding the First New York volunteers, to be stationed in Honolulu, and other American naval and military officers.

All stood while the Rev. G. L. Pearson, of the Methodist Church, chaplain of the last Senate of the Hawaiian Republic, offered the invocation.

The prayer was over. The soldiers changed from "rest" to "attention." Minister Sewall and President Dole arose, and as they faced each other, Minister Sewall said:

"Mr. President, I present you a certified copy of a joint resolution of the Congress of the United States, approved by the President on July 7, 1898, entitled, 'Joint resolution to provide for annexing of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States.'

"This joint resolution accepts, ratifies, and confirms on the part of the United States the cession formally consented to and approved by the republic of Hawaii."

President Dole said: "A treaty of political union having been made, and the cession formally consented to by the republic of Hawaii having been accepted by the United States of America, I now, in the interest of the Hawaiian body-politic, and with full confidence in the honor, justice, and friendship of the American people, yield up to you, representing the government of the United States, the sovereignty and public property of the Hawaiian Islands."

The signal was given, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honor of the Hawaiian flag from the battery on the grounds and the flag-ship; the bands played the national anthem, "Hawaii Ponoii." There was a moment of oppressive silence—even the trade-wind held its breath; the halyards quivered, and as the "retreat" sounded, slowly the standard of Hawaii came down, clinging timidly at first to the cord, as if fearful of falling, then dropping in limp tired folds. Not a word was spoken, but not many eyes were dry, and tears rolled down the cheeks of men and women, old and young. They believed it was right and best for Hawaii and her people, but they remembered happy years under the old banner, and their hearts whispered "Aloha" as it was tenderly and reverently folded away.

Captain Berger, the band-master, with kindly consideration, had excused the Hawaiian members of the band from this duty; indeed, he would gladly have yielded his own place for a moment; but he stood his ground like a veteran, as he is, and with streaming eyes directed, for the last time officially, the playing of the hymn he had himself composed twenty-five years ago, and which he had played thousands of times.

Minister Sewall now said: "In the name of the United States of America I accept the transfer of the sovereignty and property of the Hawaiian government.

"The admiral commanding the United States naval forces in these waters will proceed to perform the duty intrusted to him."

The order is given. The bugle sounds "to colors," the bands strike up the stirring notes of the "Star-spangled Banner," and steadily and majestically rises the American flag. Higher and higher it goes; the sun, whose face has been hidden in sympathetic clouds, breaks out in brightest smile; the trade-wind's breath has come back, and as the beautiful bright banner clears the tower it is caught and flung out in broad brave folds, while the people greet it with cheers. Shore battery and ships make the air tremble with twenty-one guns, and under the waves of "Old Glory" little Hawaii claims her part in the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Minister Sewall then read a proclamation to the government of the Hawaiian Islands, in which it was stated that, in the exercise of the power conferred on him by the joint resolution, the President of the United States directs that the civil, judicial, and military powers in question shall be exercised by the officers of the republic of Hawaii as it existed just prior to the transfer of sovereignty, subject to his power to remove such officers and to fill vacancies.

All such officers and all military forces will be required at once to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and all bonded officers to renew their bonds to the government of the United States. The municipal legislation of Hawaii, except such as relates to treaties with foreign countries, or is inconsistent with the joint resolution, or contrary to the Constitution of the United States and the present customs relations of Hawaii with the United States and other countries, remains unchanged till Congress shall have extended the customs laws and regulations of the United States to the islands.

On hearing this, people exchanged looks of satisfaction; it was reassuring to hear that no sudden or violent change was to be made in the management of affairs. It is gratifying to the native people to know that Mr. Dole is not to be immediately suspended by some total stranger who could have no interest in them. Many even of his political opponents have confidence in his affection for the Hawaiian people. He is *ka-ma-aina*, that is, an old resident, or a son of the soil. He has grown up with them and knows their manner of thought; of course he is better to them than a stranger could be.

Minister Sewall made a short but eloquent speech, in which he addressed the assembly as "Fellow-countrymen," congratulated them on the consummation of the day's record, commended their loyalty to the father-land, and urged them to help maintain the free institutions extended to them in the spirit in which they had sought them. He closed with these words: "Advance to the uplifting and upbuilding of this land, to prove it worthy to share the destiny of the great republic.

"Empire may wait, indeed, but no hand save His who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations can stay that destiny.

"God bless you, my countrymen!

"God bless the United States of America!"

And the hearts of the people answered, "Amen!"

Chief-Justice Judd then administered the oath of allegiance to President Dole and his cabinet officers, and the simple but impressive ceremonies were over.

The scene now changes to the parade-ground in the rear of the Executive Building, where a hollow square is formed, three sides being composed by the police force and the National Guard, the fourth by the battalion from the war-ships. President Dole and staff, Minister Cooper, Chief-Justice Judd, Mrs. Dole, and others cross the open space, Staff-Captain Pratt bearing a silk American flag. This flag has a history. It was the personal property of Lieutenant-Commander (now Commander) Swinburne, and was carried by the *Boston* battalion while on shore duty under his command during the American protectorate of 1893.

When the *Boston* left Honolulu, Lieutenant-Commander Swinburne presented the flag to President and Mrs. Dole. Mr. Dole, in acknowledging the gift, expressed the hope that the flag would be carried by the Hawaiian forces on the consummation of annexation. The time had come for the fulfilment of this hope. President Dole presented the flag to Colonel Fisher, who tendered the thanks of the regiment. D. L. Naone, color-sergeant, received it and unfurled it in line.

Colonel Fisher and his officers then took the oath, and the regiment was sworn in by companies, those who did not wish to do so stepping aside; almost all remained. D. L. Naone is a pure Hawaiian, who has been a stanch annexationist from the beginning. He is intelligent, industrious, and conscientious. In 1896 he was Speaker of the House, and filled the position acceptably. He speaks English, and is quite capable of making his own decisions.

Another historic flag figured in the ceremonies of the day; it was the identical flag which, on the 1st of April, 1893, was hauled down by order of Mr. Blount. Lieutenant Lucien Young carried it at that time on board the *Boston*, and, having exchanged it for another, has kept it carefully during the intervening years. Before he sailed for Cuba in May he gave it to Hon. Lorrin Thurston, requesting him, if possible, to have it raised to its old place on the staff on the Judiciary Building when annexation should be accomplished. The plan was approved, and, as the new flag was raised upon the Executive Building, this old flag was drawn up to its former place, and stretching itself out in glad waves of red, white, and blue, seemed to sing aloud, "This time I have come to stay."

In the evening there were fireworks, followed by a reception and ball. It was an ideal night for such a display, clear and dark. The large grounds were literally filled with people, and the glow of the different-colored fires which were lighted from time to time among the trees made a vision of fairy-land. At nine o'clock the mimic bombardment ceased, and hundreds of incandescent lights flashed out upon the façade of the building, the central object being a great shield glowing with the national colors.

In the reception-room tasteful ladies had been busy, and ferns and palms brightened with American flags filled one end of the room, while the gorgeous scarlet and yellow blossoms of the "ponciana regia" and the graceful cluster of the "golden shower" (yellow cathartic-pus) were heaped under the great mirrors. Nobody seemed to care that the Spanish colors were in evidence; the flowers were beautiful, if they were red and yellow.

But it was time for the receiving party to approach, and the people thronged the hall to watch them as they descended the broad stairway. President and Mrs. Dole came first, then Minister and Mrs. Sewall, Mrs. Damon, Admiral Miller, and Colonel Barber.

The crowd gave way to let them pass, and entering the room, they took their places in front of the great bank of ferns and palms. Long lines of people now filed in, bowed and shook hands in true democratic style, and passing on, filled the room and overflowed upon the verandas.

There have been large assemblies in this place before, but surely none so large as this, and never such a variety of peoples—Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, English, Germans, Americans, high and low, rich and poor, anybody, everybody—was welcome. It was as democratic an assembly as the most exacting could demand, yet it was dignified enough to suit the most fastidious.

The dancers seemed to enjoy themselves in spite of the crowd; indeed, every one seemed to be in a great good-humor.

Perfect order was a marked characteristic of the day, notwithstanding the cosmopolitan character of the population, which is so often spoken of as an objectionable feature; no extra police or soldiers were employed, and only a single policeman had charge of the station-house.

Among the Hawaiians these events have doubtless caused some bewilderment. There are plenty of unscrupulous men who play upon their childish credulity with wild tales of slavery and robbery under American rule. When a better-informed man tells them otherwise, if he is a Hawaiian they wonder if he knows as much about it as white men who know white men's ways; if he is a white man they wonder which to believe. So it comes to pass that they are led to distrust their truest friends. Like all childlike people, it is easy to arouse their suspicions, and there are always those who are cruel enough to take advantage of their weakness.

Natives all over the islands show a readiness to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. The reluctance of the band boys to play at the lowering of the flag should not be construed as antagonism to America; it was partly sentiment, and maybe partly fear of the *Kahunas*—medicine-men—who oppose the advance of civilization for the same reason which influenced Demetrius the silversmith of Ephesus in the days of the Apostle Paul, because it interferes with their gains.

They are kindly, peaceable people, teachable and law-abiding. Under the just administration of the laws of the United States there is nothing to fear from them, as there is nothing for them to fear—for He who "has made of one blood all the nations of the earth," and who "taketh up the isles as a little thing," has been leading this people out of darkness into light, out of weakness into the strong protecting care of the greater republic.

Elizabeth Van Cleve Hall.

## THE WOOD-LILY.

Within the forest's meadow-bordered hem,
Poising, light-tilted, on a single stem;
In lonely beauty; seldom seen with more
Than three companions at the forest door;
I hail thee as a messenger of grace
Sent to enliven sunless wold and space.

Slim-petaled wonder of a race too few;
Shy cousin of that tossing retinue
Which top with splendor the tall meadow grass:
Jocund are they with all the sprites that pass
—Bee, bird, and zephyr. But thou shinest alone
To brighten here the wood's umbrageous zone.

Looking the dense-roofed forest up and down,
Nothing seems more imperial than thy crown;
'Tis never far from knoll, or meadow-side,
Never uplifted with cool, flaunting pride;
But comes, in all its glorious garb arrayed,
Beauty's evangel to the gloom and shade.

Joel Benton.

## PATERNALISM ON THE CONTINENT.*

Put broadly, but none too strongly, the vital difference between English-speaking countries and Continental Europe is that in the former the state exists for the benefit of the people, and in the latter the people for the benefit of the state. In the one it is the object of government to make itself felt as little as possible, and leave to the individual citizen the widest latitude of conduct in commerce, politics, and private life; in the other the theory obtains that without state supervision the individual citizen cannot be restrained from an extreme and variegated anarchy. England has long outgrown her own ideal of a paternal state, which, in Macaulay's words, "would regulate the cut of a man's coat and the number of dishes on his table," and in outgrowing it has sown half the world with the fruitful seed of Anglo-Saxon liberty. The nations of Europe, starting from the same form of commonwealth, have developed on exactly opposite lines. Instead of extending the powers of the feudal nobles to the people, they absorbed those powers into the state and made it omnipotent. While England was widening the area of authority, till each man came to look upon himself as in some way directly responsible for the well-being of his country, France and Germany gathered all power in the hands of the king and his advisers, and taught the people to look to them for guidance in everything.

The processes of these two movements and their results are set forth by Mr. Gaullieur in a series of vivid and emphatic sketches, which seem to owe some of their dramatic intensity to a study of Carlyle's literary methods. He explains that the theory of a paternal state once admitted in France has never been abandoned, and in this he finds the source of France's failure to colonize, and of the ominous growth of militarism within her borders. Under whatever form of government, Frenchmen still cling to the idea that light and leading and inventive enterprise must flow from the state alone; and so long as that doctrine is accepted, it matters not whether France is ruled by a monarchy, an empire, or a republic, for each in its turn must be absolute and despotic. Most of the troubles of modern France are due to the attempt to graft English constitutionalism on feudal ideas, to hedge round mediæval principles with a glittering fence of liberalism. The revolutions of the last hundred years have been merely a change from one form of absolutism to another and back again. They have left untouched the "ground ideas" of the French people in their relation to the state. Paternalism is still the key-note of the system, inquisitorial, blighting, repressive, and nothing but a revolution in the French character can alter it.

With Germany the case is not so very different. Mr. Gaullieur shows, in a very interesting chapter on modern Germany, how the swaddling-clothes of paternalism harass the citizen in every step he takes, and how entirely opposed to everything we understand by the word liberty are the methods by which the authority and dignity of the Kaiser and his agents are maintained. The supreme insult to the civilized world of the Dreyfus trial is equalled, if not surpassed, year after year in the German army, and in numberless trials for lèse-majesté, of which Mr. Gaullieur produces some remarkable instances. His book is a very impressive testimony to the soundness of Anglo-Saxon ideas of government, as well as a clear and cleverly written review of the principles on which the Continental nations have been reared. The right understanding of those principles is the key to much that is dark and almost unintelligible in the political condition of France and Germany to-day.

* *The Paternal State in France and Germany.* By Henry Gaullieur. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

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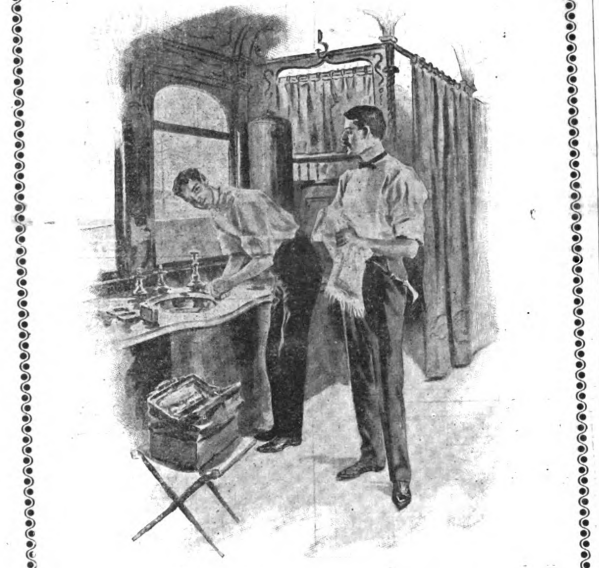
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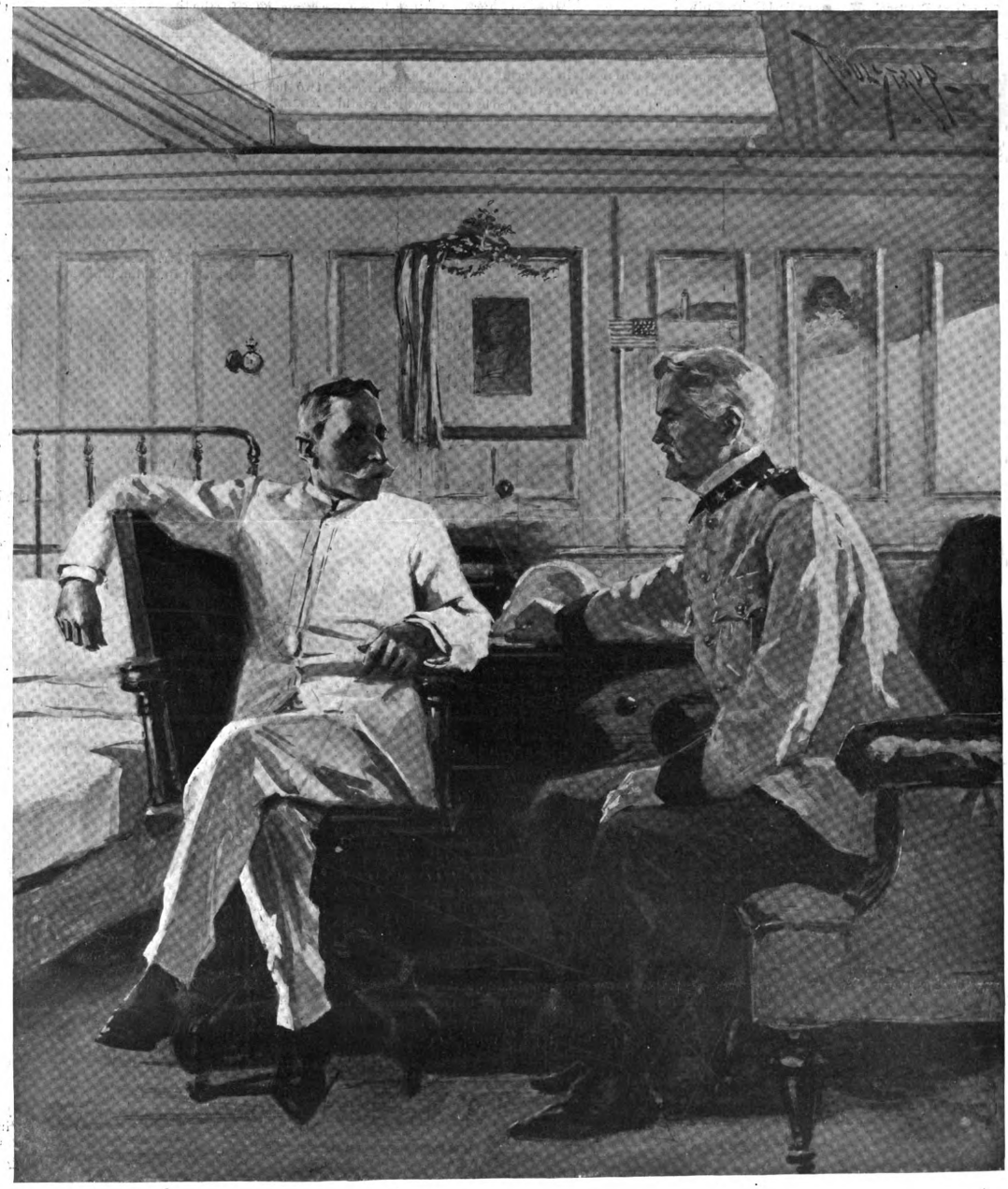
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2178.


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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.

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## OUR ARMY AND NAVY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND GENERAL MERRITT IN ADMIRAL DEWEY'S CABIN ON THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MERRITT'S FORCES.


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

*Subscriptions may begin with any Number*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris


ALREADY the capitalists are beginning to form corporations for the exploitation of our West Indian possessions. There is no doubt that money is to be made in Cuba and Puerto Rico. But money-making and inefficient, even dishonest, government are not always incompatible.

GENERAL MILES is evidently intent on a controversy with the Secretary of War. It is greatly to be regretted if any occasion for such a controversy exists. General MILES is naturally jealous of his reputation as a soldier; he is also desirous of avoiding an undeserved responsibility for any evils that may have attended the campaign in Cuba, and is rightfully insistent upon his privileges as major-general commanding the army. In the present state of public opinion we are inclined to think that General MILES will have the sympathy of the country; but sympathy should not govern in such a matter as this, and before reaching a final judgment every one should be certain of being in possession of all the facts and having heard all sides.

GENERAL SIR HERBERT KITCHENER'S victory over the Khalifa is righteous vengeance long deferred. Whether it means permanent occupancy of Egypt or not, this country will sympathize with England in whatever conclusion she reaches. For ourselves, we think that under existing conditions, and in view of what England has already done in Egypt, the longer she remains in Egypt the better for the Egyptians, the better for Europe, and much the better for Africa. Sir HERBERT KITCHENER has shown himself to be one of the great soldiers of the time, and the English troops who fought under him have made their usual exhibition of splendid bravery. We are glad that our own soldiers have shown themselves worthy comrades of the men who fought at Omdurman. Another interesting and important thing in connection with the battle was the good work done by the Egyptian troops. This shows what white leadership can do for the Egyptian peasant. In a word, to paraphrase what an English naval attaché said at San Juan, this has been a great year for the Anglo-Saxon race.

OUR consul at Valencia, Spain, has made a report setting forth the valuable opportunities which are offered just now to various lines of enterprise in that country, and inviting the careful attention of American merchants and investors. It is gratifying to note that our consuls in Spain have resumed their duties energetically, and that their investigations into the conditions of Spanish-American trade are at present more important than they have ever been. The country's business, as well as its politics, has been badly shaken up, and new openings for the reconstruction of business interests which have been weakened or destroyed offer rich returns to those who are prompt to take advantage of them. Foreign capital, especially French, is being largely invested in this way. Our consular reports, which will be forthcoming very soon, are sure to contain statements of very important facts and conditions. The larger question of Spain's present industrial opportunity is suggested. Now that she is relieved of her colonies, whose systematic exploitation and misgovernment have almost ruined her, will she turn her attention to the development of her splendid domestic resources? Or will she cling to the false ideals and antiquated methods which have impoverished the national estate?

SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG announces that the camp at Montauk is not only well situated, but is in admirable condition. He does not think the water can be contaminated so as to become a breeder of typhoid, and he finds the men very comfortable. We wish that the country might properly believe this to be true; but in view of the reports of Dr. SENN, Dr. EDSON, and Dr. STIMSON, and the conclusions of the board of surgeons, who have examined the conditions at Montauk apparently with more thoroughness than Dr. STERNBERG—at least they have had an opportunity to devote more time to the work—nothing but the future can possibly vindicate the Surgeon-General of the army. We trust that it will be found that the surgeons who have declared that a typhoid epidemic will break forth if the camp is maintained will prove to be mistaken. There is no doubt that conditions are improving at Montauk, largely because so many ill men have been removed, and that there is less likelihood now of an epidemic than there was when Dr. SENN first spoke. The military authorities have not been idle; large numbers of the volunteers have been furloughed, and many of the regulars have been ordered to different military posts, chiefly in the East. No one wants horrible and foul conditions to prevail, and every one will be glad if the measures already taken by the government will result in bettering conditions at the camp, and in saving lives that were undoubtedly threatened a week or ten days ago by causes which would not have existed if some one had not been incompetent or indifferent.

THE commissioners of the United States, Great Britain, and Canada have thus far spent ten days in deliberating upon the questions submitted to them, after which an adjournment was made for more than two weeks. The results of the discussions were not given in detail to the press, though certain facts reported have not since been contradicted. The time of our commissioners has partly been taken up in receiving deputations from the lumber, sealing, and New England fishing interests, as well as others from chambers of commerce and manufacturing interests. With regard to the tariff, our commissioners are believed to be undecided as yet whether to insist upon Canada's abandonment of her preferential tariff in favor of Great Britain as a prerequisite to reciprocity with this country, or whether, allowing it to stand, to arrange for the reciprocal lowering of certain duties independently of it. The Canadian commissioners have larger powers at the present conference than ever before. They are practically independent, while on previous occasions of this kind their opinions and preferences have been subordinated to those of the British commissioners. It is noteworthy that only two questions—the seal-fisheries and the proposed revision of the treaty of 1817 regarding naval vessels on the Great Lakes—immediately affect British interests, the remaining questions directly concerning this country and Canada. The representation of Newfoundland at the conference has complicated the Atlantic fisheries and other questions by a possible divergence between that island and the Dominion, the former asserting the right to independent negotiations with the United States if terms are not satisfactory. In other words, another treaty similar to the BOND-BLAINE agreement of a few years ago may be entered into, though at considerable risk of a veto by the imperial government.

THE DREYFUS case comes up again before the French tribunals, in a manner that is peculiarly humiliating not only to the French army, but to the French Republic. The English-speaking world, whose methods of justice are very different from those of France, has always believed that the conviction of DREYFUS was a public scandal. At first this opinion was held because the trial took place in secret, and no information was given to the public as to the reason for the verdict against this unfortunate Alsacian Jew. Then it was discovered that the only piece of evidence against the accused was a memorandum, as to the authorship of which there was a striking difference of opinion among experts in handwriting. A conviction upon such evidence was so opposed to every natural sense of justice, that the insistence of the army chiefs upon standing by the action of the court martial raised a presumption that DREYFUS was made a scapegoat, for the purpose of relieving the whole military establishment of the onus of having a traitor concealed among its officers who was selling military secrets to a foreign government. To bolster up the general staff of the army, and to show that the only traitor in the list had been discovered and was punished, Minister-of-War CAVAIGNAC, speaking for the army, at last confessed that the conviction was based upon three documents which, as events showed, had never been seen by DREYFUS or his counsel. ZOLA'S accusations and his farcical trial, and now Lieutenant-Colonel HENRY'S confession and suicide, and the resignation of General BOISDEFFRE and of CAVAIGNAC, show conclusively that the presumption was well founded. More than this, the whole case shows that the government of France and its justice are in the hands of the soldiers, and the soldiers have been proved to be entirely unworthy of the trust, and to have, in this case at least, been unjust and cruel tyrants. Under such government there can be but little real personal liberty in France, for every private citizen is at the mercy of the military chiefs, if the latter happen to have any object to gain by his incarceration, his banishment, or his death. Slighter causes than this have led to revolution in France, whose political outlook is full of menace and of interest.

## GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA IN CHINA.

INVOLVED in our own problems—problems that make us, for the time, the most interesting country in the world—is the great new Eastern question, which seems to be hastening the drift of Russia and Great Britain towards war, unless it be true, as is reported, that an agreement between the two has been reached. Thirteen years ago Mr. ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN, the special correspondent of the London *Times*, wrote as follows: "It is inevitable that the question of supremacy in Asia will be shortly decided in favor of one or the other of the powers, Russia or Britain. In the coming strife England must, in spite of herself, play a leading part, since the material interests of the British Empire are by far the heaviest stake in the game. It is even probable that the fate of the empire itself may be eventually decided in the Eastern seas." Mr. COLQUHOUN is the best informed Englishman in China on contemporaneous politics of the rulers at Peking. He is apparently in closer touch with the Chinese authorities, and especially with the Tsung-li-Yamên, than is Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD, the British ambassador. He is acquainted with the designs of Russia; he is familiar with the feeling of China towards her encroaching neighbor; he understands the strength of the Russian and the weakness of the Manchu dynasty. He realizes keenly the inefficiency of British diplomacy in dealing with the Tsar and his ministers; he probably shares with many of his countrymen the opinion that Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD is too soft and too polite, too little insistent on British rights and claims, in his intercourse with the trembling barbarian, who for forty years has been yielding up territory to his northern neighbor, and he knows and protests against the peaceful attitude of Lord SALISBURY, who, it is true, is inspired by the Queen, but who, in the end, will be held responsible.

Mr. COLQUHOUN has now written a book on *China in Transformation*, which Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have just published, which is full of information on China, and from which, better than from any other book, one may learn the vast importance of this new Eastern question, and the character, the resources, the capabilities, of China and the Chinese, and their possibilities under the rule of white men of Europe. The question must be settled between the approaching powers, either by war or treaty. It is too early to comment on the probable effect of the Tsar's invitation to the nations to disarm; but it is not unfair to point out that disarmament would be much more dangerous to Great Britain than to Russia; that a navy cannot be rebuilt as quickly as an army can be reformed; and that, in China, Russia would be at a great advantage over her rival, being nearer to the common objective by reason of her Siberian railway, if the contentions of the two powers should again reach the acute stage at which they seem to be at present, when a rearmament would be inevitable.

China is not only an enormous empire, but it is one of the richest countries of the world, and it lies temptingly between the two greatest Asiatic powers—for both Great Britain and Russia, judged by extent of territory, are more Asiatic than European. Measured by population, England is also more Asiatic than European; but while there are more of the Tsar's subjects in Europe than in Asia, in mind, in spirit, and in political methods, Russia is much more Asiatic than England, and therein, perhaps, the latter has been greatly at a disadvantage in the diplomatic game which has been in progress for years, and which has been especially active since the Franco-Chinese war. Mr. COLQUHOUN gives the area of England's European possessions as 121,000 square miles, and of her Asiatic possessions as 1,617,000 square miles. While her population in Europe is 38,000,000, her Asiatic population numbers 292,000,000. Russian territory in Europe covers an area of 2,095,000 square miles, and her Asiatic territory 6,575,000 square miles. Her population in Europe is 106,000,000, while her population in Asia is only 23,000,000. In other words,

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Russia, with more than four times as much Asiatic territory as England has, rules over not quite one-thirteenth as many Asiatics as live under the rule of the Queen. Lying to the south of the lands which MURAVIEFF and IGNATIEFF obtained from China for the Tsar in 1858 and 1860, respectively, are Mongolia and Manchuria, which, as Mr. COLQUHOUN says, are the Tsar's whenever he wants them—practically the Tsar's at present. The remainder is China proper, with its eighteen provinces and 350,000,000 people, mostly rich, but discordant, rebellious against the central authority at Peking, and a tempting prey to the Russian, who wants many things in Asia, but above all else, perhaps, millions of people and millions of wealth to add to his millions of barren acres in the dreary North; tempting also to Great Britain, who must not only meet Russian approaches towards India by a bold front and an advancing and aggressive policy, but whose principal motive is explained by an extract from Mr. CURZON'S book on the *Problems of the Far East*, which is quoted by Mr. COLQUHOUN in support of the proposition that "it is to China alone that we can look in the future.... for any great expansion of our commerce." This is what Mr. CURZON says: "How vital is its [British power in China] maintenance, not merely for the sake of our empire, but for the sustenance of our people, no arguments are needed to prove. It is only in the East, and especially in the Far East, that we may still hope to keep and to create open markets for British manufactures. Every port, every town, and every village that passes into French or Russian hands is an outlet lost to Manchester, Bradford, or Bombay."

Here is the core of the situation in the East, so far as these two great Asiatic powers are concerned: China with her vast mineral and agricultural resources, her coal, her iron, her various other metals, her rice and tea, her silk and cotton, is likely to be the theatre of a great war in behalf of commerce. It may be, of course, that the Tsar's movement for peace will become an accomplished fact, and that nineteenth-century civilization, with its growing conviction that war is inexcusable barbarism, will become logical, and will return its soldiers and sailors to the ranks of producers; but, whether the knotty problem be solved by war or by mutual concessions, the fact remains that the Chinese are doomed to come under the control of Europeans. This will be of enormous benefit to China. It will develop her riches. Her skilful population will be set at work. The dexterous and intelligent Chinaman will become the competitor of the wage-earners of Europe and America. His goods will come into the markets of the world, and, in turn, his own markets will be open to the products of the West. Commerce will flourish. Capital, which, as Mr. CHARLES A. CONANT clearly shows in the current number of the *North American Review*, is begging for a chance of employment, and is earning smaller and smaller dividends as the years go round and as savings are piled up, will once more rejoice, for a time at least, in bigger dividends and in higher rates of interest. Prices will go down, of course, and we are therefore likely to hear again from the silver gentlemen who believe that high prices are blessings; but, they to the contrary notwithstanding, the world will be the better for the additions to its wealth that will result from European control of China, and from the consequential increase of the comfort of all classes. Accompanying the increase of economic blessings will inevitably be political and socialistic problems, difficult to solve, impossible of solution, indeed, without enormous expense, by such a democracy as our own. Think, for example, of the trouble we shall have at home if we share in the government of the East, when our voting wage-earners discover that their non-voting subjects in Asia are competing in the labor markets of the world, and are driving down the wages of their political masters. Although this is not the whole of our problem by any means, it is an important consideration. Our manufacturers, our merchants, and our wage-earners are to feel the competition of Europe-governed China. That the competition will be good for them in the end goes without saying; that the world, including the United States, will be the richer for the exploitation of China is certain; but do we want to pay for the competition in taxes for armed occupation of the Far East? Do we want to take upon ourselves the burdens of Oriental politics for a gain that shall be ours in any event? For improved, or transformed, China will make for our profit whether we govern in the East or remain at home, and the question is whether we shall take the advantage peacefully or pay for it unnecessarily. Shall we accept the gifts that must be bestowed upon us, or shall we assume unnecessary burdens of government and wars in return for them? Our own interest, of course, will be greatly advantaged by the success of Great Britain, and yet the advantage to be gained by her triumph in a war against Russia would not warrant us in participating in such a war. Probably we could help her to a peaceable solution of her burdens, and that would be to the gain of all.

## "THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED."

NOTHING is more bewildering, in the present bewildering state of a public feeling which cannot be said to have crystallized into public opinion, than the fact that the authors of our political failures at home should be the chief advocates of "expansion" abroad. The Jingoes are the incompetents. "We have been unfaithful over a few things," they say; "make us rulers over many things."

Now nothing is clearer than that the agencies of government we have are ill adapted to their present limited uses, and that, if we mean to undertake larger problems, we must have a very different set of tools. The House of Representatives, we have to admit, whether we like it or not, is a house of representatives—that is to say, it is composed of average American citizens who know no less than the average of their constituencies about trade, finance, currency, foreign politics, and all the other subjects upon which they are called to legislate, and whose pride it is to know no more. The Senate is not even a house of representatives—and that for a manifest reason. The House of Representatives is immediately responsible to the people. Every member of it is aware that his course must meet the approval of his district, or of his party in his district. He is constantly held in check by the necessity of obtaining the consent of the governed. A Senator feels no such responsibility. It is only when his term is drawing to its close that he inquires how the people of his State will regard his official course. Even if he is aware that it is disapproved, he hopes, by the favor of the boss, unless he himself is the boss, to circumvent public disapproval. Unless his misbehavior has been so scandalous as to "lose the State," as in GORMAN'S case, he is very apt to succeed. Now in governing distant territories, in which "the consent of the governed" is not required, the member of the Lower House is freed from the one influence that steadies him. The representative will be as bad as the Senator. Since the Constitution puts the whole matter in the charge of Congress, have we the least guarantee that our government of colonies will be honest or intelligent? Our solution of our Indian problem by extermination, our solution of our negro problem by lynching, our solution of our Alaskan problem by apathy—these achievements scarcely indicate that we are prepared to shine in an "Imperial" capacity.

"Imperialism" seems likely to become the watchword of the Republican party. That party asks the people to intrust it with the destinies of some millions of foreigners of whose needs it knows nothing, and by whose desires it does not even profess to be guided. The answer of the people to this demand ought to be an insistence that the party should purge itself of its abuses, and set its own house in order, before reaching out after new dominion; that it should show itself much more faithful over a few things before asking to be intrusted with rule over many things. The Republican party does at least profess to be guided by public opinion in domestic politics, and to "derive its just powers from the consent of the governed." But it is perfectly well known that in those States which are governed by bosses not even this condition is fulfilled. The boss is not guided by the opinion, we will not say of the voters, but of the voters even of his own party. His machine enables him to defy their will, up to the point where their exasperation will induce them to turn on him and defeat him at the polls.

We have already pointed out instances in which the Republican party might vindicate itself by showing that "the consent of the governed" was an integral part of its rule, that the opinion of the voters was, in fact, taken and not defied in the selection of candidates for the governorship of American States. In our newly acquired dependencies nobody pretends that "the consent of the governed" will be requisite to our government. But what the most unbridled Jingo theoretically admits is that our government ought to be satisfactory to the people of the United States. It is the one responsibility that all the Imperialists admit. Our government of Hawaii may not be, and in fact we know it is not, satisfactory to the Hawaiians. Our government of the Philippines may not be satisfactory to the Filipinos. It remains to be seen whether the Puerto-Ricans will like our way of governing after they have had a fair trial of it, while as for the Cubans, we no longer pretend to care whether they are satisfied with our proceedings preliminary to the condition in which we shall acknowledge that their own government is "stable," and evacuate the island, leaving them to their own devices. But we do pretend that the governments we establish, whatever may be the opinion entertained of them by "the governed," will meet the views of the people of the United States, who are not to live under them. The only way of making that pretence good is to make sure that the people of the United States are governed in accordance with their own desires; that here, at least, governments "derive their powers from the consent of the governed." But in boss-ridden States even this is notoriously untrue. Before the boss can decently appear as an "Imperialist" he must abdicate as a boss, and give the people of New York and Pennsylvania and Connecticut some evidence that they are governed in accordance with their own opinions, before he presumes to assure them that Hawaii and Puerto Rico and Cuba and Luzon will be governed in accordance with their opinions.

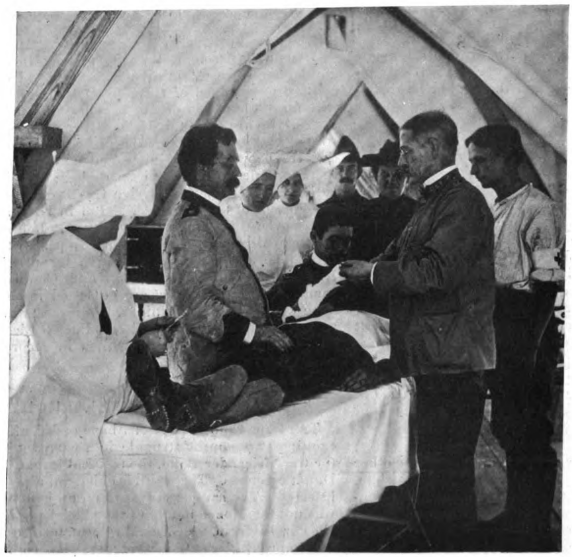
## THE DEFEAT OF CECIL RHODES.

THE Cape Colony elections have ended, after an exciting two months' struggle, in a narrow victory for the Africander Bond, the political league of the Dutch colonists. The result is chiefly of a personal interest. The campaign turned on an issue which was not mentioned in any of the official platforms. Electoral reform, educational reform, tariff reform, and improved irrigation were merely subsidiary to the great question of RHODES supremacy at the Cape. The elections gave to the Dutch settlers their first chance of passing judgment on the prime mover in the JAMESON raid. Their verdict is that Mr. RHODES would be better employed in making good his abundant promises of the wealth to be found in "golden Rhodesia," and that, so long as they can prevent it, Cape politics shall be free from his domination. The Dutch have long memories, and are slow to give back a confidence that has once been forfeited. For nearly ten years they trusted in CECIL RHODES and kept him in office by their votes, supported his policy even when it went against Krugerism, and were nearly as enthusiastic in their praise as the English themselves. On that period of good feeling the door was closed with a bang at the end of 1895, and the Dutch—small blame to them—have not yet been won over to risk a second betrayal. If the result of the elections convinces Mr. RHODES of the wisdom of confining himself to his work in the north, there will be a feeling of relief all over South Africa. For some time to come his return to Cape politics can only be a signal for racial violence and antagonism.

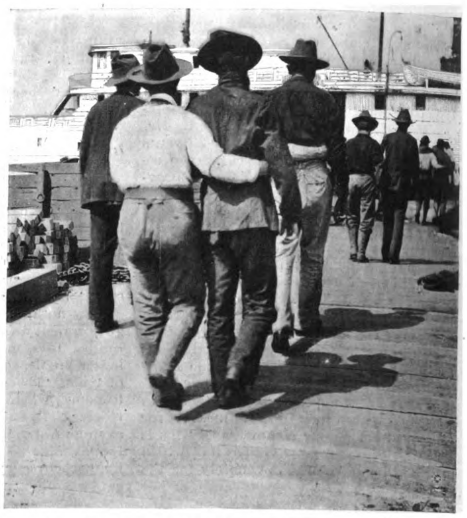
There is a large RHODES faction in England which cannot conceive of any one being loyal to the empire and at the same time hostile to their impeccable idol. This faction did its best during the last two months to make out that British rule in South Africa depended on the re-election of the Progressives. All sorts of traitorous designs were charged against the leaders of the Bond by the wiseacres of the London press, who must be regretting now that they were ever so foolish as to put all their patriotic eggs in one basket. The truth is that Mr. HOFMEYR, Mr. ROSE INNES, and Mr. SCHREINER are about as "disloyal" as Sir WILFRID LAURIER. Nobody questioned their Imperialism so long as they followed Mr. RHODES, and there is no need to question it now that they have very properly broken away from him. The first item on the Bond platform was "a substantial contribution to the Imperial navy." If that may be taken as a sample of "anti-British intrigues," the empire could well do with a few more traitors with similar convictions.

The first effects of the Bond victory may be to encourage President KRUGER in his fascinating obstinacy to modern ideas, and to turn his thoughts to the chances of a successful repudiation of the London convention; but before long the President will find that more is expected of him in the way of tariff reductions than he is quite ready to yield even to his southern kinsmen. The Bond, above all else, wants peace in South Africa, and a readier market in the neighboring republics for agricultural produce. Its influence has always been on the side of moderation in the President's dealings with the Uitlanders, for the reason that his present policy not only hinders the trade of Cape Colony with the Transvaal, but spreads uncertainty and commercial depression over the whole of South Africa. If any concessions at all can be extracted from the obdurate old gentleman, they are much more likely to come under the friendly pressure of the Bond than from his personal conviction of their propriety, or at the solicitations of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The thing to regret is not that the Bond has won, but that the smallness of its majority does not promise a very long lease of life.

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OPERATING TABLE, FIELD SURGICAL WARD, GENERAL HOSPITAL.



HELPING COMRADES ON THE WAY TO BOSTON HOSPITALS.



RED CROSS NURSE HELPING A SICK SOLDIER AT RAILROAD STATION.



MISS WHEELER, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL WHEELER, A NURSE IN THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.



GENERAL WHEELER AND SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG GOING TO INSPECT THE HOSPITAL.



SISTERS OF CHARITY ON THEIR WAY TO CAMP TO ACT AS NURSES.

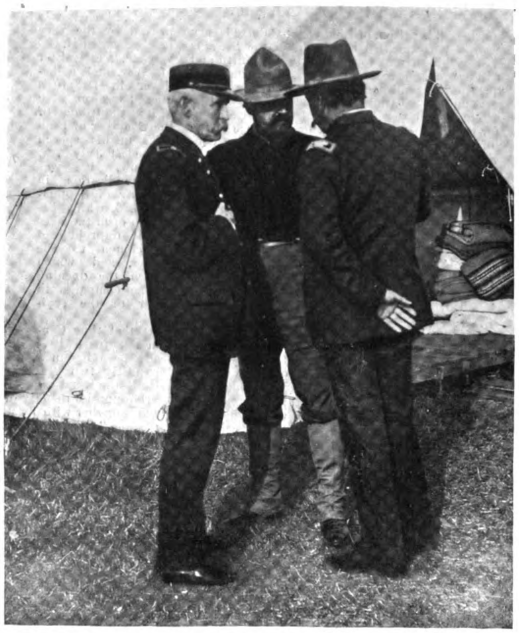
SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

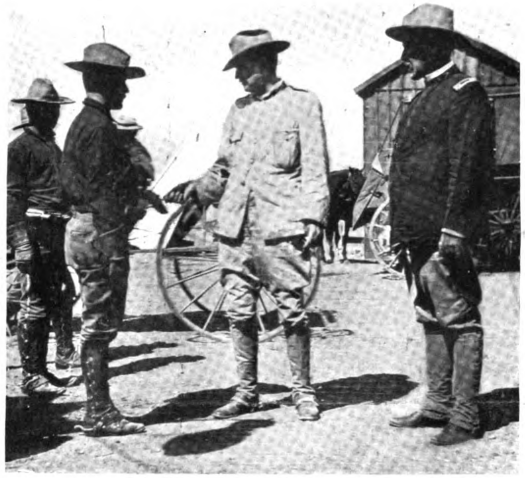
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COLONEL WESTON, IN CHARGE OF COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.



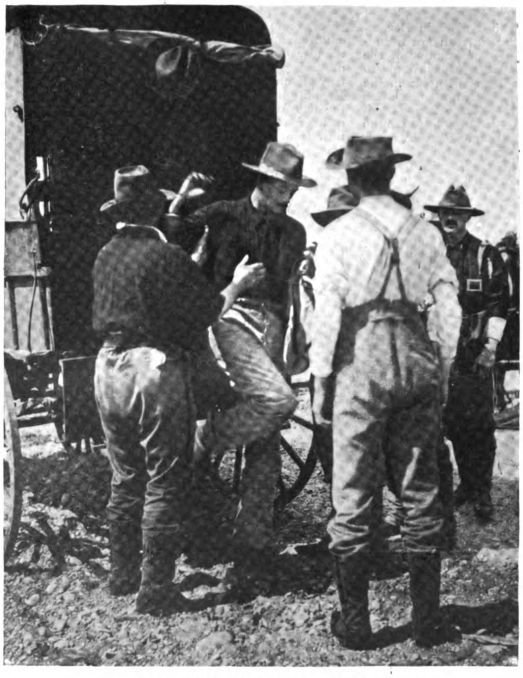
SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG AND COLONEL FORWOOD, CHIEF SURGEON.



CAPTAIN CHASE, PROVOST-MARSHAL.



COLONEL STUART, BACTERIOLOGIST, WHO IS TESTING THE CAMP WATER.



A SICK SOLDIER ARRIVING AT THE HOSPITAL.



CARRYING SICK SOLDIER TO THE STEAMER FOR BOSTON.

SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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# THE DREYFUS CASE.

THE suicide, in his prison, of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry is the latest act performed in the drama of the Dreyfus case, and everything seems to indicate that the fifth and last act will end, as in classical tragedies, by virtue being rewarded and crime punished. That is to say, a revision of the secret and illegal trial of Captain Dreyfus will be granted. This is all that is wanted by universal conscience, for the question of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner of Devil's Island is a secondary one when contrasted with that of the supreme right of any man in a civilized nation to be judged not within closed doors, and not without being shown the documents which have led to his indictment, sentence, and degradation. It is this aspect of the Dreyfus question which has made it a subject of interest throughout the world.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

For the last two years a tremendous fight has been kept on in France in favor of a revision of the Dreyfus case, by the lovers of justice and fair dealings in the courts. Émile Zola, Clémenceau, Jaurès, Pressensé, and a host of other celebrated men have fought in vain for the revision. The French people refused to listen to any accusation against the General Military Staff, the only accusers of Captain Dreyfus, who practically hypnotized the nation, to which they represented themselves as the immaculate chiefs of the army, upon which the French confidently relied for obtaining the recovery of the two lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine. But the suicide of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, the factotum of the General Staff, and his avowal that he had forged one of the secret documents used against Dreyfus, have opened the eyes of the French people.

Thus it has suddenly been shown that not only had the captain been condemned without being allowed to see and discuss the documents which influenced the opinion of his judges, but that one of these documents, at least, was a forgery, confessed by the forger himself. The first illegality was admitted by a Paris paper, *L'Éclair*, the recognized organ of the General Staff, in its number of September 15, 1896, just two years ago, when it said: "The truth is that Dreyfus had not been condemned only for the 'bordereau' [memorandum in which he revealed to a foreign power the secrets of the mobilization of the French army]. A letter written by a German military attaché to an Italian attaché had been seized and photographed, and that letter contained these words: 'Cette canaille de Dreyfus devient bien exigeant' [This scoundrel Dreyfus becomes very exacting]. That letter had not been shown either to Dreyfus or to his counsel. It had not been submitted to the judges during the legal trial. But when they were in the Council Chamber, out of the presence of the accused, that document was communicated to them, and it decided the condemnation." There was a lie already in that admission of the organ of the General Staff. The document did not contain the name of Dreyfus, and only had an initial letter. It said: "Ce canaille de D. . . .," as it was proved by the very reading which M. Cavaignac, late Minister of War, and a believer in Dreyfus's alleged treason, gave of it at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies in his speech of the last July 7th. Anyhow, it was the publication in *L'Éclair* of September, 1896, which began to open the eyes of the unprejudiced Frenchmen to the matter, and which caused the opening of the campaign in favor of the revision.



GODEFROY CAVAIGNAC, Late Minister of War.

At that time Captain Dreyfus had already been confined for nearly two years in his awful prison of Devil's Island—the worst spot on the coast of French Guiana, nearly opposite the city of Cayenne—which was denominated, together with its neighbor Sinndendria, the "dry guillotine," when it was chosen as a place of deportation for the Terrorists and anti-Imperialists sentenced by the Directory and by Napoleon I. But it appears, according to the latest despatches, that Dreyfus, whose death was often reported, is thoroughly acclimated, and physically in good health. He will be able, therefore, to answer any charges which may be brought against him, and to discuss the value of the real or the forged documents which were not communicated to him or his advocate at the time of his trial, which took place in December, 1894. Two months before, a "bordereau," or memorandum, revealing, as said above, the programme of the mobilization of the French corps d'armée, was brought to Colonel Sandherr, chief of the Intelligence Bureau of the General Staff, who died soon after, and whose place was filled by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, the too famous suicide and forger. The "bordereau" had been found in the waste-basket of the German ambassador at Paris by a servant, who acted as a spy in the interest of the French Intelligence Bureau. At least such was the explanation given at Dreyfus's trial, though it is more than strange that documents of such importance should be carelessly thrown by a diplomat in his waste-basket. As to this document, it was asserted by the accused captain that it was not in the handwriting of Dreyfus. On the other hand, some papers circulated a story according to which the captain, having been summoned to the General Staff and required to write a few lines dictated from the "bordereau," threw himself at the feet of Colonel Du Paty de Clam, and admitted that it was he who wrote the treacherous document. Since then it has been discovered that the real author was probably Commandant Esterhazy, who was twice acquitted by two courts martial, but who is reported in the latest despatches from Paris to have disappeared as soon as it was stated that the government had decided to grant a revision of the trial of 1894.



GENERAL ZURLINDEN.

This trial resulted, as is well known, in a sentence condemning Dreyfus to imprisonment for life and degradation from all military rank and honors. It has been already said in former articles of the WEEKLY that Alfred Dreyfus was a Hebrew, from the city of Mülhausen, in Alsace, who had elected French nationality after his native place had been annexed to the German Empire.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY.



COLONEL DU PATY DE CLAM.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PICQUART.

He was an artillery officer, a married man, father of two children, and possessor of a fortune sufficient to exclude the idea that he would resort to treason in order to make money. After his sentence he was taken from the military prison of the Cherche Midi to the square of the École Militaire in Paris, where troops were assembled to witness the painful ceremony of the degradation. The insignia of his rank as captain, the badges of his profession, were torn from his coat and cap; even the stripes were torn from his trousers by the adjutant, and his sword was broken. He was then led along the front of the troops; and during this awful funeral march he did not cease to cry that he was innocent. The captain was embarked at the Ile de Ré, in February, 1895, for the Devil's Island, where he remains under the guard of twelve men, in a cabin or hut, enclosed recently by a high board fence which cuts off a view of the sea.

He has said repeatedly that within three years after his condemnation his innocence would be recognized. It has not been proved yet, and it may never be proved. But he did not err in foreseeing that a tremendous movement would be made in favor of the revision of his trial as soon as it would be known that it had not been conducted according to the rules of justice and equity to the application of which all accused persons are entitled in France, as well as in any other civilized country. The personality of the accused, his guilt or innocence, become a matter of secondary importance, in the opinion of those who think that the security of all is compromised whenever the constitutional and judicial forms are not observed toward a single individual. In order to counteract the threatening uprising of public opinion and to maintain their supremacy over the French nation, the military chiefs, assisted by the reactionary Catholic clericals, tried to displace the purely judicial ques-



EMILE ZOLA.



COMMANDANT ESTERHAZY.



GENERAL DE BOISDEFFRE.

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tion, and raised the cry that if a revision of Dreyfus's trial was demanded, it was only because he was a Jew and by his coreligionists. They succeeded in raising in France and in Algeria a spirit of anti-Semitism, which did not exist even after the rabid publications, of fifteen years ago, of Édouard Drumont and other Catholic sectarians. They even dared to incite people against the Protestant minority of the French people.

Undaunted by these menaces, and indifferent to sectarian religious questions, many of the most celebrated citizens of France opened the campaign for the revision as soon as they discovered by the admission of the General Staff itself that the equitable rules of justice had been violated in the Dreyfus case; and they have won their cause, after all. Their fight was begun by M. Scheurer-Kestner, vice-president of the Senate, at the beginning of 1896. Then it was taken up by Émile Zola, the world-known novelist, in his famous open letter to President Faure, "J'accuse." Commandant Esterhazy had been charged with being the real author of the "bordereau" upon which Dreyfus had been sentenced. The General Staff had sent him before a court martial, in the hope of quieting public opinion, and the commandant had been acquitted. Then Zola wrote, "I accuse the first court martial [that which sentenced Dreyfus] of having condemned a man on a document which was not shown to him, and I accuse the second court martial [that which acquitted Esterhazy] of having covered this illegality, by order, and committing in its turn the judicial crime of knowingly acquitting a guilty person." Then it was Zola's turn to be made the scapegoat of the General Staff. He was indicted as guilty of having libelled the members of the courts-martial, and, together with the administrator of Clémenceau's paper *L'Aurore*, in which the letter "J'accuse" had been published, he was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs. Zola appealed from that judgment of the Paris court, and he was sent back before the Versailles court, which reaffirmed the sentence, and the novelist fled to Switzerland to avoid a useless stay in prison, pending the new appeal he intended to make in the fall, on the re-opening of the courts. Soon afterwards there was a change of cabinet in France, and M. Cavaignac, the new Minister of War, proclaimed in the Chamber that, while believing that Dreyfus was guilty, he would institute a rigid inquiry into the whole affair. Esterhazy was arrested anew, and again acquitted; but Colonel Picquart, who was also arrested, succeeded in having placed under the eyes of the ministers the proof that one of the documents triumphantly read in the Chamber by M. Cavaignac, as proving the guilt of Dreyfus, was a forgery perpetrated by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, the agent, or rather the devoted tool, of the General Staff. Colonel Henry wanted to save his chiefs, whose honor was sure to be compromised in the revision trial, and he forged the document above mentioned. But he and his inspirers had forgotten that M. Cavaignac was a man of stern honesty, incapable of using foul means to obtain a justifiable end. He ordered the arrest of Colonel Henry, who committed suicide in his prison. The Minister of War resigned soon after, and it is almost certain that the cabinet will order a revision of the trial of Dreyfus, since there are reasons to believe that the other secret documents which were not submitted to him or his counsel are also forgeries, like the one written by Colonel Henry. The latter's avowal and suicide have suddenly produced a radical change in public opinion in France. Newspapers and people who formerly proclaimed that Dreyfus was guilty, and that his partisans, called the Dreyfusists, wanted to surrender France to the practical domination of Germany and the German Jew financiers, have given up that criminal and stupid theory. They are clamoring now for a prompt revision of the trial of 1894, understanding at last that this is the only means to restore to the country the interior peace which has been so violently disturbed, especially during the last two years.

FELIX AUCAIGNE.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

THE League for Social Service, which was incorporated at Albany the other day, has for its general purpose to educate public opinion, defeat or procure legislation affecting morals, and procure the enforcement of laws relating to public morals by distributing information about what the law is, what it should be, and what is going on that needs attention from reformers. Among the incorporators are Dr. Josiah Strong, Mr. Albert Shaw, of the *Review of the Reviews*, Mr. Spencer Trask, and Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. The Advisory Council includes Bishop Huntington, Bishop Potter, Dr. Parkhurst, Messrs. R. F. Cutting, R. W. Gilder, Bishop Vincent, Dr. E. E. Hall, Dr. R. S. Storrs, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Miss Jane Addams, Dr. Washington Gladden, and others.

Mr. James S. T. Stranahan, who died at Saratoga on September 3, has been popularly known for twenty-five years past as "the first citizen of Brooklyn." His greatest distinction is that he was the father of Prospect Park. He began to work for it in 1860, and from that time until 1882 he was president of the Brooklyn Park Commission. A bronze statue of him, by Frederick Macmonnies, was erected in Prospect Park in 1891, the cost being met by popular subscription.

Mr. Stranahan was born ninety years ago in Peterboro, Madison County, New York. He grew up a farmer's boy, got what education he could, and presently taught school. Gerrit Smith was the magnate of Peterboro, and a capitalist, and helped Stranahan in an enterprise to develop the town of Florence. The scheme succeeded, and one result of it was that Mr. Stranahan represented the town from 1838 to 1840 in the Assembly.

After spending four years in Newark, he came, in 1844, to Brooklyn, where he began activities as a railroad contractor, but presently bent himself to the development of the water-front, and founded the system of what is now the Atlantic Dock Company. He took hold hard in Brooklyn. Four years after he came there he was elected alderman. In 1854 he went to Congress, and served one term. In 1858 he became a police commissioner, and in 1860 and 1864 he was a delegate to the Republican conventions that nominated Lincoln. For ten years from 1875 he was a Brooklyn Bridge trustee, and, generally speaking, whatever greatly concerned Brooklyn concerned him also.

An unusual tribute, and one to be commended, is the bronze tablet which is to be set up at Fort Thomas, Cincinnati, in honor of the gallant behavior of the Sixth United States regular infantry at San Juan. The regulars go from post to post, and belong neither to State nor city, but the Sixth Infantry, which went to the war from Cincinnati, had been stationed for six years near that city, and was well known and much liked there. When it marched away, all Cincinnati cheered; and after it had gone, Cincinnati followed its record. The Sixth's loss in the assault of San Juan hill was greater than that of any regiment except the Sixteenth. Cincinnati lamented, but was proud of its regulars, and the memorial tablet being suggested, the money for it was promptly raised by the Chamber of Commerce. The action taken has few precedents, if any, and is all the better for that.

The camp news in the papers is very entertaining. It abounds in gossip, for one thing, and gossip of a lively quality. It abounds also in short stories of individual soldiers and officers; of good behavior and bad behavior, kindness, efficiency, and their contraries. It includes daily, without much doubt, a considerable number of edifying libels. It is handier to report than the war news was, and a great many clever reporters and correspondents are busy with it. The newspapers as a whole cover the ground exceedingly well, and some of the more enterprising and able journals offer every day columns of really remarkable camp literature. To be sure, it has too large an element of tragedy, but that does not lessen its attractiveness as literature.

The chief topics just now are the condition of the sick and the movements of the regiments that are being mustered out. Undoubtedly the sick are getting much better care than a fortnight ago, and conditions everywhere are improving. If we could only keep up a great army long enough, we should learn in time how to do it. But there, or thereabouts, is the great trouble about war. To be really good at it, it is necessary to keep in practice, yet the chief end of war is peace, and in time of peace practice is difficult, and to keep the war machinery from rusting is almost impossible. Truly war as a national industry is very perplexing. No country seems satisfied with its cultivation of it. The working-man who plays golf wants, when he begins, to be enough of a golfer to keep in the best condition for work. But if he really becomes interested in golf it presently comes home to him, as matter for cogitation, whether it is really more profitable to be just enough of a golfer to work well, or just enough of a worker to golf well. There must be moderation in one employment if there is to be due efficiency in the other. The attitude of modern nations towards war is somewhat similar. A nation determines to maintain such a degree of military efficiency as shall enable it to do business safely and to advantage, and to hold its own and get rich. Gradually its war preparations tend to absorb the time of its laborers and the profits of its industries, and folks begin to ask whether the army exists for the protection of life and property, or life and property for the maintenance of the army. If any evidence was needed that that point had been reached in Europe, the Czar's invitation to a conference for the regulation of military rivalry would furnish it. No great country on earth is so well situated as ours to work out for itself the problem of the precise degree of military efficiency that it is worth while to maintain in time of peace. So far we have never done it. Every war we have undertaken has seemed to find us more unready than was profitable.

The military man who, next to Colonel Roosevelt, has been fortunate in the reputation he has made out of the war seems to be General Wheeler. He has filled conspicuous places both at Santiago, when General Shafter was sick, and more lately at Camp Wikoff. Being an older man than Colonel Roosevelt, and not put together with the same quality of rivets, he had the bad luck, which Roosevelt escaped, to catch the fever inopportunely at Santiago. Every one knows how resolutely he minimized that disadvantage. All that we heard of him in Cuba, and all we have heard of his labors and reports and observations at Camp Wikoff, have tended to make folks think of him as a truly valuable citizen, wise, active, efficient, a very able soldier, and possessed of an admirable spirit. Wherever we hear of him, he is doing good. Whenever we hear from him, it is something worth attention. It is matter for thankfulness that he is a member of Congress, and that when military and other important measures come up there next winter his voice will be heard and will carry weight. The sympathy of the whole country goes out to him in the loss of his son, Naval Cadet Wheeler, whose death by drowning, while bathing at Camp Wikoff, has just been announced.

The reports of the grave illness of Mr. Bayard have been read with very general concern and regret. Mr. Bayard is not an old man, and it is matter for surprise that his physicians should take so serious a view of his condition. It is not unlikely that the change from an exceedingly active life in London to comparative retirement and lack of occupation at Wilmington has proved unwholesome for him. If that is the case, it is the more to be regretted that his health should have broken down when an able Democrat of diplomatic experience is in special request as a member of the Peace Commission.

Naval officers rarely get into political life in this country. In England they go into Parliament naturally enough if occasion offers and circumstances are favorable, but here they seem to stick to the navy until they are retired. A great military reputation is a recognized qualification for political preferment. Washington, Jackson, Taylor, and Grant became Presidents, and McClellan, Hancock, and other generals were candidates, but was there ever an admiral who got votes in a presidential convention? Dewey has gathered, by all odds, the biggest reputation our latest war has yielded. He not only attended to his professional business with efficiency and despatch, but the temper and discretion of his subsequent behavior have brought him prodigious credit. Still, no one seems to be talking of Dewey for President. After all, though, for a man of his distinction it would have to be that or nothing. There is no other office in the gift of the American people which would be likely to tempt an officer of high rank and mature years in the army or navy to resign, unless he had a private fortune.

It is a pleasure to commend to the attention of all sensible and discerning persons the society called Scapa, which has its headquarters in London. Scapa is the contracted form of its title, which in full is the Society for the Correction of the Abuse of Public Advertising. It has honorary members in most civilized countries, and some in the United States. There is one in Utica—Dr. Blumer, the Superintendent of the State Hospital—and the Utica *Press* tells of his successful efforts to get rid of signs that border the road-side between Utica and his summer home at Harts Hill. His testimony is that it was not difficult; that the owners of the fences and other property which the signs occupied had usually not been consulted by the sign-painters, and were glad to have their belongings freed from defacement. Dr. Blumer's method is to substitute for the signs removed a tin placard forbidding the posting of any more advertisements.

It is worth pointing out that the disfigurement of the rural districts by signs and offensive advertisements is not done by persons who live in the country, but by, or at the instance of, city people, tradesmen and others, who apparently consider that farmers are dull folk anyway, and either won't know that they have been imposed upon, or will be too inert to show resentment. There is no excuse or justification for landscape advertising. It simply represents commercial impudence. The men who promote it are under no restraint of taste or propriety. They will paint or affix any sort of a sign anywhere they dare. It is troublesome to undo their work. It takes time, and the reasonable indignation their outrages excite is wearing to the temper. This vandal industry is particularly active just now. The present paragrapher found advertisements last summer painted in the sheds back of the country church where he has worshipped off and on for nearly half a century, and this year the outside of the high board fence which surrounds the trolley-car company's baseball-ground had by was smeared with huge advertisements painted in violent colors, to the most direful prejudice of a lovely landscape.

Scapa is a good society. Good luck and many active members to it!

There is urgent need of some method of rewarding naval officers who have won special distinction which shall not incidentally punish their fellow-officers who have been less lucky. At present, when a Clark, a Philip, or an Evans has a chance and makes the most of it, and is advanced several numbers, all that these worthy gentlemen gain is lost by their fellows over whom they are promoted, and whose only fault probably is that the fortunes of war denied them an opportunity equal to their merits. If the men who were passed kept their places there might be no cause for complaint. But they don't. They are put back just as much as their luckier brethren are put forward, their chances of getting high rank before retirement are proportionately lessened, and the rewards that the government orders are given at their expense.

The case of Captain Chester of the *Cincinnati* has been cited in illustration of this evil. He served on the blockade with leaky boilers as long as he dared, until finally, seeing no prospect of a fight, he slipped off to Norfolk for repairs. In his absence Cervera came out. The result is that his reward for faithful and arduous war service is likely to be the loss of five numbers, which probably means that he will be retired with the rank of captain instead of commodore, as would have happened if there had been no war. Officers who have this sort of luck don't like it. Officers whose promotion involves this sort of punishment for their fellows don't like it either, as witness the recent grumblings of Captain Philip at the injustice involved by his own advancement. The Navy Department is dissatisfied too, and it seems likely that when Congress comes to take action on the war promotions some way will be found of curing, or at least alleviating, these hardships.

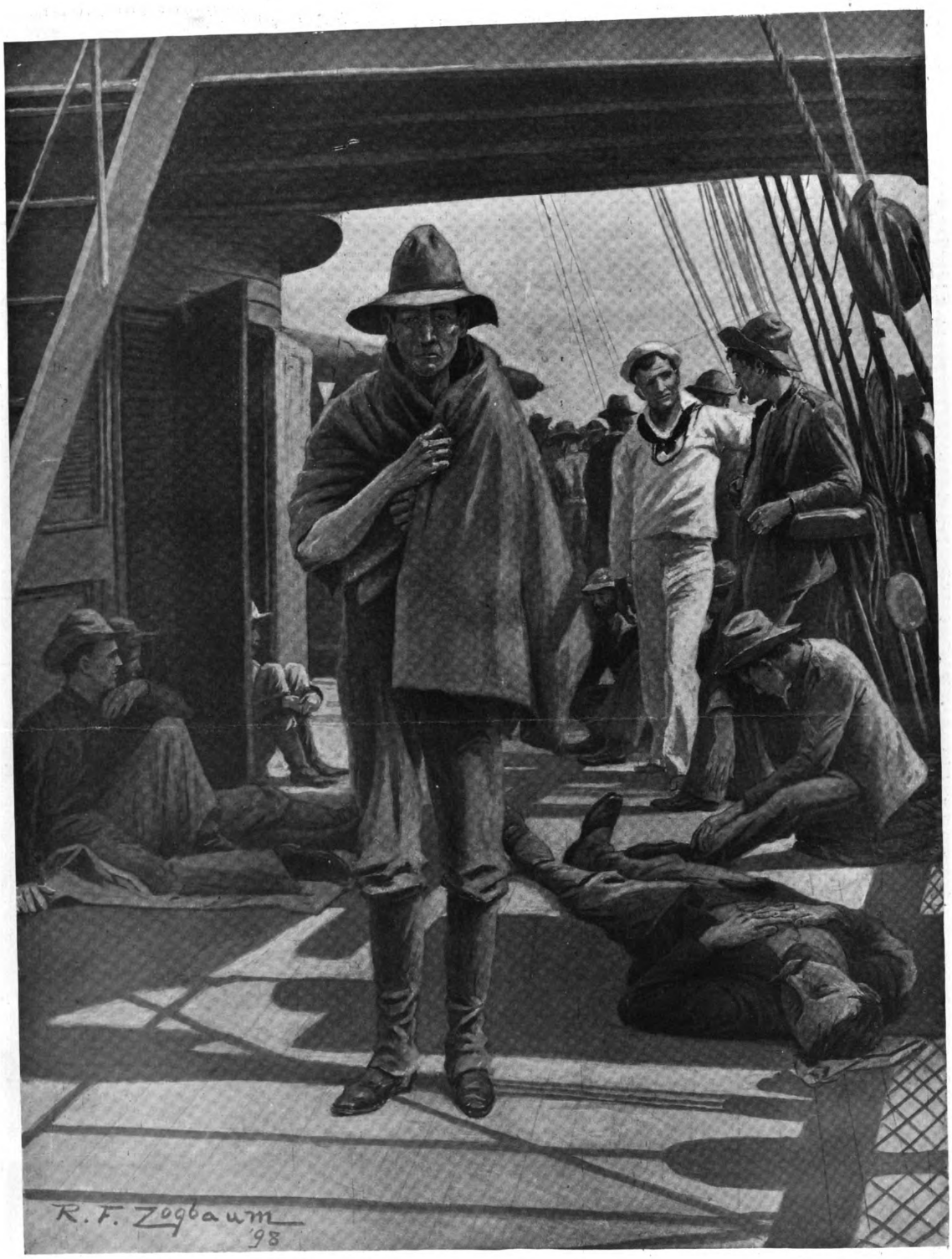
Mr. Hall Caine has come among us, doubtless for the excellent general reason that it is good to be here, but with some special errands besides. It is reported that he will speak in New York and Washington on the necessity of an Anglo-American alliance. Judging from the number of readers Mr. Caine has in this country, there are many Americans who will be glad to hear his views on that subject. He regards the suggested alliance as a factor of the greatest possible importance in promoting the world's peace. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is also in this country, is also interested in this subject, but though he is very competent to give information about it to hesitating Americans, it is not known that he will make it a subject of public discourse while he is here. He is very frank, however, in expressing his sentiments to the representatives of American newspapers.

Report says, though not very positively, that the new president of Brown University will be the Rev. Edward Judson, of the Judson Memorial Church, in Washington Square, New York. Dr. Judson is the son of Adoniram Judson, the famous Baptist missionary, and was born in Burmah about fifty-four years ago. He was graduated from Brown in 1865, and for a number of years was professor of Latin and modern languages in Madison University, at Hamilton, New York. Since 1875 he has been pastor of churches in or near New York.

Every Baptist college that wants a president nowadays seems disposed to arrange its bait so as to attract the favorable attention of Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell. The University of Rochester is supposed to have angled pretty hard for him, and his name has often been mentioned in connection with Brown. But Professor Wheeler is difficult, and is apparently indisposed to form new relations unless he is quite sure that they will be satisfactory. We are told that he "holds views of educational matters which are at variance with those accepted at Brown," and is therefore not under consideration by the powers of that institution. That may mean that, although himself a Baptist, he prefers colleges which are not too closely allied with any sect, though it is quite as likely that his belief in coeducation makes him unwilling to cast in his lot with any college which has not a saving infusion of girls.

E. S. MARTIN.

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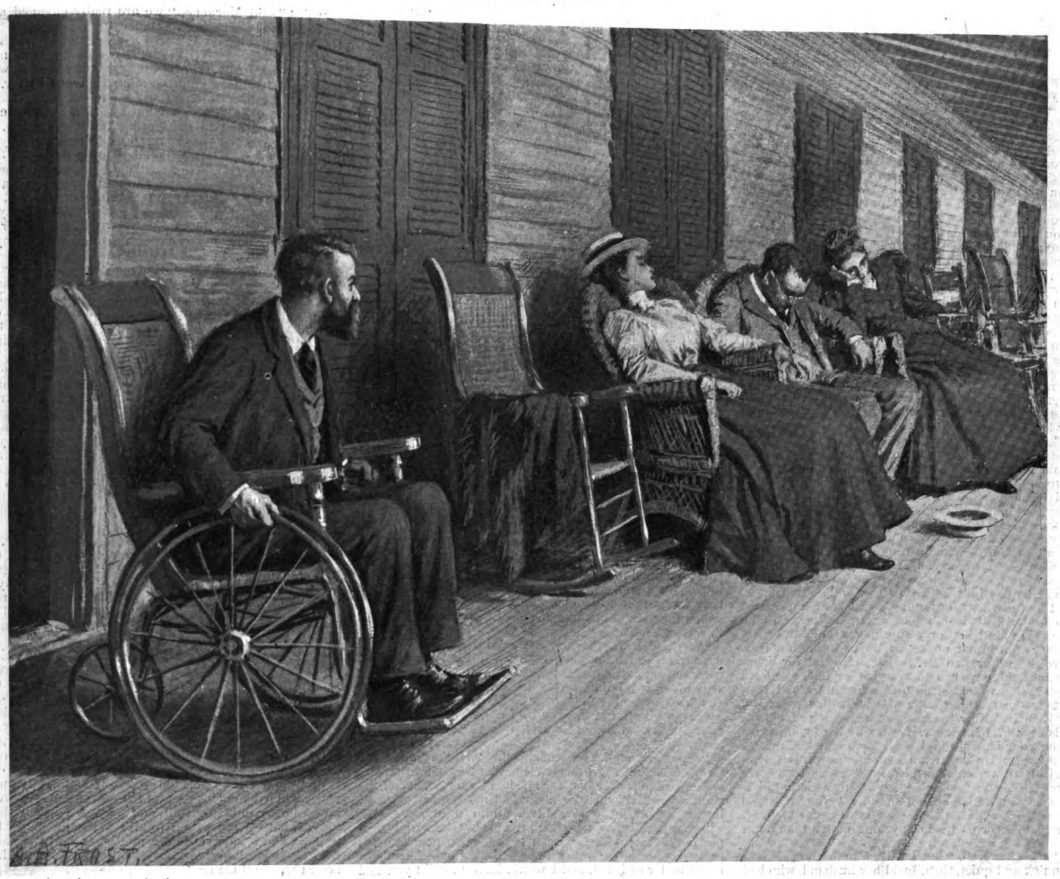



ON A HOMEWARD-BOUND TRANSPORT FROM CUBA.

Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum,

Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with the Fleet.

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

XXV.—A MOONLIGHT INTERVIEW.

MRS. ARCHIBALD retired to her cabin, but she did not feel in the least like going to bed. Her husband had long been asleep in his cot, and she still sat by the side of the little window looking out upon the moon-lighted scene; but the beauty of the night, if she noticed it at all, gave her no pleasure. Her mind was harassed and troubled by many things, chief among which was her husband's unfinished sentence in which he had said that he would try to avoid any unpleasantness, but at the same time had intimated that if the unpleasant thing were forced upon him he was ready to meet it.

Now, reason as she would, Mrs. Archibald could not banish from her mind the belief that Arthur Raybold would come to their camp sometime during the next day. In fact, not having heard otherwise, she supposed he had come to the camp fire that night. She was filled with anger and contempt for the young man who was determined to force himself on their party in this outrageous manner, and considered it shameful that their peaceful life in these woods had been so wickedly disturbed. No wonder she did not want to sleep, no wonder she sat at the window thinking and thinking.

Presently she saw some one walking over the open space toward the cabin, and she could not fail to recognize the figure with the long stride, the folded arms, and the bowed head. He passed the window and then he turned and repassed it, then he turned and walked by again, this time a little nearer than before.

"This is too much!" said Mrs. Archibald. "The next thing he will be tapping at her window. I will go out and speak my mind to him."

Opening the door very softly, and without even stopping to throw a shawl over her head and shoulders, Mrs. Archibald stepped outside into the night. Raybold was now at a little distance from the cabin, in the direction of Camp Roy, and was just about to turn when she hurried up to him.

"Mr. Raybold," she said, speaking low and rapidly, "if you possessed a spark of gentlemanly feeling you would be ashamed to come into this camp when you have been ordered out of it. My husband has told you he does not want you here, and now I tell you that I do not want you here. It pains me to be obliged to speak to any one in this manner, but it is plain that no other sort of speech will affect you. Now, sir, I know your object, and I will not have you wandering up and down here in front of our cabin. I wish you to go to your own camp, and that immediately."

Raybold stood and listened to her without a word until she had finished, and then he said:

"Madam, there has been a good deal of talk about knowing ourselves and showing ourselves to others. Now I know myself very well indeed, and I will show myself to you by saying that when my heart is interested I obey no orders, I pay no attention to mandates of any sort. Until I can say what I have to say I will watch and I will wait, but I shall not draw back."

For the first time in fifteen years Mrs. Archibald lost her temper. She turned pale with anger. "You contemptible scoundrel! Go! Leave this camp instantly!"

He stood with arms folded and smiled at her, saying nothing. She trembled, she was so angry. But what could she do? If she called Mr. Archibald, or if he should be awakened by any outcry, she feared there would be bloodshed, and if she went to call Matlack, Mr. Archibald would be sure to be awakened. But at this moment some one stepped up quickly behind Raybold, and with a hand upon his shoulder, partly turned him around.

"I think," said the bishop, "that I heard this lady tell you to go. If so, go."

"I did say it," said Mrs. Archibald, hurriedly. "Please be as quiet as you can, but make him go."

"Do you hear what Mrs. Archibald says?" asked the bishop, sternly. "Depart, or—"

"Do you mean to threaten me?" asked Raybold.

The bishop stepped close to him. "Will you go of your own accord," he said, "or do you wish me to take you away?"

He spoke quietly, but with an earnestness that impressed itself upon Raybold, who made a quick step backward. He felt a natural repugnance, especially in the presence of a lady, to be taken away by this big man, who, in the moonlight, seemed to be bigger than ever.

"I will speak to you," said he, "when there are no ladies present." And with this he retired.

"I am so much obliged to you," said Mrs. Archibald; "it was a wonderful piece of good fortune that you should have come at this minute."

The bishop smiled. "I am delighted that I happened here," he said. "I heard so much talking this evening that I thought I would tranquillize my mind by a quiet walk by myself before I went to bed, and so I happened to see you and Raybold. Of course I had no idea of intruding upon you, but when I saw you stretch out your arm and say 'Go!' I thought it was time for me to come."

"I feel bound to say to you," said Mrs. Archibald, "that that impertinent fellow is persisting in his attentions to Miss Dearborn, and that Mr. Archibald and I will not have it."

"I imagined that the discussion was on that subject," said the bishop, "for Mr. Clyde has intimated to me that Raybold has been making himself disagreeable to the young lady."

"I do not know what we are going to do," said Mrs. Archibald, reflectively; "there seems to be no way of making an impression upon him. He is like his sister—he will have his own way."

"Yes," said the bishop, with a sigh, "he is like his sister. But then one might thrash him, but what can be done with her? I tell you, Mrs. Archibald," he said, turning to her earnestly, "it is getting to be unbearable. This whole evening, ever since you left the camp fire, she has been talking to me on the subject of mental assimilation—that is, the treatment of our ideas and thoughts as if they were articles of food—intellectual soda biscuit, or plum pudding, for instance—in order to find out whether our minds can digest these things and produce from them the mental chyme and chyle necessary to our intellectual development. The discourse was fortunately broken off for to-night, but there is more of it for to-morrow. But I really cannot stand it."

"I wouldn't stand it," said Mrs. Archibald. "Can't you simply go away and leave her when she begins in that way?"

The bishop shook his head. "No," he said, "that is impossible. When those beautiful eyes are fixed upon me I cannot go away. They charm me and they hold me. Unless there is an interruption, I must stay and listen. The only safety for me is to fly from this camp. At last," he said, smiling a little sadly, "I am going to go. I did not want to do this until your camp broke up, but I must."

"And you are really going to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I have positively decided upon that."

"I am sorry to hear it," she said. "Good-night."

When Mrs. Archibald entered her cabin she found her husband sleeping soundly, and she again sat down by the window. There was no such thing as sleep for her; her mind was more tossed and troubled than it had been before she went out. The fact that the bishop was going away made the matter worse, for just as she had found out that he was willing to help her, and that he might be able to keep Raybold away from them without actual violence—for she saw that the young boaster was afraid of him—he had told her he must leave; and in her heart she did not blame him. With great fear and anxiety she looked forward to the morrow.

It was about two o'clock when Mrs. Archibald suddenly arose from her seat by the window and lighted a candle. Then she pulled down the shades of the windows, front and back, after which she went to her husband's cot and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Hector," said she, "wake up."

In a moment Mr. Archibald was staring at her. "What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Are you sick?"

"No," said she, "but I have something very important to say to you. I want you to get up and go away with me, and take Margery."

Mr. Archibald sat up in bed. He was now in full pos-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

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session of his senses. "What!" said he, "elope? And where to?"

"Yes," said she, "that is exactly what I mean, and we will go to Sadler's first, and then home."

"Do you mean now?" said he.

"Yes—that is, as soon as it is light," she replied.

"Are you positively sure you are awake, Harriet?" asked Mr. Archibald.

"Awake!" she said. "I have not been asleep to-night. Don't you see I am dressed?" And she drew a chair to the bedside and sat down. "I know more about what is going on than you do, Hector," she said, "and I tell you if we stay any longer in this camp, there is going to be great trouble. That young Raybold pays no attention to what you said about keeping away from us. He comes here when he pleases, and he says he intends to come. I asked you to take a walk with me this evening because I saw him coming to the camp fire and I knew that you would resent it. To-night I saw him walking up and down in front of our cabin, and I believe he intended to try to speak to Margery. I went out to him myself, and he was positively insulting. If the bishop had not happened to come up, I believe he would have staid here and defied me. But he made him go. And now that you know this, Hector, there is bound to be trouble between you and that young man, and I do not want that. And, besides that, there is his sister; she is as determined to preach as he is to speak to Margery. The bishop says he can't stand her any longer, and he is going away to-morrow, and that will make it all the worse for us—especially for you, Hector. I cannot endure this state of things; it has made me so nervous I cannot get to sleep; and, besides, it is not right for us to keep Margery where she must be continually guarded from such a man. Now it may seem foolish to run away, but I have thought over the matter for hours and hours, and it is the only thing to do; and what is more, it is very easy to do. If we announce that we are going, we will all go, and the chief cause of quarrels and danger will go with us. I know you, Hector; you will not stand his impertinence.

"It will be daylight between three and four o'clock, and we three can start out quietly and have a pleasant walk to Sadler's. It is only four miles, and we can take our time. We need not carry anything with us but what we choose to put in our pockets. We can pack our bags and leave them here, and Mr. Sadler will send for them. When we get there we can go to bed if we like, and have time enough for a good sleep before breakfast, and then we can take the morning stage and leave this place and everybody in it. Now please don't be hasty and tell me all this is foolish. Remember, if you stay here you have a quarrel on your hands, and I shall have hours of misery until that quarrel is settled; and no matter how it is settled, things will be disagreeable afterwards."

"Harriet," said Mr. Archibald, suddenly twisting himself so that he sat on the side of the bed, "your idea is a most admirable one. It suits me exactly. Let us run away. It is impossible for us to do anything better than that. Have you told Margery?"

"No," she answered, "but I will go to her now."

"Be quick and quiet, then," said her husband, who had now entered fully into the spirit of the adventure; "nobody must hear us. I will dress, and then we will pack."

"Margery," said Mrs. Archibald, after three times shaking the sleeping girl, "you must get up. Your uncle and I are going away, and you must go with us."

Margery turned her great eyes on Mrs. Archibald, but asked no questions.

"Yes," said Mrs. Archibald; "we cannot stay in this camp any longer, on account of Mr. Raybold and various other things. Matters have come to a crisis, and we must go; and more than that, we must slip away so that the others may not go with us."

"When?" asked Margery, now speaking for the first time.

"As soon as it is daylight."

"So soon as that?" said the girl, a shadow on her brow which was very plain in the light of the candle which Mrs. Archibald had brought with her. "Surely not before breakfast?"

"Margery," said Mrs. Archibald, a little sharply, "you do not seem to understand—you are not awake; we must start as soon as it is light. But we cannot discuss it now. We are going, and you must go with us. You must get up and pack your things in your bag, which we shall send for."

Suddenly a light came into Margery's eyes and she sat up. "All right," said she; "I will be ready as soon as you are. It will be jolly to run away, especially so early in the morning," and with that she jumped out of bed.

### XXVI.—AN ELOPEMENT.

A LITTLE more than an hour after Mrs. Archibald had made known her project to her husband the three inhabitants of the cabin stole softly out into the delicate light of the early dawn.

Mr. Archibald had thought of leaving a note for Matlack, but his wife had dissuaded him. She was afraid that the wrong person might get hold of it.

"When we are safely at Sadler's," she said, "we can send for our bags, with a note to Matlack. It will not matter then who knows." She had a firm belief in the power of the burly keeper of the inn to prevent trouble on his premises.

With careful but rapid steps the little party passed along the open portion of the camp, keeping as far as possible from the tent wherein reposed Corona and Mrs. Perkenpine, and soon reached the entrance of the wood road. Here it was not quite so light as in the open, but still they could make their way without much trouble, and after a few minutes' walking they felt perfectly safe from observation, and slackening their pace, they sauntered along at their ease.

The experience was a novel one to all of them; even Mr. Archibald had never been in the woods so early in the morning. In fact, under these great trees it could scarcely be said to be morning. The young light which made its uncertain way through the foliage was hardly strong enough to cast a shadow, and although these woodland wanderers knew that there was a roadway in which they were walking, that great trees stood by on each side of them, with the branches thrust out over their heads, and that there were bushes and vines and here and there a moss-covered rock or a fallen tree, they saw these things not clearly and distinctly, but as through a veil. But there was nothing uncertain about the air they breathed; full of the moist aroma of the woods, it was altogether different from the noonday odors of the forest.

Stronger and stronger grew the morning light, and more and more clearly perceptible became the greens, the browns, and the grays about them. Now the birds began to chatter and chirp, and squirrels ran along the branches of the trees, while a young rabbit bounced out from some bushes and went bounding along the road. This early morning life was something they had not seen in their camp, for it was all over before they began their day. There was a spring by the road-side, which they had noticed when they had come that way before, and when they reached it they sat down and ate some biscuit which Mrs. Archibald had brought with her, and drank cool water from Mr. Archibald's folding pocket-cup.

The loveliness of the scene, the novelty of the experience, the feeling that they were getting away from unpleasant circumstances, and in a perfectly original and independent fashion, gave them all high spirits. Even Mrs. Archibald, whose sleepless night might have been supposed to interfere with this morning walk, declared herself as fresh as a lark, and stated that she knew now why a lark or any other thing that got up early in the morning should be fresh.

They had not left the spring far behind them when they heard a rustling in the woods to the right of the road, and the next moment there sprang out into the open, not fifty feet in front of them, a full-grown red deer. They were so startled by this apparition that they all stopped as if the beautiful creature had been a lion in their path. For an instant it turned its great brown eyes upon them, and then with two bounds it plunged into the underbrush on the other side of the road. Mrs. Archibald and Margery had never before seen a deer in the woods.

The young girl clapped her hands. "It all reminds me of my first night at the opera," she cried.

Two or three times they rested, and they never walked rapidly, so that it was after five o'clock when the little party emerged into the open country and approached the inn. Not a soul was visible about the premises, but as they knew that some one would soon be stirring, they seated themselves in three arm-chairs on the wide piazza to rest and wait.

Peter Sadler was an early riser, and when the front hall door was open he appeared thereat, rolling his wheeled chair out upon the piazza with a bump—though not with very much of a bump, for the house was built to suit him and his chair. He did not take his usual morning roll upon the piazza, for, turning his head, he beheld a gentleman and two ladies fast asleep in three great wicker chairs.

"Upon my soul!" he exclaimed. "If they ain't the Camp Robbers!" At this exclamation they all awoke.

Ten minutes after that the tale had been told, and if the right arm of Mr. Sadler's chair had not been strong and heavy it would have been shivered into splinters.

"As usual," cried the stalwart Peter, "the wrong people run away. If I had seen that bicycle man and his party come running out of the woods, I should have been much better satisfied, and I would have thought you had more spirit in you, sir, than I gave you credit for."

"Oh, you mistake my husband altogether," cried Mrs. Archibald. "The trouble with him is that he has too much spirit, and that is the reason I brought him away."

"And there is another thing," exclaimed Margery. "You should not say Mr. Raybold and his party. He was the only one of them who behaved badly."

"That is true," said Mrs. Archibald. "His sister is somewhat obtrusive, but she is a lady, gentle and polite, and it would have been very painful to her and as painful to us had it been necessary to forcibly eject her brother from our camp. It was to avoid all this that we—"

"Eloped," interjected Mr. Archibald.

The good Peter laughed. "Perhaps you are right," said he. "But I shall have a word with that bicycle fellow when he comes this way. You are an original party, if there ever was one. First you go on somebody else's wedding-journey, and then you elope in the middle of the night, and now the best thing you can do is to go to bed. You can have a good sleep and a nine-o'clock breakfast, and I do not see why you should leave here for two or three days."

"Oh, we must go this morning," said Mrs. Archibald, quickly. "We must go. We really cannot wait until any of those people come here. It makes me nervous to think about it."

"Very good, then," said Peter. "The coach starts for the train at eleven."

Mrs. Archibald was a systematic woman, and was in the habit of rising at half past seven, and when that hour arrived she awoke as if she had been asleep all night. Going to the window to see what sort of a day it was, which was also her custom, she looked out upon the lawn in front of the house, and her jaw dropped and her eyes opened. There she beheld Margery and Mr. Clyde strolling along in close converse. For a moment she was utterly stupefied.

"What can this mean?" she thought. "How could they have missed us so soon? We are seldom out of our cabin before eight o'clock. I cannot comprehend it!" And then a thought came to her which made her face grow pale. "Is it possible," she said to herself, "that any of the others have come? I must go immediately and find out."

In ten minutes she had dressed and quietly left the room.

When Margery saw Mrs. Archibald descending the piazza steps, she left Mr. Clyde and came running to meet her.

"I expect you are surprised to see him here," she said, "but I intended to tell you and Uncle Archibald as soon as you came down. You see, I did not at all want to go away and not let Mr. Clyde know what had become of me, and so, after I had packed my bag, I wrote a little note to him and put it in a biscuit-box under a stone not far from my window, which we had arranged for a post-office just the day before."

"A post-office!" cried Mrs. Archibald.

"Yes," said Margery. "Of course there wasn't any need for one—at least we did not suppose there would be—but we thought it would be nice; for, you know, we are engaged."

"What!" cried Mrs. Archibald. "Engaged? Impossible! What are you talking about?"

"Yes," said Margery, "we are really engaged, and it was absolutely necessary. Under ordinary circumstances this would not have happened so soon, but as things were it could not be delayed. Mr. Clyde thought the matter over very carefully, and he decided that the only way to keep me from being annoyed and frightened by Mr. Raybold was for him to have the right to defend me. If he would put an end to that young man's attentions. We were only engaged yesterday, so we haven't had any time to tell anybody, but we intended to do it to-day, beginning with you and Uncle Archibald. Harrison came over early to the post-office, hoping to find some sort of a note, and he was wonderfully astonished when he read what was in the one I put there. I told him not to say anything to anybody, and he didn't, but started off for Sadler's immediately, and came almost on a run, he says, he was so afraid I might go away before he saw me."

"Margery," exclaimed the elder lady, tears coming into her eyes as she spoke, "I am grieved and shocked beyond expression. What can I say to my husband? What can I say to your mother? From the bottom of my heart I wish we had not brought you with us; but how could I dream that all this trouble would come of it?"

"It is indeed a very great pity," said Margery, "that Mr. Clyde and I could not have been engaged before we went into camp; then Mr. Raybold would have had no reason to bother me, and I should have had no trouble with Martin."

"Martin!" cried Mrs. Archibald. "What of him?"

"Oh, he was in love with me too," replied the young girl, "and we had talks about it, and I sent him away. He was really a young man far above his station, and was doing the things he did simply because he wanted to study nature; but of course I could not consider him at all."

"And that was the reason he left us!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald. "Upon my word, it is amazing!"

"Yes," said Margery; "and now don't you see, Aunt Harriet, how many reasons there were why Mr. Clyde and I should settle things definitely and become engaged? Now there need be no further trouble with anybody."

Distressed as she was, Mrs. Archibald could not refrain from smiling. "No further trouble!" she said. "I think you would better wait until Mr. Archibald and your mother have heard this story before you say that."

Mr. Archibald was dressing for breakfast when his wife told him of Margery's engagement, and the announcement caused him to twirl around so suddenly that he came very near breaking a looking-glass with his hair-brush. He made a dash for his coat. "I will see him," he said, and his eyes sparkled in a way which indicated that they could discover a malefactor without the aid of spectacles.

"Stop!" said his wife, standing in his way. "Don't go to them when you are angry. We have just got out of trouble, and don't let us jump into it again. If they are really and truly engaged—and I am sure they are—we have no authority to break it off, and the less you say the better. What we must do is to take her immediately to her mother, and let her settle the matter as best she can. If she knows her daughter as well as I do, I am sure she will acquit us of all blame."

Mr. Archibald was very indignant and said a great deal, but his wife was firm in her counsel to avoid any hard words or bad feeling in a matter over which they had now no control.

"Well," said he at last, "I will pass over the whole affair to Mrs. Dearborn, but I hope I may eat my breakfast without seeing them. Whatever happens, I need a good meal."

When Mr. Archibald came out of the breakfast-room, his mind considerably composed by hot rolls and coffee, he met Margery in the hall.

"Dear Uncle Archibald," she exclaimed, "I have been waiting and waiting for you. I hope you are not angry. Please be as kind to us as you can, and remember, it was just the same with us as it was with you and Aunt Harriet. You would not have run away from the camp in the middle of the night if you could have helped it, and we should not have been engaged so suddenly if we could have helped it. But we all had to do what we did on account of the conduct of others; and as it is settled now, I think we ought all try to be as happy as we can, and forget our troubles. Here is Harrison, and he and I both pray from the bottom of our hearts that you will shake hands with him. I know you always liked him, for you have said so. And now we are both going to mother to tell her all about it."

"Both?" said Mr. Archibald.

"Yes," said Margery; "we must go together, otherwise mother would know nothing about him, and I should be talking to no purpose. But we are going to do everything frankly and openly and go straight to her, and put our happiness in her hands."

Mr. Archibald looked at her steadfastly. "Such ingenuousness," he said, presently, "is overpowering. Mr. Clyde, how do you do? Do you think it is going to be a fine day?"

The young man smiled. "I think it is going to be a fine lifetime," said he.

The party was gathered together on the piazza, ready to take the coach. The baggage had arrived from the camp in a cart; but Phil Matlack had not come with it, as he remained to take down his tent and settle affairs generally. They were all sorry not to see him again, for he had proved himself a good man and a good guide; but when grown-up married people elope before daybreak something must be expected to go wrong. Hearty and substantial remembrances were left for him, and kind words of farewell for the bishop, and even for Miss Corona when she should appear.

Peter Sadler was loath to part with his guests. "You are more interesting now than ever you were," he said; "and I want to hear all about that hermit business; you've just barely mentioned it."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Archibald, with a solemn visage, "sooner or later Miss Corona Raybold will present herself at this inn on her way home. If you want to know anything about her plan to assist human beings to assert their individualities, it will only be necessary to mention the fact to her."

"Good-by, then," said Peter, shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald. "I don't know what out-of-the-way thing you two will do next, but, whatever it is, I hope it will bring you here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# HOW WE TOOK WAKE ISLAND.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON BOARD THE "CHINA" IN MANILA HARBOR, *July 17.*

On the deck beneath the awning
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning
Ere yet the sun arose.

IT was so hot below that the mattress burned, and we shouldered our bedding and went on deck, where, side by side, we lay, covering the deck like mounds in a graveyard, and watched the lazy swell of the polished sea as the sun came up through muslin puffs of clouds. Slowly the days dragged out their dull monotony. Even drills and sanitary inspections became monotonous in the long run, and yet how many interesting things there are on board! Go down into the sticky hold, where boxes of the commissary lie. There is everything from tin basins and tooth-brushes to bacon and beans—provisions for 3500 men for six months, each day's rations for one man weighing about four pounds, a total of 2,520,000 pounds of regular rations alone in our four ships; one thousand rounds of ammunition per man, or 3,500,000 rounds in all. And then up on deck again to watch the men—"my men," says the old gray-haired captain of regulars, who has been a lieutenant for twenty-one years and knows his tactics and army regulations by heart, and, when any doubtful point comes up, is always consulted. "The boys," says the beardless young captain who is out on an adventurous lark, and has made up his mind to fight when the time comes and let the rest slide. He volunteered to fight for his country, and not to be ordered about, he thinks. Oh, my son, what is order and discipline for but to hold men together when the bullets whistle and the bravest man thinks of home? The old gray-haired captain seems to you cold and unpatriotic, but he has had his baptism of fire in the war of the rebellion. He knows what it means, and he will give his orders in the same cool tone when fire chills the heart of all. After days of observation the conclusion forces itself upon one that these particular volunteers of the rank



RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON WAKE ISLAND.
General F. V. Greene and Part of Landing Party, July 4, 1898.
Photograph by John F. Bass.

and file are particularly fine volunteers, that their officers are particularly good fellows among good fellows, but that the National Guard system has spoiled them for many months for soldiers.

It is easier to teach a man who knows nothing about the subject how to play the violin than to teach a man who has learned the wrong way, and so it is a mighty hard job to make the social officer of peace-times into a military officer of war-times. It is rather a sad state of things to contemplate, for if we are going into the war business, many a good fellow will pay with his life for the faults of our system! But this is looking into the future, and does not immediately concern our jovial party. All that can be said is that if we ever fight a man of our own size, we will change our methods.

The Fourth of July brought a change, and with the peep of dawn we, nearest of all Americans to the 190th degree of longitude, had the honor, in all probability, of beginning the celebration. Where they came from I do not know, but a few fire-crackers were fired before the officer of the day put an end to this innocent but dangerous amusement.

Down on the horizon a long white line pops up, and the shouts of "Land! land!" break from our ship-weary hearts.

"Wake Island, a coral atoll 19° 11' north, by 166° 33' east," shouts down the captain from the bridge. As we draw near, two open boats are lowered, and General Greene celebrates the Fourth in earnest by raising the American flag on the island. A dreary sun-beaten spot we find it, glistening with white coral and shells, and covered with a sickly growth of low shrubs. This barren waste stretches along for twenty miles. An oblong lagoon, cut from the sea by shallow reefs, over which the waves constantly break, eats its way into the heart of the island. Perhaps this heretofore unclaimed island may some day be used as a telegraph post, or even a coaling station. It lies well on the way to Manila, and therefore has been visited only by a few exploring expeditions and unfortunate castaways. Leaving the stars and stripes to be torn to pieces by indignant gulls, who in flocks fearlessly swept down upon us and pecked at our hats, we returned to the *China*.

We are off again, and as the island gradually fades from sight we examine the queer fish of variegated colors and the six-foot shark the soldiers caught from the ship's side while they waited. Then we turn in to our holiday dinner, and in the afternoon we assemble, and General Greene tells us the soldier's duty in the great and new enterprise into which the United States is entering for the first time—"discipline and obedience, without which an army is only a mob rushing to its own destruction."

ADDRESS BY GENERAL F. V. GREENE
ON STEAMSHIP "CHINA," SECOND PHILIPPINE EXPEDITION.

PACIFIC OCEAN, LONGITUDE 166° EAST, LATITUDE 19° NORTH.
JULY 4, 1898.

*Fellow-Soldiers and Comrades,*—When Thomas Jefferson wrote the immortal words which you have just heard read, he little dreamed that one hundred and twenty-two years later they would be read in the middle of the Pacific Ocean to an expedition of American soldiers bound to the conquest of a group of islands off the coast of China. Yet the vigor with which Jefferson acted in acquiring Louisiana proves that, were he alive to-day, he would be the first to seize the opportunities which Admiral Dewey's glorious victory in Manila Bay has placed within our grasp; in Jefferson's mind there would be no hesitation as to our duty to hold the Philippines and accept the destiny which has been suddenly thrust upon us.

The Declaration of Independence was a declaration of human rights which at that time were not acknowledged by any government in the world. We gained those rights by our success in the war of the Revolution, and we have enjoyed them for so many generations that we have come to look upon them as a mere matter of course—like the air we breathe or the water we drink. But there are on the earth to-day people to whom such rights as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are unknown. They dream of them as the hope of the future. And it would seem as if it were to be the destiny of the United States, under the guidance of Providence, to bestow upon these less-favored people some measure of those blessings which we have so long enjoyed; to use the vast wealth and power and resources which we have created during four generations of freedom in putting an end to cruelty, oppression, and misgovernment. Some people call this quixotic, and say it is a needless meddling in other people's affairs. But that which buildeth up a nation is not money nor power, but self-sacrifice, devotion to duty, righteousness. And the time has indeed come for us Americans to turn our thoughts from mere material gain to those higher conceptions by which alone man is ennobled and nations are made permanently great.

It was natural and inevitable that in thus righting wrong we should be brought into controversy with Spain, which is the most cruel, vindictive, and treacherous among civilized nations. Some of the colonies which she lost in years gone by, and some which until now she has retained, lie close to our own land, and we were thus familiar with what took place upon them. We remonstrated in vain with her concerning their misgovernment, until nothing remained but to employ force to put a stop to her misdeeds. Upon this mission we are now engaged.

These are the principles upon which this war is waged. It was our privilege as American citizens to consider and pass judgment upon them. Having done so, and having decided to engage as soldiers and thus become the instruments by which these great ends are to be accomplished, it is now incumbent upon us to give our whole thought to our military duties. And the first of these is obedience. The oath which we have taken is to serve the United States and obey the orders of the officers placed over us. This oath is equally binding upon every one in the military service, from the highest major-general to the newest recruit. Each in turn, according to his rank, receives orders from those over him and gives orders to those under him; and upon all rests the same obligation of obedience without question and without hesitation. And upon those who give orders rests the further obligation to see to it that the orders which they give are judicious and proper.

I say then to you, officers, study carefully the needs and requirements of your men; watch constantly everything that concerns their health and welfare—their food, their clothing, their sleeping, their amusements. Do everything that circumstances permit to diminish their hardships and add to their comfort and happiness. And having done this, exact from them at all times prompt and willing obedience.

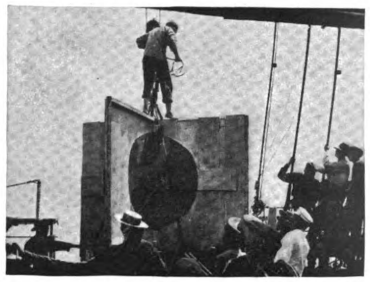
And to you, men, I say, trust your officers, confide in their judgment, and not only obey their orders, but follow their advice and suggestions. In that way only can be established that bond of mutual confidence and support between officers and men without which an army is merely a mob rushing blindly to its own destruction.

War is a serious business. Only those who have seen it can realize what it will be like when we get really into the midst of it. But it brings forth the noblest qualities with which man is endowed—courage, devotion, self-sacrifice. To those who survive, the memory of its hardships and dangers will ever bring a feeling of pride which no other acts of a man's life can produce. And those who fall will have the eternal satisfaction of knowing that by their death they have contributed to the accomplishment of a great result.

Let us go onward, then, to our duty, come what may, in a just cause, confidently relying on the gratitude of our fellow-men, the approval of our own consciences, and the blessing of Almighty God.

On the 5th of July our merry party was saddened by the first and only death on the *China*.

A Spanish gunboat loose about somewhere in the Pacific was seen by the captain of the *Belgic*, and reported to us at Honolulu. Then it did not seem serious to us, but now that we approach the region of supposed danger, every one begins to feel uneasy. General Greene decides that we need some practice in self-defence. We tie our field-pieces to the deck, and Captain Grant, at the head of the Utah battery, the best trained volunteer troops on board, goes at it. The shells pound the water about the little floating target at a three-mile range down to fifteen hundred yards. Nearly every shot goes near enough to hit the side of a gunboat, if the target were one. Next in turn come the infantry, and as the good ship *China*



HOISTING TARGET OVERBOARD FROM TRANSPORT "CHINA."
Photograph by John F. Bass.

turns and twists to give everybody a chance, the cracking of rifle-fire runs fore and aft. It was a good day's work, though somewhat noisy; and considering the bob of the ship, the marksmanship was excellent. At last, with the long shrill whistle of the *China*, the firing was stopped.

Some of the interesting things on board are the schools where one may learn the art of soldiery. Among the engineers one learns how to draw a map, but principally about United States tactics. A study of the latter under the tutorship of an experienced officer in regular service leads one to remember the remark of a veteran Irish captain, who, when asked by his colonel some catch question out of the "tactics," remarked, "Sir, I am neither a monkey or a poll-parrot, but when me leg is in the saddle me brain is pregnant with ideas."

Our tactics have nothing to do with the actual experience of modern warfare, but remain unchanged, regardless of the fact that all the great powers of Europe change their tactics as the experiments of their officers develop the theory of war. So it happens that our soldiers will go into a fight with the same battle formation as that of Persia.

At Guam Island we expected to meet one of the American gunboats sent out to join us. The absence of our expected convoy caused uneasiness, which finally ended about midnight in a scare. Like the rush of water through an open lock the rumor spread through the ship that a Spanish gunboat was sighted off our starboard bow. I rushed up the companionway, and as I passed between the decks a tall lanky volunteer stuck his head through a door and called out in a hoarse whisper, "Cheese it, we're pinched!" Could it be that I was not on the Pacific, but really on the Bowery? However, we met no Spanish gunboat, and steamed safely and jubilantly into the Bay of Manila and up alongside of our brave little fleet at Cavité. The tars gave us a roaring cheer, which we answered with a will, and a few of us who did not wear uniforms jumped into boats and put for the shore.

Cavité seemed to us a paradise indeed, with its great shade trees, its quaint buildings, and the very little natives, with very little clothing, who crowded curiously about. It would take about five able-bodied Filipinos to make one Jimmy Green, of Troy, New York; and yet the quartermaster assures me that five of these thin dwarfs will do as much work as twenty-five of our brawny soldiers. From what I have seen of them, I should say that the native, when he does work, keeps at it with remarkable persistence.

There are many South Sea bubbles, in the shape of imaginary evils that have been told about this place, that need exploding. Mothers at home need not fear for the health of their sons, for the weather is not unbearably hot, and the health of the first expedition is excellent so far.

Yesterday Lieutenant Lazelle of the Eighteenth Infantry, who died on the *Colon*, was buried in the old fort. A more appropriate grave for a soldier could not well be imagined. Overlooking the sea, in a space one hundred yards square, surrounded with ancient battered walls, with old dismounted guns and cannon-balls lying about, the grave was dug. Native men, women, and children in rags of variegated hues crowded the walls. Slowly, with muffled beat of drums, the funeral passed in through the old stone gate. The officers crowded close about the grave, feeling, over their first dead among these strange surroundings, the strong need of standing side by side. Three volleys, and then the trumpeter steps to the open grave and blows for the last time "taps" for his officer.

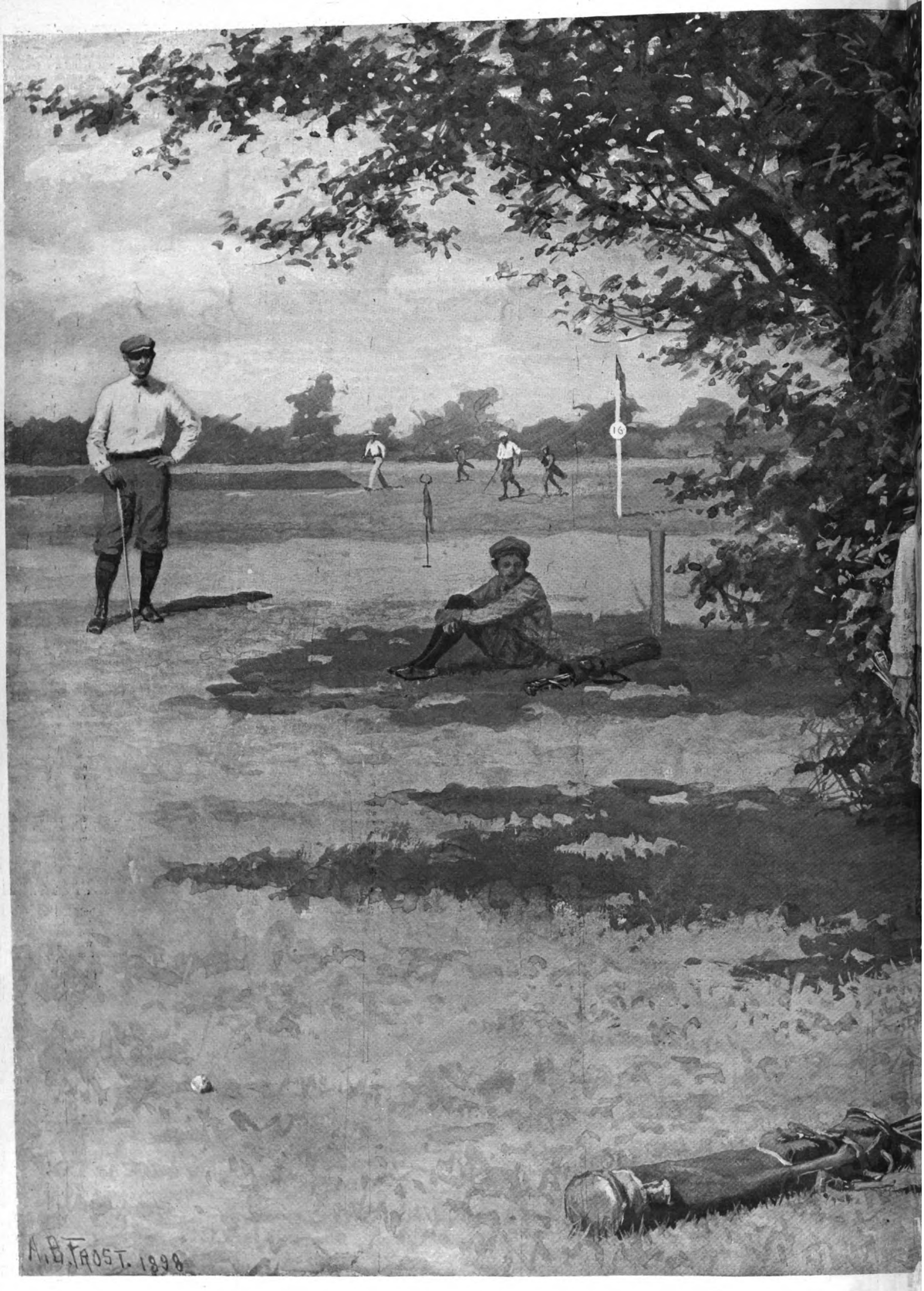
Tight about the city of Manila binds the line of insurgents, burrowing forward from trench to trench with antlike perseverance. The fighting is said to be at long range, neither side taking any chances, and both sides generally firing wide of the mark, although yesterday I saw a number of insurgents brought in fatally wounded. I have been told that the Spaniards fire their big eight-inch guns at the insurgents' pickets. At any rate, from the little effect produced and the incessant rattle of musketry, I should judge there was an enormous waste of good ammunition.

JOHN F. BASS.



LANDING PARTY UNDER GENERAL GREENE WHICH HOISTED THE AMERICAN FLAG ON WAKE ISLAND JULY 4, 1898.
Photograph by John F. Bass.

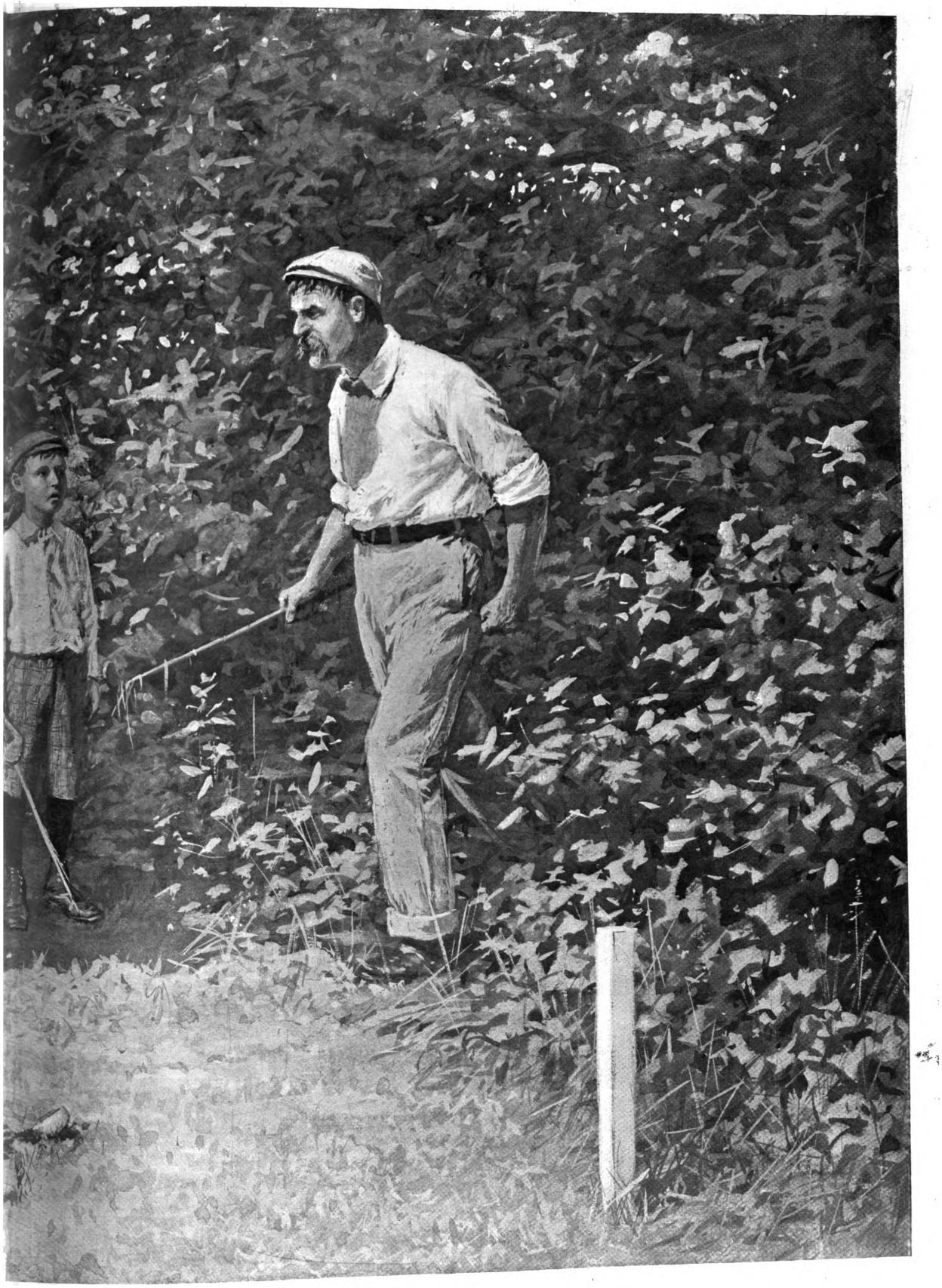
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"I'VE PLAYE

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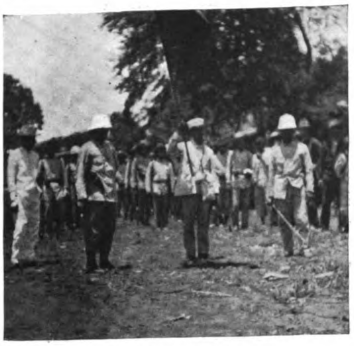
) THIRTEEN!"

A. B. Frost.

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INSURGENT COLORS.
Photograph by John F. Bass.

# FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Cavité, Philippine Islands, *July 16.*

For two or three days the firing along the Spanish lines south of Manila had been more than usually heavy. The big guns had been roaring all day as well as most of the night, and reports of all sorts filled the air of the successes of the insurgents. It seemed certain that the Filipinos were driving the Spaniards back constantly, and most of the special correspondents here cabled that as a fact to their newspapers. Then one morning several of us started out together to go to the front and find out just what had been done.

The first obstacle in the way of going to the front is young Mr. Legardo, secretary to General Aguinaldo. Mr. Legardo is a very soft-voiced young man, with a tired *blasé* air, which makes one doubt that he would look around if some one fired a gun just behind his back. Colonel Legardo's principal business seems to be keeping persons from getting what they want. He speaks English very well, with a delicate ladylike manner, and he contrives very skilfully to convey the impression that if his caller only would go away he would begin to catch up his much needed sleep at once. But Colonel Legardo is not sleepy, and somewhere behind the expressionless mask of his face he carries a very lively wit. The information one gets from him is likely to be less than that given in return. They say that an American Indian is never surprised. But no American Indian ever saw Legardo. We went to Legardo for passes to the front. Legardo was curious about the American operations in Cuba. We said 27,000 soldiers had been landed at Santiago de Cuba. "When did you take it?" asked Legardo, with the air of one who regretted that politeness forced him to ask the question. However, at the last we prevailed, and acquired some letters written in the native language, and signed by Don Emilio himself. These letters commanded his faithful followers to permit us to go where we pleased, to guard us well from harm, and, if we were hungry, to feed us.

It was at Parañaque, five or six miles south of Manila, that we presented the passes to General Mariano Noriel, in command of the *Primera Zona de Manila*. Noriel is a bullet-headed young man, with more stolidity and solidity than energy. He is a believer in the philosophy of making the "most of what we yet may spend before we too into the dust descend." Lieutenant-Colonel Juan Cailles, Secundo Gabo in the first zone, who was with Noriel, is the active leader in the zone. A slender serious-eyed young man of great energy, with an air of businesslike determination about him, and a tremendous conviction of the wrongs of his people, and an all-absorbing hatred of the Spanish. Noriel and Cailles offered at once to go to the front with us and we were in great good-humor at the prospect. But we found out that there are other methods of delay than those employed by Legardo. Hospitality is a terrible time-consumer. General Noriel could not think of letting us start to the front without some refreshment, so away we went through half of Parañaque, to the house of a friend of the commander, where soup, it was announced, would be served at once. We sat down to wait, and passed the time by exhibiting our revolvers to the Filipinos. Noriel examined them curiously and with a laugh. Cailles would have taken them to pieces. He wanted to know their make, their cost, and their effectiveness. The new hammerless revolver made his black eyes sparkle with delight. He showed his own old horse-pistol, loaded with cartridges of four different makes, and if hospitality had permitted he would have offered to trade or buy. Little as these fellows have, they would give $50 for one of our revolvers and think themselves fortunate in the bargain.

Soup was served at last; the men sat down at the table, and the women stood around the room and looked on. Noriel made jokes about the rain and took a lesson in English. Cailles was silent or talked of the fighting capabilities of his people and the Spaniards. It made one wonder why Cailles was not the general, and Noriel the commissary; but the Filipinos have no commissariat, and need one.

Soup exhausted the bill of fare, but Noriel had a means of delay in reserve. As we buckled on our revolvers and canteens again, he announced that we must see a cock-fight before we went on. Every Filipino keeps a game-cock, and he sent out at once for several. They came at last, and the battle was fought in the street beneath the windows. They called one cock a Filipino, and offered fabulous bets on him, and laughed and cheered when he killed the antagonist they had dubbed Spanish, in less than half a minute. Noriel cheered the winner. Cailles showed us how the Filipinos fight with sword and bolo, using the long blade right-handed for guard, and the short one left-handed for killing.

Then the carromattas came, loose-jointed, tough-springed, stout-axled two-wheeled carts—a cross between a liver-regulator and a jaunting-car. Little scraps of ponies, eight hands high and half a thousand pounds in weight, dragged us, two in each crazy cart, at a bone-cracking speed over roads full of mud and ruts, three miles and a half to Priseda, Noriel's headquarters in the field. The ride had restored Noriel's appetite, and he must have dinner before we could proceed. So, while we questioned a Spanish deserter who had come in the day before, Noriel sent an aide to warn some friend to prepare a feast. The Spaniard told a long story, the burden of which was that Manila was in desperate straits, and that the Germans were helping the Spaniards in many ways. But all that we knew.

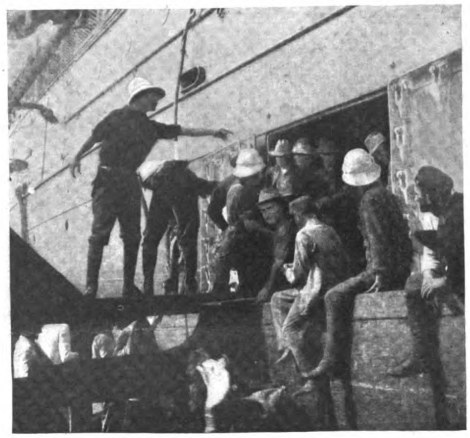
At last dinner was announced, and we hurried to the house, for the afternoon was drawing on toward its half-way mark, and the front was yet a long way in the front. This time it was a full meal—meat with garlic, garlic with chickens, liver and garlic, and rice with cocoanut oil, all scooped out on our plates by the deft fingers of a woman who served the meal. It came to an end at last, and we got back to headquarters. Then Noriel announced that, after all, it was too dangerous to go to the front. The Americans might get hurt, and that would lead to unpleasant complications. To give weight to his argument, a boy came in from somewhere near the trenches shot through the left hand. We insisted that the risk was ours, and finally Noriel yielded.

Carromattas again, and a mile more of dreadful shaking up. Then a cross-roads hamlet, a dozen native huts, and across our road a barricade with two old 8-inch smooth-bores, dragged from Cavité with infinite labor and pains by man-power. These guns were destined for the trench which now we could see seven or eight hundred yards beyond. Here Noriel stopped: we could go no farther. Up the road to the trench marched the Filipino soldiers, singly or in little groups, walking along in perfect unconcern, bolt upright. Others were coming out, no one giving the least apparent attention to the possibility of danger from the Spanish fire.

If they could do it we could, and we started on. Noriel protested, but we went. The tops of the bamboos along the road were cut and broken by the Spanish fire, but there were no shot-marks near the ground. Across the road beside the trench there was another barricade. Half-way to it we heard the whistle of bullets above our heads. Then came the roar of a Spanish volley; a second volley followed, and then a third. We listened for the insurgent reply, but there was none. When we got to the barricade the Filipinos were strolling up and down behind their trenches, smoking cigarettes and taking life easy. The trench was three and a half feet wide, and about as deep. The dirt from it had been thrown out in front, making a very respectable breastwork. At intervals pieces of roof thatch had been slung across the trench, one edge resting on the breastwork, the other supported by bamboo poles a foot or so high. Under these make-shift roofs the Filipinos sat on benches or stools, sheltered from the rain, and ate rice or sugar-cane, smoked cigarettes, and whiled away the time. The trench ran two hundred yards west from the road to the beach. Thirty-five yards in front of it a line of bamboos paralleled it. At the beach a cluster of huts stood at its end, and a heavy line of bamboos crossed it at right angles parallel with the beach. This line ran to the Spanish trench, two hundred yards away. For the rest the field was open, with a fine hard turf. The Spanish work was similar to that of the Filipinos, but higher. It was in plain sight all along, except for the one line of bamboos in the insurgent front. Why the insurgents had not thrown up their trench at that line no one could explain. Nor did it appear why they did not advance to it any night, as they could have done with perfect ease. Either side could have used it for an advance, for it was fine cover. But the Spaniards were retreating, not advancing, and Aguinaldo's men were waiting Don Emilio's pleasure.

At the beach the insurgent trench moved forward a little. The beach gave a clean, unobstructed sweep to the fire of both sides. The Filipinos crouched down, and bade us do likewise, and we crouched down to the water's edge. Presently a squad of Spaniards let go at us. The bullets cut through the tree-tops, and whistled by harmlessly. The insurgents grinned, and said, "Alto, alto." More Spanish fire. I looked around, and saw two or three Filipinos standing up with their guns. They were looking for Spanish heads to show above their breastwork. I watched the Spanish line with my glasses, but there was no sign of movement. Several squads fired, but they use smokeless powder, and I could not locate them. The Filipinos said the Spaniards never showed themselves, rising up when they fired only as far as they could without exposure, and letting the rifles go as nearly level as possible, but absolutely without aim. Their contempt for the Spaniards and for Spanish fire was superb. Apparently they had not the slightest thought of danger.

So we got to the front, and saw the Spanish lines, but not the Spaniards, although we heard them. That night we slept at Noriel's Parañaque house, on the floor, with the general snoring beside us; but he gave us *dulce de cocoa* for supper, and we forgave him for everything. Two days later, with Assistant Adjutant-General McCain and Lieutenant Calkins, navigator of the *Olympia*, I went to the front again. This time we went straight out, without seeing Noriel, and lost no time. The smooth-bores were going into position behind the trench that day, and they promised us a great fight "mañana." It came four days later, and when the Spaniards heard the roar of the smooth-bores they ran. Now they are under the guns of Malate, the last fortified outpost of Manila. The insurgents have driven them back over nearly twenty miles of country practically impossible for our men. It is covered with a thick jungle of thorny bamboo and heavy scrub, or filled with paddy-fields, canebrakes, and bean-patches. Whatever the outcome of the insurgent problem here, Aguinaldo has saved our troops a lot of desperately hard campaigning. If now we have to drive the Filipinos back, it will be work that will remind our men of the Modoc war.

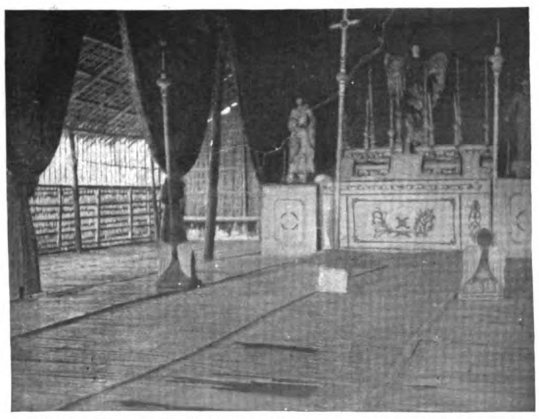


ASTOR BATTERY GOING ASHORE.
Photograph by F. D. Millet.

On this second trip we went back from the beach more than two miles. The insurgents have barricaded every road and foot-path, and every barricade faces a Spanish outwork. The barricades are from a quarter to a half mile apart, but not more than three hundred yards separates the opposing forces at any point. The insurgent works extend clear around Manila, and the Spaniards are completely hemmed in. There is no hope for them but surrender.

The last outpost we saw faced down an open road. The Spanish were in plain view about two hundred and fifty yards away. A dozen of them stood behind their breastwork smoking. Our glasses clearly revealed the little puffs of blue smoke that rose from their cigarettes or cigars. Twenty yards in the left front of our barricade there was the ruin of an old stone house. It was partly concealed by thick undergrowth. As we stood up behind the breastwork to look at the Spanish work, some Spaniard who had crawled into this stone pile let go at us with a Mauser. The first intimation we had that a man was behind the stones was the crack of his rifle. We ducked. We lost no time about it, and used no ceremony. Then we laughed, for of course the bullet was far beyond us before we heard the report. That is the ridiculous part of being shot at. After the bullet is half a mile down the road looking for somebody else you dodge. Fifty or sixty Filipinos set a watch for this fellow, but he got another shot at us without being seen. It was the old Spanish way—up in the air, without exposing the body. But you can dodge just as well for a bad shot as for a good one—better most of the time.

Oscar King Davis.



CHURCH WHERE AGUINALDO TOOK OATH OF OFFICE AS PRESIDENT OF REVOLUTION.
Photograph by John F. Bass.

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## DEWEY AND VON DIEDERICHS.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

CAVITE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, *July 18.*

SINCE the Subig Bay business and his interviews with the admirals of the other foreign fleets here, Admiral von Diederichs has had little to say to Admiral Dewey, and they say on the *Olympia* that the German "incident is closed." It is time it were closed; and if it is truly ended, no one will be happier for the satisfactory conclusion than the American admiral whom it has annoyed so much. You have no doubt heard more or less about it for a month, for it has been an "incident" since the German ships first arrived in Manila Bay in May for purposes of "observation." The mid-June papers brought us by the transports of the second expedition, which got in on Saturday, talk gingerly about the attitude of Germany, and seem inclined to think that the actions of a few individuals and merchants should not be taken as representative of official thinking. But in Manila Bay the annoying and discourteous performances have been by officers of the most imperial K. und K. navy, who have been so much interested in their work that they have regretted the fact that the "Prince" is on the *Deutschland*, for it keeps that formidable ship out of the possibly dangerous zone. Prince Henry must be protected, whatever else happens.

The "incident" has been almost as much of manner as of act, and more of omission than of commission. It was conducted with a swagger on the German side that brought up vivid pictures of the young war lord putting half a million of men, more or less, through their paces in the grand manœuvres. On the American side it was managed with a directness and a bluntness characteristic of Admiral Dewey, and cheering to the hearts of the other Americans here. At the first, and for the most part, it has consisted simply of petty violations of Admiral Dewey's blockade regulations, discourteous failure to comply with his requests, lack of punctilious regard for the naval proprieties of the situation. But once or twice—perhaps on more occasions—it has gone further, and then it has met plain language from Admiral Dewey. At last came the Subig Bay affair, and that seems to have been close enough to war to satisfy the Germans, at least temporarily.

It is the American right, as the blockading power, to know the identity and business of every ship that enters Manila Bay. The fact that a ship is a war-vessel and flies the German flag is not proof that she is German, for it is recognized by international law as legitimate to fly what colors one chooses until cleared for action. When the American ships went in at Guam, they were ordered by Captain Glass to fly the Japanese colors or none. In pursuance of his custom with regard to incoming vessels, Admiral Dewey had occasion to speak or signal to the German war-ships somewhat frequently. They have moved about the bay more than all the other foreigners combined. Every ship of the seven Germans on the China station, except the *Deutschland*, has been here, most of them for the greater part of the time. They have divided their stay between the anchorage, just off Manila, occupied by all the foreign war-ships and the refugee vessels, and Mariveles Bay, on the mainland of Luzon, just opposite Corregidor Island. There has been much more going back and forth between the two places than was necessary for the mere purposes of "observation," though it facilitated one bit of observation which was little less than impertinence, to say the least. That was when the troop-ships of the first brigade came in. The big cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta* got her anchor as the transports passed Mariveles Bay, and followed them in so closely that her name could be read from the troop-ships. As they drew up to the fleet, she broke out the colors and saluted, although she had already saluted with twenty-one guns on her first arrival.

There had been some correspondence between the two admirals with reference to the actions of both, and von Diederichs protested against what he intimated was interference with his boats. He had been moving launches about the bay after sundown, in spite of Admiral Dewey's regulation prohibiting movement of boats after dark. Lights are out on the American ships soon after dark, and a very strict watch and patrol are kept. One German launch was held up by a search-light, and kept in its glare for more than an hour before it was permitted to proceed. Another was shot at from one of our ships. Our patrol-boats, in enforcing the blockade regulations, do not waste much time in questions when they hail a boat at night. If the hail is not answered promptly and satisfactorily, a shot follows it. The only satisfaction von Diederichs got from his protest to the American admiral was the information, in effect, that if German launches or ships violated blockade regulations they must take the consequences.

Stories kept coming to Admiral Dewey all the time that the Germans were landing supplies in Manila. It was reported to both the land and naval commanders here that flour, particularly, had been landed with German connivance. Other stories, from less reliable sources, were to the effect that guns had been landed, and that German officers had helped the Spanish in their preparations for the defence of Manila. No credence was given these latter stories, but there was more than smoke in the reports about supplies. The German consul in Manila was accused openly in the club of knowing that Germans were taking flour into the city. It had been possible to do this because there was no American ship near the foreign anchorage, and the most vigilant search-light practice is ineffective at such distance. Finally the steamer *Petrarch* came in with supplies for the German fleet, and one morning von Diederichs reported that, the night before, a lighter-load of flour had been seized as it was being prepared for landing. Whether any had got away or not did not appear. Both the *Petrarch* and the German merchant in Manila to whom this flour was consigned declared that the German naval officers had had no cognizance of the effort to land supplies.

Matters were not improved by this business, nor were the actions of the Germans modified. It became necessary for Admiral Dewey on one occasion to intimate to the German admiral that apparently he thought Germany was the blockading power here, and not the United States. Von Diederichs made general disclaimer of intention to interfere or to violate neutrality, and the "incident" went on progressing slowly. Then came the Subig Bay affair. The Filipinos had chased the Spaniards out of Subig and Port Olongapo, and they had taken refuge on Grande Island, a little hill about half a mile through, in the entrance of the bay. The insurgents had thrown up a trench on Point Kanayan, a mile away, and were potting at the Spaniards with Mausers. At last the insurgent crew of a coasting steamer up north killed their Spanish officers and turned the ship over to Aguinaldo. He fitted her out with two pieces of boiler pipe to look like guns, and sent her down to Subig Bay with a few hundred soldiers to take Grande Island. The German cruiser *Irene* was lying in Subig Bay. Of what happened when the Filipinos got there, there are two versions. The insurgents came back and reported to Admiral Dewey that the Germans had prevented them from attacking the Spaniards, and forced them to take down their flag and hoist a white one. The admiral sent the *Raleigh* and the *Concord* to Subig Bay that night, with instructions to take Grande Island, whomever they had to fight to do it. They went in the next morning, soon after eight o'clock, and met the *Irene* coming out at full steam. They took the island without a shot from the Spanish, and got nearly 600 Spanish soldiers as prisoners, with Mauser rifles and a great quantity of ammunition. Guns and cartridges were turned over to the insurgents, and they undertook to guard the prisoners for the admiral.

This performance brought from Admiral Dewey a message to von Diederichs to this effect: "Is there peace or war between our countries? If there is war, I want to know it. If there is peace, I want you to change your course." At the same time that he sent this message Admiral Dewey said to the German flag-lieutenant that the Americans were the blockading power, and had the right to make regulations for the enforcement of the blockade. "Violation of these regulations," he said, "means war, and the Americans will so accept it." Then he informed the Germans that if they wanted war they could have it, here and now, or at any time and any place, and the way to make war is to clear ship and go at it. Von Diederichs sent a fairly apologetic reply to the admiral's message and talk. He disavowed any intention of slighting the proprieties, and would accede to the admiral's request for sharper regulations in the German fleet. That was the most friendly note von Diederichs had written, and after he had thought it over awhile he apparently repented, for he sent another, which took a decidedly different tone. In this he made vigorous protest against the "right of search"—*le droit de visite*, he called it. Dewey had never set up claim to such a right; he did claim, and will maintain it, the right of call. That is any blockader's privilege. But von Diederichs twisted this into the right of search, and said he would lay the matter before the other senior officers. He kept his word, and the satisfaction he got has kept him wondering ever since what he had better do next. That is why he is so quiet, and why the "incident is closed."

The closing of the incident must be a relief to some of the younger German officers. One of von Diederichs's pet amusements seemed to be sending them in command of launches to make requests of the American admiral, or report to him, after dark. Several times they were turned back without being able to reach the flag-ship, and once one was stopped by the flag-ship's search-light and held bobbing up and down for an hour and a half before she was permitted to go on. That is both tedious and irksome.

All the time that this German business has been going on Admiral Dewey has been facing the problem of what he will do if the Spanish re-enforcing squadron does happen to come along. He has a lot of soldiers to look out for and transports to guard or convoy, and he has no armor-clads. The Navy Department promised him the *Oregon* before he started out here, and is fulfilling that promise by sending him the *Monterey* and *Monadnock*. It will be a great relief to see the two "flat-irons" come in. With them here, the German incident will be closed indeed, and as for the Spaniards, it will be May day over again.

OSCAR KING DAVIS.

## THE ASTOR BATTERY ARRIVES OUT.

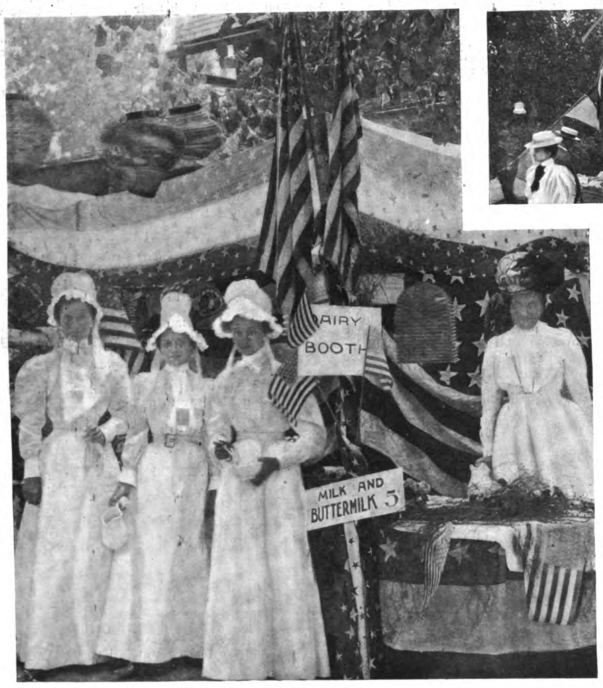
[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

CAVITE, *July 30.*

THE Astor got a first-class initiation into the beauties of Philippine weather. The new artillerymen arrived in Manila Bay in a tremendous rain, and have hardly had a sunlit breath since. They were ordered at once into Camp Dewey, and were taken ashore with the rain falling as if all the reservoirs in the heavens had given way together. It is a slow process landing troops at Camp Dewey. They are loaded first on cascos, the native lighters, at the ship, and towed across the bay by the slow-going *Rapido*, to a point opposite the camp. The cascos draw too much water to get near the beach, and it is a case of wade. That made no difference to the Astors: the sea-water was no wetter than the rain that soaked them through already. The three cascos, with soaked them through already. The three cascos, with some of the New-Yorkers and their six guns, were sent as far as the New-Yorkers and their six guns, were sent as far



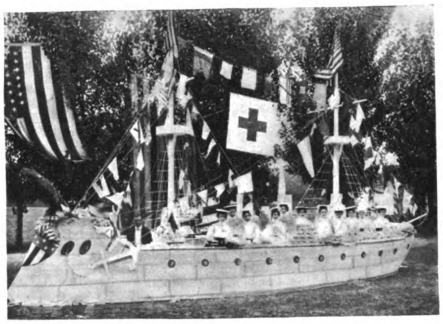
WOLHURST LAKE.



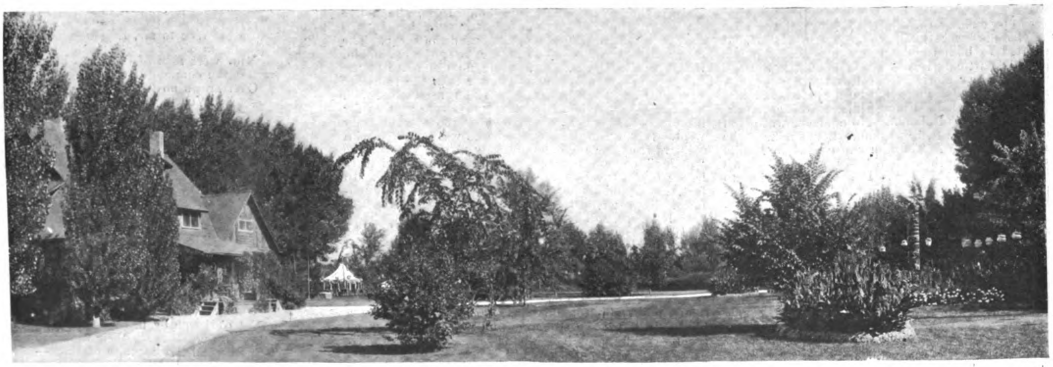

THE MILKMAIDS



THE CIGAR-BOOTH.



CANDY BATTLE-SHIP "COLORADO."



WOLHURST, LOOKING NORTH.

COLORADO REMEMBERS THE SICK SOLDIERS.

FÊTE IN AID OF THE RED CROSS AT WOLHURST, THE HOME OF U. S. SENATOR WOLCOTT.—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

[SEE PAGE 919.]

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Miss Mabelle Gillman. Mr. James Powers.

"ARE YOU THE ONLY GIRL I EVER LOVED, OR ARE YOU AIN'T?" FROM "A RUNAWAY GIRL," AT DALY'S.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ZAIDA BEN-YÛSUF.



Mr. Stuart Robson. Miss Marie Burroughs. Mr. John E. Kellerd.

THE DIFFICULTY OF HELPING ONE'S FRIENDS OUT OF TROUBLE.—FROM "THE MEDDLER," BY MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS, AT WALLACK'S.

OPENING OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON IN NEW YORK—SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.

# SANTIAGO.

## THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD MARTIN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

SINCE mid-day on the 17th of last July Santiago has been practically an American city. Since our troops entered on that day the fighting has been at an end, and certain officers of the American army have had upon their shoulders the task of governing Santiago as military occupants. Several interesting conditions have arisen consequent upon this new order of affairs, and time and a future historian will show wherein we have done well and wherein we have blundered. It must be remembered that this conquered province and city are not part and parcel of the United States, nor will they so become until we formally and officially declare our intention of annexing the island. Until this time arrives—and the Cuban question will have to be settled before it does—our position in Cuba will be that of military occupants, and distinct and different from the position our country holds in Puerto Rico.

One of the noticeable features of the occupation is the dignified and quiet behavior of both American and Spanish soldiers. Some ten thousand Spaniards surrendered with the city and laid down their arms; about as many more did the same in various parts of the province. One regiment of regular American infantry was quartered in Santiago on the 17th, acting as a city guard. There was practically no disorderly conduct on the one side or the other, no street fighting, and none of the abuses that are sometimes expected when a victorious army occupies a vanquished city.

As the Fifth Army Corps was gradually removed from the province the regiment doing guard duty was replaced by a regiment of volunteers, mostly recruited from Louisiana and Texas, who were supposed to be immune to the climate. That raw recruits should act with the dignity and thoroughness of our regulars could not be reasonably expected. Unfortunately for the splendid record of the men who fought, this new regiment, under Colonel Hood, provoked more disorder than their predecessors ever had to quell, and until such time as General Wood took them strongly in hand, and sent them out of the city, street brawls and drunkenness, disorder and unsoldierly conduct were only too noticeable.



CARRYING SICK SPANISH PRISONERS TO TRANSPORTS IN UNITED STATES ARMY AMBULANCES.

After the surrender the Spanish prisoners were at once moved to a camp north of the city, between the outskirts of Santiago and the first American lines. For two or three days following the 17th they filed over the dusty road and turned into the green fields allotted to them. Their camping facilities were wretched. They were hungry and sick, tired of the weary days in the trenches, tired of living on rice, weary of the long Cuban campaign, for many of them had not seen the Peninsula in several years, and they were one and all inexpressibly glad at the near prospect of returning home. We were besieged with questions: Was it true that we had bought the province of Santiago? So it had been represented to them. Were we really going to pay them all their back salary? Was there any chance for them to enlist in the American army, and were our men really fed on potatoes? An occasional sullen face was seen and an occasional bitter word was overheard from the captives, but a friendly smile and a cheerful



UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE AT SANTIAGO.



SPANISH PRISONERS MARCHING TO TRANSPORTS.

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word were repaid in kind whenever offered by the soldiers. This Spanish camp looked more like a vast horde of forlorn men driven to live in the open air than like the encampment of a military body even in stress of actual war-time. Many had no tents, many were without blankets. Food was scarce, drinking-water had to be conveyed from the river in all sorts of inadequate contrivances, and nothing was more sought after than an American canteen. The size of our American horses and their prime condition, as compared with their own, and the strength of our army mules, were unending sources of admiration to the Spaniards, who also vehemently declared it would be impossible for them to campaign for one week in the heavy flannel clothes worn by our men. Measures taken by the Spaniards to procure food for their men were inadequate, and soldiers had to forage for whatever the country would produce — mangoes, small birds, and a few little fish. Rice was here their staple, as it had been in town. The rains were daily, the place was inches deep in mud and filth of all kinds, the odors, as one passed by the camp along the road to Caney, were unbearable, and it is small wonder that General Toral sent a letter to General Shafter in which he reviewed the deplorable condition of his men, and begged that something be done to relieve their growing distress. They were victims of the same malarial fever and dysentery that were among our own troops, but they were without proper medicine and medical attendance. From the time these Spaniards began to receive food from our commissary department their condition was better than it had been for weeks past.

By August 15 the steamers to take these men back to Spain had already begun the work of transportation. It was a good thing when they had all gone; it removed a menace to the city's health and doubtless saved the lives of many of the troops themselves, and no one was more glad for the end than the fever-stricken, half-clothed, half-starved, and vanquished Spanish soldier. For several days these men passed through the city streets to their transports in the bay; then we learned that among themselves their camp north of the city was called the Graveyard. We learned that forty men died there a day, that the bodies were laid out in piles of twenty each, soaked in oil, and burned to ashes because there were too many dead to bury. We heard stories of their suffering, and when we looked at them as they tottered down the streets towards the dock we could believe all we heard. Their sick were carried on improvised litters, the well men—it seemed cruelly cynical to call them so—the well men walked with staffs, and leaning on one another, looking furtively on all sides, afraid of the plunging mules that drew our army wagons through the city—acting as broken men who can do no more. But these are familiar stories; we have seen the Seventy-first on our city streets, we have heard and read much of the sufferings of our own men at sea and ashore. We will probably never hear of the sufferings and fearful agony on those Spanish troop-ships; they will rival the horrors of the worst of the old slavers. It is not intended in any way to make light of what our men suffered on Cuban soil after Santiago surrendered — the writer is too familiar with what occurred there to think of so doing—but it is a fact that the condition of the Spanish troops was far more pitiful than that of our own men. Down one street, one afternoon, slunk the Spaniards; down the next street at the same time was passing a regiment of our colored soldiers, stepping along bravely to their own singing of that war song, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." One had only to walk a short block to see the difference.

During the first days of our occupation the common people treated every American in the city, were he private or commanding officer, with a cringing courtesy that seemed born of a fear of overbearing and ill-used power. Those of the Americans who got into the city accepted this treatment indifferently, and were more engrossed by the curious houses, hilly streets, and prevailing strangeness of Santiago. Every nook and corner that is accessible to a man has seen its American soldier, and the amount spent by our men for relics and souvenirs of Santiago has surely been large. Spanish machetes, revolvers, and knives, old coins, and golden chains from the pawnshops—the men spent freely—mantillas and lace handkerchiefs for the women, and much else besides. They were in from a hard campaign, and thousands of dollars were expended for clothing, boots, and hats. It was remarkable how many Americans developed a working knowledge of Spanish, and how quickly others learned necessary words. As a result of this free spending, and the ignorance of our men in the beginning as to the value of our money over the Spanish silver, storekeepers advanced prices exorbitantly, insisted on payment in gold instead of silver, and reaped a rich harvest as a result. Santiago had not seen such ready spending and so much money in a long time. American bills were plentiful all over town, and they were taken as gold. Some merchants noticed that many of the bills were silver certificates, and these men were a little doubtful as to their value, but upon assurance that American silver was as good as American gold, no distinction was made between the two moneys. In vain did some few of the Americans protest against the open robbery by the stores; the sellers could always find buyers, if not among our soldiers, then among the towns-people, for merchandise of all kinds was scarce and the demands of the city were growing. Food was very dear, and in the beginning not plentiful. There were but few restaurants in operation, and no hotel to afford accommodations to the new arrivals.

The attitude of the better classes towards the Americans was one of indifferent apathy. Many of the richer families had left town, notably for Jamaica, and it will be some time before they return to their native city. The windows of the residences of people of refinement are closed. There is no longer music in the plaza on Sunday evenings, and no gatherings of women and girls to listen and talk. Sunday morning, ladies go to early mass, for then they are not subject to the stares and comments of our soldiers; this is their only venture on the streets during the week. There are many women living in town whom Americans will never see, who will not come out until we have taken ourselves away, but who probably look slyly through drawn lattices as sunburnt and bearded officers ride past their windows, and admit in confidence to a sister that if we were not Americans, we would not be half bad.

The bay of Santiago has been full of our transports. As soon as the harbor was cleared of mines and obstructions, these vessels steamed in from Siboney, Guantanamo, and Baiquiri, three ports to the east, where we had made landings. One day there were thirty of them to be seen, and never before had the inhabitants of Santiago seen so many steamers anchored at the same time in their landlocked bay.

As soon as Santiago fell two things were immediately done — the Americans troops encamped behind our trenches were moved to better camps among the foothills of the mountains to the north, and Santiago was made the base of supplies. All provisions were landed there, and conveyed through the city to the camps beyond. Every day the army pack-trains and the army wagons rattled and banged down the hilly and ill-paved streets on their way to the docks. The air was filled with American oaths as the drivers worked their mules out of confusion apparently hopeless. The docks where the transports unloaded were scenes of great activity. A broad well-paved street, lined by warehouses and iron-roofed sheds, fringes the wharves. Crowds of stevedores, working for rations, unloaded the transports, and piled their cargoes of food into warehouses, from which the wagons were supplied. The street was filled with mules and carts, soldiers on guard, and mounted officers. The Red Cross headquarters and soup-kitchen are here, and the poor and hungry came in droves to be fed.



AN IMPORTANT RESULT OF THE UNITED STATES OCCUPATION OF SANTIAGO—THE NEW STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT AT WORK.

The Red Cross Society has done excellent work in Santiago, and has been effective and well managed. Its system has been good; it has had former experience in this matter of food distribution to Cubans, from which it has benefited, and it rapidly fed the poor and relieved the sharpest suffering. There has been complaint that its supplies went to people who were not actually in want and who were able to buy for themselves. It should be recognized that it is impossible to immediately distribute relief to a half-starved city and not make mistakes of this kind. During the first days, when there were many actually starving, it was most difficult to ascertain who could or could not afford to buy. These precautions can only be taken when the wire edge of the suffering is relieved, and they were taken by the Red Cross as soon as this was accomplished. It has also been said that the people would not work as long as they could obtain free food from this society. There is more truth in this contention than in the former one. Difficulty has been experienced in getting stevedores and men to work on the streets, yet there are hundreds of idle men in town who will not work as long as they can get their bellies filled for nothing. As opportunities for work increase—and they will be many as soon as the iron-mines resume operations in the near future—the Red Cross should, and doubtless will, largely cut down its contributions. The society has also opened a free dispensary, which is largely patronized, and which is an excellent charity, as there is a vast amount of sickness in Santiago.

When in July the American army promised to bombard Santiago at any moment, all people who were non-combatants went out to the country, the greater part of them to the near-by village of Caney. They expected to stay two days, and took provisions for that length of time; they remained outside for twelve days, and suffered greatly. Caney was crowded in a manner hard to comprehend—twenty in a small room, three hundred in a house built for twenty. There was no food, there were incessant rains and no shelter, and there was, consequently, much sickness. These unfortunate refugees walked wearily back to their homes when the city surrendered, bearing little else with them than the germs of illness that developed rapidly in their filthy city. Compared with former times, the death-rate for July was appalling. It used be three or four a day; then it was forty. The hospitals, where some four hundred and fifty wounded Spanish soldiers were installed, were overcrowded, the authorities had to watch that the dead were properly buried, and there was not a house in town where several sick persons could not be found. Malarial fever prevailed everywhere; there were dysentery, lung trouble, and complications brought about by exposure, as well as numberless maladies that were the result of insufficient nutrition.

One good promise for improvement in Santiago's health lies in what is being done in the way of cleaning the city. A street-cleaning department has been organized, and rules for the observance of householders have been issued. Herein they are instructed to clean their premises thoroughly every morning and deposit all sweepings in boxes before their doors, whence they will be removed by the department and cremated. Some three hundred men were employed as street-sweepers, and the work has only been begun. There are to be proper system and proper inspection and proper enforcement of rules. Lime is to be liberally used as a disinfectant, and supplied free to householders. Santiago is on the eve of an era of clean streets and houses such as she has never known, and it is pleasing to note that the measures to this end have received the earnest commendation of the more intelligent, and from the beginning an unexpected observation from the poorer classes.

The commercial situation there is serious, and there is no immediate improvement in sight. During the last three years much Santiago capital has gone back to Spain for safe-keeping during the unsettling time of the revolution. Some men thought that the raising of the American flag over the city would be followed by a speedy commercial revival. That this has not been the case is due to one clear fact—until the merchants are satisfactorily assured that the United States will retain final possession of Cuba, until they know that the control and government will not eventually pass to Cubans, there will be no resumption of business on a large scale. For a permanent American government means an equable, just, and proper administration of public affairs and a return of business confidence. It is feared and openly asserted that Cuban control will bring in its wake incompetence and internal turmoil, persecution and unstability, that will be worse than the worst of Spanish rule. The merchants and planters of Santiago have suffered much in recent years, and they wisely prefer to await the time when they can see more clearly, "*cuando veamos mas claro*," before risking their money in any business undertaking. And there seems to be no doubt but that Santiago will wait until this point is determined. If the United States gave assurances of its protection of and responsibility for the lives and properties of the inhabitants of the island during a trial of Cuban self-government, confidence would be partially restored. By many it is thought that there will be such a trial, but its failure seems a popular belief, and there are few, outside of certain Cubans, who think that this trial could bring other than a disastrous result.

Several cargoes of American provisions arrived after the capitulation sent out by some enterprising men who hoped to make quick sales because of the besieged city's extremity. These merchants were forced to store their goods in city warehouses, in some cases at heavy expense, because the city did not buy more than was necessary for its daily wants, and this also by reason of the prevailing uncertainty of the future. There has not been, until recently, any communication with the interior or with any other coast towns. Farms and plantations have not produced for a year, consequently there is no money up-country. There are not more than 30,000 people in the city, and not more than 5000 that consume other than the most rudimentary food. The mango season is on, the sweet-potato will grow in sixty days and support a poor man's family, and the Red Cross Society is liberal; these three points are in favor of the 25,000 who have little money to spend on food. So Santiago buys from the enterprising American merchants only what a small proportion of its inhabitants will consume daily. "When we know we are to remain American, and when traffic with the interior is resumed, then business will boom as it never boomed before."

Another fact that has discomfited the most far-seeing of the residents of our newly acquired city is an edict from the Palace, issued by the military governor, concerning the value of Spanish gold and silver. The Spanish gold piece of twenty-five pesetas, or francs, is called a centen; in Spain it is worth five dollars gold; in Cuba it has been given an additional value of six per cent., with the idea of keeping it in the island. The United States declared, through the Palace at Santiago, that it would accept the centen for the payment of all customs duties at five dollars gold, and not at the rate of five dollars and thirty cents formerly prevailing. Men in Santiago recognized our right to take their money at whatever price we thought fit; there was war, we were the military occupants, and this ruling was considered a war measure. The merchant paying six per cent. more customs than formerly made up his loss by charging the consumer of his goods a higher price. But when it was learned that this ruling applied to commercial transactions between individuals, in which our government had no interest or part, it was then declared by people of the city that we were overstepping our rights and power as military occupants of the province. According to Fiore's International law, the military occupant of a conquered territory has no right to interfere with or reverse an existing legislative act of the occupied territory, unless forced thereto by military necessity. It would then appear, according to the Italian Fiore, that we had gone too far in this matter. The men of Santiago could not see the reason or fairness of a measure that reduced by six per cent. the value of Cuba's capital, nor could they understand why this was done when neither the United States government nor any individual connected therewith would make a penny by the act. If the six per cent. went into some

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one's pocket, the action would be comprehensible.

We have also increased the discount on Spanish silver in Cuba from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. This has resulted in the immediate hoarding of Spanish silver, for the discount on the Peninsula is much less than 50 per cent., and one can do good business by shipping Spanish silver to Spain. Consequently, retail business is hampered by lack of small coins, and some men are getting rich on exchange. American money must come in very rapidly to prevent complications that will greatly hamper minor business transactions.

As has been already stated, the American soldiers, with the exception of the newly arrived regiment of immunes from Louisiana, who relieved the Ninth Infantry as a city guard, were moved to the low hills north of the city. Here they were camped, waiting definite orders to go home. Vast numbers of the men were sick and unfit for even light duty. Malarial fever held the army. They were exposed by day to a fierce sun and drenching tropical rains, by night to heavy dews, and at all times the camps were deep in mud. Breaking of the ground brought out malarial fever—the whole army was used up and weakened. March the well members of any regiment two miles, and not one-half the number that started could finish the walk. A striking example of this statement occurred when the men were moved from their camps behind the trenches to where they waited orders to go home. This extreme weakness and exhaustion were also shown as the men marched through the city to board the transports. They had the inspiration of music. "Home, Sweet Home" brought the tears to their eyes, for many of them knew they would never reach home. But the music inspired them, and there were the hope of the return and the knowledge that the work was done, and well done, too. Yet they dropped and staggered and gazed with lack-lustre eyes from the ambulances.

After the surrender of Santiago, the American soldiers had an experience far more trying to nerves and courage than the first three glorious days of July. They had long days of idleness in wet and unhealthy camps, there was increasing sickness on all sides, uncertainty as to future movements. The work was all over. There was none of the stimulus leading to the fight; there was none of the fierce desire for battle; there was a complete let down. With an open harbor in plain view, with good roads from the camps to the wharves, with the bay full of transports coming and going, there was not enough food, nor proper food, and medicines were scarce. Many a man owes his life to the Red Cross Society; his government did not do for him what the society could, and willingly and gladly did.

Men talked, until the peace news came, of the Havana campaign next winter, and hoped that our government would learn by that time how to take care of its soldiers in the field. Now, with peace, the Havana idea is dismissed, and soldiers are wondering how long before they will be sent down again, but this time to fight the Cubans.

## LONDON.

FROM the communications cabled from New York it seems as though the echoes of the unpleasantness associated with the last struggle for the *America* Cup had not yet died down. The desire and resolve of Sir Thomas Lipton, who challenges on behalf of the Ulster Club, to bring the *America* Cup back to this side of the Atlantic in his yacht the *Shamrock* are certainly as keen as, if not probably keener than, those of any former contestant in the race. I venture to think that in the coming struggle (being an episode of international importance) the spirit in which the challenger enters upon and conducts the enterprise is highly material to the issue. An uneasy feeling exists in this country that the American public was badly treated by the English representative on the last occasion of the race for the cup, and unusual anxiety is felt that the champion of British—or perhaps I should say Irish—yachtsmen should so bear himself that sportsmen and the public on the other side of the Atlantic may recognize the chivalry and good faith characteristic of English sport. Under these circumstances, notes of a conversation between Sir Thomas Lipton and a few friends assembled at dinner at the Reform Club, at which I happened to be present, will interest the American public. I may preface what I have to say by mentioning the fact that Sir Thomas Lipton was unaware that his remarks would ever travel outside the four walls of the room. I was, however, so much struck with the tone and spirit of his conversation that I asked and obtained his permission to give the gist to the readers of HARPER'S, since unpremeditated utterances give a juster impression of the spirit of the man than elaborated statements deliberately prepared for publication. In the first place, Sir Thomas Lipton was insistent in expressing his conviction that the best boat has always won the *America* Cup, and always will do so; and, secondly, that his confidence in the gentlemen responsible for the arrangements of the race was absolute; so much so that he would not consider that there was a pin's point of advantage in having the race on the Clyde or in the Solent. He laughed to scorn the idea that the voyage across the Atlantic constitutes any disadvantage to the challenger from this side of the water, and Sir Thomas Lipton looks upon all such reasons for former defeats as mere excuses for design or workmanship that was, if not faulty, at least unsuited for the task taken in hand by former challengers. It was pleasant to hear the warmth and obvious sincerity with which Sir Thomas Lipton reiterated his complete trust in the fairness and good-will of American yachtsmen. Indeed, he feels certain that if either side is exposed to a fractional disadvantage in consequence of the arrangements being framed without conditions put forward on this side, that disadvantage will belong to the American competitor. It is, I believe, no secret that Sir Thomas Lipton has had placed upon him severe compulsion to insist on conditions. Rather than give way on this point he was prepared to resign his membership of any yacht club that made that a stipulation. The American public, therefore, may be quite certain that whatever the issue of the struggle may be, the spirit under which it is conducted will present a vivid contrast to the unfortunate episode of 1895.

If, however, Sir Thomas Lipton has gladly placed himself in the hands of the New York Club, it must not be thought that there will be any want of energy in organizing victory. If the cup is to be lifted, the *Shamrock* will do it. A more extraordinary combination of brain power, business capacity, and technical ability has never been brought together for the production of a racing-yacht. Messrs. Harland & Wolff have staked their reputation upon the issue. No money will be spared by Sir Thomas Lipton, though he is aware that if he were to spend $500,000 his opponents' outlay would probably double that amount. Speaking in the intimacy of private conversation, it was interesting to remark that the quiet modesty displayed by Sir Thomas Lipton in regard to his management and conduct of the enterprise was accompanied by a deep-seated conviction that his yacht, the *Shamrock*, will lift the *America* Cup, and it must not be forgotten that he is a man who has succeeded in everything he has undertaken. Sir Thomas, in order to save correspondence, has arranged for three representatives of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, in addition to the designer, to leave Liverpool by the *Britannic*, sailing on the 24th for New York, and no doubt all arrangements will be completed satisfactorily to both parties soon after her arrival. The Hon. Charles Russell, who is Sir Thomas's factotum in this matter, will also be present at the meeting in New York. The reputation of this gentleman for geniality and straightforwardness is of the highest.

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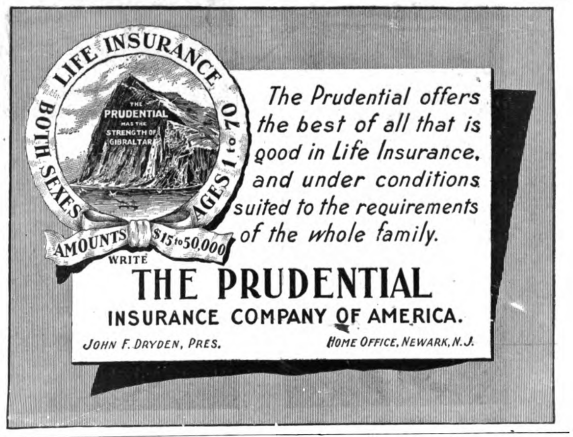
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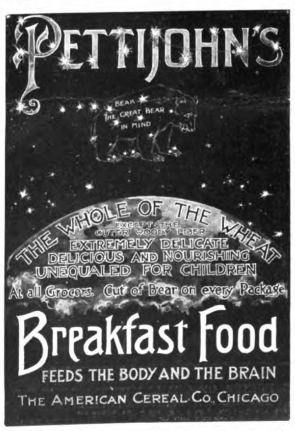



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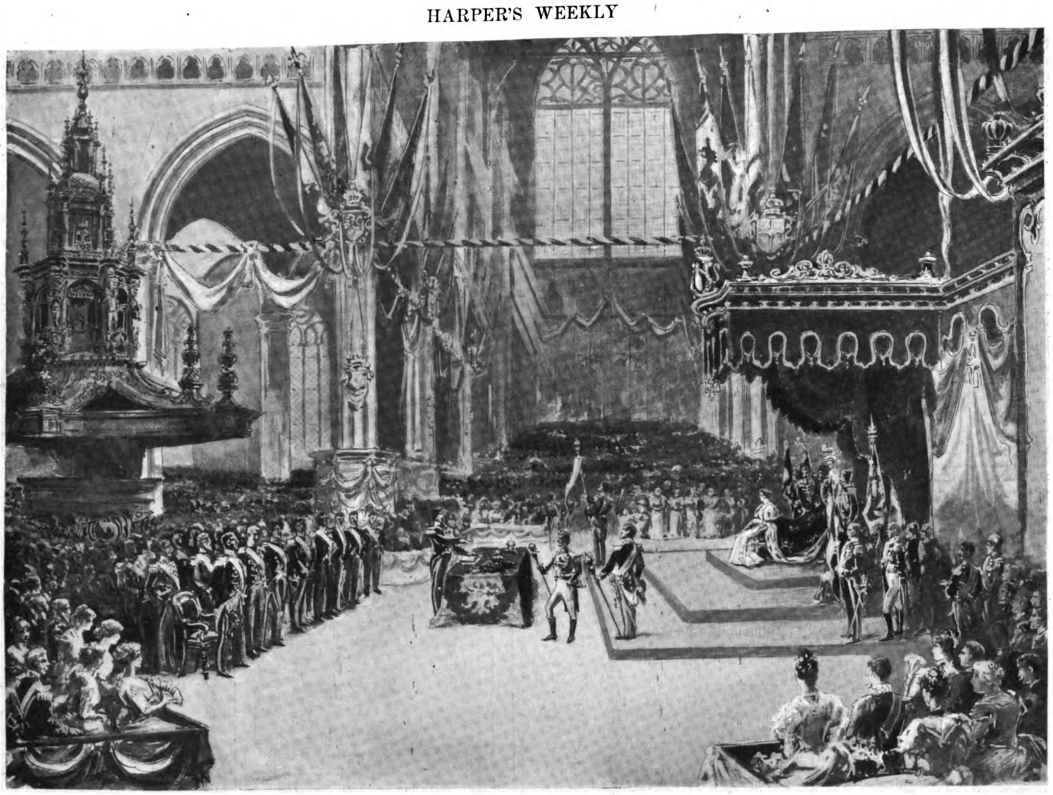
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CEREMONY IN THE NEW CHURCH, AMSTERDAM, SEPTEMBER 6, 1898.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.
FROM DESCRIPTIONS FURNISHED BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



ADMIRAL PIETER PIETERSE HEIJN.



GROUP OF FAMOUS DUTCH ARTISTS—OSTADE, VAN DER MEER, AND DE HOOGH.



ADMIRAL VAN TROMP.



BODY-GUARD OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

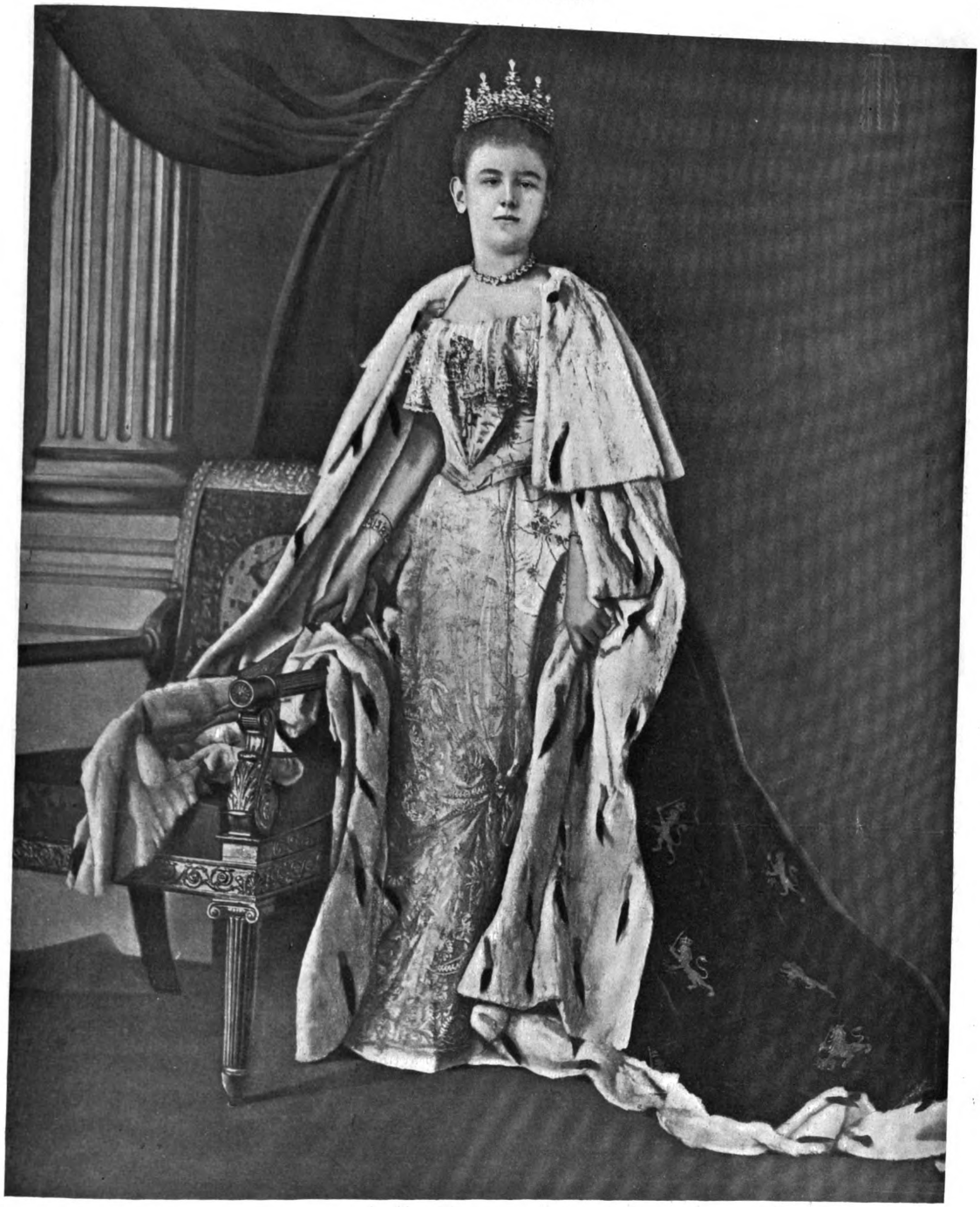


Lord High Executioner.

THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER, HALBERDIERS, PAGES, AND LANSQUENETS.

CHARACTERS IN THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT AT THE ENTHRONING OF QUEEN WILHELMINA.
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.—[SEE PAGE 926.]

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WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND, IN HER INAUGURATION ROBES.

After the only authorized Photograph.—By Courtesy of Messrs. Volkema and Warendorf.

## QUEEN WILHELMINA'S ENTHRONEMENT.

The investiture of the young Queen of Holland with the prerogatives of royalty was not strictly a coronation, as the act of crowning formed no part of the ceremony that took place on the 6th inst. in the "New Church" of Amsterdam. That edifice, which retains its name, though 1100 years old, was richly draped and decorated for the occasion. A throne of crimson and gold was placed in front of the chancel, with the emblems of sovereignty—the crown, orb, sceptre, and sword—upon velvet-covered stools by its side. The church was filled with a distinguished assembly of richly dressed ladies, uniformed officers of the military, naval, and civil administrators of the kingdom, members of the diplomatic corps, and eminent guests and visitors, including the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the Prince and Princess Von Wied. Members of the royal families were on the right of the throne, and on the left were the princes of the Dutch possessions in the Indies.

A great throng had gathered about the Damplatz, through which the Queen was to pass in going from the palace to the church. The centre was kept clear, the crowd being held back by lines of troops. A brilliant awning, decorated with streamers, was stretched from the palace gate to the church entrance, with a velvet carpet over the space to be traversed by the royal procession, and on either side was formed a line of naval cadets. The day opened with a salute of 101 guns, and an impressive choral performed by trumpeters from the towers of the five great churches of the city. Shortly after ten o'clock the royal guests drove to the church, escorted by cavalry, while the drums beat, the bands played martial airs, and the troops presented arms. They were immediately followed by the Queen-Mother in a state coach bearing a gilt crown on a crimson cushion. She was greeted with plaudits, and shouts of "Long live the Queen-Mother!"

In the church, attended by her maids-in-waiting and ladies of honor, she took her place at the left of the throne, standing to await the coming of her daughter and the royal procession. She was richly dressed in light mauve decorated with lace and pearls, and wore on her head a splendid tiara, and on her breast the insignia of the Dutch orders.

Shortly the sound of trumpets and drums proclaimed that Queen Wilhelmina had left the palace; and at that moment the sun is said to have broken from the clouds with full effulgence, having been obscured all the morning. The procession was headed by the king-at-arms and heralds in gorgeous array, their long trumpets adorned with bright-colored pendants. Behind them came the young Queen, on foot, in a robe of white silk with a long train, and with a rich diadem on her head. She had over the white robe a mantle of red velvet bordered with ermine and bearing the lions of Nassau in gold embroidery, and wore the crown-jewels of the Netherlands. The short passage to the church door was attended by enthusiastic acclamations from the populace, and her arrival was heralded by the king-at-arms; and an escort of generals, each bearing a banner, attended her to the foot of the throne, while a choir of the finest singers in Hol-

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Vol. XLII., No. 2178.

ıe national anthem, "Wilhelmus von Nas-

ı received her greetings with a gracious bow,
sent upon the throne for a moment, and then
a clear voice, that reached every part of the
ered this address:

MEN OF THE STATES-GENERAL.—Since the
ever-lamented father, and until I have com-
ghteenth year, the government has been in the
mother. I have now assumed the govern-
ıave issued a proclamation to my well-beloved
e hour has now arrived when, amid the faith-
eneral and invoking the holy name of God, I
myself to the people of the Netherlands to
ir rights and privileges. On this day I draw
the solemn tie existing between myself and
The very ancient union of the Netherlands
ouse of Orange is confirmed afresh.
ıl is my vocation! Beautiful is my task! I
nd grateful to be able to govern the Nether-
—a nation small in number, but great in virtue
ıh of character. I esteem it a privilege and a
y to devote all my strength to the prosperity
of our father-land.
se of Orange can never—yea, never—do enough
ierlands. I need your support and co-opera-
ım convinced you will lend me these in order
be able to work together for the honor and
f our Netherlands people. May this be the
ife, and may God bless you and my labors for
ı of the father-land!"

Van Eamnes of the First Chamber of the
ral then advanced to the throne, and said:
ive and invest you in the name of the Nether-
and in virtue of the constitution as Queen.
will maintain your inviolability and the rights
wn, we swear to do all that good and faithful
ral should do, so help us Almighty God!"
of each member of the Chambers was called
ıe usher, and he responded, "So help me Al-
!" except that the Baptist members used the
promise it." After a short pause the Queen
and in a clear voice repeated the oath to up-
ıstitution, defend the independence of the na-
otect the liberty of her subjects, using to that
ıl means, "as a good king should." After a
mpressive silence a great shout of "Long live
" was three times repeated, and the heralds
the investiture of her Majesty Queen Wilhel-
Netherlands.
en then left the church with her escort, follow-
ıother, and returned to the palace amidst the
clamations of the people. After the royal
ntered, four heralds appeared upon the balcony
ce, a trumpet invoked silence, and the senior
ounced in a loud voice to the throng that
ı had been duly invested as Queen of the
s. This was followed by a salute of guns,
ıng sovereign appeared upon the balcony in
people, wearing her full regalia, and was fol-
er mother. The two joined hands and bowed
to the plaudits of the throng. They after-
e around the city to view the decorations in a
wn by six horses, and attended by a guard of
the evening there was a general illumination,
l features of unusual splendor, and the Queen
ther drove through the streets in an open car-
; everywhere greeted with great enthusiasm by

## RING FOR THE CEREMONIES.

AMSTERDAM, *August 25, 1898.*

rledge of the Dutch language is necessary for
ize that something unusual is in the air in this
quiet if not precisely humdrum little country.
i the something already at the first station in-
frontier, when, immediately after the release of
gers from the custom-house inspection-room,
ſviduals of the peasant class came forward to
various knickknacks and mementos for sale.
articles, brooches, badges, scarf-pins, booklets,
some reference to the young Queen of the
ls, and her "Inhuldijung," or inauguration, as
eptember 6.
he train stopped at the Hague railroad station
ll upon several large posters relating to sundry
ations organized in honor of the same event,
ne of Rembrandt's works. As I wandered into
m perceived that the coming ceremony, with its
ying festivities, was the one all-absorbing topic
ir. At every important street corner workmen
ly engaged erecting scaffoldings for triumphal
bunes, and other temporary constructions.
lague impresses the stranger as being in a state
less subdued excitement, what must be said of
sh activity visible on all sides in the capital it-
e whole town is virtually in the hands of car-
ainters, and decorators, who are slowly but sure-
rming it into a counterpart of fairyland. As, in
o the royal procession to the church on Septem-
re is to be an imposing historical pageant on the
an illuminated water-parade at night, and prob-
a torch-light procession on the 9th, the demand
accommodations and seats at the tribunes and at
situated windows and balconies is something
as.
of all these great preparations, the inauguration
ake in many respects of the character of a family
The Queen-Regent, who is a German Princess of
old-fashioned school, does not believe in subject-
ng girl of eighteen to more fatiguing duties than
ion strictly calls for. A short while ago, there-
ircular was sent to the Dutch ministers at all
ourts, describing the inauguration as an event of
tely national and private character," and express-
lesire that no special envoys, nor even persons of
od, be sent to attend the ceremonies. Both Presi-
Kinley and Faure subsequently expressed a de-
e specially represented—the former by a military
probably one of the heroes of our late war), the
a member of his household; but both requests were courteously refused by the Queen-Mother, who feared that their acceptance might lead to further applications of the kind. Not any better, said to relate, has been the fate of a petition from the president of a society of Daughters of Holland Dames in America to participate in the ceremonials on a more or less official footing. This was all the more cruel, as the young Queen had just been elected the society's vice-president.

It was my good fortune to be brought into touch with the organizers of the historical and allegorical pageant, by all odds the most interesting feature of the entire programme, the actual inauguration itself excepted. I had often heard of Dutch thoroughness and conscientiousness, but had never quite realized what this meant, until the other day, when I set foot in an old public building, long fallen into disuse, rejoicing in the name of the *Oude Buiten Gasthuis*. This place had been turned into the headquarters of the pageant committee, but, unless otherwise informed, one might have imagined one's self transplanted to a corner of the sixteenth century. The spacious court-yard, shaded with hoary trees, whose boughs extended over the surrounding roofs, was filled at the time with as gaudy an assemblage of courtiers, noble men, halberdiers, and musketeers as has ever gladdened the eye of a modern theatre-goer—with this difference, however, that the stage hero has more often something tinselled and unreal about his get-up, whereas these people were arrayed in costumes so perfect, both as to material and make, so accurate in their design, that they looked for all the world as if they might just have stepped out of one of those great paintings by Rembrandt or Frans Hals in the Rijksmuseum near by.

It was while lost in contemplation of this scene that I presently noticed a florid individual in a modern gray suit take his post in the centre of the yard, and at his command all these gorgeous celebrities and their retainers and body-guards suddenly formed in line on the shady side of the quadrangle. It was Captain Fabius, the drill-instructor.

"Alle gereed houden, silentium; march, march, march!"

These were the words next spoken in stentorian tones, and, with the drum beating time, there began a brisk march around the yard. I afterwards learned that this sentence was the old formula in use in the days of Prince Maurice of Nassau, the victor of Nieuport, and that it means, "Make ready, silence, march."

After half an hour's drill the imposing company broke up, and prince and courtier, *provost gevaeldiger* (lord high executioner), page, body-guard, halberdier, down to the little drummer, all intermingled, without regard to difference in rank. The illusion was past. We were on the threshold of the twentieth century once more.

All these men were members of different local working-men's societies, who had offered to participate in the pageant without pecuniary remuneration, merely as an expression of their loyalty and affection for their young Queen. Most interesting it was to watch the proceedings after the drill had ended, and the trying on of the costumes of a batch of fresh candidates began. As a large number of historical personages were to figure in the pageant, it became necessary in selecting the paraders to keep account of physical resemblances. A candidate would often have to submit to a prolonged scrutiny of his face and figure, and a comparison of the same with some lithographic reproductions of the historical paintings by the old Dutch masters, which are being followed with almost painful accuracy.

"Here is a man who resembles Pieter Hein to a T," remarks one of the committee-men, pointing to a strongly built individual who looks as if he might be a longshoreman or a freight-handler.

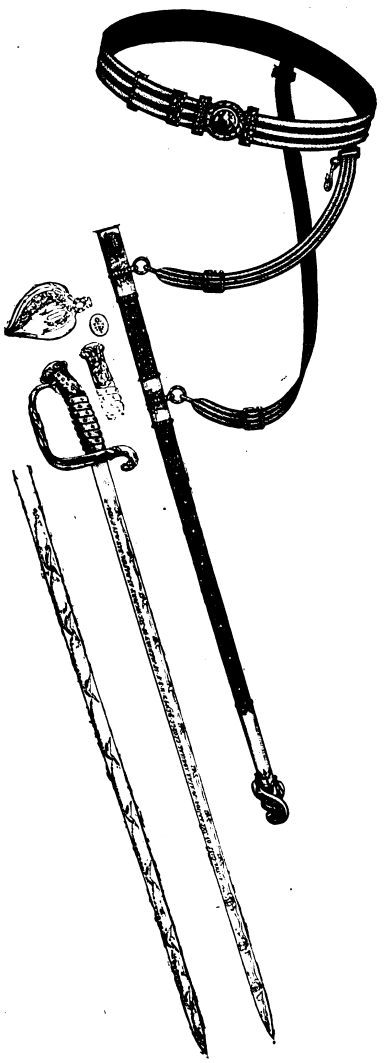
"Yes, but Piet did not wear side whiskers, and this man does," objects another committee-man.

"Oh, don't let that interfere, mynheer," exclaims the candidate. "I have worn these whiskers twenty years, but off they come if they stand in the way of my marching with the rest."

Upon these conditions the good man is awarded the part, and he dons his gorgeous costume of blue and velvet, with red and gold trimmings, with becoming dignity, and allows the writer to transfer the picture upon the sensitized plate of his travelling camera. Many of these men are old soldiers and sailors, and hence there has been little difficulty in whipping them into line. Most of them belong to the small employee or day-laborer class, and it is really surprising how very much loose who impersonate historical personages resemble their originals. The Dutch type has certainly undergone but little change during the past three centuries. Take the group who represent the artists Ostade, Van der Meer, and Peter de Hoogh. One might almost think the originals had come to life again. The Prince of Orange, De Ruyter, Tromp, Von Galen, the Stadhauder William, afterwards King of England—all these great men of the early republic have found almost perfect counterparts in this great historical procession of the 7th of September.

Before leaving the *Oude Buiten Gasthuis* I was afforded an opportunity to visit the extensive wardrobe and arsenal of the historical pageant, and it was then I reached a true comprehension of the artistically conscientious spirit of the organizers. Not a single article of wear or accoutrement but was finished in every detail, even to the flintlocks and antique powder-belts—everything in working order, and in perfect condition to do effective and immediate service in the year of our Lord 1598.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.



## THE ADMIRAL DEWEY SWORD.

THE sword of honor to be presented to Rear-Admiral Dewey was authorized by the joint resolution of Congress approved June 3, 1898, and in response to the publication of the resolution a great many designs were submitted. The committee consisted of Assistant Secretary-of-the-Navy Charles H. Allen; United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, who introduced the joint resolution; and Professor Marshal Oliver, of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. The design chosen was that of Mr. Paulding Farnham, of the house of Tiffany & Co., and a member of the National Sculpture Society.

The sword, with the exception of the steel blade and the body metal of the scabbard, will be made entirely of pure gold, 22-karat fine; the grip will be covered with fine shark-skin, bound with gold wire and inlaid with gold stars. Above the shark-skin the handle terminates in a richly carved and enamelled gold collar and pommel; a narrow band of oak leaves unites the shark-skin to the collar; then come the arms of the Admiral's native State, Vermont, with the motto, "Freedom and Unity"; and above this, and spreading toward the top, is the Great Seal of the United States, with the blue field of the shield in enamel. The shield in the arms of Vermont is also enamelled. The collar is surmounted with a closely woven wreath of oak leaves, the standard decoration for rank, and the intervening spaces between the decorations are studded with stars. On the pommel is carved the name of the battle-ship *Olympia* and the zodiacal sign for the month of December, when Dewey was born.

The guard is composed of a conventional eagle, terminating in a claw clasping the top, the outspread wings forming the guard proper. The eagle bears a laurel wreath in its beak.

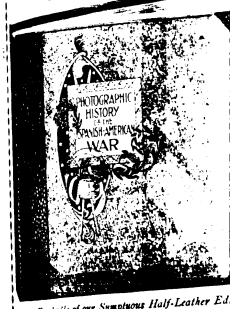
The scabbard will be of thin steel, damaskeened in gold with sprays of *Ros marinus*, signifying fidelity, constancy, and remembrance. The sprays are interlaced in the form of a series of cartouches, with a star in the centre of each, while dolphins fill the outer spaces. Sprays of oak leaves and acorns secure the rings and trappings of the scabbard; above these, on the front of the scabbard, is a raised monogram in brilliants (diamonds) entwining the letters "G. D.," and immediately under them are the letters "U. S. N.," surrounded by sprays of *Ros marinus*. The ferrule, or lower end of scabbard, terminates in entwined gold dolphins.

The sword-blade is damaskeened with the inscription:

> The Gift of the Nation to Rear-Admiral George Dewey, U.S.N., in memory of the Victory at Manila Bay, May 1st, 1898.

The Phœnician galley, representing the first craft of the world's navies, supplies the rest of the ornament on this side of the blade. On the other side of the blade is shown the flight of the eagles of victory bearing festoons of laurel.

The mounting of the belt and the trappings will be the regulation buckles, pierced slide-rings and swivels—all of 22-karat gold, and ornamented with the oak leaves and acorns. The bullion tassel and embroidered belting are especially made, and will be much superior to those usually employed.


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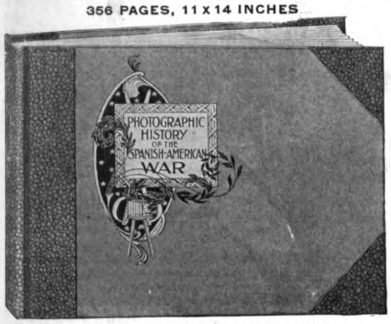
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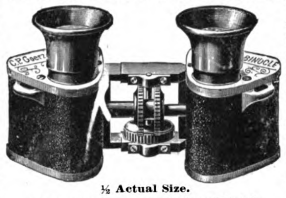
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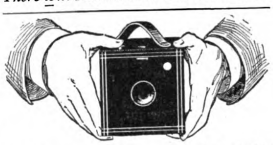
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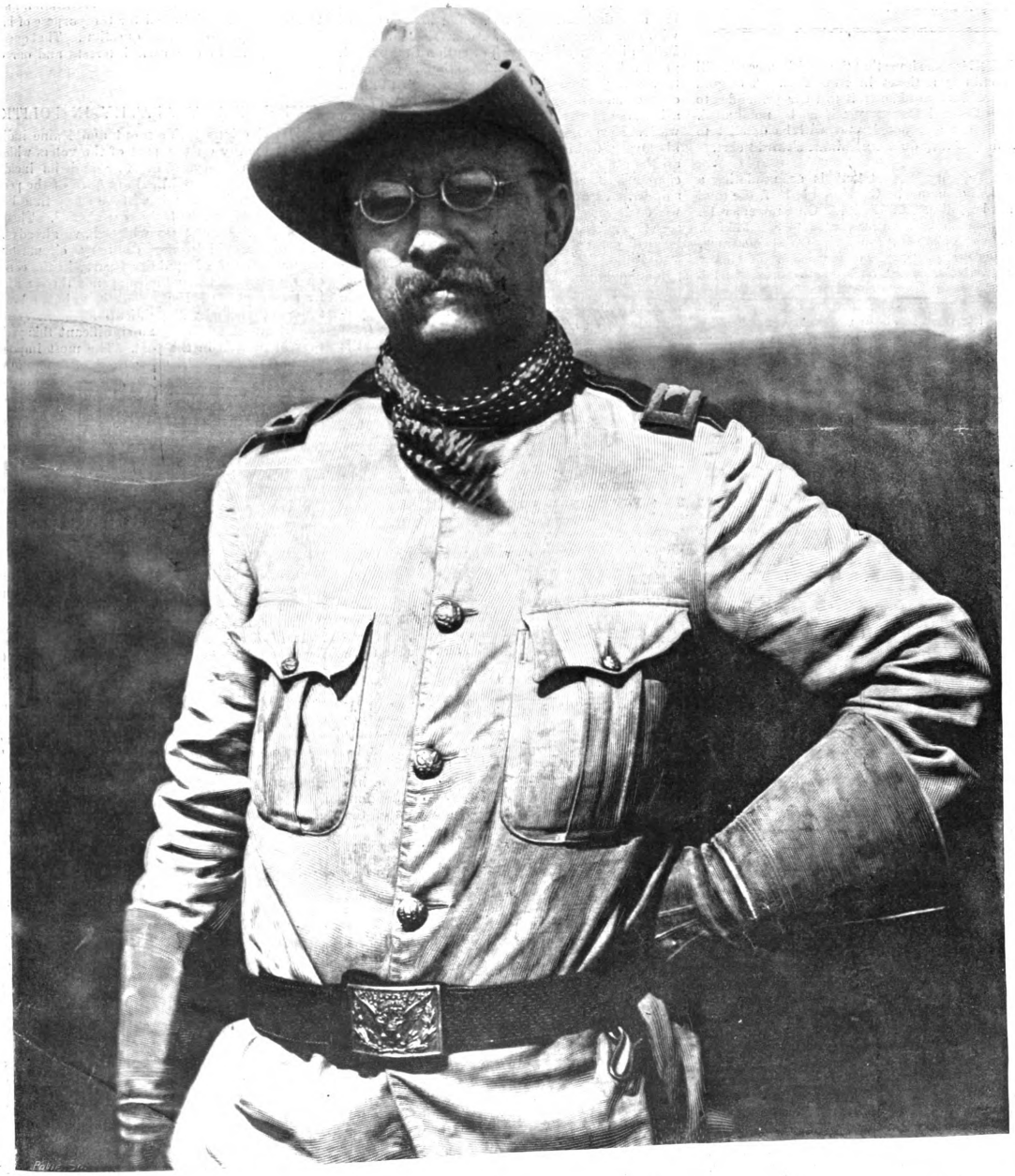
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2179. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

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*In the next number of the* WEEKLY *will begin a charming story by* MR. HENRY JAMES, *called*

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THERE is some hope that the gold Democrats will nominate a ticket in New York. The gold Democrats, we think, owe it to their principles to support Colonel ROOSEVELT if he be nominated. If he be not nominated, they will be derelict to their duty if they do not nominate a third ticket.

THE Treasury Department is accumulating a great deal of money. On March 5, 1897, the total cash balance was $212,725,207. On September 13, 1898, the cash balance amounted to $316,316,983. This is not a healthful showing. On the contrary, it means the withdrawal of large sums of money from circulation, and a consequent increase in the rates of discount. We have not yet reached a point where money difficulties are acute, probably because the West has been so greatly enriched by the abundant crops of two years; but while there is no currency famine as yet, it may come; and, at any rate, we have in this enormous accumulation of money in the Treasury, and in its withdrawal from circulation, a reminder that the money question is still with us, and that we have not yet established that elastic currency that good bankers and sound financiers know to be absolutely essential to a safe and stable monetary system.

WE do not sympathize with the prevailing criticism of President MCKINLEY'S effort to investigate army abuses. It is true that the commissioners will be hampered by want of public money, and by lack of power to compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses. It is not quite true that the President's limitation of their powers to an investigation of the quartermaster, commissary, and medical departments prevents the doing of justice. In the first place, these departments are what the President and the Secretary of War and Congress have made them. The commissioners can find out all that is essential to a just decision by the examination of officers who may be ordered to appear before them, and by careful study of the reports of the War Department, and of the statutes of the United States. In examining the history of this war, the commissioners cannot fail to discover where the Secretary of War has been at fault. If they proceed intelligently with their task they must discover also the responsibility of Congress, and the harsh and killing effect upon army administration of Congressional legislation. The commissioners have sufficient power under the President's invitation to gain all the knowledge that is essential to the purposes of a proper inquiry.

IT is evident that Mother Earth has still El Dorados that are neither buried under Klondyke snows nor bask in Afric's golden sands, where the too primitive Boer asserts his supremacy. A lump of gold weighing a hundred and fifteen pounds, and valued at $32,000, has just been picked up almost on the surface of the sandy soil near Lake Wynn, in the southern district of Western Australia, by a Roman Catholic priest, acting as agent for a bedridden parishioner, who had been informed of its location in a vision. The story is a romantic if not necessarily a miraculous one; but to the mining public of Australia its most interesting feature evidently consisted in the probability that other nuggets, which the vision had neglected to specify, would be found in the same locality. The story of the frantic rush of some six thousand miners to the spot, the moment the priest could be induced to say where he had picked up his sacred nugget, recalls to mind the earliest and most exciting days of Californian and Australian gold-finding. To the world at large the interest of the discovery, though less engrossing, is by no means trifling. Where nuggets of a hundred and fifteen pounds are to be picked up there are sure to be others, and where one such prize is found the others will certainly be sought for. In this way it may well be that we may see a return in Western Australia of the gold fever and the gold production which made Victoria a wonder of the world between 1852 and 1860. One more application of the gold-cure to unfortunates afflicted with the silver craze.

MR. HAY is coming home from his mission to England with much deserved glory. He seems to have achieved the friendship of the English, and to be regarded as a promoter of an Anglo-American alliance. At least, his admirers on the other side speak of him as having greatly advanced international friendship. In view of this we are moved to suggest a kindly recognition of the admirable work which was done by his predecessor, Mr. BAYARD, in this same direction. Mr. BAYARD was once the object of much vituperation on account of his friendliness towards Great Britain, but now that Mr. HAY is coming home covered with glory because he has been a friend of Great Britain it is only fair to call attention to the much greater deeds in behalf of international friendship that were performed by Mr. BAYARD. With much courage and with great persistency, he stood up as a believer in the creed that blood is thicker than water. Never neglecting his duty nor overlooking his loyalty to his own country, he did more than all the other American ministers to Great Britain combined to promote and to strengthen the friendship between his own country and England. He was one of the most conspicuous figures in London society, and he was not only the welcome but the honored guest at most public festivities of the British capital. His own high character, his commanding abilities, his varied accomplishments, and his genial nature made him a favorite with the people a whose court he was the American representative, so that without taking anything from the credit due to Mr. HAY we may recall what is the larger credit due to Mr. BAYARD.

IF there is any other question than that of self-interest involved in the proposition to take on the Philippines and their savages, it is that of our duty to the democratic form of government in general. What have been the peculiar virtues of democracy; or rather, what has the world regarded as the peculiar virtues of our form of government? Our first great virtue is that we have established government of the people, by the people, and for the people. If there is any subject upon which heretofore all Americans have been agreed, it is that government existed for the people, and should be established by them. We have held, too, that it does not matter whether or not a race is prepared for effective and admirable government, for we have professed to believe that the practice of self-government ennobles a people, and makes them strong to bear their responsibilities. Therefore we gave the suffrage to the negro immediately upon his emergence from a state of slavery, and therefore we have watched with interest and confidence the experiment of democracy that is being made in France. If we take these distant islands by conquest, and if we undertake to rule them absolutely, as we must, we are certainly discrediting our past professions of democracy, and therefore discrediting democracy itself in the eyes of the world. In other words, we are retarding the growth of democracy, just at the present moment becoming so interesting as to invite especially vigorous attacks from its enemies. Other virtues of democracy have been that it is peace loving, that it is against conquest, that it is bitterly hostile to the idea of taking the land of other people without their consent. All this would be doubted, and we would be regarded as hypocrites, if we were to carry out the designs of the Philippine annexationists.

IT is announced that the cabinet is unanimously in favor of holding Manila and Manila Bay, that a majority favor retaining control of Luzon, and that some of the members strongly advocate the retention of the whole Philippine archipelago. This is a very serious matter, and one which ought to attract the attention and excite the interest of every patriotic American. If we hold Manila and Manila Bay without the rest of the island of Luzon, we shall undoubtedly have a war on our hands with AGUINALDO and his insurgents. It is equally true that if we undertake to hold the whole of the island we shall have this war. AGUINALDO is just now posing as the friend of the Americans, and the insurgents, under the lead of General PIO PILAR, appear to be rebelling against him. The insurgents insist that the islands are theirs, and there is no ground on our part for joining issue with them on this question, unless we are prepared to hold that they are unfit to govern the islands, and that we have made ourselves responsible for good government there. Indeed, this last is the assumption of those who insist upon our retention of all the islands. They say that Spain is not capable of giving these people a good government, and that the people themselves are not capable of self-government. They add that the United States, having taken possession of Manila and Manila Bay, is morally bound, in the interests of civilization, to see that a better government is established in the place of the one thrown down. This is a fundamental error of the annexationists. The United States is not under any such obligation, at least unless the task of governing the Philippines can be carried on without detriment to our own civilization. If the effect of undertaking the government of the Philippines will be to bring ill to the United States itself, either moral or political, the United States is not bound to injure itself in the interest of the savages of the Philippines. This talk about our destiny and about our moral obligations to civilization and to the world was originated for the purpose of blinding the people to the real question. That question is simply as to our own interests and our own welfare.

## THE PRESENT APATHY IN POLITICS.

THE elections in Vermont and Maine indicate an apathy on the part of the voters which is not extraordinary. The war and its incidents have absorbed the political energies of the people, and we imagine that it will be some time before their interest will be fully reawakened. The light votes in the two States which have already held elections would under ordinary circumstances augur ill for the Republican party in the contests on their success in which depends their majority in the House of Representatives, but there are some reasons why Republican losses in Vermont and Maine may not be so significant this year as they have been in the past. The most important of these reasons is that questions of domestic politics are not interesting this year, and are not being discussed, so that a reduced vote is really apparent in each party's poll. For the moment Bryanism seems dead, although the evils in our currency and tariff systems which produced Bryanism continue to exist, while a tightening money market threatens to bring about a state of affairs which in an ordinary year would add great strength to the vociferousness of the shouters for cheaper money. The Republican party has abandoned both silver and prevarication, and is out and out for the gold standard. So much good at least has been accomplished. At last the country has a party which not only means gold, but says what i means. Compared with this firm front of the Re publicans, the Democrats are weak and hesitating Most of their State conventions have endorse Bryanism, both as to its candidate and as to its Ch cago platform. But the endorsement of the silve free-coinage plank is not hearty. There is n ring in it. Silver is not even mentioned muc Certainly we hear no "demonstrations" of th wonderful qualities of this panacea for financi ills. The tariff question is not in evidence. Th failure of the DINGLEY law as a revenue measure momentous to the protectionists, for the war h made more revenue absolutely and immediate necessary.

The failure of the tariff law to produce suf cient revenue, even for the needs of the cou try at peace, has compelled not only an additio to the public debt, but a return to the old int nal-revenue taxes, against which protectioni have naturally protested. Of course such tax were inevitable as a war measure, but there is intelligent person who comprehends the demar upon the government who does not know that t war taxes, with all their burdens, must contin to form an essential feature of our revenue la The socialistic issues which were features of BRYAN platform were really never discussed w seriousness. It is true that votes were influenc by them in the Presidential campaign here there, both in the cities and in the agricultu parts of the country, where there had been m distress, due to a succession of poor crops; but si then abundant crops have brought prosperity, a at all events, the farmers, who two years ago wer favor of government loans on warehouse rece and on kindred devices for availing themselves the taxing power of the government, are too b paying off their mortgages to bother their he over hard questions of public finance. It is dent to any one who takes into account the s of public discussion on the questions over wh the press and the stump-orators were by the

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during the Presidential election that the country is no longer interested in them; although there must be a tariff question and a money question and a constant danger of a BRYAN movement and campaign so long as there is a tariff law, and a monetary system such as is at present on our statute-books. We do not rid ourselves of evils by getting excited over the affairs of other people and of distant islands.

As to the questions which have come out of the war, something might be expected that would make politics interesting. But the trouble here is that the questions are new, and the next step is remote; therefore sides have not been formed. The country has assumed the government of Hawaii, and Puerto Rico and Cuba seem inevitable. Probably, if the Democrats had had an opportunity to put the issue to the front, they would have opposed expansion; and if they could have pushed BRYAN aside, their opposition would have been a wholesome movement. But as it is, expansion is an accomplished fact, while it is too early for the country to divide into parties on the question of the manner of government that shall be adopted for our colonies. Perhaps the time and the opportunity for such an issue will never meet. Besides the general uncertainty and doubt as to what is to be done with respect to our colonies, the mind of the people is distracted over the conduct of the war.

We are inclined to think that in the end there will be more of a political issue in this question of army administration than there seems to be on the surface, for the essential point is not as to the guilt or incompetence of this man or that man, of this staff department or that staff department. It is much deeper and more fundamental than that. It goes to the very heart of our system of government, and before the army question can be satisfactorily settled we must determine whether or not it will be wise to change our government so radically that it will be a very different kind of government from that which the fathers supposed that they were framing. At the moment the whole country is indignant by reason of the terrible sufferings of our soldiers, and it is generally, and with some reason, supposed that this indignation will be manifested by the defeat of Republican candidates for Congress. This, judging from past examples in our history, would be the natural result of such revelations as have appeared in the newspapers from one end of the country to the other. It may be, however, that Republican Congressional candidates will escape this time, because they and their newspapers are at one with the Democratic newspapers in making the Secretary of War the scapegoat for the whole miserable business. There is, in fact, no reason why one party should be punished more than the other for what has gone on and is going on in the administration of the affairs of the army, for the main fault lies with the system under which these terrible evils are not only probable, but almost inevitable. At any rate, we doubt if the voters have made up their minds to punish Republican Congressmen for what they firmly believe to be the guilt of MR. ALGER. There is abundant excitement over the matter, it is true, and some effort is being made to give a political expression to the excitement, but as yet there is little evidence of success in this effort.

Perhaps another cause for political apathy lies in the fact that the people have come at last to realize fully their utter helplessness. They are in the hands of the boss, and, war or no war, public interest or public apathy, the candidates who are to be nominated will be those who are selected by QUAY or PLATT, or the Connecticut ring, or MURPHY and CROKER, or HANNA or FORAKER, or TANNER or ALTGELD. With many men, and they the men who have the most intelligent interest in politics, this apathy does not denote indifference. It may mean hopelessness for the moment, but there is resentment also. Moreover, as we have indicated, the parties are nearer together on questions of principle than ever before. There is less reason than ever before for the best Republicans and best Democrats to remain apart. There is much that is intensely interesting and important in the near future. Large issues are to be raised, and large questions are to be settled. There is sometimes a calm that accompanies a change of sentiment, just as there often is a stillness before a tumultuous storm. Before the next Presidential election there is sure to be one of the best opportunities for the formation of a new party that this country has ever witnessed. Apathy is unnatural in American politics. It has always preceded exciting times. It is only necessary to recall the years that followed the "Era of Good Feeling" to conclude that the present indifference is a prelude to important shiftings in parties and to much excitement—excitement that is very likely to lead to the disappearance of the kind of boss who rules us now, and to the reappearance, as leaders, of intelligent and educated men. Meanwhile, in view of the task before us, let us assume no more responsibilities than we must.

## AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

THREE months ago the result of the referendum in the colonies of Australia on the question of federation appeared to persons at a distance to hold out little hope of the consolidation of the colonies under a single government. The press in England reluctantly, and that of both France and Germany with some appearance of satisfaction, arrived at the conclusion that the refusal of New South Wales to accept the proposed constitution would at least put the movement back for many years, and might not unlikely lead to the permanent isolation of the various colonies. There were excuses for the misunderstanding too, yet further developments would seem to prove that the opinion formed was a hasty one. It was founded on the idea that the adhesion of the oldest colony of the Australian group was essential to any federation, and this is now freely admitted in Australia itself; the error lay in the hasty conclusion that New South Wales itself was not in favor of joining a federal union.

The general election of the Parliament of that colony, particulars of which have just reached this country, disclose the true position of the matter, and indicate that there is a strong probability that the cause of the federal union of Australia will triumph within a very short time. The issue tried at the recent election was essentially that of federation, and it is significant that in the contest there was no anti-federation party. The question was not as to the policy, but as to the terms, of union, and the voters were divided into hostile camps only on the questions what were the smallest amendments in the proposed federal constitution that ought to satisfy the colony in giving its adhesion to the scheme, and which of the contending leaders was the most likely to bring about an agreement. The result was a victory for the leader of the existing government, and the acceptance of his programme as the one that would content the people of New South Wales; and the new Parliament has been elected pledged to support him in the effort to secure federation practically by three definite amendments of the constitution.

The terms laid down by the people of New South Wales as the price of their adhesion to the scheme of union are briefly these: (1.) Either the abolition of the equal representation of large and small colonies in the federal Senate, or some other efficient safeguard against a combination of the less populous colonies overriding the federal legislation passed by a majority of the Chamber elected on a population basis. (2.) The more effectually depriving the Senate of all power of amending money bills. (3.) The removal from the constitution of any provision which necessarily involves the imposition of high protective duties by the federal government. Subject to the amendment of the constitution in these respects, the people of New South Wales have declared that they will accept the act framed by the convention.

The proposals arise naturally out of the circumstances of the mother-colony of the Australian group. She is to-day the most populous of the colonies; she is also the only one of them all which has adopted a free-trade policy, and, as a large majority of her people believe, she has done so to the great increase of her prosperity and wealth. As the colony possessed of the largest population, the largest and least-encumbered revenue, and the greatest developed wealth, her people consider that they alone will be called upon to make a sacrifice for the sake of federation, and it would seem that in these demands they have formulated an ultimatum for the acceptance or rejection of the less populous and prosperous colonies. It can hardly be questioned that the course adopted holds out the best hopes of an agreement. At the convention the great and small colonies had equal representation, and New South Wales was almost invariably outvoted. In all the particulars now objected to the constitution was dictated by the delegates from the three smaller colonies, and by her present action New South Wales merely states the lowest terms of concession by the less populous colonies on which she will join with them in a federation in which at present she has little to receive and a good deal to give.

The interesting question now is, how far the other colonies are prepared to go to secure the senior colony's adhesion to the scheme, which, in fact, means its acceptance. The prospect would seem to be hopeful. There is scarcely a doubt that Victoria will agree, and it appears likely that Queensland will come in on the terms proposed. It is probable that South Australia will hesitate, but eventually accept; and if so, the inclusion of Western Australia and Tasmania can only be a question of time. Should this be so, the action of New South Wales will have the result, whether it be for better or worse, of moulding the latest federation of the English-speaking people upon lines more entirely democratic than any yet attempted. Opinions may differ as to the probable success of the experiment, but there can be no question of its interest and importance for all who are taking part in the development and application of democratic government in the varying conditions of modern society.

## ANARCHISM AND ASSASSINATION.

No more startling or revolting crime could have been committed than the murder of the Empress of Austria. Not since MARIE ANTOINETTE was sent to the guillotine has there been a crime more apt to awaken that sentiment of chivalric pity and indignation to which, on the earlier occasion, BURKE gave expression in words that are likely to be remembered as long as the English language endures. Now, as then, a queen has been chosen for murder because she was a queen, but in this case it was a queen beloved by all her people. It is scarcely conceivable that an Austrian or a Hungarian, even an anarchist, could have been found to raise his dagger against the beloved ELIZABETH, who was beloved of all her people, and whose person formed, it is not too much to say, one of the strongest bonds of the dual monarchy. Only a foreigner could do it, and it is not wonderful that Austrian mobs should have risen against Italian residents in Austria to avenge the crime of an Italian.

And yet there is no reason to suppose that the wretch committed his crime as an Italian. He was a murderer in his character of an enemy of the human race. Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, are of no country. Neither are they of any time. We are apt to look upon anarchism as a new disease. In fact it is as old as failure. It is hard, especially for an American, to comprehend that anarchism is merely an embodied rage, a human rabies. He supposes that it must have some political object, however crazy, and be defended by some pretence of reason, however fantastic. The fact is, however, that, outside of Russian Nihilism, the crimes of anarchism have no ulterior motive. The murder of a man or of a woman who has always had enough to eat and drink and wear is to the anarchist "of action" its own reward. If anarchist murder were a political crime, having a political object, its complete failure might teach the anarchists to take up some more promising method of agitation. Everywhere the effect of anarchist crimes has been to strengthen the form of government and the state of society against which the anarchists pretend to take up arms. In a country like Russia—not that there is any like it—in which it is a crime against the state to be an educated man, "to know, to utter, and to argue freely," it is not to be wondered at that men should strive to sweep away the whole fabric of government which oppresses them, and should prefer to have "nihil" in its place. Yet, even in Russia, every violence of Nihilism reacts upon the violent, and establishes more firmly the system of which they complain and against which they revolt. The despotism is not "tempered by assassination." The present Czar sits more securely and more firmly on the throne because his grandfather was murdered. The assassination of CARNOT weakened the Radicals and the Socialists in whose interest it was supposed to have been committed. Who can doubt that the murder of the German Emperor would do more than anything else to delay the inevitable political modernization of Germany? So long as the existing social state in any country seems to the majority of its people—the majority in weight as well as in number—preferable to anarchy, so long will a crime committed to overthrow the social order have the effect of strengthening that order.

We repeat that the passions which produce anarchism are not new. What is new is the facility of communication which the diffusion of the arts of reading and writing and printing has brought with it. Any rabid human animal who would hesitate to murder if he believed that the result would be his own prompt and quiet effacement is encouraged to do murder by the hope of becoming a hero to other rabid human animals who will know of his crime and envy his precedency. The love of notoriety conquers the fear of death. It has been suggested that to defeat the desire for notoriety is to furnish the most effectual preventive for the crimes of anarchists. The suggestion is worthy of attention in the international councils to which the cruel murder of the Empress of Austria may lead.

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## EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.

THE Empress Elizabeth of Austria was assassinated by Luigi Luccheni, an Italian anarchist, in front of the Hôtel Beau Rivage, Geneva, shortly after noon, Saturday, September 10. The Empress had been stopping some days in Geneva, travelling incognita with a small suite, and was about to take a lake steamer for Montreux. She was walking from the hotel to the boat-landing near by, when the assassin rushed upon her and plunged a stiletto into her breast. The attack was so sudden that no one had time to interfere. The murderer fled, but was overtaken by the crowd and turned over to the police. He boasted of his cowardly crime, and cheered for anarchy. The Empress staggered, but was able to reach the boat. She did not realize she had been stabbed, thinking she had been only struck by the man's fist; but growing faint, her ladies-in-waiting unfastened her waist, and found her Majesty was bleeding internally from a deep wound. The boat at once put back to Geneva, the Empress was carried to the hotel, physicians were summoned, but her Majesty died almost immediately.

As capital punishment has been abolished in Switzerland, Luccheni will probably be turned over to Austria for trial, on the ground of the Empress's right of extra-territoriality.

Diplomats, especially when they labored under the disadvantage of forming part of that very small fry known as attachés, enjoyed but few opportunities of coming into contact with Empress Elizabeth of Austria; and many a full-fledged envoy has actually left Vienna, after a stay there of several years, without ever having even set eyes on the lovely consort of "Franz den Kaiser." For even in the days prior to the tragedies of the Stahrenberg Lake and of Meyerling, which exercised so saddening an influence upon the later portion of her career, she held herself as far as possible aloof from court functions, while I cannot remember her ever taking part in those entertainments of the Viennese aristocracy, such as, for instance, of the Metternichs, the Andrassys, and the Schwarzenbergs, which the other members of the reigning family, including the Emperor, were wont to honor with their presence.

The first time that I had the opportunity of seeing Elizabeth, save at a distance, was on the occasion of the visit of the late Empress Augusta to Vienna, and the contrast between these two Empresses, personifying, the one, the traditions and the prestige of the so-called Holy Roman Empire, the other the glare of the new-fledged and somewhat parvenu German Empire, has always remained impressed upon my mind. Empress Augusta, although at the time a manifest septuagenarian, was arrayed in the most girlish fashion. A light muslin dress with a sash, which might have been suitable for a girl in her teens, only served to render still more marked the artifices that had been called into use to give a correspondingly juvenile appearance to a face that suggested enamel and paint, and which was surmounted by an enormous brown wig.

Her voice, as every one who knew her may very well remember, was pitched in such high tones and was so loud and so devoid of softness that it resembled a positive screech, while her gestures were jerky, and her movements both rapid and nervous. Beside her was the Empress Elizabeth, who, although the mother of a married daughter, looked a mere girl, dressed in the most quiet and sombre fashion, the pallor of her face unrelieved by one bit of paint, her voice melodiously soft, the very perfection of quiet grace and supreme elegance. The Viennese, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, did not love their Empress much, resenting her reluctance to show herself in public. But I think that they were proud of her on that day, and realized the immeasurable distance that separates the Hapsburgs from the Hohenzollerns.

Subsequently I learned to know her better, especially after having taken part in some of those hunts in which she used to delight, and for the sake of which we were wont each year to migrate for a time from Vienna to Pesth, and I had several opportunities of observing how very kind a heart, how generous and considerate a nature, and how simple and unaffected a mind there were concealed under that somewhat cold reserve and chilly if beautiful exterior, which somehow or other brought home to one the thought of the analogy that existed between herself and her favorite flower, that flower of the snow-covered Alps, namely, the edelweiss.

It is hardly necessary to record here the history of her childhood, nor the romance of a marriage which took place when she was but seventeen. Every one knows that she was the daughter of that grand old patriarch Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, of whom so many entertaining anecdotes are current throughout southern Germany to this day. He permitted his sons and daughters to grow up as they listed, and, with the exception of his eldest son, who married an actress and became the father of the infamous Countess Larisch, they have all turned out remarkable men and women. The younger son, Duke Charles Theodore, is famous throughout the world as an oculist, and has to his credit some three thousand cataract operations.

One of the daughters is the ex-Queen of Naples, who behaved with such magnificent gallantry at the siege of Gaeta, where she assumed the charge of the heroic defence of the fortress in lieu of her craven husband, that the Czar conferred upon her the order of St. George, she being the only woman who has ever received this rare distinction. Another daughter was that Duchess of Alençon who stood aside and sacrificed her life in order to permit others to make their escape from the flames of the charity bazar at Paris two years ago. Empress Elizabeth was quite as much of a heroine as either of these sisters, although few people were aware of the fact until, on the day of her assassination, she actually walked from the Duke of Brunswick's monument to the wharf at Geneva after being stabbed to the heart, and subsequently expired without uttering a word of complaint, only asking the lady in attendance on her, in her own characteristic way, "not to make any fuss."

There was yet another sister, namely, the eldest, Helene by name, whom the Emperor jilted in order to marry the youngest. Yet, in spite of this disappointment sustained by Princess Helene, she remained the warmest friend and most clever counsellor of Elizabeth. The latter stood in sore need of her advice and support when she first went to Vienna as a bride. For not only the court, the aristocracy, and the people, but even the imperial family were against her, on account of the alleged inadequacy of her rank. Perhaps her bitterest foe may be said to have been her own mother-in-law, the masterful and imperious Duchess Sophia, who later on was abetted and supported therein by the now widowed and demented Archduchess Charlotte, ex-Empress of Mexico. It was this unfriendliness, by which she was environed during the first fifteen or twenty years of her marriage, that led her to accord so much attention to the friends of her childhood, namely, dogs, and especially horses. Her power and influence over the latter were extraordinary, while even the past masters of the science of hunting, in Leicestershire and in County Meath, so critical with regard to the riding of foreigners, enthusiastically declared that her seat in the saddle was unrivalled, and that she was the most perfect horsewoman in existence.

There is no greater mistake that it is possible to make than to charge her with having been eccentric to a degree verging on insanity, and more than three-quarters of the stories of her alleged oddities are based on mere hearsay,



ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

and utterly devoid of foundation, originating with people who neither knew the Empress nor were even acquainted with her by sight.

To a clever, high-spirited woman possessed of the originality of Elizabeth there could have been nothing more dreary and intensely tiresome—nay, even exasperating—than the strict rules and laws of etiquette which have been in force at the court of Vienna ever since the days when Austria and Spain were united under the same crown. The Empress rebelled against all these restrictions, which, had she permitted, would have regulated by century-old precedent her every act, her every gesture, nay, her very speech. Of course her revolt in the matter led to her being taxed with eccentricity. For the moment that any one declines to comply with the conventions of our social system, no matter how empty a sham they may be, he or she is at once set down as being mentally unbalanced. The Empress's dislike of being stared at through field-glasses and telescopes, which the Viennese were in the habit of levelling at her whenever they got a chance, and her consequent avoidance, as far as possible, of every public appearance, naturally went far to give fresh color to these stories concerning the alleged lack of balance of her mind; and when, after the terrible death of her only son, she sought oblivion for her sorrow, and a relief from the insomnia which was one of the lasting effects of the shock, by constant travel and change of scene, people insisted that she was completely and entirely mad. Yet nothing could be further from the truth, and those who were at the court of Vienna at the time of the tragedy of Meyerling and during the sad months which followed that event, and who witnessed the fortitude with which Elizabeth bore her own sorrow and made it her duty to soothe the sorely stricken Emperor, to whom she was the first to break the news of the horrible affair, can bear eloquent testimony to the fact that no one in the world was less deserving of the accusation of being crazy or even mentally unbalanced than the kind-hearted, charitable, and altogether blameless Empress of Austria.

EX-ATTACHÉ.

## THE "NEW YORK" AT SANTIAGO.

THE WEEKLY desires to add a few words to the description of the naval battle of Santiago (published, with a chart, in the issue of September 3), from which credit to the flag-ship *New York* was omitted. It is always difficult, in preparing a report of this kind so soon after the actual occurrence of events, to escape error, and it is equally gratifying to be able to rectify any errors that may have been committed as soon as they may be pointed out. The ship's company of the *New York* feel justly aggrieved because their ship was left out of account in the chart published by the WEEKLY. This omission is especially disturbing as it is known that the captain of the *Cristóbal Colon* gave as his reason, to the Italian naval attaché, for running his ship ashore that the *New York* was coming up so fast as to make this action imperative, the *New York* running at 17 knots and the *Colon* at 13.7 knots. In the text of the article it was stated that the *New York* had gone to Siboney on the morning of July 3. The flag-ship started for Siboney, but, upon noticing heavy smoke rising above the entrance to Santiago Harbor, put about at 9.37 A.M., about a mile and a half west of Siboney. By 10.40 A.M. (or an hour later) the *New York* had passed the mouth of the harbor, and was half-way between Morro and the point where the *Oquendo* and *Teresa* were beached some five or ten minutes later.

She passed the burning wrecks at 10.55 A.M., and was then rapidly overhauling the *Vizcaya*. The latter turned in toward the shore at 11.15, crossing the *New York's* bows not more than a mile or a mile and a half distant—so close, in fact, that the pursuers could easily see the Spanish crew without the use of glasses. When the *Vizcaya* struck the reef, she was just forward of the *New York's* starboard beam. The flag-ship left the *Iowa* to look after the wreck, and kept on after the *Colon*, and at 11.35 heard the explosion of the *Vizcaya's* magazines, the *Vizcaya* at that moment bearing on the *New York's* starboard quarter, with the *Iowa* abeam. The *New York*, therefore, at the time the *Colon* went ashore (at 11.45), was just about where the *Colon* is shown on the chart at 6, and the actual position of the *Colon* should be marked considerably further west on the chart. The *New York* was unquestionably in the chase, and was one of the most important factors in the result.

The surrender of the *Colon* was principally due to the fire of the 13-inch guns of the *Oregon*, which ship has not received all the credit due her for her splendid conduct in this affair. The *Brooklyn*, on the contrary, has received much more than her deserts in popular but not in professional estimation. She was so far out at sea during the chase that the distance between her and the *Colon* was five miles, so that her 8-inch shots could not reach the Spanish ship. Indeed, the only shots that carried to the *Colon* were the 13-inch shots of the *Oregon*. The *New York* throughout the chase was the nearest of all the American vessels to the shore, and received the fire of the Spanish batteries in passing them.

## WILFORD WOODRUFF.

WILFORD WOODRUFF, fourth President of the Mormon Church, who died in San Francisco September 2, from kidney troubles and old age, was born in Farmington, Hartford County, Connecticut, March 1, 1807. His ancestors had lived in that section for many generations. In his first years of manhood he disagreed with his family on religious matters, holding that the Churches of the time lacked true spirituality. He and his brother Azmon were in Oswego, New York, in 1833, and heard the preaching of two Mormon elders. Both were converted by a single sermon.

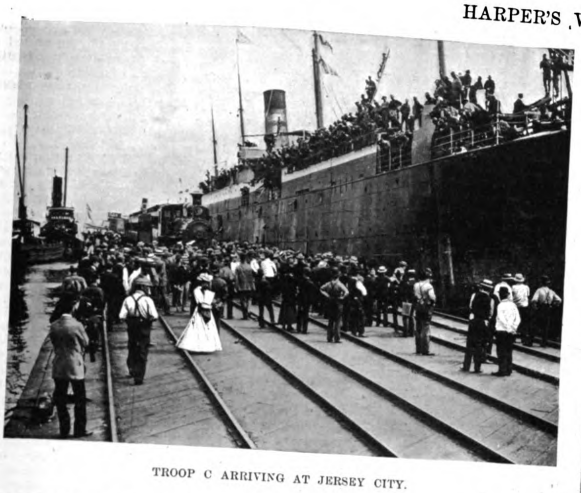
Wilford was sent to Kirtland, Ohio, where he became a favorite of the so-called prophet Joseph Smith. His time, until 1843, was taken up almost entirely with his travels to preach the new gospel. He travelled all through the United States and in many European countries. In England, in 1839, he directed a large force of missionaries, and his success so aroused the clergy that a petition against the Mormons was sent to Parliament. He was one of the leaders in the movement of the Mormons to Salt Lake after the shooting of the prophet Joseph Smith by an Illinois mob in 1844.

He became President of the Church in 1887, succeeding John Taylor, who had followed Brigham Young. Mr. Taylor died while eluding arrest for polygamy, and Mr. Woodruff was selected in secret, and for many months did not show himself in public.

Under his administration have occurred most of the events which have brought the Mormon Church into consonance with American ideas. The United States confiscated hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of church property soon after he came into office, and after this blow, and after the penitentiary had been filled with polygamists, and all the Church leaders had been driven into hiding, the pressure became so great that, on September 24, 1890, he issued a manifesto counselling the abandonment of polygamy.

This manifesto ended the fight on religious lines which had waged bitterly in Utah. Effective opposition to Statehood ended when he and the other members of the Mormon First Presidency declared soon after that "the Church will not assert any right to control the political action of its members." It is a matter of record in Utah, however, that this pledge has not been kept since Statehood was

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TROOP C ARRIVING AT JERSEY CITY.



TAKING THE SICK ASHORE




THE HOME-COMING OF NEW YORK'S CAVALRY.

SCENES ATTENDING THE ARRIVAL OF THE "MISSISSIPPI" WITH TROOPS A AND C.—DRAWINGS BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

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granted. President Woodruff's last sermon called for union of Mormons on political lines.

President Woodruff was never an ardent polygamist, contenting himself with four wives. He had a very large family, and his favorite son, Owen A. Woodruff, has been made a member of the twelve apostles in the Church.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

In the destruction of New Westminster, by fire, on the afternoon of September 11, British Columbia loses its oldest and one of its most important towns. That it had dropped far behind of late was due to the modern changes in methods of commerce and transportation following the introduction of railways and ocean steamships. New Westminster occupied a pleasant forest-bordered slope upon the north bank of the Fraser River, some fifteen miles from its mouth, which has the form of a delta broken by level, treeless, and exceedingly fertile islands. This site was chosen in 1850, when the Hudson Bay Company resigned control and that region became a British colony for a fortified camp; but the discovery of gold on the upper waters of the Fraser in 1858 gave soldiers and citizens something else to think about, and New Westminster rose like a mushroom to be the port of entry to the new diggings, whose story is one of the most romantic chapters in the wild history of "El Dorado." One of the substantial results was to leave New Westminster a flourishing town, and the capital of the new colony of British Columbia, which the gold-hunters and boomers had erected independent of Vancouver; but when the mines no longer yielded fortunes to the wayfarer and were largely abandoned, the mainland colony reunited with Vancouver Island, and its capital returned to Victoria, except some branch offices, like that of the crown lands and forests, which remained to show visitors with what stately and elegant leisure the Queen's business could be conducted.

The greatest resource of this struggling little city has been the canning of salmon. The blue-back and other salmon annually ascend the Fraser to spawn in enormous numbers. There are now more than a dozen canneries at or near the city, which turn out nearly half a million cases of cans a year, and pay out some $500,000 in wages annually. The population of New Westminster approached eight thousand.

The whole centre of the city was destroyed by the conflagration, which began upon the wharves, and swept away saw-mills, lumber-yards, shipping, railway stations, business streets, and residences, until over three hundred buildings had been laid in ashes. A very high wind was blowing, the water-supply was deficient, and nothing perhaps would have been saved had not help come from Vancouver. So much of this loss is of that inestimable kind which consisted in old associations and religious and educational advantages that it is doubtful whether the town can ever fully recover from this final blow to an existence which has already outlived many hopes and survived many reverses.

## IN FRONT OF MANILA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Headquarters of General Greene,
Camp Dewey, Tambo, *August 6*, 1898.

All the troops already landed have had their baptism of fire except the Astor Battery, which is eating its heart out here in camp. Not being armed with rifles, the men cannot be used as infantry, and as there is no place possible for the guns in the intrenchments at the front, they cannot move a wheel. The affair on Sunday night last, which, I am sure, has been much exaggerated by cable, did not assume the proportions of a battle, but might be called a brisk engagement. The force of the enemy has been variously estimated from two to four thousand; and our troops, including the supports, counted probably less than a thousand, all told. The losses in the Tenth Pennsylvania were ten per cent. of their number, and this large proportion was due to their exposed position in the rice-swamp to the right of our short intrenched line. A great many of the other losses occurred on the way from the post of supports to the firing-line, for there is a danger-zone of several hundred yards between our picket-line and the intrenchments. The situation at the front, briefly described, is this: Our troops have intrenched themselves from the sea-shore to a point beyond the Pasai road, a distance of 1460 yards. Most of this line is through thickets of bamboo and other tropical growth, and it is all on low marshy ground. The intrenchments are not continuous, but, with the exception of the part between the sea-shore and the Calle Real, a distance of about 300 yards, they are detached rifle-pits, and have been built since Sunday night. Near the sea-shore the trenches are 1300 yards from the formidable sand-bag batteries of the enemy, and on the extreme right they come within 250 yards of a strong timber block-house, which bears the number 14 in plain figures. The Spanish rifle-pits near the sea-shore have apparently been abandoned; but from the Calle Real, which is the main thoroughfare from Manila to Cavité, and runs near the sea eastward to block-house No. 14, their intrenchments are very numerous, and irritatingly near our lines. We have thus gone on steadily occupying a position considerably in advance of the insurgents, who have retired from the position on the left, but now find themselves on the right, between our rifle-pits in front and our picket-line and supports in the rear. There has been no unpleasantness about this occupation thus far, but the insurgents are a source of considerable annoyance and trouble, for force has to be used to prevent them from firing from our trenches when the line is perfectly quiet. Their idea of fighting seems to be to blaze away into the landscape and make as much noise as possible. To-day, as I write, I can recognize the dull sound of the Napoleonic bronze six-inch gun they have up close in the rear of our trenches, near the Pasai road, the highway parallel to the Calle Real, and only a few hundred yards east of it. This gun is mounted on a limber-carriage with small wheels, and bears the date 1803, and also the date when a Krupp breech was put on, 1874. Every time they fire this, the Spaniards reply, and as they have the range of our earth-works perfectly, their shells often cause considerable injury. Three men of the Twenty-third regulars were killed in that way last night and seven wounded. Between our lines and the suburbs of Malate and Cingalon, south of which the Spanish positions are the strongest, are impassable rice-swamps, intersected by the two above-mentioned roads leading into Manila, and the great swamps extend eastward as far as the neighborhood of the Pasig River. The roads are simply canals of mud, quite impracticable for any vehicles except the light two-wheeled native carts and the buffalo-sleds.

A severe southwesterly monsoon has been blowing for a week, and it has been impossible to land here without great danger in swamping. On Wednesday five cascos, or native lighters, loaded with troops of the Fourteenth and Twenty-third regulars, were towed over from Cavité. The method adopted in landing these cascos is to throw out an anchor and let them drag it as they drift through the surf, thus keeping the head on to the sea. But on Wednesday afternoon the surf was so heavy that two of the cascos broke from their anchor and drifted broadside on to the beach. The first one was wrecked and smashed to pieces in a few moments, but the second struck in a deeper place and did not break up. As they drifted into the surf many of the men were seen to strip and stow their clothes in their knapsacks, preparatory to swimming. The moment the first lighter struck, the men swarmed into the water and waded ashore with the water up to their armpits—sometimes dashing over their heads. A bandsman, carrying his great silver-plated tuba, was the first to land, and as he came through the surf, sometimes completely buried in a mass of tumbling white water, the great tuba, carried on his raised arms, flashed in the sun like the armor of some strange sea-god. Hundreds of natives gathered on the beach to see the landing, and to sell fruit and tobacco to the new-comers. For an hour or two the scene rivalled that of the famous taking of Lung Tung Pen. Great stalwart soldiers, clothed only in a knapsack, stalked through the whole camp to find their places away down the line; others, having lost their clothes, and with their accoutrements hanging on the bamboo to dry in the strong wind, wandered about as complacently as if they were in full dress; and all the while the natives—men, women, and children—in apparent unconsciousness of the white nudity of the soldiers, carried on a brisk trade with such of the men as could find their money. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt in this landing, although several were nearly drowned.

From this brief résumé of the situation here it will be seen that our position is not altogether satisfactory. We are losing valuable lives every day, and simply holding the lines. Of course, it was necessary to occupy the front positions, because, in case we go into Manila by this road, which is apparently the only one we can take, it is absolutely necessary to be ahead of the insurgents, to stop plunder and outrage. We are now waiting for the moment to arrive when the navy shall co-operate with the army, and in one decisive blow bring about the reduction of the town. When that moment will be I do not venture to prognosticate; certainly not while a monsoon is blowing. The camp oracle declares it will not come until the *Monadnock* arrives. He made the same prophecy before the *Monterey* reached us, which she did on Thursday. I have always been of the opinion that the town would be surrendered as soon as the army made such a display in force that the inhabitants would be confident of protection against the insurgents. The troops of the third expedition, which arrived on Sunday, are landing here as fast as the weather will permit, and in a few days the bulk of the army will be in this camp.

No one who has not experienced the weather we have been having lately can form any idea of the discomforts of camp life in the almost continuous downpour which has been going on for the last week. Every article of clothing is drenched, and the unfortunates—and there are many of them—who have but one suit of clothes, and that a canvas one, have not known what it is to be dry for days. Boots and shoes are always wet. Every morning they are covered with blue mould, inside and out, and if one tries to clean and oil them they are as bad again in five minutes. I saw a parade of the Nebraska regiment last night in the company streets. A large proportion of the men were in their under-clothes, and scarcely one had a complete uniform. All the troops look as if they had been through a six months' active campaign, and the camp looks like a lacustrine village. But there is almost no illness as yet among the men, and their spirits are exuberant. General Greene is the busiest man in camp, as may be imagined, for in addition to the military operations at the front, the difficulties about supplies, about the landing of troops, and the transportation increase daily, and very much add to the labors of the one upon whom the whole responsibility rests. The example of the general's unflagging energy is invaluable and contagious, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the troops have unbounded confidence in him. Thus far all the active work in the field has been done by the troops in General Greene's brigade, and they have proved themselves most efficient soldiers in every respect.

F. D. Millet.

## OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Camp Dewey, *August 7*, 1898.

The *Monterey*, black and ugly, steamed into Manila Bay on Thursday, August 4, and dropped anchor opposite Cavité. With her coming a new chapter opens in the story of the siege of Manila. Many weary days has the admiral watched for the arrival of the Monitor, for with her and the *Monadnock*, following closely in her wake, he has nothing to fear from the Spanish 10-inch guns in Manila, or the interference of the big German battle-ship, which lies threateningly among the foreign fleet, barring the way to the Philippine capital. The Germans still maintain their hostile attitude towards us, although, since the energetic action of Admiral Dewey towards them, they have shown a wholesome respect for our blockade regulations. An American who came down on a German transport, and was transferred to the German flag-ship, reports that the German officers told him Admiral Diederich would not allow the American fleet to bombard Manila. How much of this may be put down to a desire to brag it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain—that Admiral Dewey would not have delayed after the arrival of the second expedition for the coming of the *Monterey* unless he had more to cope with than Spanish guns.

General Merritt, with the third expedition, arrived here on Monday, July 25, and the troops have not yet all been landed, on account of the rough weather in the bay, which makes landing on the beach at Camp Dewey extremely difficult. Since July 29 a regiment of our troops has each day been marched up two miles from camp towards Manila, and placed in trenches dug just ahead of the insurgent lines. To make this occupation it was necessary to order the insurgents to leave this portion of their works, which extend completely around Manila. The soldiers of Aguinaldo willingly gave up the position to our men, and now only act as scouts in this region, while still maintaining the rest of their siege-works.

On one side of the Manila road running down to the beach our trenches were built under fire from the Spanish lines during the night. Here four guns from the Utah batteries A and B have been placed in gun-pits, with embrasures in the six-foot earth-works. On the other side of the road inland our rifle-pits are not continuously connected. On account of the swampiness of the ground and the dense growth of bamboo, which obstructs advance on every side, our men in twos and threes lie behind low heaps of earth. The soldiers often lie half in the water, and wholly exposed to the drenching showers, which beat down furiously every half-hour. Our lines extend in this way about two miles inland, to where a swampy river separates our works from the beginning of the insurgent rifle-pits. At no point along this line of ours can one see more than a thousand yards ahead, and in most places fifty feet is the limit of vision. Considering every detail of rain, swamp, and thicket, one could not well imagine a more nasty country for an active campaign; and when you add to these difficulties the fact that the Spaniards have a disagreeable habit of fighting exclusively at night, one wonders why our men were shoved forward into these trenches before we were ready to attack the city by sea and land, instead of allowing insurgents and Spaniards to waste men and ammunition in nightly squabbles. At any rate, since our men have occupied these earth-works we have lost seventeen killed and thirty-eight wounded, without our advancing or attempting to advance an inch. Indeed, the orders to our men have been not to load their rifles unless they were actually attacked by an advancing force of Spaniards. It is not to be expected that two hostile forces can lie at distances ranging from two hundred to fifteen hundred yards without doing some fighting. Every night the Spaniards have attacked our position, small detachments advancing against us through the swamps and brush. On August 2 I spent the night in the trenches, and saw the peculiar method of warfare used by the Spaniards. During the day no shooting had been done. Our pickets had been relieved regularly without drawing fire from the enemy, except for an occasional sharp-shooter, who got into the swampy places between our rifle-pits, and, up to his waist in water, fired occasionally from the thickets. As night closed in absolute quiet reigned. About nine-thirty suddenly a perfect shower of bullets came pelting down across our trenches. The whole Spanish line seemed to flame up as if lightning were playing up and down their trenches. Their five and three inch guns pounded our earth-works, and sent shrapnel bursting above our heads. Their firing was extremely accurate, for in the morning I discovered that the top of our earth-work was furrowed with their bullets. Indeed, it is a mistake to think that Spanish marksmanship on land is bad. Their shells struck with great accuracy, especially about our guns, and on the night of August 1 one of their shells actually exploded on a gun of Battery B, and carried away the sights, without, however, doing other damage.

After the first fusillade small groups of Spaniards left the protection of their earth-works and came forward in skirmishing order. On the right of our line the bamboo is so thick that only the flash of their rifles told of their presence; but near the shore, where the ground is more open, indistinct forms could be seen slipping forward, and stopping from time to time to shoot. Apparently their object was to cut our line in two at its weakest point, flank us, and, if possible, drive half our men into the sea, but they were driven off by a well-directed and sustained fire from our men. After about an hour the Spaniards withdrew, and left us in peace for the rest of the night.

One thing this desultory fighting proves—that our volunteers, after a very short time, are going to develop into splendid soldiers. They were as cool as veterans throughout the fight, and their only fault was a tendency to burn cartridges too rapidly. It is a very trying ordeal to put raw recruits to meet a night attack in a thickly wooded country of this sort. The Utah battery especially distinguished itself; they worked their guns, more exposed to shot and shell than any of the other soldiers, as if they were at target practice.

Our relations from day to day are becoming more strained with the insurgents and Aguinaldo. We forget that they drove the Spaniards from Cavité to their present intrenched position, thus saving us a long-continued fight through the jungle. We are now the masters, and are making our power felt, while we rather look down on the Philippine Indian who used to be our ally. Only day before yesterday we unceremoniously seized Aguinaldo's telegraph line; but on his vigorous protest, and an implied threat that continued action of this kind would be likely to turn the native population against us, gave up his telegraph line, and did what we ought to have done from the first—built one of our own. However much the bad feeling between American and insurgent may grow, one thing is certain, that to turn these islands over to Spain again would be criminal. We entered into the war to deliver Cuba from oppressive Spanish rule. By our actions here we encouraged the Filipinos with hopes of a free country, and made it possible for them to rise and force the Spaniards into Manila, leaving the rest of Luzon Island completely under their control. Having accepted Philippine aid against the Spaniards in the hour of our need, then to turn them over to Spain again, that she might this time with undivided resources throw her Cuban army into these islands, would be a dastardly act. English merchants assure me that the result would be a wholesale massacre of the natives. Any action on our part now seems preferable. Give them their liberty and guarantee it to them. Give them to Japan, England, even to Germany, or, as a last resort, keep them ourselves, rather than allow Spanish dominion, which has been worse here than in Cuba, to re-establish itself.

J. F. Bass.

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

LOST races continue to turn up, either actually by the discovery of living representatives, or historically by disclosure of their records. A London correspondent of the New York *Sun* told, under date of August 27, of a traveller, freshly returned from East Central Africa, who reports the discovery of astonishing remains of a former civilization on the great Inyanga plateau—the roof of that region, a vast plain 7500 feet above the sea. Here are remains of forts, strongholds, lookouts, and prodigious numbers of stone retaining walls on the hill-sides, some of them forty miles long, with relics of an elaborate system of irrigation, indicating a great population and highly intelligent husbandry.

More notable still is the discovery, briefly recited in a recent issue of the New York *Herald*, of surviving descendants of the aborigines of Mexico in the heart of the wild Sierra Madre Mountains. The story is that Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, physician and anthropologist, of New York, spent three months of the present year—from April to July—in northern Mexico, in the service of the American Museum of Natural History, and penetrated with much difficulty far up into the Sierra Madres, where he found people of a race long believed be to extinct. He staid with them, formed agreeable relations with them, and found them cheerful and hospitable, and willing to be studied. He studied both the living and the dead, digging up bones, measuring skulls and skeletons, and fetching home a satisfactory line of skeletons and mummies for future reference. Dr. Hrdlicka is represented as believing that these people are pure-blooded representatives of the prehistoric races which left such astonishing remains in Mexico and Central America. As reported in the *Herald*, he speaks highly of their mental capacity, and says they are handsome people, with chocolate-colored (not copper-colored) skins, with skulls of a shape different from and better than those of the American Indians, and with nothing in them of Indian cruelty. If these people prove to be really of the races which formerly flourished from Peru northward to Mexico, their discovery is a matter of great moment to scientists, and of very lively interest to the general public.

Still another extraordinary traveller's tale, which comes by way of London, records the presence, in that centre, of M. Louis de Rougemont, a Swiss, who has been absent from civilization, much against his will, for the last thirty-five years. The outlines of his story, as set forth by the *Westminster Gazette*, reads like a tale by Mr. H. G. Wells, and makes *Robinson Crusoe* seem an every-day story by comparison. He went cruising after pearls in the early sixties in the South Seas, got together a great treasure, and was overtaken by a storm, which swept away all his accomplices, and left him alone on his ship. Then he was cast away on a sand spit in the Timor Sea, where, after a long time, he was joined by four negroes, who were blown ashore. The five built a boat and escaped to Australia, and there Rougemont lived twenty-eight years, undergoing experiences and adventures the like of which, it is positively averred, have never before been narrated, and witnessing many curious and highly interesting things, about which anthropologists and others are much excited. The *Westminster Gazette* represents this adventurer to be the sensation of the London hour. Doubtless it is due to the pressure of other news that we have not been more fully regaled with particulars about him.

The prospect of the planting of a colony of Germans in Syria is interesting. Syria has an area of about 146,000 square miles, and a population of 2,700,000, which leaves room for many immigrants. Two-thirds of the present population are Mohammedan. What the country seems to need most is roads, almost all the transportation being now done on the backs of mules and camels. Wheat and other grains can be raised to advantage in Syria, but even the poor old broken-down Erie Canal can beat camels as a means of getting grain to market, and until Syria has a full set of parallel competing railroads it is not likely to raise more grain than is needed for local consumption. It trades, however, in many other things—silk, olive oil, indigo, gums, dates, relics, and the like, and ought to do a good business in entertaining tourists. Emperor William of Germany expects to go to Palestine this fall to dedicate the German church at Jerusalem. No one who knows him doubts that he will wear spurs at the dedication. We are told that he hopes to regain for the Roman Catholics the possession of the chamber of the last supper.

Judge Thomas M. Cooley, who died at his home at Ann Arbor, Michigan, on September 12, was one of the best and most useful men of his generation, and was the great authority of his time on those branches of the law which touch upon constitutional construction. He was the sort of successful man that is particularly dear to the American heart, for he was a farmer's son who won education in the teeth of adverse circumstances, won professional success because his merits were so great that it could not escape him, and used his great powers both indirectly and directly in the public service.

He was born on a farm near Attica, in western New York, in 1824, studied law for a year in a lawyer's office in Palmyra, and in 1843 moved to Michigan and settled on a farm near Adrian. He kept on with his law studies in the intervals of farming, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. For two years he helped out an infant law practice at Tecumseh, Michigan, by editing a newspaper, and in 1847 settled in Adrian. In the course of ten years he made a reputation as a lawyer, and in 1847 was elected to the Legislature. The next year he was appointed reporter to the Supreme Court. In 1859 he became a professor in the law department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and began a connection with the university which lasted for nearly thirty years. In 1864 he was elected a judge of the Supreme Court, and continued on the bench in Michigan until 1885. In 1887 he was appointed receiver of the Wabash Railroad, a labor which he resigned at the solicitation of President Cleveland to become a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. He was chosen chairman of the commission, but after four years of laborious service his health broke down, and in 1891 he retired from active life. It will be seen that the best years of his life were spent in the public service, as a teacher of law, as a judge, and as an inter-State commerce commissioner. His work as a judge was very valuable, but perhaps his greatest service was rendered as a writer of law-books. His book on *Constitutional Limitations* and his hand-book on *Constitutional Law* are regarded by competent authority as "the chief substantial addition to American constitutional law made in our time."

Mr. Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, at Tuskegee, Alabama, believes that the new responsibilities which we have incurred in Cuba and Puerto Rico include an obligation to promote the education of the negroes of those islands. Both in Cuba and in Puerto Rico the negroes form half of the population. No one disputes that they need training—intellectual, industrial, religious—such as is given at Hampton and Tuskegee. In the present state of Cuba industrial education is especially necessary. By way of making a beginning Mr. Washington proposes to bring to this country a few promising young Cuban negro men and women and train them at Tuskegee, so that they can go back and begin the work of industrial training on the island. To bring them to Tuskegee and teach them will cost $150 apiece for each year's instruction. Mr. Washington wants to hear from persons who are disposed to help in defraying the costs of this work.

An illustration of the difference between the attitude of European dignitaries to American artists in Europe and that of their own government toward them is afforded by the information lately received that the Prince-Regent of Bavaria has conferred upon our fellow-countryman Edwin Lord Weeks the gold cross of officer of the order of St. Michael. Uncle Sam's disposition, as interpreted by the statesmen who make his tariffs, seems to be to make it as hard as possible for the American artist to develop his talent. In Europe, on the contrary, the sentiment of the authorities seems to be that a man who can paint good pictures should be encouraged to do so, even though he happen to be an American. So long as American artists continue to be rewarded abroad and discouraged at home it need not surprise any one if they find the atmosphere of Europe more congenial than ours.

We shall all be interested to learn what sort of a reception Admiral Cervera meets with at home, and what sort of justice he gets from his own countrymen. So far as we know, he sailed out of Santiago Harbor under direct orders from his superiors in authority, though against his personal judgment. The facts of his situation seem to be clear and easily demonstrated, but whether the present temper of the Cortes is such as to permit it to recognize facts when they are presented is a question.

The episode of the admiral's experiences in this country is without precedent or counterpart. There never was a hero who was more polite. The kind old man must be relieved that for the present he has no more acknowledgments to make and no more letters of thanks to compose.

The Tree-Planting Association found in the consequences of the extreme heat that wound up our summer a useful object-lesson of the need of shade trees in the streets of New York. An appeal which they have issued asserts that the cooling effects of trees in cities are recognized both by scientists and laymen, and calls upon all owners of city property, but especially owners of tenement-house property, to plant shade trees in front of their holdings. The association insists that shade from trees can be obtained in a few years if the right sort of trees are planted, and it offers to send free to all inquirers, from its office at 64 White Street, full information as to what trees are most suitable, where to get them, and what it costs to have them set out. The fall is the time to plant trees, so that persons who are willing to experiment according to the Tree-Planting Association's suggestions should make their arrangements at once. New York streets have certainly been hot enough this summer to warrant attention to any reasonable means of making them cooler. Moreover, if trees can be made to grow in the streets of New York they will grow in the streets of any city, and the example of their usefulness here will have widespread effects.

We hear a great deal about the prospects of prosperity. Everybody who ought to know seems to believe it is coming now with somewhat of a bang. Mr. George J. Gould, for example, was quoted the other day as saying, on his return from Europe, that everything he had heard since he got home convinced him "that we are on the eve of an era of prosperity perhaps unprecedented in our history." Those are good words. We are all in the attitude of the Sunday-school children when the teacher called for silence that they could hear a pin drop, and the little boy who was holding his breath shrieked, "Let her drop!" We are exceedingly attentive to promises of prosperity. Let it come! We won't let it get away. Mr. Gould points out that the great harvest will make work for the railroads, that that will make railroad securities "boom," and that all sound stocks will be the better for it. That is first rate for the folks who have the securities and the sound stocks; but the rest of us also want a lift, both those of us who have no railroad securities and those who own stocks that are not sound. No prosperity will be accepted as unprecedented and satisfactory which does not make the unsound stocks sound. The sound stocks are well enough as it is; we get a blast of prosperity that will make bad securities good, then we shall really begin to take some comfort. Even more than that we need such an improvement as will bring work to the unwillingly idle, and put money into pockets that can only be replenished by daily labor. Meanwhile our five years' experience in sailing close to the wind is serving us in pretty good stead, and it may be that if we continue to be kept in practice we shall learn presently how to scrape a profit even out of hard times. Perhaps, after all, that very accomplishment has more to do with bringing on good times again than even good crops.

News from the colleges begins to accumulate again. The embarrassment of Trinity College in Durham, North Carolina, over a gift of $100,000 to that institution from Washington Duke, the tobacco manufacturer, has abated. It was charged by one Clark, a Populist judge of North Carolina, that Mr. Duke's proffered gift was "blood-money, earned at the expense of the health and morals of the young men of the country by a gold bug," and it was hinted that President Kilgo accepted it with the understanding that sound-money doctrines should be taught to Trinity students. The trustees of the college, having looked into the charges of Justice Clark, have acquitted President Kilgo of any misconduct.

The University of California has lost its president, Dr. Martin Kellogg, and has acquired from Miss Cora Jane Flood a large gift of valuable property, including the Flood mansion at Menlo Park. Both incidents seem to have been somewhat unexpected, though President Kellogg's resignation was not so unlooked for but that rumor already points to Professor Edmund James, of the University of Chicago, as his probable successor.

The resignation of President Gates of Amherst, offered and accepted last June, does not take effect until the expiration of a year's leave of absence. A new president cannot be elected until the office is vacant, so the Amherst trustees have plenty of time to negotiate for a fit man. With the headships of Amherst, Brown, California, and Rochester vacant, the current demand for college presidents must be brisk. It was reported the other day that the Brown trustees wanted to engage Colonel Roosevelt, but the obvious multiplicity of the colonel's other engagements makes that rumor seem improbable.

Cornell, besides building a medical college in New York, has been considering plans for a new alumni hall and student club house at Ithaca, to be built by the alumni, at a cost of $150,000. Plans for it have been offered in competition by graduates of the Cornell College of Architecture, and the best one will take a prize of $500.

Reports from Cambridge prophesy that the new Harvard Freshman class will equal in number, if it does not exceed, the Freshman class of last year. The requirements for entrance to Harvard's Scientific School were lately raised, with satisfactory results. Changes are now proposed which will make entrance somewhat more difficult in the Academic Department. New requirements, not to be operative for at least another year, call for somewhat more Greek and Latin and mathematics, but give much greater choice as to other subjects.

College men in general, but especially Harvard men, have read with interest and pleasure of the marriage, on September 18, at Worcester, of Mr. R. C. Lehmann to Miss Alice Davis. There was a great muster of British and American boating-men at Mr. Lehmann's wedding, which must have been a very lively and joyous occasion. Mr. Lehmann seems to have finished for the present with coaching American crews, but we shall not forget him, and we are glad that he seems to have taken an effectual precaution against forgetting us.

By the will of Albert A. Munger, who died on August 26, the Art Institute of Chicago has fallen heir to a collection of paintings which is reported to have cost $800,000, and to be of a present value exceeding that sum. It includes "The Bathers," by Bouguereau, and Meissonier's "Vidette," paintings which Mr. Munger greatly prized, and of which Chicago will rejoice to be the owner.

The frequent iteration of complaints about baseball as it is played by professional clubs in New York recalls the reasons which are stated to have influenced Dr. Coit to exclude that game from St. Paul's School at Concord. The story as given by graduates of St. Paul's is that Dr. Coit had no special prejudice against baseball as a sport, but that he found that his boys felt constrained to bet on baseball games, and would do it, so he finally expelled the game from his school because it involved too much gambling. Cricket was substituted for it, and being a slower and less interesting game, and one which led much less frequently to stirring contests, it answered the doctor's ends a good deal better.

The fault found with baseball in New York is analogous to that found in Concord. The game is too good a game for the men who play it. It is a very sad thought that cricket may have to be substituted for it in New York as a police measure, and because the rowdyism that seems to be incident to it here has a bad effect on public morals.

The rumor that the President wants Senator Hoar to be ambassador to Great Britain is still in use in the newspapers, as is also the report that Senator Hoar insists upon staying at home. Let us hope he won't go. He is our bulwark against the persuasive forebodings of Professor Norton, and ought to feel a sacred obligation to stick to this continent at least as diligently as Dr. Norton does. No citizen of reasonable timidity wants to be alone in these times on the same continent with Dr. Norton, Mr. Garrison, and the *Evening Post*. It is Senator Hoar's duty to stay by us, and sustain us by such occasional reassurances as his conscience permits.

Besides, he wouldn't like being ambassador. That office would run him painfully in debt, upset all his habits, and compel him to give up a steady job which suits him and affords him means of support. Why not send a soldier to London this time? If General Wheeler were not in Congress, and indispensable there, he would make a delightful ambassador, provided the pay was doubled. Since he can't be spared, why not send General Wilson, who, besides possessing all sorts of other qualifications, is a Republican of influence and distinction? A man who undertakes to be American ambassador to Great Britain should have some remnants of youth about him, including an unimpaired liver, a few good stomachs, a lively interest in this world and all its concerns, and a taste for sport. It is true enough that Colonel Roosevelt has all these qualifications, but he is too young, whereas General Wilson is about the right age.

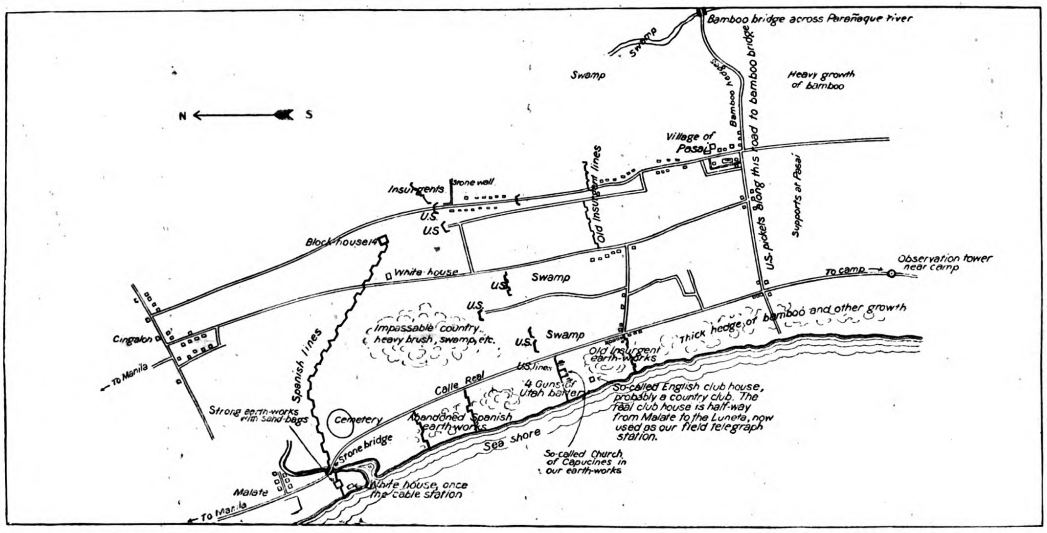
As for Secretary Long, to whom the vacant place is thought to have been last offered, it is hardly conceivable that he should care to fill it. He is too much like Senator Hoar in being cheerful and contented at home, and too well satisfied with his present sphere of usefulness to care to change.

E. S. MARTIN.

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WITH THE UTAH BATTERY THE DAY AFTER THE FIGHT—LOOKING DOWN THE TRENCH FROM NEAR THE ROAD.



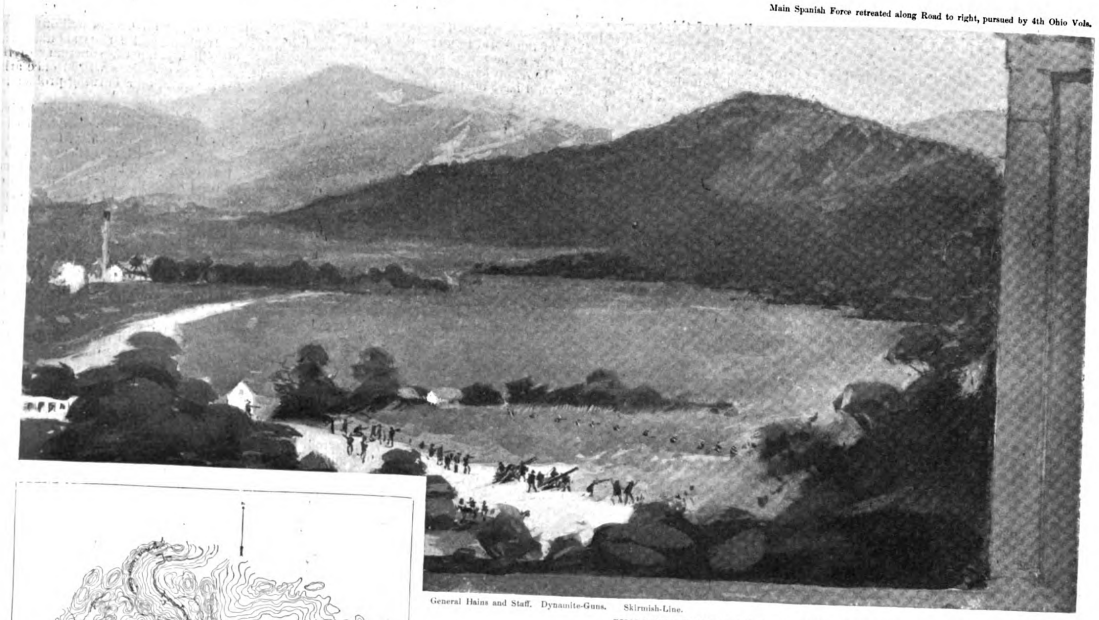

POSITIONS OF AMERICAN, SPANISH, AND INSURGENT FORCES.
FROM A SKETCH-MAP BY F. D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.



A NIGHT BATTLE IN THE RAIN.

FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES—THE ENGAGEMENT OF JULY 31, NEAR MALATE.
DRAWN FROM SKETCHES BY JOHN MCCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL MERRITT'S FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 934.]

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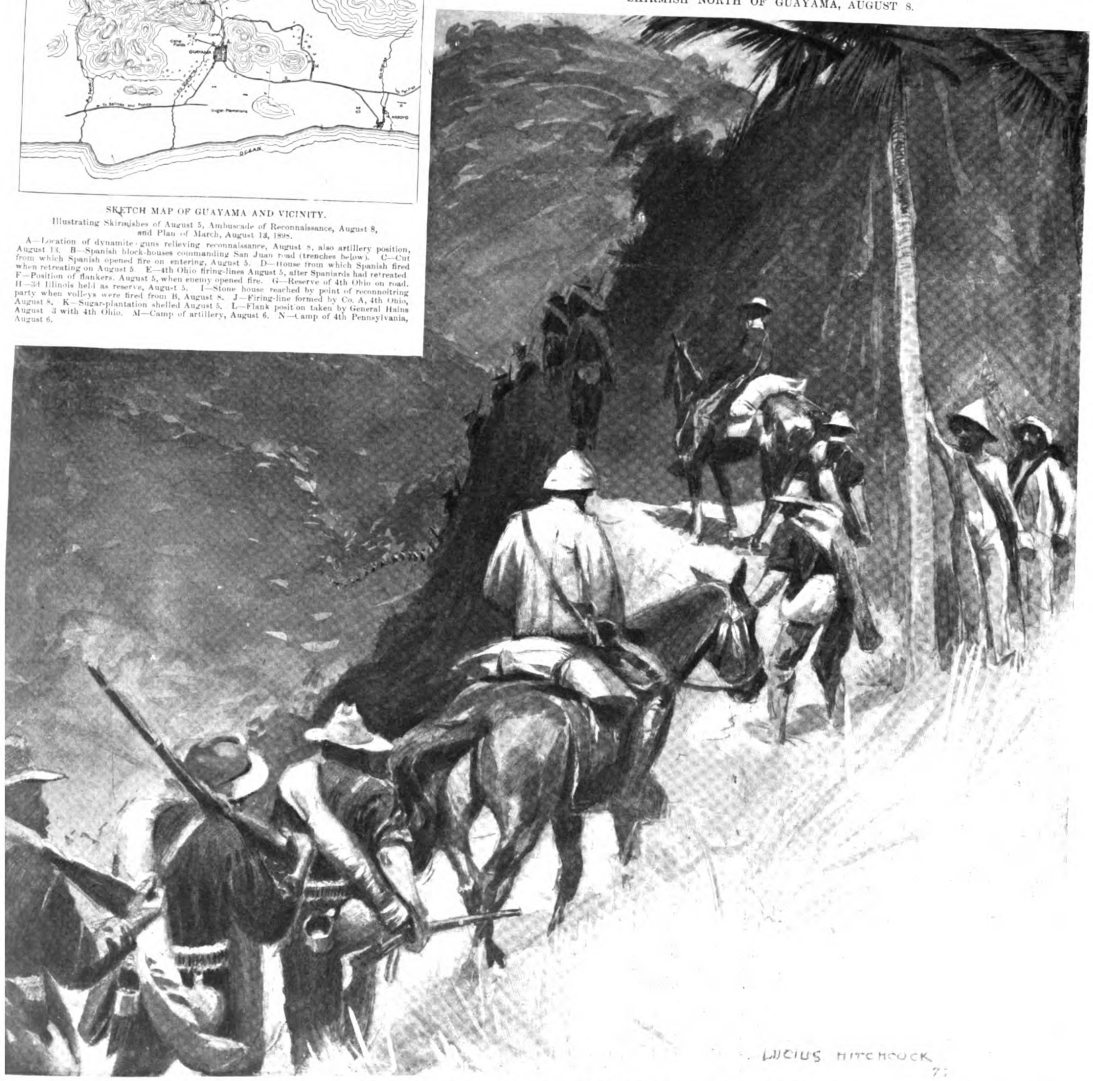

SKIRMISH NORTH OF GUAYAMA, AUGUST 8.



SKETCH MAP OF GUAYAMA AND VICINITY.

Illustrating Skirmishes of August 5, Ambuscade of Reconnaissance, August 8, and Plan of March, August 13, 1898.

A—Location of dynamite-guns relieving reconnaissance, August 8, also artillery position, August 13. B—Spanish block-houses commanding San Juan road (trenches below). C—Cut from which Spanish opened fire on entering, August 5. D—House from which Spanish fired when retreating on August 5. E—4th Ohio firing-lines August 5, after Spaniards had retreated. F—Position of flankers, August 5, when enemy opened fire. G—Reserve of 4th Ohio on road. H—3d Illinois held as reserve, August 5. I—Stone house reached by point of reconnoitring party when volleys were fired from B, August 8. J—Firing-line formed by Co. A, 4th Ohio, August 8. K—Sugar-plantation shelled August 5. L—Flank position taken by General Hains August 3 with 4th Ohio. M—Camp of artillery, August 6. N—Camp of 4th Pennsylvania, August 6.




THE ADVANCE TO SAN JUAN—GENERAL HAINS'S FLANK MOVEMENT, AUGUST 13—SCENE NEAR THE POINT WHERE THE GENERAL RECEIVED THE MESSAGE ANNOUNCING THE CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES.

## WITH OUR TROOPS IN PUERTO RICO.

DRAWN BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK, FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUT. J. M. A. DARRACH, U.S.A., AND T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MILES'S FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 942.]

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# LONDON.

*September 3, 1898.*

THE quasi-papal encyclical of the young Tsar in favor of international disarmament fills the air, and although the public interest in the impending battle at Omdurman is a serious rival, the portents indicate that the Tsar's proposals to the powers will be followed by consequences of world-wide importance, though not perhaps those which were anticipated by the impulsive and peace-loving young Emperor. The bishops, the clergy, the labor leaders, peace-society secretaries, and the sentimentalists are beside themselves with joy at the noble words of the manifesto. If only words were things, chortling would not be premature. Most of the people whose opinions carry weight are still out of town, but in the city, in country houses and elsewhere, the general, though perhaps not the final, opinion of thoughtful and responsible people on this subject is not that of the bishops and clergy. The first and most obvious comment on the proposal for a diminution of national armaments is that Russia should begin. She has recently emerged from a series of international transactions any one of which would have led to war in former times, and justifies war to-day. She is still busily engaged in enterprises designed to injure and destroy the trade which is the life-blood of the English-speaking nations. In Abyssinia at the present time Russian emissaries are doing their utmost to excite the Emperor Menelek against English civilization on the Upper Nile. The withdrawal of the Russian mission from Abyssinia, the cessation of Russian intrigue in Persia, the retirement of Russian troops from the Pamirs, the suspension of the construction of the strategical line of railway now within eighty miles of Herat, and the substitution of respect for solemn international compacts, such as the Treaty of Tien-tsin, would be better evidence of the sincerity of the Russian government than the use of dovelike language. From the utterances of the clerical and visionary representatives of English public opinion it might be inferred that we were within measurable distance of the Second Advent. As a matter of fact, Englishmen smart under the lessons they have recently received from Russia. Her disinterested and steadfast repudiation of the sacred word of the Tsar, her contempt for international engagements and for the rights of other nations, are too recent to inspire confidence in John Bull's aged bosom. When Lord Salisbury endeavored to prevent dangerous complications in China by means of a self-denying ordinance to govern both Russia and England, the Slavs scornfully refused to adopt the only policy that automatically ensured peace. M. de Giers treated Lord Rosebery's protest against the fortification of Batoum with contemptuous silence. M. Ladygensky pledged the sacred word of the Tsar that under no circumstances would the Russian Empire directly or indirectly interfere with the internal affairs of Korea. The presence of M. Pavloff in that interesting peninsula illuminates with fierce light the filmy texture of a Russian promise. Russia has always posed as the advocate of humanity, and the strange emotionalism of the Slav nature constantly lends itself to enthusiastic support of misty generalities which Russians are not prepared to apply to their own persons and interests.

There is no reason to suppose that the young Tsar is insincere in his impulsive appeal to the powers to forget the lessons of Russian deeds and accept the counsels of Russian words. History suggests caution. In 1874 the rules of civilized warfare were revised and rendered more stringent at the instance of the Tsar Alexander II. The message read on that occasion by Baron Jomini to the delegates at Brussels declared that the object of his Majesty "is, above everything, an object of humanity," and included such phrases as the following: "It is to be hoped that the progress of enlightenment and of manners will render wars more and more rare. . . . No government would to-day undertake it lightly. . . . War cannot be the normal state of nations. . . . It is only a painful exception. . . . The rule is pacific relations which soften the manners by uniting the interests of nations." The convention was signed. Russia's humanitarian aspirations were satisfied on paper. But a few months later she was massacring the Yomud Turcomans, the Russian commanders having instructions to spare neither age nor sex. The reason for the massacre was that the Turcomans could not raise 300,000 rubles within a fortnight. Baron Jomini's phrases did not apply to the Turcomans. Since then Russia has reduced six millions of her Jewish population to the extremity of misery and despair. As I write these lines the British government is allowing Cyprus to be used as a sanctuary and an asylum for the Russian Doukhobortsi, a sect of blameless and humane people, whose crime is that they resemble in their hatred of war the followers of the founder of Pennsylvania. The Tsar admits that the armaments of Europe are defensive, and that the outlay he stigmatizes as frightful arises from a sense of self-preservation. Where is the aggressor? What nation is the notorious cause of Europe being an armed camp? America is not the malcontent. Her army is insufficient to police her possessions beyond the sea. Her navy is unequal to the requirements of an imperial power. England is not the firebrand. The real charge against John Bull is that he is too indolent and obese to stir on his own behalf. Germany covets no territory in Europe belonging to her neighbors. To Austria war could only spell ruin. Spain has had as much fighting as she can digest for some time to come. Turkey only asks to be let alone. Italy is more intent on the demands of her creditors than on the extension of frontiers which are delimited by nature. Only two powers remain. One ruled by the Tsar "peace-maker" with an army which on a peace footing numbers over a million of men, and a navy avowedly aggressive. Without colonies, vulnerable coast-line, or over-sea trade, Russian sea power is incompatible with her professions of peace. With this navy and this army Russia not only violates treaties, but makes treaties to violate them. Russia has imposed on England the burden of her own militarism by compelling us to add tens of millions of pounds to our annual expenditure in order to provide force to repel the attacks of a power whose international conduct places her on the circumference, if not outside, of the circle of civilization. Russia has encouraged France in her dream of reconquest. Russia came to an agreement with Austria regarding the condition of the small states in the Balkan Peninsula, and broke her pledge before the ink was dry. The last public act of this peace-loving Russia was to send ship-loads of rifles and cartridges to the Montenegrins. This is the power that invites the nations of the world to abate their armaments. The fox in the fable made the same proposals to the lion and the tiger. If Æsop had survived to bring his work up to date, he would have changed his fox into a bear.

Nobody threatens Russia. She is safe in Europe behind the guns and torpedoes of Cronstadt and the Black Sea. Russia can therefore begin the game of disarmament, and the question of her sincerity will thus be put to the touch without delay. The young Emperor is an amiable and kindly man, overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility, and surrounded by a ring of astute and determined advisers who are not publicly known to have accepted the Sermon on the Mount as their practical guide in life. Lacking decision of character, and being in poor health, the Tsar is at the mercy of his advisers, who quarrel among themselves with a vigor that would do no discredit to countries blessed with constitutional systems of government. When the advice given him is good, the Tsar's policy is creditable. The advice of M. Goremykine, the Minister of the Interior, an enlightened and capable statesman, as a rule reflects credit on the sovereign and his government. When the advice received is evil, as in the case of foreign affairs, the results are evil. Count Muravieff is brilliant, but superficial. No far-sighted diplomatist could have made such a needless exhibition of Russian perfidy as Count Muravieff and his agents have done since he succeeded Prince Lobanoff. Prince Ouchtomsky, a private friend and adviser of the Tsar, and his travelling companion in India and the Far East, is a bitter Anglophobe, and, according to his own written statements, is intent on building the structure of Russian power in Asia on the ruins of England. The Tsar has chosen to accept the advice of Count Muravieff and of Prince Ouchtomsky. He will reap what he has sown. England is not at heart with Lord Salisbury. The rescript, so far as it is not the result of the Tsaritsa's good heart, is doubtless due to M. Witte's representations as to the incapacity of Russian finances to support the strain involved by Count Muravieff's foreign policy. The manifesto, therefore, however Christ-like in its language, is Machiavelian in fact; it appears at an opportune moment for Russia. The perennial famine is even worse this year than usual. The peasantry will need help. The attempt to plant a gold standard on an agricultural country already shakes the structure of Russian credit to its foundations. War with a first-class power during the next five years might easily expose the divine figure of the North with theatrical results. Its hands may be of iron and its forehead brass, but the feet are of clay. After a full meal in China a period of repose is opportune. Russia is as one who says grace over stolen mutton. The plous of all lands burn with admiration and approval of the grace. They forget the origin of the mutton. I believe the reason of this to be our indifference as a nation to the teaching of history. In Germany and America the subject is considered of the first importance. No pains are spared to make its teaching vital and interesting. In France and Switzerland it is treated with considerable respect. Children receiving elementary education at the hands of the state in other countries are taught the story of their own country, its great men, its constitution, and its relation to other powers. Not so England. From top to bottom the ignorance of history is colossal, appalling, and dangerous.

The unnatural alliance between France and Russia has received a shrewd blow. When quarrelsome nations fall out, peaceful nations breathe freely. One of the most momentous effects of the Tsar's rescript will be that if Russia fights England, it will be single-handed. Frenchmen are proverbially unwilling to "work for the King of Prussia"; and, on the other hand, Russia, with her new-born profession of peace, has no stomach for disputes not of her own making. France is ruled by her army. Rules of evidence, constitutional law, and republican theories are set aside to maintain the fiction that French generals are infallible. It is already evident that the real rulers of France are suspicious of their august ally. France is unwilling to accept her defeat by Germany and the loss of her provinces. In the hope of recovering them she has already spent since 1871 five thousand million dollars on her army. Half that sum has been left for posterity to pay. It is not, therefore, in human nature to expect that the French army, at the bidding of the amiable occupant of the Russian throne, should draw a sponge across the slate, and, for the love of his beautiful eyes, ignore all the sacrifices she has made, and start anew on the basis of definitely abandoning Alsace-Lorraine to Germany.

The more immediate effect, therefore, of the Tsar's proposals will be to disintegrate Franco-Russian solidarity, and by the year 1900, if the French are true to their historic character, the Russian Emperor is well in the running for a prize given to the most unpopular man in Paris. It is an unfortunate feature of proposals for disarmament that they are not seldom followed by a bloody war. Some good judges, whose opinions do not reach the newspapers, regard the rescript in this light.

The dramatic arrest and suicide of Colonel Henry of the French staff as the self-convicted forger of a document held by M. Cavaignac, the French Minister of War, to constitute justificatory evidence against Dreyfus, is likely to have consequences that will still further affect the Franco-Russian alliance. The persecution of the Jews in France was partly mere mimicry of Russia. The Jews of France, however, are enormously powerful. Although one-eight-hundredth of the population, one-quarter of the wealth of the country is alleged to be possessed by them. The growing anti-Semitism of Europe is perhaps more remarkable in France than in any other country, because Napoleon, early in the century, inspired by the principles of the Revolution, accorded to the Jews equality and freedom denied by other powers altogether, and by England until 1836. The resignation of General Boisdeffre, the French Chief of Staff, will be regarded by an ignorant and prejudiced public as a surrender to the Hebrew race. The passions already excited—not altogether, I am bound to say, without cause—will become more inflamed, and a repetition of the events which followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is by no means impossible in the case of the Chosen People resident in France. Already fire and sword have been used against them in Algeria, if not with the connivance of, at all events without check from the authorities. If anti-Semitic riots should break out in Paris, England will become the sanctuary of the Jews of the world, and grave questions will at once arise that will make the Jewish question a burning problem.

Mr. Chamberlain's sudden departure for America gives a well-earned holiday and rest to the one statesman who, under circumstances of incredible difficulty, has upheld the name and honor of England with signal success. To-day the news comes that the French have actually evacuated Boussa, and that the British flag has been hoisted on what is, and has been during the whole of the French occupation, British territory. The quidnuncs and scribes are never weary of girding at Mr. Chamberlain for what he says and for what he leaves unsaid. The Secretary for the Colonies knows his own mind, and unless I am wholly mistaken I believe he more truly represents the spirit and the ideals of the British race than any member of Parliament in or out of office. He alone has succeeded where others have failed. Amidst circumstances of complexity and difficulty undreamt-of by those entirely outside the secret history of affairs, he has ruled the colonial empire of the Queen with a sympathy, firmness, and tact that present a vivid contrast to the methods of the Foreign Office. The organization of the two departments is eloquent of the difference between Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury. As successive American ambassadors and their attachés could tell, if they were at liberty to speak, delay, superciliousness, incivility, and red tape are the most prominent characteristics of the men of family who run the diplomatic machine. Letters remain unanswered, interviews are postponed until too late to be of any service, and ignorance is power in the corridors of the Foreign Office.

In the Colonial Office, promptness, vigor, and courtesy are met with by every one. No pains are spared in getting at the facts. Information is sought from unofficial sources. Business methods pervade the establishment. Letters receive prompt reply. What Mr. Chamberlain has done with the colonies he is capable of doing with foreign countries. He is not to be bluffed. When he sups with any one he is capable of using the long spoon, when his society requires that implement, and he may be relied upon to use it effectively. But there is no one in public affairs who has a more profound conviction as to the desirability of peace than Mr. Chamberlain himself. Loyal to his colleagues, not one word has escaped him which would indicate dissatisfaction with the management of public affairs outside his own department. He is a reserve force to be reckoned with, and has enhanced a reputation which now overshadows the rest of the ministry. He is a personality, and the country is wearied of gelatinous treachery to imperial interests.

Colonel Hay's departure from England cannot be allowed to pass without comment. He leaves us to help his country in facing questions more intricate and complex than those of war. With Colonel Hay as Secretary of State, America will be able to face them with confidence and courage, and with the certainty that the high standard by which she has been guided through the whole struggle will be maintained. Colonel Hay has made an extraordinary impression during his brief sojourn here. He has talked well, and not talked too much. Distinctively American, he has not sought to appear more English than the English. That his patience and temper must have been tried by the officials with whom he was in contact at the Foreign Office goes without saying, and it is to be hoped that Colonel Hay's insight into the working of that wonderful institution will enable him, as Secretary of State, to bring indirect pressure upon our nation to introduce more democratic, efficient, and rational methods into the conduct of our foreign policy. Colonel Hay's connection with Mr. Lincoln touches the imagination of the people, for he represents the highest, the best traditions of American public life, and has made an impression that will not easily be forgotten. It is rather hard on the gentleman in charge of the American Embassy here that so much of his time should be devoted to meeting the demands of his travelling countrymen for social and other privileges. The American ambassador is probably the most hardly worked member of the diplomatic corps, but, in addition to his professional duties, large numbers of his compatriots on tour seem to regard him as a sort of advance-agent for the purpose of effecting their entry into court or social life. The hand-shaking to which the President of the United States was until recently subjected finds its parallel in the duties imposed on the American ambassador here by eager but somewhat inconsiderate compatriots.

ARNOLD WHITE.

## THE STAY-AT-HOME'S RESOLVE.

I'm going to buy a sailor suit, with *Texas* on the cap,
And I shall be set up for life, no matter what may hap;
For it is quite the fashion now to take our men-of-war
And give 'em gratis everything they choose to ask us for.

They ride upon the cable-cars, and don't pay any fare;
They ride upon the whirling "L" as freely as the air;
They go into the theatres, and get the finest seats
At just the same expense as when some other fellow treats.

They hie them to the cooling coast, unto the big hotels,
And get the best attention from the lowly and the swells;
And when they ask the landlord for his bill, the fellow twirls
And says, "There's not a cent to pay; come out and kiss the girls!"

I'm mighty glad that this is so: 'tis just as it should be.
I rather wish, however, that these things would come to me,
And, though I staid at home, while they plunged deep into the row,
I'm going to buy a sailor suit, and try it, anyhow.

J. K. B.

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# THE DRAMA.

THE opening of the dramatic season in New York has shown the fulfilment, or half-fulfilment, of one of the promises, or half-promises, of the war. We have been led to expect, as a result of the late conflict, that our consciousness of national individuality and power would leap forth rejuvenated; and the students of literary history never question that when the consciousness of national individuality and power leaps forth rejuvenated it instinctively seeks expression in the arts. England fought and conquered the Spanish Armada, and the era of Elizabeth followed. We have fought and conquered two Spanish armadas; should we not also by rights have a Shakspere or two? Our sailors and soldiers are already on the lookout for the bard to celebrate their prowess, and if they find one Shakspere it is a fair wager that they will see two of him. Truly the war has not left us where it found us: the theatres of Broadway and the Bowery are so lively with furloughs and shore leave that one rubs his eyes at the uniforms, wondering whether, after all, he has not been transported to London or Paris or Berlin. It may be incidentally mentioned that the general atmosphere our men brought back from Santiago beat everything in the way of heat and humidity that was ever known in the opening week of the theatrical season. The entire dramatic world suffered from a Spanish fly.

A Spanish Fly for the Theatre.

I.

The most obvious bid for patriotic patronage was "The Maine Avenged," at the Star. For seventy-five cents or less one could see the *Maine* blown up. One could see, in fact, the man who pressed the button, and the button the man pressed, to say nothing of four acts teeming with instances of Yankee prowess, Cuban patriotism, and Spanish cowardice. Incidentally one was told, without extra charge, that all this talk against the spirit of revenge is Thomas Decay. "What is patriotism," the lecturer shouts, "but the refinement of revenge? And revenge, but the quintessence of patriotism?" It was the *ante bellum* cry of the yellow journal done into dramatic form. Of course the scare-heads evoked response from the gallery; but the response was that of connoisseurs bent on showing that they knew what to approve. The same sort of applause was once won by an actor who wagered that he could stop a play for thirty seconds at any part of any act by shouting, "Kill me, but spare my life!" The absence of any genuine feeling in the audience was worth an evening to witness. To succeed to-day a melodrama of the war should be filled with Spanish bravery and American chivalry. Capital leading figures might be made of Admiral Cervera, and of Pedro Lopez de Castillo, the private of infantry who wrote a letter on behalf of 11,000 Spanish soldiers to say they liked the way the Yankees had treated them. The less said about the Cubans the better. I do not mean to say that such a melodrama would be more truthful, though perhaps it would. The point is that the playwrights who are responsible for "The Maine Avenged" have suffered financially from the cynicism that made them write down too low to their audiences. The people may need to have their emotional diet served out in scoop-shovels, but to awaken any real response some small percentage of the sentiment must be manly and honest.

Unmellow Drama.

A more interesting melodrama on a current topic is "Devil's Island," produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which has to do with the Dreyfus incident. The sentiment here, though always laid on with a trowel, occasionally rings true. When the very wicked Russian countess tries to seduce the hero (Dreyfus), he exclaims: "I have a wife. Beside her all other women are as shadows!" And the countess herself, though sufficiently mercenary, shouts, "Gold is good, but love is better!" The applause that greeted these sentiments was a tempest compared with the applause at "The Maine Avenged," and the poor critics who were obliged to go to the play could at least laugh with a free heart. The signal feature of the play is that the prisoner of Devil's Island is rescued by one Maxwell, the Paris correspondent of the New York *Whirlwind*. This Maxwell has a manner of patronizing the dignitaries of Europe which is worthy of Mr. R. H. Davis's correspondent, Gordon, in the *King's Jackal;* and his patriotism is no less pronounced. "Something tells me in my heart," he exclaims, "that justice will yet find refuge, and wrong be righted, beneath the stars and stripes!" Yet even with such admirably popular sentiments, there is an occasional false note. After witnessing the degradation and banishment of her husband Madame Dreyfus falls in a swoon and sees visions—skilfully flashed on a curtain by means of a magic lantern—of herself appealing for justice to the powers of the world. The Queen-Regent of Spain and the Pope, who sit enthroned before their national flags, receive her coldly, and were roundly jeered by the gallery; but when Queen Victoria was shown sitting before the British flag the picture was greeted not with similar reprobation, as was plainly intended, but with rapturous applause. The final picture of President McKinley and his cabinet righting the wrong beneath the American flag came in almost as a second fiddle. The quick comedians of Fourteenth Street have apparently not yet grasped the fact that Great Britain has become a part of our larger ego. Nothing would be more desirable, politically or artistically, than a really excellent patriotic melodrama; and nothing, apparently, would prove a greater commercial success. The sole deficiency, it would seem, is a playwright who can study to please the popular heart intelligently and without cynicism or pessimism.

II.

That we have been given no musical comedy inspired by the war is inherent in the nature of things. No opera-bouffe could be as deliciously funny as every passage of the late conflict with which the Spaniards were mixed up. Librettists should be bold—should be very bold—but their good sense or the destinies have saved them from being too bold. Judging from the musical plays that have been produced, their saving grace has been the destinies that, according to Touchstone, are responsible for the actions of nature's natural. It would be hard to fancy a more obvious and threadbare book than that of Seymour Hicks and Harry Nichols's "A Runaway Girl," at Daly's. It resembles "The Gayety Girl" and "The Circus Girl" as closely in its general scheme as in its title. The various parts in all three were tailor-made in London to suit the pronounced idiosyncrasies of a certain company of actors. Any other company attempting the play must inevitably wear something the air of a misfit-clothing shop.

Musical Tragedy.

Despite all this, I beg to be allowed to recommend "A Runaway Girl." The costumes and scenery, copied after those used in London, are pretty, and in excellent taste. The company is as adequate as could be expected, and at least one member of it, Mr. James Powers, has the gift of individual and spontaneous expression. The fact remains that any one who looks at the book seriously as a work of art will meet with tragic disappointment; but perhaps it is fitting that any one who insists on looking seriously at a musical comedy should find a tragedy.

III.

The fact that the two most interesting farces of the season's opening are by Americans is doubtless due to a lucky accident, though superficial references to our new political era are so common in all new plays that it would be easy for a theorist to persuade himself to the contrary. In Hoyt's "A Day and a Night," at the Garrick, for instance, *John Bull* and *Brother Jonathan* amble arm and arm through the piece, and disburden themselves, by jest and innuendo, of much political wisdom. *Jonathan* refuses to sit on *John Bull's* knee until he makes sure there is no tack on it; and he flees his company outright when it transpires that he is to be required to do the Englishman's fighting. The main idea of the play is not particularly fresh. A young man, brought up in the godly atmosphere of a New Jersey town, and prominent in the local church, comes to New York to engage a new choir, and is introduced to the actresses of a musical company. The perpetrator of this jest is the young man's father, a retired naval officer, who, on his return home from the Pacific Station, finds his son altogether too sanctimonious. As the young man becomes more intimate with the actresses, it transpires, to the father's delight, that he knows a thing or two, and is pretty successful in remembering both of them. Mr. Otis Harlan conceives the part of the sanctimonious son with great humor, and acts it with uncommon repose. Mr. William Devere plays the part of the jovial father with a presence and reserve worthy of legitimate art. It need scarcely be said that the situations are risky; but for the most part they are treated with such delightful frankness that they need not offend any man of healthy temperament—women are a law unto themselves in such matters. The appeal is to the eternal appetite for japes, which few normal beings can resist. To any one who has lived to deplore the noxious suggestions of what usually passes for farce, this is enough to commend the play; but it is coupled with a positive grace of treatment. Time and again the audience tremble on the verge of an indecency of the kind that is fast becoming conventional; and almost without fail, by a clever artistic turn—an appeal to the sanity of human nature—the dénouement is clean and wholesome. A certain episode concerning a garter is a masterpiece of joyous nonsense at the expense of an expectant audience. Thus much might be said of many of Mr. Hoyt's farces. What gives quality to the present one is that he has refined the methods that have made his previous successes, and has produced a series of consistent and well-ordered scenes. Within the lines of farce the incidents are constructively worked out, and for the most part one feels that he is face to face with real American men and women in a way that he is not permitted to do even in most of our attempts at comedy. Sad to relate, the play closes with a scene in which, in a succession of tedious speeches, the son and the father join hands to hoodwink the mother. More skilful construction would have avoided ending a play with explanations; and the best that can be said of the spirit of the scene is that it is stupidly conventional. If it is not this, it is blackguardly.

American Farces.

The artistic evil of such a convention is best illustrated in Mr. William Gillette's farce, "Too Much Johnson," with which he opened his season at the Empire. As all theatre-goers will recall, the hero of this farce constructs a series of gigantic lies, extending from Yonkers on the Hudson to Santiago de Cuba, and executes them with that colossal nerve and repose known only to Mr. Gillette. So far so good; but the purpose of these lies is to cover the hero's faithlessness to a young and unobjectionable wife, and to save him from the just wrath of a wronged husband. The play ends triumphantly with the defeat of the wronged wife and the wronged husband. In such a play the natural instincts suffer in proportion as one is carried on by the humor of the situation, and the limit of delight is the limit not of the capacity for legitimate enjoyment, but of one's callousness of heart. The value of a more wholesome convention is best seen perhaps in "Les Fourberies de Scapin." Molière's impostor has no more conscience than Mr. Hoyt's or Mr. Gillette's, and his impostures are no less bold and surprising; but the poet is careful to let nothing happen that could offend the tenderest heart, or stand in the way of a natural delight in the cleverness of *Scapin's* knaveries.

The distinction is worth bearing in mind in considering Mr. Augustus Thomas's farce, "The Meddler," which, first produced in San Francisco under the title of "Don't Tell His Wife," is running a doubtful course at Wallack's. This also is a farce of lies, but note the difference in the point of departure. A young married woman is suffering in reputation, if not in virtue, from the attentions of a society idler, and the Meddler, a from the attentions of a husband's, decides that it is his boyhood friend of the husband's, decides that it is his duty to interfere. He has some rather manly and very sincere conversation with other friends of the invaded household, during which they discuss the very trying question of whether it is ever defensible to give a husband a kind word of warning. The other friends applaud conventional prejudice against tale-bearing. The Meddler, carried on by his loyalty, undertakes to interfere. Unfortunately his wisdom and courage are not equal to his goodness of heart. Instead of speaking to the husband, he addresses the wife. In the course of the scene that ensues the husband appears, grasps a part of the situation, but is led to believe that the invader of his household is the Meddler himself. The same weakness and irresolution that led the Meddler to speak first to the wife prevent him now from coming out with the truth, and he is launched on a course of evasions and lies that in the end involves every friend of the household. The prime motive here is honest, and the complications it involves are no more laughable than they are pathetic. Mr. Thomas has grasped a live and fresh situation from the world we all see about us, and has treated it in a truly comic vein. An instance of his skill is the fact that he does not allow it to transpire that the wife is innocent until we have come into sympathy with the Meddler's motives; and by so doing he gains one item of confusion with which to confound his luckless hero in the last act. There is material in this farce for a play of high quality—a play worth a thousand and one nights of the farce of commerce. Unfortunately it is rendered unstageworthy by a critical error in construction. After two acts that fairly carry one out of himself, the vital motive is lost in a mesh of inconsequent complications. With a view to simplify and strengthen the last act a number of alterations have been made, and upon the success of these the fate of the play will probably depend. The company is adequate, and Mr. Robson, who plays the part of the Meddler, is much more than adequate. He has succeeded in sinking his mannerisms, and has achieved firm grasp on a difficult part. Whatever the fate of the play, Mr. Thomas is to be congratulated for the truth and sincerity of his attitude toward his art.

Not the least pleasant feature of the Meddler is the fact that the chivalry and kindliness of his motives have as strong a flavor of Americanism as the wholesomeness and extravagance of Mr. Hoyt's humor. If these appear a small residuum for all-our patriotic emotions of the past year, it is well to remember that the years before us are many, and that the most difficult step toward true artistic expression, namely, the first one, has long been made. It is really not too much to hope that the expansion of our political horizon will in the end widen and deepen our interest, and give literary expression to our national traits and ideals.

IV.

The most successful play of the season, one is reluctantly forced to admit, comes from London. In "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which has been given in most of the leading cities of the country, and is now produced at the Lyceum, Mr. Anthony Hope has given us a drama of unusual charm, one that inevitably calls for comparison with the masters. In the acting Mrs. Virginia Harned Sothern is to be seen at her best; and though Mr. Sothern's part is not strong, it is admirably suited to his quality. The staging too is of the best. Altogether it is worthy of a second and a third hearing, and of a more extended notice than will be possible until next week.

JOHN CORBIN.



SIGNALLING THE PEACE MESSAGE FROM GENERAL BROOKE'S POSITION, AUGUST 13.

# A DRAMATIC INTERRUPTION.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO, *August 20, 1898.*

THE drawing I send you [see pages 940, 941] is a correct representation of what may truthfully be said to be the most dramatic situation of the war. With a firing-line formed and the artillery unlimbered, the peace message from the President arrived.

"But three minutes and we should have fired," was the only comment of General Brooke.

Orders were given on the evening of August 12 for the brigade of General Hains, three batteries of artillery, City Troop of Philadelphia, and Troop H of the Sixth Regular Cavalry, to be in marching order at 6 A.M. for the advance upon San Juan. The morning was warm, but a cool, steady breeze afforded relief from the hot sun's rays. At eight o'clock the troops commenced forming from the by-streets, and we were soon led out of the city, with General Brooke at the head. The streets and balconies were crowded with natives, some cheering, and some anxiously inquiring if we intended to leave them to the Spaniards' mercy.

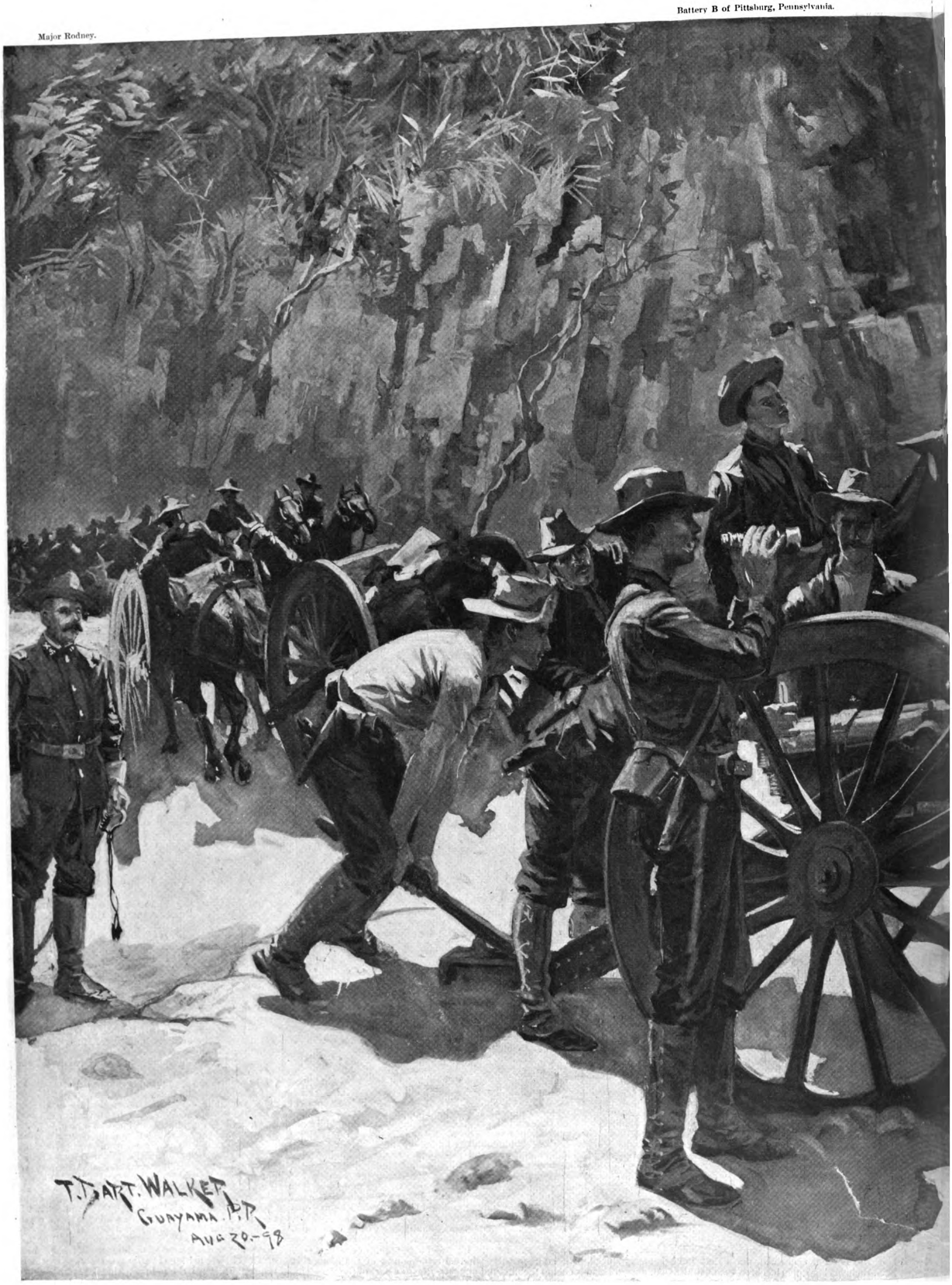
General Hains, with the Fourth Ohio, was sent to flank the enemy's position on the left, while the cavalry were to perform a similar movement on the right.

General Brooke showed much courage, leading the advance in person. Most of the distance he was afoot, his staff and horses halting at various distances along the road. When he reached the point on the Cayey road where a battalion of Ohio troops came so near being annihilated a few days ago, he carefully swept the distant hills with a pair of field-glasses for some time. The troops were soon ordered forward, and clambering up the steep slope, were formed into a firing-line. The batteries followed. Battery B of Pennsylvania, having the right of line, was the first

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Battery B of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Major Rodney.




THE DRAMATIC ENDING OF

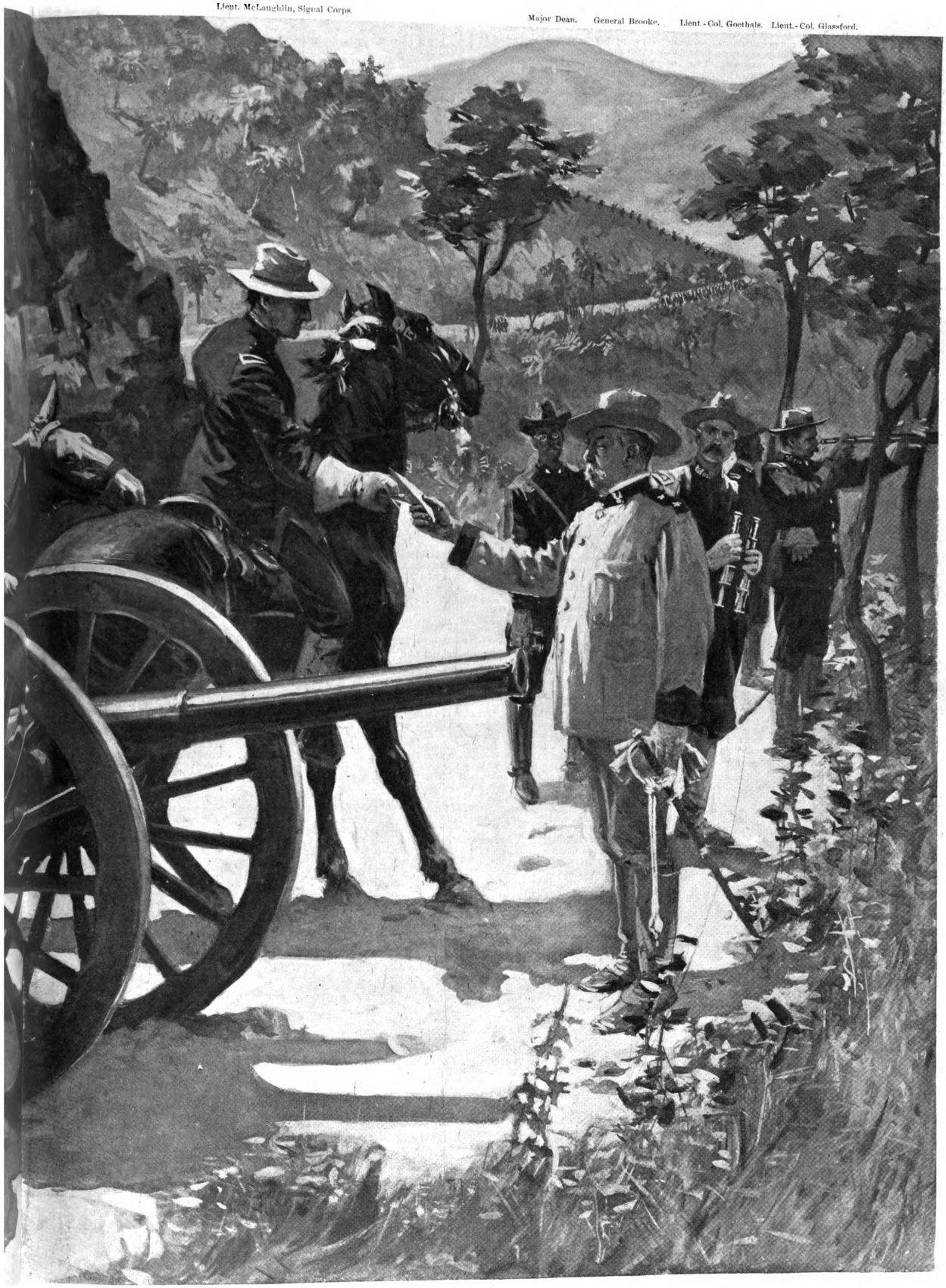
DELIVERY OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE OF PEACE TO GENE

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "

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OF THE WAR IN PUERTO RICO.

GENERAL BROOKE ON AUGUST 13 AS HE WAS ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE.

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 939.]

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to commence unlimbering. The guns were soon in place, their targets were marked, and the range calculated.

Below us stretched the beautiful valley, making a blue perspective, and in the hazy distance between the two mountain ranges could be seen the sea. Natives hurrying from the hills dotted the roads through the valley, some with their belongings piled in ox-carts. Colonel Glassford's signal corps was industriously erecting telegraph wires many feet below us, but keeping abreast with our advancing lines, and the "wigwaggers" were swinging their strange signals from every hill-top. The cavalry had now disappeared around the hills, and General Hains, who was some six miles to our left, and about three miles from the enemy's position, was advancing in single file over a steep and rugged mountain path.

The Spanish position could be plainly noted, and through the glass many white figures could be seen going to and from a house to the intrenchments, with their arms full of something indistinguishable. Their position was well placed, requiring the American troops to pass them on both sides of the mountains. At numerous points on the road bridges had been destroyed. None of them was of any great length, but they were of considerable height, forming passages over glenlike mountain streams. The deep rumbling of the moving artillery was all that broke the silence, even orders being issued in a subdued voice. Every line of the men's faces was marked with eagerness, and they went about their work with the ardor only born in real fighters.

Amid such surroundings a mounted officer, closely followed by his orderly on a mule, appeared around the bend, lashing his tired horse through the battery.

"An important message, sir," said Lieutenant McLaughlin.

General Brooke read the message handed him. Passing the document to one of his officers, he quietly turned, ordering the guns limbered up, and that the troops return to Guayama. The contents of the message were soon passed along the line, and we all beat a much undesired retreat. Not a comment was heard for some time, so stupefied were the soldiers. We re-entered the city with a crestfallen air.

T. Dart Walker.



GENERAL BROOKE STUDYING THE ENEMY'S POSITION FROM THE EXTREME FRONT, AUGUST 13.

## THE PUERTO RICO CAMPAIGN.

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE OPERATIONS AND SKIRMISHES ABOUT GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO, OCCURRING ON THE 5th, 8th, AND 13th OF AUGUST, 1898.

Guayama, Puerto Rico, *August 2*), *1898*.

The 1st of August saw the landing of General Brooke and staff at Arroyo, on the southern coast, some thirty miles east of Ponce. During the next few days General Hains and his brigade arrived on board the transports *Seneca* and *City of Washington*, accompanied by the auxiliary cruiser *St. Paul*. The landing of the troops was uneventful, save for the throwing of a few shells from the *St. Louis* and *Cincinnati* as a warning to some guerillas lurking about the outskirts. Headquarters were established, and on August 4 Brigadier-General Hains received orders to proceed to the town of Guayama with two regiments of his brigade. With the exception of the lack of transportation, which was finally effected by means of native ox-carts, the troops were ready to move. In spite of difficulties, General Hains left Arroyo at half after eight on the morning of the 5th of August, the Fourth Ohio supplying the advance-guard, while the Third Illinois brought up the rear; the Fourth Pennsylvania was left at Arroyo as a temporary garrison.

It was reported that Guayama, some five miles distant, was extremely Spanish in sentiment, and that the enemy's troops had gathered there in considerable force. Information in regard to the roads was sadly lacking, and but few trustworthy interpreters could be found. One negro, having previously been an inhabitant of St. Thomas, was pressed into service, and was taken as guide.

About 9.45 a road was reached leading to the right. The information as to its destination being uncertain, it was thought best to leave the Third Illinois at that point as a reserve. This was done, and the Fourth Ohio proceeded along the main road, having thrown out flankers to the right and left, and covering a mile of front, including both wings. In this formation the advance was made, the main column following along on the road some four hundred yards to the rear. The general and his aides a few hundred yards in rear of the point and in advance of the column.

The day was favorable in regard to weather, a slight breeze cooling the air and tempering the heat of the sun. A peculiar dazzling haze covered the hills with a bluish tint or veil, which made distances uncertain to the eye, and which also blended the blue of the uniforms with the shadows of the undergrowth, so that our flankers were scarcely distinguishable at a distance of four or five hundred yards. General Hains, with four of his staff, had proceeded in advance of the column, which had just halted, owing to the difficulties met by the flankers in pushing forward through the brush, and at a point distant about two miles from Guayama the first sign of the enemy's presence was noticed; a peculiar, sharply singing "pstwing" was heard tearing its way over our heads, being a sound in which force and velocity were so delicately compounded as to seem one and inseparable. An aide called attention to the telegraph wire, which had sagged to the road-side, and insisted that it had been cut; but the discussion was soon ended by the arrival of many more leaden messages bearing the same meaning. The right and left flankers, composed of the Fourth Ohio, were re-enforced and became the firing-line, and the skirmish had begun. The men in column on the road were drawing most of the fire, and two of them had been wounded at the first fire. The rest began to tear down the barbed-wire fences beside the road, sought convenient cover, and awaited orders. The range of the enemy's fire was evidently a long one, as many of the bullets lay spent at our feet, and the report of the Mausers was not heard until after the song of the bullet. No smoke or flash could be seen in any direction, and it was some time before the enemy's exact position could be ascertained. Most of the firing seemed to come from a cut in the road some distance ahead, and aides were sent to the firing-lines with instructions to that effect. The enemy's fire was quite steady, evidently coming from sharp-shooters and guerillas, as no volley-firing could be distinguished. Our firing-line gradually advanced, wheeling slowly to the north, until it finally closed in about the southern end of the town, the entire movement occupying two hours. At this point the enemy's fire ceased, and the Fourth Ohio advanced cautiously into the town. A few stray shots were fired upon the troops from the houses and roofs, but they pushed out to the main square or plaza. Here many of the natives rushed forward, throwing their arms about our horses, hugging the soldiers, and shouting "Vivan Americanos" and "Puerto Rico Americano." The flag was raised above the city hall, and amid the cheering came the shout, "The Spaniards are coming back," accompanied by the singing of some score of bullets. Confusion and disorganization seemed imminent; but in a twinkling the general, with four companies of the Fourth Ohio, was at the northern end of the town, from which place the fire seemed to be coming. Here two firing-lines were formed, one facing the north, the other following the direction some Spaniards were taking who were seen escaping to a near-by sugar-plantation northeast of the town.

The firing here lasted about one hour. The majority of the Spaniards had retreated toward the hills in the north and taken up positions behind houses and rocks, and making good use of the natural cover. The dynamite-guns, under Captain Potter, were finally brought up, and were here used with great effect, five shells being thrown, which silenced the firing very effectively, and the Spaniards retreated north of the town. The advance upon and capture of the town occupied the better part of the day, and the remaining hour or so before night was devoted to the placing of a careful picket and outpost for the town; the Fourth Ohio took up the northern lines, while the Third Illinois was brought in and placed to the south and west.

Little of interest occurred during the next day or two. Spanish troops were seen by our outposts from time to time, but no engagement took place. On the 8th a reconnoissance was ordered by General Hains to ascertain the nature of the country to the north, and also the strength and location of the Spanish forces. Colonel Coit and Captain Walsh, in command of companies A and C of the Fourth Ohio, accompanied by Lieutenant Darrach of General Hains's staff, left Guayama at about nine in the morning of the 8th and proceeded along the San Juan road for a distance of about two and a half miles. Here the Spaniards could be seen distinctly with the glass, throwing up intrenchments upon the opposite hills; also small bodies of them moving about upon the side of the mountain some three or four thousand yards distant.

The road on which the troops were proceeding was cut along the face of the hill, and by a circuitous route wound its way around toward the enemy's position. The point and several officers were advanced some two hundred yards beyond the column, and had gone through two open ledges, by which the road passed the front of the slope. The last company was about to enter the first of these when a terrific volley fire was opened from the Spanish entrenchments. Colonel Coit and two members of General Brooke's staff, who had ridden up, took shelter behind a house by the road, and the rest of the command, under Captain Walsh, lay flat upon their faces. A gutter or trench by the side of the road was the only cover, and into that rolled the men, and by its cover managed to crawl around the bend to a place protected from the enemy's fire. Four of the men of C company were found at this point, and the gauntlet had to be run to the next turn, where it was thought company C has assembled. Here, however, but a few men were found, the rest having taken to their heels at the first volley. A firing-line was formed, however, and the wounded brought back to cover. A few well-directed volleys had returned the enemy's fire, when re-enforcements came up in the form of two dynamite-guns and some companies of infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Adams. The Spanish soon retreated from their trenches around the point of the most distant turn, and the reconnoitring party returned with a certain knowledge and remarkable memory of the enemy's position and strength. The number of the enemy's troops was thought to be about eight hundred, and was increased by re-enforcements from San Juan during the next few days.

The position held by the Spanish on Pablo Vasquez mountain commanded the surrounding country as well as the main road on both sides of the range, and no advance could be made until they had been routed.

The next operation of interest was on the 13th, when General Brooke, who had arrived with three batteries of artillery and two troops of cavalry, ordered a concentrated movement of his forces upon the enemy's position. General Hains, with the Fourth Ohio, had moved to a flanking position on the extreme left by a circuitous march through the mountains to the west of the Pablo Vasquez range. He had reached his position, and was about to deploy, when Colonel Dean, an aide to General Brooke, appeared upon a blown horse, with the information that a cessation of hostilities had been declared, and orders for General Hains to return to Guayama. His men were in sight of the Spanish intrenchments, and in less than a quarter of an hour would have been engaged. A more theatrical finale occurred in General Brooke's command. The artillery was in position, the pieces having been sighted and loaded. The City Troop of Philadelphia and H troop of the Sixth regulars were ready to deploy to the right or pursue a fleeing enemy. Three minutes' delay would have occasioned the opening of an engagement which would have been as severe as any of the war. General Brooke received the orders transmitted by the Signal Service just in time to save many lives of both the Spanish and ourselves.

Lieutenant J. M. A. Darrach, U.S.A., A. D. C. to General Hains.

## CRUISING WITH THE BRITISH CHANNEL FLEET.

BY CAPTAIN W. ELLIOT CAIRNES.

Nowadays we are all familiar with the terms "sea power," "fleets in being," etc., etc., and even the man in the street can talk glibly of battle-ships, cruisers, quick-firing guns, and high-explosive shells; in short, the importance of naval power has been of late brought so forcibly into prominence that no excuse is needed for a short description of the manner in which the highest efficiency is sought for in that most powerful training squadron in the world, the British Channel Fleet.

To most people the idea that this fleet is a "training squadron" in the highest sense will be a new one, so I may as well commence this article by making it clear that one of the chief objects aimed at in its work is the education of the officers in fleet tactics and evolutions and the instruction of the young seamen who form the greater proportion of its *personnel* in gunnery, boat, and anchor work. One consequence is that the *personnel* is continually changing; officers rarely spend more than a year or so in the fleet, while the seaman ratings are changed about every six months, the finished article leaving the Channel well qualified to do his part in upholding his country's flag in whatever part of the world he may be sent to. A word or two as to the present constitution of this squadron will fitly come in here.

The backbone of the fleet is of course the battle squadron, which consists of eight battle-ships of the most modern type, all practically identical in design, namely, the *Majestic* (flag), *Magnificent* (Rear-Admiral), *Hannibal*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, *Prince George*, *Resolution*, and *Repulse*. The six ships first named displace 14,900 tons, are protected with Harveyed steel armor, varying from nine to fourteen inches in thickness, carry four of the new 12-inch 46-ton wire-wound guns, twelve 6-inch quick-firers, a host of smaller weapons, four submerged and one above-water torpedo-tubes, and have a sea speed of sixteen and a half knots. The *Resolution* and *Repulse* displace a few hundred tons less, are slightly slower, are armed with four 13½-inch guns and ten 6-inch quick-firers, in addition to smaller guns, and have only two torpedo-discharging tubes, both submerged. In appearance the main difference is that the heavy guns in the barbettes are unprotected at the breech by the armored hood adopted in the newer battle-ships, and the freeboard at the bow being slightly less takes away somewhat from the seaworthy appearance so remarkable in the vessels of the later type. The funnels, also, are spaced a little farther apart. To this magnificent and homogeneous fleet of battle-ships a squadron of six cruisers is added for purposes of scouting, etc., but at the time of my visit to the fleet only four of these vessels were cruising with it. These four were the *Blake*, a fine first-class cruiser of 9000 tons and twenty-knot speed; the *Isis*, a second-class cruiser of 5600 tons, which has steamed over twenty-one knots on her trials; the *Furious*, also a second-class cruiser, but of 5750 tons displacement, and of a newer type than the *Blake;* and the little *Pelorus*, a new third-class cruiser of 2135 tons, which has steamed over twenty-and-a-half knots on her steam trials. None of these cruisers are armored, protection to their vitals being afforded by steel turtle-back decks, and to their guns' crews by steel shields and casemates. The two cruisers required to make up the proper complement are the *Diadem*, a splendid vessel of the first class, now undergoing exhaustive trials, and the *Arrogant*, a sister ship to the *Furious*, which has been detached for a short time for special service. So much for a description of the component parts of the squadron; now for a record of its daily life during the fortnight which I spent on board one of the ships—a ship which I ought not to identify further than by saying that she was one of the cruiser division.

It was on a summer evening in August that I ascended the gangway of this cruiser, while she was lying with the rest of the fleet off Oban, that popular port of call for yachtsmen, at the mouth of the Clyde, on the west coast of Scotland. My host was on the lookout for me, and introductions to his shipmates quickly made me feel at home; indeed, no shyness or "gaucherie" would long hold out against the breezy welcome of these genial seamen. When I arrived, work for the day was over; men in the first class for leave were already on shore, and the remainder of the hands were enjoying a "caulk" (*Anglice*, sleep) on the forecastle, or were smoking and spinning yarns under the lee of the superstructure. On the quarter-deck their officers were similarly employed, the only look-out apparently being kept by the marine sentry and by the signal-man on the fore-bridge, whose watchful glass was alert to pick up any signal on its way from the flag-ship. In the Channel Squadron, I may say, the signal-staff enjoy no sinecure, and even when idly in harbor fluttering bunting and flickering semaphores indicated that the Admiral was circulating orders and intelligence throughout his fleet. That these signals were not all "strict service" was made clear by one which the yeoman brought for our information, neatly written out on his slate. It was to the effect that the officers of the fleet were asked to a garden party, to a colossal picnic, were made honorary members of the yacht club, and had been challenged to a cricket-match by the local team. In reply to these pieces of information we had to indicate the number of officers we could contribute to each of the above-mentioned functions. This gave rise to a good deal of chaff and argument, which lasted till the bugle hinted that it was time to dress for dinner; and I was rather surprised to find that there was no very wild anxiety to plunge into the vortex of Oban society. Going to

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AN ANCHOR DRILL.

the cabin which I was to inhabit for the next fortnight or so, I found that my host's marine servant had stowed away all my gear in the neatest fashion, and it was clear that there would be nothing to complain of so far as comfort was concerned. On board ship dinner is rather earlier than on shore, seven o'clock being the usual hour; in fact, all meals in the navy are at hours which a landsman finds at first decidedly unusual. Breakfast is served in the wardroom punctually at eight, lunch at twelve, afternoon tea at 3.30, and dinner at seven. These hours are fixed upon so as to fit in with the working-hours of the ship's company; and now, while we are lying quietly in harbor, I may take the opportunity of laying before you a sketch of the usual routine of the men-of-war of the Channel Squadron.

The work of the day on a man-of-war begins, in the summer months, at 4.55 A. M., when the hands are turned up, and the hammocks are lashed and stowed in the nettings. At a quarter past five breakfast is ready, and smoking on the upper deck is allowed till 5.40, when it is, "Out pipes," and the hands turn to to clean decks, etc., till 8.15, when there is a stand-easy for a quarter of an hour. At 8.35 both watches fall in, and the cooks clean the mess-decks, and at 9.15 all hands fall in for divisions, when the men are paraded and inspected by their officers, and then prayers are read. Soon after 9.30 an evolution or drill takes place by signal from the flag-ship, and there is always the keenest competition between the different ships as to which shall be first in the drill. As each ship completes the evolution ordered she hoists a pennant, and as no pennant may be hauled down till all are up, it is easy to see which ship is first and which is last. At 12 noon dinner is piped, and smoking is allowed till 1.10, when the hands are usually employed cleaning guns or arms till two, when the second evolution of the day is usually signalled. At 4.10 supper is ready, and smoking is allowed till 4.40. At 4.50 the hands fall in for evening quarters, and the work of the day is generally over, the hands being "piped down"—otherwise sent to bed—at 9.45. In addition to this ordinary routine each day has its special duties. For instance, on Saturday the crews are usually exercised at fire-quarters in the morning, the rest of the day being given up to cleaning, while on Thursday the signal is expected to "make and mend clothes," which is interpreted as the signal for a half-holiday. At sea the routine varies somewhat in a few details, breakfast being at 6.30 instead of 5.15, and the hands being piped down half an hour earlier. It was a Friday evening when I joined the fleet, and as I had not studied the "Routine Board," I was rather startled when fire-quarters went at half past seven the next morning, and a marine burst into my cabin to close the scuttle—which I had left open for the sake of fresh air—and the "dead-light" covering it. When I turned out on deck the excellence of the drill was easily apparent, every man being at his appointed station, and not the slightest confusion being anywhere visible. The pumps and fittings were tested, and everything being right, the exercise was over, and until eight o'clock all hands were busy at their usual work of cleaning guns. At eight o'clock, when in harbor, a rather pretty little ceremony may be observed. The bugler sounds the "Attention," all hands face aft and salute while the colors are run up to the top of the staff, the band, if the ship possesses one, playing the national anthem. When the music stops, the bugle sounds the "Carry on," and every one resumes his interrupted work. One of the first things which strikes a stranger visiting one of these ships is the smartness with which every movement is carried out. All movements are executed at a smart run, and it seems to be the universal motto that whatever is being done must be done as energetically and quickly as possible. Add to this the fact that the men always work barefooted, and the extraordinary speed and silence with which all orders are carried out will be easily understood. The keen rivalry between the different ships also exercises an excellent effect, and is very easily realized when any evolution is being carried out. As the hour for the daily evolution draws near, the chief executive officer—be he commander, as in a battle-ship or large cruiser, or first lieutenant, as in a smaller ship—becomes anxious as to what drill may be ordered. There is so much anxiety to be first on these occasions that some officers are inclined to hazard a guess as to the intention of the admiral, and sundry small preparations are made which much facilitate speed if the guess should prove accurate. Occasionally these guesses lead rather to disaster, as I witnessed in one case, when the executive officer of a neighboring ship anticipated that the evolution ordered would be, "Man and arm boats." This evolution was about due, not having been performed for some days; consequently, to save time, all guns, rifles, ammunition, etc., were placed unostentatiously in the boats, and their crews were ordered to enter them and lie down. If the expected signal had been made, it would only have been necessary to lower away the boats, and a considerable start would have been obtained over the rest of the fleet. Unfortunately, when the signal for the evolution went fluttering to the yard-arm of the flag-ship, we could all read P. Q. 2, which signifies, "Boats pull round the battle fleet," and the discomfited crews had to crawl in a most undignified manner from their boats, removing all guns and other gear, to the vast amusement of the rest of the fleet. As the number of possible evolutions run into a large number of figures, it is easy to see that a good guess is rather unlikely, and that less is to be hoped for from a lucky shot than from a well-drilled ship's company. Some of the drills are rather dangerous, as, for instance, some of the anchor drills, in which very heavy weights have to be controlled by hand, and very often moved considerable distances. A little miscalculation or misdirected energy may at any moment lead to the crushing of one or more men or the capsizing or stoving of a boat; but so much care is taken, and every one is so well up in his work, that though these drills are carried on with wonderful speed, accidents very rarely happen. "Abandon ship," also, is an evolution which can only be safely carried out in smooth and tideless waters, as to stow all the ship's company in her boats these must be over-crowded considerably beyond the margin of safety. One of the prettiest drills for a spectator is, "Man and arm boats," an evolution which in a well-drilled ship can be easily carried out in three minutes, without any previous preparation. "Clear for action" is also a pretty drill. The speed with which all stanchions, awnings, etc., which might possibly interfere with the fire of the guns, are removed is very remarkable, and the grim purpose to fulfil which primarily these great vessels are constructed becomes quickly apparent. The guns' crews alert by their great weapons, the sand on the decks to prevent slipping on freshly spilled blood, the fire-hose rigged to quench any outbreak caused by hostile shells, the busy parties at the magazines and ammunition-hoists getting up shot and shell, and last, but not least impressive, the surgeons and their assistants in the wardroom with rows of gleaming instruments, sponges, water, and all the horrid paraphernalia of their beneficent profession, showed plainly the ultimate object of all this careful training, which one had hitherto been inclined to regard rather as novel gymnastic exercises than as anything connected with the reality of war.

When the fleet is exercised at this evolution the crews are drilled in different exercises as soon as the ship is reported clear. Perhaps boarders are called for, when marines, seamen, and even stokers, with flashing bayonets and boarding-pikes, appear as by magic in answer to the boatswains' whistle. Or the guns are trained on various marks, or torpedo-tubes are worked, though torpedoes are not run; but everything is made ready for that purpose, even the war-heads being prepared as for actual service. At "general quarters," the name for another evolution, the guns are cast loose and the men take station in the same manner; but the ship is not stripped so thoroughly, and more time is given to the drilling of the men with the cutlass, big gun, or rifle. And so the time goes on in harbor. The mornings are taken up with work, but in the evenings officers go ashore, and in many cases leave is given, though not on a very liberal scale, to the crews. Though each ship is provided with steam-cutters and picket-boats, these are not allowed to be used in the Channel Fleet, and all boat-work must be done under sail, or, should there be no wind or sailing be dangerous, with the oar. The object of this is to train the men and young officers in sailing and handling boats, and though some risks are run, the end quite justifies the means.

After a few days at Oban the fleet weighed and stood up to Ballachulish, the first hint that a move was intended being conveyed by the signal from the flag-ship, "Prepare for sea aloft." This does not imply, as might be understood by a landsman, any handling of sails, but signifies that the canvas covers to protect the masts and spars from the blackening smoke from the funnels are to be laced on without loss of time. This is rather a pretty drill. These young seamen, though trained for the modern steam-propelled war-ship, seem to be as alert and as active as their predecessors, and swarm into the rigging and out to the end of the yards as nimbly as any topman in the days of Nelson. These preparations for sea were made overnight, and orders were also issued by signal for steam for ten knots to be ready by 7.30 A. M. As we were going through the narrow waters leading to the loch of Ballachulish no fleet evolutions would be possible, and a ten-knot speed, to economize coal, was all that was necessary. The fleet weighed at the appointed time, and nothing more impressive could well be imagined than the great floating fortresses, with leadsmen in the chains (men-of-war at sea *always* keep the lead going), moving in single file through the picturesque scenery of the Highlands. The waters were smooth, and the heather-covered hills seemed in places so close that one would imagine it possible to throw a pebble from the shore on to the decks. In Ballachulish Loch the scenery was very fine. The loch appeared from its northern end to be absolutely landlocked, and it must have been quite startling to those on shore to see so magnificent a squadron lying in this Highland loch, with frowning hills enclosing it on every hand. Here also the usual drills and exercises went on, and in the afternoons swarms of clean-shaved naval officers, in "mufti" suits whose innumerable creases betrayed their close confinement in cabin chests, invaded every hotel in the neighborhood, climbed on to the charabancs, and visited the historic pass of Glencoe and all other interesting places within reach. It was not until we had left Ballachulish behind us, and had reached the more open waters of the Irish Channel, that I was able to see any of the evolutions of the squadron at sea. That considerable nerve is needed for the handling of these enormous battleships, as I saw them handled, may be guessed from the fact that it is impossible to stop one of them, even at ten knots speed, with both screws reversed, under half a mile; and the work is made still more "jumpy" from the liability of all hitherto invented steam steering-gear to suddenly break down at awkward moments. However, risks must be run if the art of handling these great ships is to be acquired, and there is no doubt that the skill in fleet tactics acquired by constant practice in peace will stand the British navy in good stead when the dogs of war are loosed.



OUR SKIPPER.

The usual cruising formation of the fleet is the one known as columns of divisions disposed to beam, which means that the two divisions, of four battle-ships each, headed by the vice-admiral and rear-admiral respectively, steam in parallel lines, the distance between the columns being usually as many cables as there are ships in column (a cable equals 200 yards), each ship being two cables astern of its predecessor in column. The vice-admiral heads the weather-column, the rear-admiral the lee, while the cruisers form a third division on one or other beam of the battle fleet. Each ship shows by her steaming-cone hanging from her signal-yard her rate of speed, the cone being hauled close up to the yard when her speed is accelerated; two flags on a halyard from each end of this yard act as helm signals, and another flag or flags indicate the number of revolutions which her engines are making in a minute. Thus the admiral can see at a glance what any of the ships are doing; and that he uses the power to the utmost is apparent from the promptness with which any slackness in keeping station is noted. Should station continue to be kept badly by any ship, the flag-ship frequently calls by signal for the name of the officer of the watch, and the name of the offender is made, and read off by every signal-man in the fleet—a mode of punishment which leads to much chaffing of the culprit by his friends in other ships. Some of the drills carried out at sea are very interesting. All men-of-war carry two boats always swung out and ready for instant lowering, with life-belts ready for use inside; these boats are termed "life-boats," and, in order to test the drill and readiness of the crews, the admiral frequently makes a signal, "Drop a life-buoy," when the marine sentry at the stern releases one of the buoys under his charge, and the life-boat is lowered with the utmost speed to go in search of it. Great emulation is shown by the different ships in this drill, the picking up of the buoy being shown by one signal from each ship, and the return of the life-boat by another. Sometimes things are made more lively by the signal being made to



SIGNAL-MEN AT WORK.

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HEAVING THE LEAD.



OFFICER OF THE DAY.



PAINTERS AT WORK.

p two life-buoys, when the two life-boats of each ship e to be placed in the water and raced off, each to pick its own buoy. The quickness with which constant ctice enables this exercise to be performed even in a ppy sea is almost incredible, and this smartness and diness in boat-work cannot fail to be of great use to -of-war's men on innumerable occasions.

ne of the most impressive fleet movements is the one wn as the "Gridiron." In this evolution the fleets t in columns of divisions disposed to beam, and, on a en signal, simultaneously turn inward at points, the ships passing each other d-arm to yard-arm, and when the per distance is reached, turn on to r course again, the position of the umns being thus inverted. This evo- on is really dangerous, as the smallest ak-down in the steering-gear or failure erve or judgment on the part of an cutive officer might lead to a repetition he *Victoria* disaster.

n our way down Channel I saw a y good instance of the value of water- e boilers in ships of war. The cruiser as on gradually dropped further and ther astern of station, the reason being one of the fan-engines had broken n; at last we were over a mile be- d the fleet, and the many-colored flags tering from the flag-ship and answered is showed that the admiral had his eye us and wanted to know what was ng. Fortunately the chief engineer foreseen the coming break-down, and ordered two additional boilers to started just half an hour before the alty.

Within half an hour of the accident the fan-engine, or one hour after ting up, these boilers were coupled with those previously in use, and un- a full head of steam we came tearing hand over hand after the battle-fleet. th the old pattern return-tube boilers s would have been impossible, as from ht to twelve hours would have been ded to get the steam required. Cer- ly water-tube boilers have their weak nts, but they also have their advan- es.

One night there came down on us one those dense opaque fogs for which Channel has an unenviable repu- ion, and I shall never forget the nge experience of being in the midst an invisible fleet, the whole air rent d quivering with the shrieks and moans of the si- s. We were in the usual steaming formation of the et, already described, when the fog came on. It was er midnight, and I had just left the bridge, where I d been watching the work of station-keeping in a fleet night. At night the steaming-cones are replaced by ps, which are also used for helm-signals, and if astern a number of ships it requires a practised eye to tell ich lights belong to your immediate leader. The of- er of the watch corrects his station by frequent obser- ions with the sextant, calling for more revolutions if ing ground, and reducing speed if gaining on the ship ahead. My eye had got tired with watching the dancing lights ahead, astern, and on our beam,—where the massive battle-ships were ploughing their steady way undisturbed by the sea, which was making our decks heave and slant, and sending showers of glittering spray as high as the fore-bridge, so I went below and turned in. I had hardly fallen asleep when I woke with the boom of a gun still in my ears; then followed shriek after shriek from our siren, and as sleep was clearly impossible, I went on deck to find out the cause of this midnight disturbance.



READY TO RAM THE ENEMY.

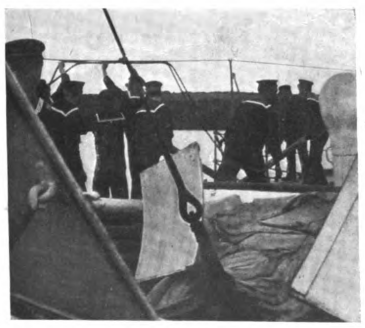
There was no difficulty in ascertaining this. A fog was all around us — a dense, white, clinging fog, shrouding from our view all but a few yards of tumbling sea; in front, astern, and on our beam the hoots of sirens and fog-horns betrayed the presence of the fleet, and it would be impossible to imagine anything more weirdly thrilling than the volume of strange discordant sound swelling on all sides from invisibility. I could imagine that we were steaming in the midst of an assemblage of strange invisible sea-monsters; there seemed a queer individuality in the long-drawn-out wails and stertorous blasts of the fog-horns. Occasionally a booming sound, clearly from a distance, would indicate the approach of some tramp or passenger steamer. God help the vessel which should stray on this fog-shrouded night into the paths of these blind and unwieldy monsters of the sea! Even if sighted at the last moment, nothing could save her, as no man-of-war in the fleet would dare to shift her helm in that fog, in the certainty that so doing would bring her into the path of one of her consorts. Fortunately our fog-horns, helped by the guns fired every half-hour by the leaders of each column, gave ample warning of our passage. Dense as the fog was, station was accurately kept by the aid of fog-buoys towed by a long line from each vessel. Our leader was hidden absolutely, but a few yards ahead we could see her buoy leaping from wave to wave, the white foam marking its course being clearly visible. On this buoy our course was kept, and with such good results that when the fog suddenly lifted, at eight next morning, no ship in that fleet was out of station.

At Milford-Haven we coaled. This is now regarded as an evolution, and a very important one too, and the keenest rivalry is maintained between the different vessels. Without coal a fleet is useless, and the more time taken up in coaling, the longer are the ships kept from their duties, consequently everything possible is tried to quicken the process of filling the empty bunkers. Every one on board, even marine officers and chaplains, turned to with a will. Soon the white decks were inches deep in coal-dust; coal-dust was everywhere, and the usually smart and clean-looking officers and men were unrecognizable under their grimy masks. That little time was wasted will be clear from the fact that the battle-ships of the squadron took in coal at the average rate of 102 tons per hour, the flag-ship very properly heading the list with a splendid average of 162 tons, and in her best hour stowing no less than 190 tons. After the coaling my trip came to an end, though not before I was a witness of what might have been a very serious accident. While the little *Pelorus* was busy coaling, a steam-collier, unable to stem the heavy tide, was carried on to her bows. A crash, a bump, and the collier, with a momentarily increasing list, was headed for the shore, which she reached only just in time to avoid sinking in deep water. The unarmored stem of the *Pelorus* was twisted at right angles, but so tough was the steel of which she is built that no fracture occurred, though rivets were started, and enough water was taken in to flood the fore-compartment. As I left, orders had just been issued for her to go to Plymouth to be docked.

So ended my cruise; and though I was not fortunate enough to see any gun practice, yet I have no doubt, from the figures I have seen, that gunnery is held in proper estimation in the Channel Fleet, and that in the days when those great weapons are aimed in deadly earnest our seamen gunners will give as good an account of themselves as their cousins under the stars and stripes.



ISSUING GROG.



CLEARING FOR ACTION.



MEN FALLING IN FOR PUNISHMENT.



SENATOR GRAY OF DELAWARE.
Democratic Member of the Peace Commission

## LABOR COPARTNERSH

MR. HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD has mad heretofore as a student of industrial prol articles in periodical publications, and b volume *Wealth Against Commonwealth.* on the co-operative experiments in Engla Ireland, which he entitles *Labor Copar* cially valuable, as giving facts in re actually done, gathered by personal vis concerned. Mr. Lloyd does not conce for the co-operative experiments, or his success, but he indulges in very little arg ing, and lets the facts speak for themselv

His observations include experiment farming (which, under the English lan of the most difficult fields for the ass labor), manufacturing, especially of sh printing, store-keeping, etc. He makes of these experiments are decidedly succes method of production and exchange is ground, with a variety of benefits to t There have been failures and there ar they seem to bear a small proportion to sults. These are not merely financial, giv

* *Labor Copartnership.* Notes of a visit to co- heteries, and farms, in Great Britain and Irelan employé, and consumer share in ownership, mar By Henry Demarest Lloyd. New York and Brothers. 1896.



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SENATOR GRAY OF DELAWARE,
Democratic Member of the Peace Commission.



JUDGE THOMAS M. COOLEY.
Died September 12.—[See Page 935.]



JAMES A. SEXTON,
New Commander-in-Chief of the G.A.R.



WILFORD WOODRUFF,
The late head of the Mormon Church.
[See Page 932.]

## LABOR COPARTNERSHIP.*

[R. HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD has made himself known
:tofore as a student of industrial problems by various
:les in periodical publications, and by his suggestive
ume *Wealth Against Commonwealth*. His new book
he co-operative experiments in England, Scotland, and
and, which he entitles *Labor Copartnership*, is espe-
ly valuable, as giving facts in regard to what is
ally done, gathered by personal visits to the places
cerned. Mr. Lloyd does not conceal his sympathy
the co-operative experiments, or his desire for their
cess, but he indulges in very little argument or reason-
and lets the facts speak for themselves.

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ning (which, under the English land system, is one
the most difficult fields for the associated efforts of
or), manufacturing, especially of shoes and clothing,
ıting, store-keeping, etc. He makes it plain that many
hese experiments are decidedly successful, and that this
hod of production and exchange is steadily gaining
nd, with a variety of benefits to the working-men.
re have been failures and there are drawbacks, but
/ seem to bear a small proportion to the beneficial re-
s. These are not merely financial, giving wage-earners,

*Labor Copartnership.* Notes of a visit to co-operative workshops,
ories, and farms, in Great Britain and Ireland, in which employer,
loyé, and consumer share in ownership, management, and results.
Henry Demarest Lloyd. New York and London: Harper &
hers. 1898.



FIRST LIEUT. A. L. MILLS, U.S.A.,
Colonel Superintendent, U.S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

on the whole, a better income than mere wages can yield, but social and moral as well, stimulating the higher motives, and tending constantly to elevate and strengthen character.

While the results noted by Mr. Lloyd appear to show a generally beneficial effect, he takes no great pains to point it out, but gives his facts and figures, and leaves inferences to the reader. This is what gives the book its real value. It is full of information, and tells us just what the co-operative associations have done and are doing as a means of justifying the principle upon which they are founded.

One purpose is to show the increasing tendency to an actual copartnership of working-men in the co-operative enterprises, the ownership of capital, and the management of business by those who perform the labor, instead of mere sharing in profits through the beneficence or the prudence and sagacity of employing capitalists. The book has the great merit of affording knowledge and stimulating thought, instead of thinking for the reader.

## WIND MOODS.

THE wind that moans in surly glee
Across the leagues of rolling brine
Has only sweetest melody
To whisper in the dreaming pine.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



BREAKFAST GIVEN TO THE ANNEXATION COMMISSIONERS BY JUDGE KALUA AT WAILUKU, MAUI
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVEY, HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

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# THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

### XXVII.—MRS. PERKENPINE DELIGHTS THE BISHOP.

IT was the bishop who first appreciated the fact that a certain air of loneliness had descended upon the shore of the lake. He had prepared breakfast at his camp, but as Mr. Clyde did not make his appearance he went to Camp Rob to look for him. There he saw Matlack and his assistant busy in their kitchen tent, and Mrs. Perkenpine was also engaged in culinary matters. He had left Arthur Raybold asleep at Camp Roy, but of the ladies and gentleman who were usually visible at the breakfast-hour at Camp Rob he saw no signs, and he approached Mrs. Perkenpine to inquire for Clyde. At his question the sturdy woman turned and smiled. It was a queer smile, reminding the bishop of the opening and shutting of a farm gate.

"He's a oner," said she. "Do you suppose he could ketch a rabbit, no matter how fast he ran?"

"Come, now," said the bishop, "he wasn't trying to do that?"

"He was either doin' that, or else he was runnin' away. I seed him early this mornin'—I wasn't up, but I was lookin' round—and I thought from the way he was actin' that he'd set a rabbit-trap and was goin' to see if he'd caught anything, and pretty soon I seed him runnin' like Sam Hill, as if his rabbit had got away from him. But perhaps it wasn't that, and maybe somebody skeered him. Anyway, he's clean gone."

The bishop stood and reflected; the affair looked serious. Clyde was a practical, sensible fellow—and he was gone. Why did he go?

"Have you seen any of the Archibalds yet?" he asked.

"No," said she; "I guess they're not up yet, though it's late for them. My young woman ain't up nuther, but it ain't late for her."

The bishop walked slowly toward the cabin and regarded it earnestly. After a few minutes inspection he stepped up to the door and knocked. Then he knocked again and again, and hearing nothing from within he became alarmed, and ran to Matlack.

"Hello!" he cried. "Something has happened to your people, or they have gone away. Come to the cabin, quick!"

In less than a minute Matlack, the bishop, and Bill Hammond were at the cabin, and the unfastened door was opened wide. No one was in the house, that was plain enough, but on the floor were four bags packed for transportation.

Matlack looked about him, and then he laughed. "All right," said he; "there ain't no need of worryin' ourselves. They haven't left a thing of theirs about, everything 's packed up and ready to be sent for. When people do that, you may be sure nothing 's happened to them. They've gone off, and I bet it's to get rid of that young woman's preachin'. But I don't blame them; I don't wonder they couldn't stand it."

The bishop made no reply. Remembering his recent conversation with Mrs. Archibald, he believed that, if they had quietly gone away, there was a better reason for it than Miss Raybold's fluency of expression. It was possible that something might have happened after he had retired from the scene the night before, for when he went to sleep Raybold was still walking up and down in the moonlight.

His mind was greatly disturbed. They were gone, and he was left. "What are you going to do?" he asked Matlack.

"Nothing just now," said the guide. "If they don't send for their things pretty soon, I'll go over to Sadler's and find out what's the matter. But they're all right. Look how careful them bags is strapped up!"

The bishop left the cabin and walked thoughtfully away in the direction of Camp Roy. In two minutes he had made up his mind: he would eat his breakfast—he could not travel upon an empty stomach—and then he would depart. That was imperative.

When he reached the camp he found that Raybold had risen and was pouring out for himself a bowl of coffee. Seeing the bishop approach, the young man's face grew dark, as might have been expected from the events of the night before, and he hurriedly placed some articles of food upon a plate, and was about leaving the stove, when the bishop reached him. Raybold turned with a frown, and what was meant to be a glare.

"I shall bide my time," said he, and with his coffee and his plate he retired to a distance.

The bishop smiled, but made no answer, and sat down and ate his meal in peace; and then he prepared to depart. He had nothing but a little bag, and it did not take long to put in order the simple culinary department of the camp. When all was done he stood for some minutes thinking. There was a path through the woods which led to the road, so that he might go on to Sadler's without the knowledge of any one at Camp Rob, but he felt that he ought to see Matlack and tell him that he was going. If anything went wrong at Camp Roy he did not wish to be held responsible for it. Mr. Archibald could afford to go away without saying anything about it, but he could not, and, besides, if he should happen to see Miss Raybold it would be far more gentlemanly to tell her that he was going and to bid her good-by, than to slip off through the woods like a tramp. He would go, that he was determined upon; but he would go like a man.

When he reached Camp Rob the first person he saw was Miss Raybold, standing near her tent with a roll of paper in her hand. The moment she perceived him she walked rapidly towards him.

"Good-morning," she said. "Did you know that the Archibalds had gone? I was never so amazed in my life. I was eating my breakfast when a man and a cart drove up to their cabin, and Mrs. Perkenpine, running to see what this meant, soon came back and told me that the family of three had departed in the night, and had sent this cart for their baggage. I think this was a very uncivil proceeding, and I do not in the least understand it. Can you imagine any reason for this extremely uncourteous action?"

The bishop could imagine reasons, but he did not care to state them.

"It may be," he said, with a smile, "that they discovered that their natures demanded hotel beds instead of camp cots, and that they immediately departed in obedience to the mandates of their individualities."

"But in so doing," said Miss Raybold, "they violated the principles of association. Our scheme included mutual confidence as well as self-investigation and assertion. I must admit that Mr. Archibald disappointed me. I think he misunderstood my project. By holding one's self entirely aloof from humanity one encourages self-ignorance. But perhaps our party was somewhat too large —the elements too many and inharmonious—and I see no reason why we who remain should relinquish our purpose. I believe it will be easier for us to become truly ourselves than when our number was greater, and so I propose that we make no change whatever in our plans; that we live on, for the time agreed upon, exactly as if the Archibalds were here. And now, if you have a few minutes to spare, I would like to read you something I wrote this morning before I left my tent. I was awake during the night, and thought for a long time upon the subject of mental assimilation, the discussion of which we did not finish last evening, and this morning, while my thoughts were fresh, I put them upon paper, and now I would like to read them to you. Isn't there some shady place where we might sit down? There are two camp-chairs; will you kindly place them under this tree?"

The bishop sighed, but he went for the chairs. It would be too hard for him to tell her he was going to leave the camp, and he would not try to do it. He would slip off as soon as he had a chance, and leave a note for her. She would not perhaps like that, but it was the best he could do.

The reading of the paper occupied at least half an hour, and when it was finished, and Corona had begun to make some remarks on a portion of it which she had not fully elaborated, Mrs. Perkenpine approached, and stood before her.

"Well, miss," said she, "I'm off."

Miss Raybold fixed her eye-glasses upon her. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"I'm goin' back to Sadler's," she replied. "Phil's goin', and I'm goin'. He's jest told me that the cart 's comin' back for the kitchen fixin's and his things, and him and Bill Hammond is goin' to Sadler's with it; and if he goes, I goes."

This speech had a very different effect upon its two hearers. Corona was as nearly angry as her self-contained nature would permit; but, although he did not allow his feelings to betray him, the bishop was delighted. Now they must all go, and that suited him exactly.

"It is a positive and absolute breach of contract!" exclaimed Miss Raybold. "You agreed to remain in my service during my stay in camp, and you have no right to go away now, no matter who else may depart."

Mrs. Perkenpine grinned. "That sort of thing was all very well a week ago," said she, "but it won't work now. I've been goin' to school to myself pretty steady, and I've kept myself in a good deal, too, for not knowin' my lessons, and I've drummed into me a pretty good idea of what I be, and I can tell you I'm not a woman as stays here when Phil Matlack's gone. I'm not a bit scary, but I never staid in camp yet with all greenhorns but me. When I find myself in that sort of a mess, it's my nater to get out of it. Phil says he's goin' to start the fust thing this afternoon, and that's the time I'm goin', and so if you would like to go, you can send word by that man in the cart to have you and your things sent for, and we can all clear out together."

"Positively," exclaimed Corona, turning to the bishop, "this is the most high-handed proceeding I ever heard of!"

"That's 'xactly what I think," said Mrs. Perkenpine; "it most takes my breath away to think how high-handed I am. Before I knowed myself I couldn't have been that way to save my skin. There didn't use to be any individuality about me. You might take a quart of huckleberries and ask yourself what it was particular 'bout any one of them huckleberries—'xceptin' it might be green, and it's a long time since I was that way—and you'd know jest as much about that huckleberry as I knowed about myself. Now it's different. It's just the same as if there was only one huckleberry in a quart box, and it ain't no trouble to see all around that."

"I think, Miss Raybold," said the bishop, "that this good woman has prosecuted her psychical researches with more effect than any of us."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Miss Raybold. "Do you really think I must leave this camp at the dictation of that person?"

"'Scuse me," said Mrs. Perkenpine, "but I'm goin' to scratch things together for movin'. We'll have dinner here, and then we'll pack up and be off as soon as the carts come. That's what Phil says he's goin' to do."

With a satisfied mind and internal gratitude to Mrs. Perkenpine, who had made everything easy for him, the bishop endeavored to make Corona feel, that as her departure from the camp was inevitable, it would be well not to disturb her mind too much about it. But it was of no use trying to console the lady.

"It is too bad," she said; "it is humiliating. Here I believed that I was truly myself, that I was an independent entity, that I was free to assert my individual nature and to obey its impulses, and now I find that I am nothing but the slave of a female guide. Actually I must obey her, and I must conform to her."

"It is true," said the bishop, musingly, "that although we may discover ourselves, and be greatly pleased with the prospect of what we see, we may not be permitted to enter into its enjoyment, and must content ourselves with looking over the fence and longing for what we see."

Corona faintly smiled. "When we have climbed high enough to see over that fence," she said, "it becomes our duty to break it down."

"When I was in England," said the bishop, "I saw a fence—an oak fence—which they told me had stood for four hundred years. It looked awfully tough, and it now reminds me of some of the manners and customs of civilization."

"And you were in England," said Corona. "Did you visit Newnham College?"

He never had. But she told him that she had been there for two years. "And now," she continued, "there may be time enough before I must pack up my effects to finish what I was going to say to you about approximate assimilations."

### XXVIII.—THE HERMITS CONTINUE TO FAVOR ASSOCIATION.

WHEN the Archibald party reached the capital city of their State, the four of them took a carriage and drove immediately to the Dearborn residence. Margery had insisted that Mr. Clyde should go with them, so that he and she should present themselves together before her parents. In no other way did she believe that the subject could be properly presented. The Archibalds did not object to this plan; in fact, under the circumstances, they were in favor of it. During the journey young Clyde had produced a very favorable impression upon them. They had always liked him well enough, and now that they examined his character more critically, they could not fail to see that he was a kind-hearted, gentlemanly young man, intelligent and well educated, and, according to private information from Margery, his family was of the best.

Arrived at the Dearborn door, they found the house in the possession of one female servant, who informed them that Mr. Dearborn was in Canada, on a fishing expedition; that Mrs. Dearborn had gone to attend some sort of a congress at Saratoga, and that she did not expect to be at home until the following Friday, three days after, which was the day on which she had understood her daughter was to be brought back to her. This was disheartening, and the four stood upon the steps irresolute. Margery ought to go to her mother, but neither of the Archibalds wished to go to Saratoga, nor could they despatch thither the prematurely betrothed couple.

"I know what we must do," said Mrs. Archibald; "we must go home."

"But, my dear," said her husband, "we agreed to stay away for a month, and the month is not yet up."

"It doesn't matter," said she. "Kate and her husband will take us in for the few days. When we explain all that we have gone through, she will not be hard-hearted enough to make us go to a hotel until Friday; and Margery can come with us."

Margery turned upon Mrs. Archibald a pair of eyes filled with earnest inquiry.

"I know what you want. No," said Mrs. Archibald; "he can go to a hotel in the town; and I shall write to your mother to come to us as soon as she returns, then you two can present yourselves together according to your plans. There is no use talking about it, Hector; it is the only thing we can do."

"We shall break our word to the newly married," said her husband. "Isn't there a State law against that?"

"When we made that arrangement," said his wife, going down the steps, "we did not know our individual selves; now we do, and the case is different. Kate will understand all that when I explain it to her."

They drove back to the station, and took a train for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bringhurst were sitting in the cool library about nine o'clock that evening, and he was reading while she was listening, and they were greatly astonished when they heard a carriage drive up to the front door. During their domestic honeymoon they had received no visitors, and they looked at each other and wondered.

"It is a mistake," said he; "but don't trouble yourself. Mary has not gone to bed, and she will hear the bell."

But there was no bell; the door was opened and in came father and mother, followed by a strange young couple.

"Welcome!" exclaimed Kate, when at last all were seated and supper had been ordered. "I should say so. A dozen times during the last week have we talked about the delight it would give us if we could have you here and entertain you a little while as our guests in our own house—for you gave it to us for a month, you know. And yet we refrained from sending you an invitation because we did not want to cut off your holiday. And now you are here! The good fairies could not have arranged the matter better."

When all the tales had been told; when the assertion of individuality and the plans of hermit association had been described and discussed, and the young Bringhursts had told how they too, without knowing it, had been associate hermits, devoting their time not to the discovery of their own natures, but of the nature of each other, and how perfectly satisfied they had been with the results, it was very late, and young Clyde was not allowed to go out into the darkness to find a hotel.

It was on Thursday afternoon that Mrs. Dearborn arrived at the Archibald's house. The letter she had received had made her feel that she could not wait until the end of the congress.

"Now, mother," said Margery, when the two were alone together, "you have seen him and you have talked to him, and Uncle Hector has told you how he went to the office of Glassborough & Clyde and found he was really their nephew, and all about him and his family, and you have been told precisely why it was necessary that we should engage ourselves so abruptly on account of the violent nature of Mr. Raybold and the trouble he might cause, not only to us, but to dear Aunt Harriet and Uncle Archibald. And now we come just like two of your own children and put the whole matter entirely into your hands and leave you to decide, out of your own heart, exactly when and where we shall be married, and all about it. Then, when father comes home, you can tell him just what you have decided to do. You are our parents, and we leave it to you."

"What in the world," said Mrs. Dearborn, an hour

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

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aware, not only that I desired to propose marriage to her, but that it would be well for me to do so. There were objections to this course, which, as an honest man, I could not refrain from laying before her, and with my proposition I stated these objections; but they were overruled to my entire satisfaction, and she consented to become Mrs. Bishop."

"Mrs. Bishop?" said the other, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes; Bishop is my name—Henry C. Bishop. It was the name which suggested the title which was playfully given to me. Before our compact was made, I had told Miss Raybold all about my family. She never asked me to do so, but I knew she desired the information, for I had learned to read those beautiful eyes."

"But," said Mr. Archibald, "how about your position? Did you get the place as librarian?"

"No," said the other; "I did not ask for it. The question of my vocation has been settled most admirably. There never was a human being more frank, more straightforward and pertinent, than Miss Raybold. She knows what she wants, and she makes her plans to get it. With regard to means, she is sufficiently endowed, but the life work to which she has devoted herself is far more than she can ever accomplish alone. She needs the constant assistance of a sympathetic and appreciative nature, and that, I am happy to say, I am able to give her; and were I to devote myself to any other calling which would interfere with that assistance, I should be doing her a positive wrong; therefore, should I state it in definite words, I should say that I am to become my wife's private secretary. That is my position, and it suits me admirably; and I may add that Corona assures me that she is thoroughly well pleased. We are to be married in the fall. It is likely that for some time we shall be associate hermits, and I hope it will not be long before we shall have the pleasure of meeting again our former companions of the hermit camp."

"By-the-way," said Mr. Archibald, as his visitor was about to leave, "tell me something of Matlack. I had a great liking for our guide."

"All that I can tell you is this," said Mr. Bishop, smiling: "Not long after we arrived at Sadler's, he went to Peter and asked him if he intended to send out a camping party to any considerable distance. It so happened that a couple of gentlemen were going to a point on the very limits of Sadler's jurisdiction, and with them Matlack petitioned to go, although another guide had been appointed. I made inquiries—for I also was interested in the guide—and I found that, for some reason or other, Matlack had become a sort of Daniel Boone, and wanted to go away as far as possible from his kind."

"I hope," said Mr. Archibald, "that our example has not made a real hermit of him. Good-by. I am very sorry that Mrs. Archibald is not at home; but in both our names I wish you and your future wife the best of good fortunes."

"Father," exclaimed Mrs. Kate, when she heard of this interview, "now you must grant me one more favor! Here is another pair of lovers who owe everything to our honey-moon and your wedding tour. We ought to know them, for we made them what they are. So let us invite them here, and let them be married from this house. I do not believe she has a proper home of her own; and, in any case, the only way they can pay us what they owe us is to give us the pleasure of seeing them wedded here."

Mr. Archibald rose to his feet. "No, madam," said he; "I am willing, to a certain extent, to make this house a source of hymeneal felicity, but I draw the line at the bishop. I do not intend that my home shall become a matrimonial factory!"

THE END.

## THE NEW CORNELL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

RAPID progress is being made with the Cornell University Medical College, which came out of Limbo into actuality as a consequence of the difference between Chancellor MacCracken and the former medical faculty of the New York University. Funds amounting to $1,500,000 have been provided by Colonel Oliver H. Payne, and are to be used partly for endowment and partly to buy land and to build a home for the institution. Plans for the new building, to cost $500,000, have been made by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, a block of land has been bought on the west side of First Avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, and the building is to be ready for use in October, 1899. The faculty of the new college is, with a few exceptions, the former New York University faculty, which had the painful difference with the Chancellor. It has been strengthened, however, by many new recruits.

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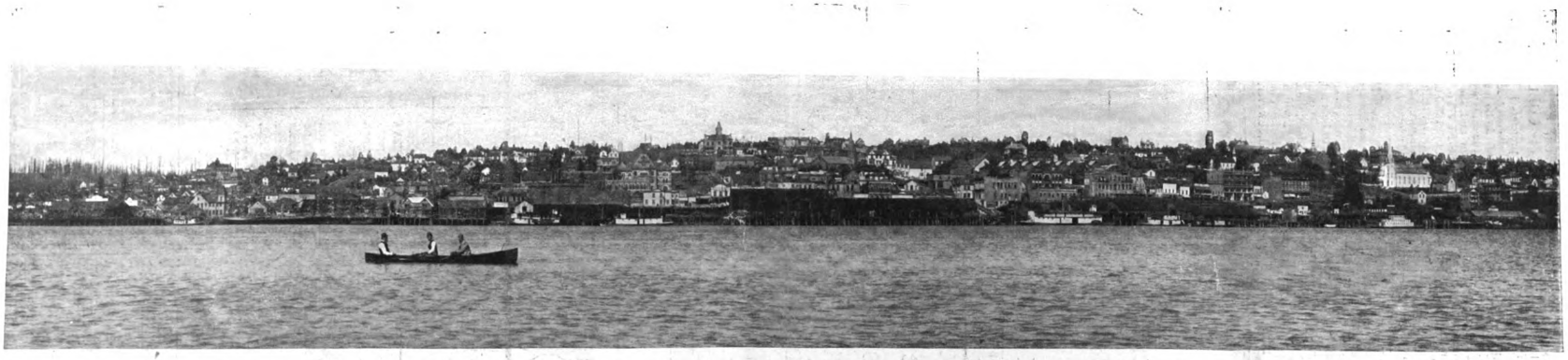
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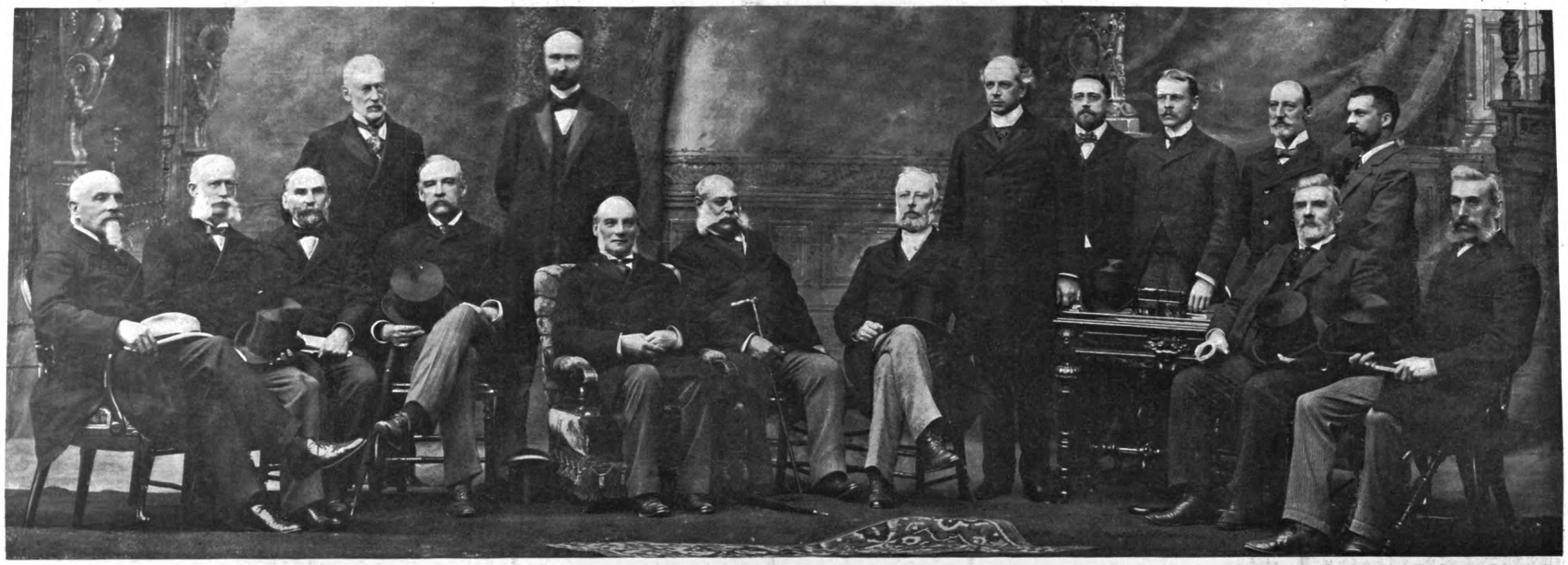
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CITY OF NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, DESTROYED BY FIRE SEPTEMBER 11, 1898.—[See Page 934.]

Hon. John A. Kasson. Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks. Mr. Charles H. Butler, U. S. Examiner Expert. Mr. C. P. Anderson, American Secretary. Mr W. C. Cartwright, British Secretary. Hon. H. Bourassa, M.P., British Secretary.



Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge. Hon. John W. Foster. Hon. Nelson Dingley. Hon. George Gray. Rt. Hon. Baron Herschell, President. Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright. Hon. Sir Louis Davies. Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Hon. John Charlton, M.P. Hon. Sir James Winter.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN JOINT HIGH COMMISSION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF DISPUTED QUESTIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—By Courtesy of A. Montminy & Cie.—[See Page 950.]

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TRAVIS *VS.* BLAIR.



DOUGLAS *VS.* CURTIS—AT THE EIGHTH HOLE.

## THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

It was nearly seven o'clock, Monday night, and quite dark, when the last man in the medal round of the championship meeting finally holed out by the uncertain light of a couple of stable lanterns. The early morning start had been made on time, but, with one hundred and seven contestants, delays were inevitable, and the four-minute schedule was too close a margin. As a consequence, it was noon before the last couple in the first round could get away, and the half-hour thus lost could not be made up. The tail of the list managed to scramble in before darkness made play impossible, but it showed conclusively that medal play at thirty-six holes, with a field of one hundred or more, is too big an undertaking for these short September days. It would be a pity to abandon the medal and match system, but either the entry list must be curtailed or the medal round must be made under new conditions. It is hardly possible to interfere with individual rights in the matter of entry; the competition is supposed to be open to all members of clubs affiliated with the National Association, and it should remain so. But with more than one hundred starters there is great risk of good men being shut out through sheer inability to finish before nightfall. Either the qualifying round must be cut down to eighteen holes, or the thirty-six holes must be spread over two days, the whole field playing the first round on Monday and the second on Tuesday. In the latter case only sixteen men (instead of thirty-two) would qualify, as otherwise the match rounds could not be finished within the limits of the week. The question will probably come up for discussion at the annual meeting of the association.

It was a great triumph for American golf that a native-bred player should lead the field in Monday's medal play. It is true that Whigham was out of condition and that the scoring was on the high side, but Choate's victory was none the less creditable, for Douglas and Macdonald and Coats were all behind him. Choate is a Harvard undergraduate, and may be counted upon to improve. His style in driving is beautifully free and effective, and he plays his irons well. He fell an easy victim to W. B. Smith in the first match round, but he had made his mark, and could rest content with the honor of the gold medal.

Whigham's failure to qualify was not unexpected. He was still weak from his illness, and had had but little practice this year. It was an eminently sportsmanlike act for him to come out at all, and such defeat is in the nature of an honor.

The high scoring was a surprise, for it had been generally supposed that the medal would be won by a card of 160 or thereabouts. The best was Choate's 175, and there were only eighteen rounds under 90 out of the total of over two hundred. The greens were fast, and a trifle bumpy from the dry weather, and this made the putting difficult. The congestion at the tees was another and even severer handicap. The course was so crowded that the delay at the short holes often amounted to several minutes, and such an annoyance is quite enough to put a man off his game. It could not be helped, but it had its effect.



DOUGLAS PUTTING AT THE FIRST HOLE.

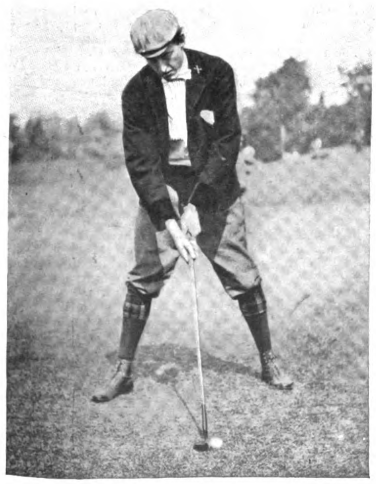
The field was certainly a representative one, for Hollins junior, Betts, Harriman, Terry junior, Forgan, and Robbins were the only prominent absentees. H. C. Leeds and G. C. Clark were disappointments in that they failed to qualify, but the college element was well represented among the thirty-two by Choate, Cutting junior, Hubbard, and Curtis, of Harvard, W. B. Smith and John Reid, Jr., of Yale, and Bayard and Blair, of Princeton.

The form shown at the tee was an improvement over that at Shinnecock two years ago, where the field was also representative. Just about half the players used an effective full swing, and the "baseball" swing was confined almost entirely to the older men, such as Keene and Thorp. The majority stood almost square to the ball. There were perhaps twenty who stood with the right foot drawn back (Laidlay stance), and still fewer who adopted the open position. There were but two left-handed players, and they did not qualify.

In the match play of Tuesday the principal interest centred in the Macdonald-Hubbard contest. Hubbard is a Harvard student, and hardly more than a boy, but he put up a very pretty game. His chief weakness lay in his wrist shots, and in this department Macdonald easily outclassed him. Hubbard won the Newport cup a week or so ago, and must be reckoned upon as a factor in future contests.

Douglas beat Curtis, the inter-collegiate champion, rather easily. The latter did brilliant work at times, but he often tried to do too much on the greens, and he was lacking in steadiness. He drives with an easy, full swing, and it was interesting to compare it with Douglas's mighty "swipe." Douglas seemed to put nearly twice as much powder into his stroke, and yet he had to play the odd from the tee shot as often as not. The only particular upset of the day was Wright's defeat by Thorp. The former golfs in far the better style, but the ex-medallist would not be denied, and the "get-there" method scored another point.

The match between Douglas and A. H. Smith on Wednesday was a surprise, in that Douglas was forced to put up rattling golf to win out. Smith is a new aspirant for championship honors, but he possesses abundance of nerve, and remarkable ability in the holing-out department. He got in some wonderful putts during the morning round, and as Douglas was 'way below par in his work on the greens, the Huntington Valley man was one up on the first eighteen holes. In the afternoon round, however, Douglas pulled himself together, and won by four up and three to play. Douglas clearly outclassed Smith on his mid-field shots and short approaches. Time and again he would take his brassey and lay his ball up on the green with a clear carry of one hundred and seventy or eighty yards. The second shot is perhaps the strongest point in Douglas's play, and it is one that counts tremendously. He tries for everything, and a hazard with him is simply a question of yards. If a bunker is barely within the range of his best shot, he takes the chance, and generally brings it off. It is slashing golf, and a treat to watch.



JOSEPH H. CHOATE, JR., WINNER OF THE MEDAL ROUND.



ON THE CLUB-HOUSE PIAZZA.

"THE GOLFER'S ALPHABET."—Illustrations by A. B. Frost.—Rhymes by W. G. van T. Sutphen.—4to, Illuminated Boards, $1 50.—Harper & Brothers.

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The defeat of Tyng by Foxhall Keene was a sad surprise to the Morris County men, but their champion was clearly off in his work on the greens, and Keene has improved immensely since Tyng beat him out for the Shinnecock cup a year ago. Keene undoubtedly had the luck, but he also played the better golf, and deserved to win. His easy victory over so strong a man as Tyng argued favorably for his chances with Travis on Wednesday, and the match was followed with a great deal of interest. Travis was hardly himself in the morning round, but he started off with a rush after luncheon, and soon had the match well in hand. Keene played the sandiest kind of golf, and brought off some beautiful iron strokes, but the Oakland champion could not be headed, and the match ended at the fourteenth green.

The W. B. Smith-Fowle and Macdonald-Coats matches had been virtually settled by the morning rounds, and most of the gallery drifted back to watch Douglas and Stillman. As usual, Douglas had been sizing up his man during the morning play, and although he had finished the first round three up, he had not been forced to extend himself. But on the second eighteen the Fairfield crack suddenly began to play record-breaking golf. He went out in 36—a wonderful performance; and that, too, with one lost stroke for a ball out of bounds. The match ended nine up and eight to play; but the chances were so good for breaking the record of 80, established by Tyng, that Douglas went on playing the bye-holes. With ten fours in his card it soon became evident that the record was in danger, and the gallery became enthusiastic. No finer exhibition of fair full driving and brassey work has ever been given upon an American course, and for the first time in two days' play Douglas's holing out was on a par with his general work. He finished in 76, and it is worth while to give the complete score:

Out....4 4 4 4 3 4 5 4 4—36
In.....4 6 6 5 4 3 4 4 4—40—76

In the semi-finals, on Friday, Douglas and Macdonald were the favorites over Travis and W. B. Smith, the Yale champion. To everybody's surprise, Smith ended the first round with a lead of three up, while Douglas led



WALTER B. SMITH,
Silver Medallist

Travis by a single hole. But in the afternoon round Douglas simply smothered his opponent, and won as he pleased. Travis seemed to be out of condition, and his strokes were lacking in power as well as in accuracy. Nevertheless, *Colonel Bogey* himself would have found difficulty in keeping up with Douglas at the pace he was going.

W. B. Smith, of the Onwentsia (Chicago) Club won from C. B. Macdonald after an exciting struggle. It was a popular victory, and particularly so in that it insured the final honors for an Eastern player. For the first time in the history of national golf, the West was out of it.

Smith, being an American golfer, naturally carried with him the sympathies of the gallery, but it was acknowledged that Douglas on his public form was entitled to win. Both are young men, Douglas having graduated from St. Andrews University in Scotland two years ago, and Smith being an undergraduate at Yale. Smith is a very long driver, and although it is a trite saying that big driving does not win matches, it is equally true that it does make the putting a deal easier. The Yale man fiddles about a good deal in taking his stand, but once set, his swing comes through full and free, and with a tremendous lot of power from the right forearm at the moment of impact. Occasionally he tops a tee shot or plays a wild one, and just here Douglas's machinelike steadiness was supposed to give him the advantage. Douglas will now and then foozle an approach shot or miss short putts, but he seldom or never makes a mistake through the green. On paper he was an easy winner, and for once the prophets were right. Douglas finished the morning round with a lead of three holes, and although Smith played up nobly in the second round, the champion could not be headed. Douglas was dormie five at the thirteenth hole. Smith won the fourteenth, but the strain was too great, and his drive for the fifteenth went out of bounds. It cost him three to reach the green, and Douglas took the hole, winning the match and championship by five up and three to play.

What for convenience may be called the "picked" score is a combination of the lowest number of strokes in which the several holes were made during the progress of the tournament. The record has no particular importance, except in that it serves to try out the golfing possibilities of the course, and to show the wide gap that exists between theoretical scoring and the average individual performance.

| Hole. | Distance (yards). | Bogey. | Picked Score. | Made by. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 238 | 4 | 3 | Several |
| 2 | 175 | 3 | 2 | Macdonald and Travis |
| 3 | 234 | 4 | 3 | Several |
| 4 | 370 | 5 | 3 | Douglas |
| 5 | 310 | 4 | 3 | Several |
| 6 | 363 | 5 | 3 | Several |
| 7 | 350 | 5 | 3 | Keene |
| 8 | 350 | 4 | 3 | Several |
| 9 | 433 | 5 | 4 | Several |
| 10 | 253 | 4 | 3 | Several |
| 11 | 415 | 5 | 5 | Several |
| 12 | 442 | 5 | 4 | Coats |
| 13 | 545 | 6 | 3 | Travis |
| 14 | 333 | 4 | 3 | Michael |
| 15 | 165 | 3 | 2 | Several |
| 16 | 193 | 4 | 3 | Several |
| 17 | 408 | 5 | 4 | Several |
| 18 | 383 | 5 | 3 | Stillman |
| | 5960 | 80 | 57 | |

The picked scores of the four men in the semi-finals figure out—Travis, 66; W. B. Smith, 66; Douglas, 69; and Macdonald, 71.

W. G. VAN T. SUTPHEN.

## THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.

QUEBEC, *September.*

WHERE the Right Hon. Baron Herschell of England sits, there is the head of the tables round which gather the members of the Joint High Commission of Great Britain and the United States, certain errant uncertainties of whose doings journey daily into the United States over the wires of a couple of telegraph companies. The Commission, then, has organized; but though that formality was disposed of as far back as August 23, it cannot be said with assurance, even after so many days, to have accomplished very much more. The protocol contains eleven or twelve items of international difference, and to these have since been added a subject that may prove the least susceptible of jointure. A little summer sojourn at the delightful Château Frontenac is a dissipated dream. Diplomacy, if it wins, shall have had to fortify itself against the rigor of those breezes which scamper down from Labrador to thrill the marrows, and are no respecters of statesmen or their protocols.

After the felicitous exchange of official compliments which took place at the opening, and in which the resonant London press happily found renewed assurance of our distinguished consideration, the Joint High Commission moved into the little Legislative Council Chamber in Parliament Building, locked the door behind it, and proceeded to debate when it would be ready to deliberate. It was soon apparent that all were not quite ready, and accordingly the several commissioners went their several ways, to meet again a little past the middle of September.

It would be fully unfair to say that the Commission accomplished nothing prior to its long adjournment, for there was undoubtedly an exchange of opinion upon nearly all the subjects that are to be discussed, and when the members separated each side had some idea of what the other side would give and would demand. These subjects are, briefly—pelagic fur-sealing in Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean; provisions in respect to the fisheries in Eastern waters contiguous to both countries, and also fisheries on the Pacific coasts; provisions for the delimitation and establishment of the Alaska-Canadian boundary by legal and scientific experts; provisions for the transit of merchandise in transportation to or from either country across intermediate territory, whether by land or water, including natural and artificial waterways and intermediate transit by sea; provisions relating to the transit of merchandise from one country to be delivered at points in the other beyond the frontier; modifications of the alien-labor law applicable to the subjects or citizens of the United States and Canada; the mining rights of the citizens or subjects of each country within the territory of the other; such readjustment and concessions as may be deemed mutually advantageous of customs duties applicable in each country to the products of the soil or industry of the other, upon the basis of reciprocal equivalents; a revision of the agreement of 1817 respecting naval vessels on the Great Lakes; arrangements for the more complete definition and marking of any part of the frontier line by land or water where the same is now so insufficiently defined or marked as to be liable to dispute; provisions for the conveyance for trial or punishment of persons in the lawful custody of the officers of one country through the territory of the other; reciprocity in wrecking and salvage rights.

The principal supplemental question, which may finally be thrown out of court, relates to the rights of United States citizens owning timber tracts in Canada to export their own timber in its raw state. The issue here is directly between the province of Ontario and the State of Michigan, and the question was presented, *ex parte*, by Hon. Don M. Dickinson, of Detroit, who represents the American lumbermen. Upon the exhaustion, or partial exhaustion, of our middle Northwest forests, large tracts of growing timber in Ontario were purchased by lumbermen in Michigan and adjacent States, who proceeded forthwith to draw upon their preserves for the purpose of supplying the mills on the American side with logs. Enterprising persons in Ontario thought they saw an opportunity to force the establishment of saw, pulp, and other mills and furniture manufactories in their own province, and thus deprive the Americans of the monopoly they had for so long possessed. The Ontario Legislature was induced to enact a measure the effect of which was to prohibit the export of logs, thus compelling the American owners of the Ontario timber tracts to build mills in Canada, such as they already operate in the United States, or to let their growing timber continue to grow. The Americans, exasperated, sought to have the act declared unconstitutional, on the ground that it was virtual confiscation, but they have not succeeded thus far, and the question therefore comes before the Joint High Commission to embarrass it. If the American commissioners were to insist upon the prohibition of export being abrogated, Sir Wilfrid Laurier could not concede a point without incurring the deepest displeasure of the government of Ontario, which is of the same political persuasion as the federal government of which he is the head. The question may be regarded as a local issue with which the general government has no concern; but if the opposite view be taken, a single concession by the British commissioners will jeopardize the whole work of the conference. Ontario is ambitious, as indeed is Canada. But in Ontario the feeling is particularly strong that the time is passing when the country may be satisfied to be a producer of raw materials only. Instead of exporting these, Canada wants to convert them on her own soil into the finished products, which may find market at home, in the United States, or elsewhere abroad.

This leads logically to a consideration of what the conference may be doing upon the question of reciprocity of trade. It may be stated positively that the question has been considered, and a draught has been made of what the United States deems would be an equable measure of reciprocity. The venerable Mr. Kasson was the only member of the Joint High Commission who remained at the Château Frontenac during the intermission, and his energies were bent upon this particular subject, with a view to having a schedule ready for the consideration of his American associates upon their return. Special interests throughout both Canada and the United States have sought persistently to influence the Commission for and against certain specifications likely to be inserted in any measure of reciprocity that may be contained in the prospective treaty. If all these volunteer voices were heeded, there would be no need of spending more time in Quebec. There seems to be a popular fear in Canada that the country is to be made a "slaughter market" for American manufacturers. But, from a set of facts now before the Commission, it appears that there is complaint in Canada because the United States sold the Dominion last year large quantities of raw material for manufacturing purposes, and then, in the most unneighborly fashion, kept out by her tariff Canada's exportable surplus of agricultural products and manufactures, so that the Dominion was obliged to seek markets in England, where there are no tariffs. Yet Canada has a tariff of her own that is far from liberal. In spite of it, however, she imported from the United States last year goods to the value of $86,587,000, which is $53,760,000 more than the value of goods imported by Canada from Great Britain. On the other hand, Canada sold Great Britain goods to the value of $104,787,000, while her exports to the United States amounted to only $41,122,000. There has recently gone into effect what is known as the British preferential clause of the Canadian tariff, by which British imports are favored by a relaxing of the tariff to the amount of twenty-five per cent. The Canadian tariff averages about thirty-three per cent. Several of the visiting delegations from American boards of trade (notably Boston) have sought to impress upon the American commissioners that, unless a like concession is obtained for the United States, Great Britain will quickly absorb the greater part of the profitable and growing trade which the United States had with Canada last year. But while some Americans hold that, placed on the same basis as Great Britain, the United States may easily keep the Canadian markets against the competition of the mother-country, other Americans hold that there is no real reciprocity while any tariff exists, however low. It is believed that Lord Herschell regards such an extremity as equivalent to retaliation upon the mother-country. It is not impossible that, in the solution which Hon. Mr. Kasson has so diligently sought, the American tariff against Canadian products has been relaxed to just the amount of the British preferential clause of the Canadian tariff.

Sir Louis Davies has informed the Commission that Nova Scotia acquiesces in any proposition that may be made to accord to American fishermen the privilege of occupying the inshore fisheries of that province, which means the obliteration of the troublesome three-mile limit, and of baiting and refitting at Canadian ports. But this carries with it a *quid pro quo*, which shows the thrift of provincial merchants and shippers. Nova Scotia has been selling Puerto Rico fish, lumber, and agricultural products to the value of $1,000,000 a year. If the United States, now the virtual possessor of Puerto Rico, will leave her that market upon the terms at which she now has it, she will accord our fishermen access to her inshore preserves. An easy settlement is anticipated, though a protest from New England fishermen, who have suffered much in Nova Scotia, and now feel themselves entitled to the whole profits of the conquered territory, will have consideration.

If any treaty results from the conference, it will surely contain a provision that pelagic fur-sealing in Bering Sea shall be stopped forthwith, regardless of the time limit fixed by the Paris tribunal. Canadian sealers may have to be compensated for being deprived of their right to slaughter these valuable animals in their own peculiarly nefarious fashion, but Mr. Laurier is prepared to ask his Parliament for an appropriation for that purpose.

The rumor has gone forth, with scores of others, that the Joint High Commission has already agreed upon a settlement of the Alaska-Canadian boundary specifically. The statement is doubtless premature, but it is not so improbable that agreement has been reached upon the general proposition that legal and scientific experts may be employed and other arrangements made for the more complete definition and marking of any part of the frontier-line by land or water "where the same is now so insufficiently defined or marked as to be liable to dispute."

The Commission has considered the alien-labor law and the questions growing out of it, and while virulence had been shown in both countries in dealing with it, it appears now that a spirit of conciliation has succeeded one of retaliation. The Canadian Minister of the Interior, in a laudable effort to colonize remote unoccupied sections of the country, unwittingly attracted to it large numbers of a class of most undesirable immigrants, many of whom would have been turned back at Ellis Island, but here found no bar to admission. What numbers of these passed over into the United States is not certain, but that United States immigration laws were constantly evaded is admitted to be true. The need, therefore, of uniform laws is so plain that the Commission could not fail to recognize it; nor did it overlook whatever justice there may be in the argument that the special legislation of the United States against the admission of the seasonal labor of Canada, which finds a market in the Dakotas during harvesting and in New England during the fishing period, wrought a hardship, not only to a not undesirable kind of alien labor, but also to those United States citizens by whom this seasonal service is really needed.

S. A. WETMORE.

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| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $3,722,635.12 |

*July 1, 1898.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.) | $24,103,986.67 |
| Total Liabilities, . . . | 19,859,291.43 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $4,244,695.24 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid to Policy-holders since 1864, | $35,660,940.19 |
| Paid to Policy-holders January–July, '98, . . . | 1,300,493.68 |
| Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life), . . . | 1,161,705.00 |
| Life Insurance in Force, | 94,646,669.00 |

GAINS.
*6 Months—January to July, 1898.*

| | |
|---|---|
| In Assets, . . . . . | $1,234,992.51 |
| In Surplus (to Policy-holders), | 522,060.12 |
| In Insurance in Force (Life Department only), . . . | 2,764,459.00 |
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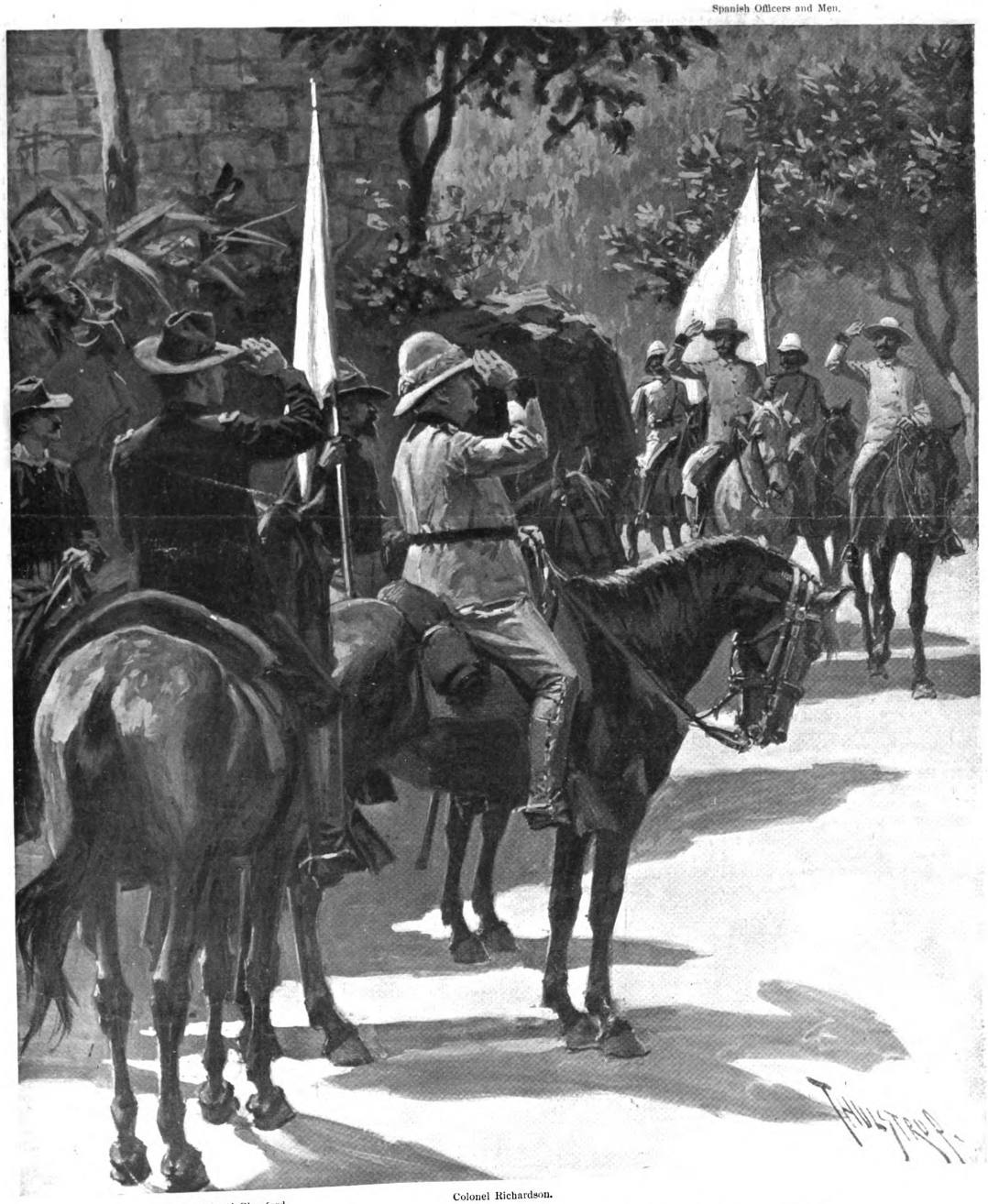
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VOL. XLII.—No. 2180. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



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Spanish Officers and Men.



Colonel Glassford. Colonel Richardson.

PUERTO RICO—THE FIRST FLAG OF TRUCE AFTER THE NEWS OF PEACE.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 958.]


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1898

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New York City: Franklin Square

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IN spite of the fact that we are facing a colonial problem, and that we have already acquired distant territories for which no government has been provided, the politicians are taking no steps whatever to arrange a proper system of colonial government. Such a system must have for its basis a permanent colonial service, otherwise our colonial governments will not only reflect but will exaggerate all the faults that obtain in our domestic affairs. These distant governments will be carried on by the "boys," who, far away from home, will not even be under the restraint of public opinion as expressed by the daily newspapers. Not only is it true that our politicians are not considering this problem at all, but they are actually urging the President to revise the civil service list in order that he may take some offices out of the classified list, in which they are now included. In other words, the politicians, instead of rising to new responsibilities, are insisting upon falling further and further below the old ones.

COUNT CASSINI, the Russian ambassador to the United States, delivered himself of an interview the other day, in which he insisted that the Russian movement towards the Yellow Sea, and the securing of an ice-free port as the terminus of its Siberian Railroad, had no hostile purpose in it. This may be so, but Russian assertions and Russian promises are not to be taken without question; and it is to be hoped that Lord CHARLES BERESFORD will make so strong an impression upon the potentates of the Yang-tse-kiang valley that the Russian effort to extend its commerce will be confined to the north of China. The people of the United States are very deeply interested in maintaining and increasing their trade with China, which may become better than it is even with China under Russian auspices, but which will be better still if British influences prevail. It is more than probable, as Mr. H. W. WILSON points out in the September *National Review*, that a firm British foreign policy will obtain and maintain all that is needed for British commercial expansion. Under the circumstances, however, we think that a firm front on the part of Great Britain will be much better than an acceptance of the Tsar's policy of disarmament, at least until the Tsar himself indicates his good faith by beating his own spears into pruning-hooks.

THE difficulty which the President has had in securing commissioners for the purpose of investigating the complaints made against army administration was to have been expected. We do not think that at this time an investigation for the purpose of finding out the persons guilty of the incompetence and indifference which resulted in so much hardship to the troops will be very valuable. The country knows that great blunders have been made, and that staff corps have shown themselves for some reason or other to be inefficient. But underlying the incompetency and indifference is the bad system under which such things are inevitable. If a commission should be decided on to consider this phase of the question, which is essential and fundamental, we do not think the President would find much difficulty in securing commissioners who would undertake the task. If the examination could be diverted from an inquiry whose result must be offensive to individuals, to an inquiry into the system which must be remedied if we are to have an efficient army organization, we think Mr. MCKINLEY would find that first-rate men would come to his assistance. This is the work which is of most importance, and which must be done if Congress is to be convinced that its own interference with military command is the essential evil to be cured.

THE Duc d'Orleans has come to the support of the French army in the DREYFUS case. This is perfectly natural. The Prince desires to be put upon the throne of his ancestors, and knows that his ambition cannot be realized except with the help of the army. The issue in France between the army and the people—that is, between the army and personal liberty and law and order—is growing more and more clearly defined. The army has been convicted of having, through a court martial, condemned DREYFUS to a horrible punishment for a crime of which he has not been proved guilty, and of which it is very clear that Major ESTERHAZY is guilty. He was condemned not only on insufficient evidence, but in secret, and on testimony which is tainted with forgery and fraud; and yet the President of the republic, the head of the house of Orleans, the commanding officers of the army, and some of the leading statesmen of France unite in insisting that his punishment shall be continued, and that his case shall not be revised. In other words, it is held by many high authorities that whatever the army does must stand unquestioned. This is a bad outlook for the individual Frenchman, but a much worse prospect for the French Republic. Indeed, it seems that there is no republic in France, and that the army is her irresponsible tyrant. In order to carry out their purpose to suppress all criticism the chiefs of the army have demanded Colonel PICQUART from the civil authorities, and have lodged him in the military prison of Cherche Midi. This, Colonel PICQUART suggests, is for the purpose of murdering him, and the populace is beginning to ask if the officers of the general staff are all criminals.

THE war has accomplished something for politics in New York. Colonel ROOSEVELT'S career as leader of the Rough Riders has so aroused public opinion, or excited the public imagination, that Senator THOMAS C. PLATT is obliged to accept him as the Republican candidate for Governor. This must have been a very serious blow to the Republican boss and to the Republican machine, but it is not half so serious now as it will be if Mr. ROOSEVELT be elected Governor. He says, and Mr. ODELL affirms his statements, that no conditions were imposed and no terms were demanded by Mr. PLATT at the consultation between the two, when Mr. PLATT accepted him. The Senator seems to have surrendered unconditionally. Mr. ROOSEVELT is therefore not bound even by a promise that ought to be broken. We know, of course, that he would not have made any such promise, and Mr. PLATT seems to have been shrewd enough to realize that it was useless to impose terms upon a man of his character. The result of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S administration, if he should be elected, ought to be the destruction of the PLATT machine. Mr. ROOSEVELT will find it difficult to carry on his office, because he will be beset by demands for places and for money-making opportunities made by and on behalf of men who he knows ought not to be trusted with public employment, but he will have the courage to meet this emergency as he has met other emergencies, and his administration is likely to be a fresh breeze blowing through the corruption with which the machines have tainted the State government. By the end of his administration there will probably be a Republican party in the State, but the Republican machine will be very nearly useless.

WE cannot sympathize entirely with Mr. R. FULTON CUTTING and the other Independent gentlemen who have sought to put Mr. ROOSEVELT in nomination before the meeting of the Republican Convention. We quite agree with them that it is well to vindicate the right of the Independents to make nominations, and to resent the attitude of the party bosses towards free citizens. PLATT and CROKER do not believe that any other persons in the State than themselves have the right to put candidates in nomination, and so far as the Independents' action resents this insolence it is wholesome. But there is another consideration. Mr. ROOSEVELT wants to be Governor, and wants to be Governor through the success of the Republican party, to which he is apparently much attached. That Mr. ROOSEVELT is a good man for Governor has been shown by the action of the Independents themselves, and the desire of the people of the State to vote for him for that office is pretty evident. Now the independent movement for Mr. ROOSEVELT made by Mr. CUTTING and his friends really imperilled Mr. ROOSEVELT'S chances. That the threatened danger was not greater was due to the enormous popularity of Mr. ROOSEVELT, but if the politicians had had half a chance to throw down this popular candidate they would have done so, and would have seized upon the action of the Independents as a pretext. This is clearly recognized by most people, who therefore regard the Independents as marplots. It is one of the essential elements of political success, and especially of the success of a new party seeking public favor, that there should be popular confidence not only in the integrity but in the intelligence of those who conduct the movement. Therefore the fact that the voters generally look upon this action of the Independents as a foolish and useless attempt, and as one likely to result in damage to the candidate for whom they want to vote, injures the Independent movement. We believe in independent movements. We want independent movements founded upon the idea that both virtue and intelligence are necessary to success in politics. The action of Mr. CUTTING and his friends has invited unpopularity, and is the sort of thing which for nearly a generation has injured independent movements and helped to keep the machines in power.

## SHALL WE SHAME DEMOCRACY?

ALTHOUGH the Peace Commissioners have taken their departure for Paris, where they will meet the Spanish Commissioners, it is not too late for the American people to express their views upon the policy of annexation and expansion. The administration has thrown the subject into the arena of public discussion, and has invited the people to express their opinions. It does not matter that, to a certain extent, a conclusion has been reached and formulated in instructions imparted to the Commissioners. These instructions may still be changed by the public, if its voice in behalf of reason can make itself heard. Thus far there has been a timorous reticence on the part of those who often do the speaking for the country, although, as has been shown more than once, they are frequently in the minority, and that decidedly. But in the presence of this most momentous problem, the most momentous that has been presented to the republic for solution since the Constitution was adopted, political parties are silent and evasive, and many of the newspapers, especially those which are supposed to speak more or less for the administration, are strangely reticent and halt in their opinions. In truth, we have good reason to believe that this reticence means doubt on the part of some of those who will have most to say touching the ratification of the treaty. But some of the expansion advocates have been so noisy that they have seemed to be the whole country. As a matter of fact, however, the country has not spoken, while its most trustworthy organs have avoided speech, or have uttered only delphic tones. It is the last chance for debate and opposition, and those who fear evil for the country in the possible annexation of Cuba and the Philippines must now speak, or forever after hold their peace.

It is unnecessary to examine with any care or seriousness the arguments which have been advanced by the expansionists. The sentiment for expansion often proceeds from the bosom and not from the head. Fundamentally it is imitative, or at least it is suggested by what is being done in Africa and the East by the powers of Europe. Curiously enough, too, the false impression as to the value of colonies, and as to the methods by which colonies have been made valuable, that prevails in the mediæval mind of the German Emperor prevails also with our democratic imperialists. They are for following France and Germany's revival of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century method, because England, having been taught, as Spain has at last learned, that the method was attended with disastrous and even fatal consequences, has succeeded in her wholly different nineteenth-century scheme—a scheme demonstrated to be absolutely impossible in such tropical islands as we are urged to assume. Was any important thing ever so droll or childish? The imperialists say, however, that we ought to play "our part in the world"; that we ought to assume our responsibilities; that we have a destiny to fulfil; that we owe it to civilization to see that good and stable government shall take the place of Spanish rule, and that the people of Cuba and the Philippines are unfit to govern themselves. All of this, reduced to sensible terms, means that the United States will be bigger, and its people more entitled to strut, if we take on distant possessions. We dismiss also as of little value the contention that we must keep these various islands because we have taken them, and that their conquest has in some way changed our obligations to the world. We do not share in this view of the impotency of the country. We have just those obligations, and no others, in this respect, as we assume. We have taken these islands in due course of war, and, if it is for our advantage to drop them, we may do so without any dishonor whatever. We are no more morally bound, in the pretended interest of civilization, to keep the Philippines and Cuba than we were bound to take them. The assertion by foreign powers that, hav-

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ing conquered Spain, we are under obligations to them to retain her territory, inconvenient and hurtful though such retention may be to us, is a bit of insolence that may be best resented by not heeding the specious appeal to our cupidity.

We believe that the best interests of the United States will be consulted if the islands can be surrendered to their people, with a proper regard to vested interests of natives, Spaniards, and other foreigners. Whether the government adopted by the people be good or otherwise is not for us to decide with any nicety. The people of every country have a right to determine their own form of government. If it is bad, they must suffer until suffering and experience bring improvement. If it is so bad that their neighbors suffer, their neighbors have the usual remedy. We cannot deny to the Cubans and the people of the Philippines the right to govern themselves without denying the assertions of our own Declaration of Independence. Our refusal to permit these foreign peoples to rule themselves would be an assault by the republic upon what it has declared to be a fundamental human right, while if we proceed henceforth upon the theory that our duty requires that we shall exercise a tutelage over peoples who unsuccessfully try to govern themselves, where will our conquests end? And are we prepared to assert that our own house is in such order, that we can consistently undertake the management of our neighbors' affairs?

Our refusal, therefore, to permit the former subjects of Spain to govern themselves will discredit the democratic form of government, and will deny the validity of the idea on which we based our own revolution against Great Britain. In the second place, Congress solemnly promised that the war against Spain should not be one of aggression or of aggrandizement. Our enemies on the Continent of Europe have predicted from the first that we would not keep this promise, and that we never intended to keep it. This is not true so far as the people are concerned. It is a prediction born of animosity. If they consent to keep the conquered territory, it will be because they will believe that conditions have changed, and that the promise is therefore no longer binding. But this, in our opinion, will be a false conception of the fact, and ought not to excuse a breach of our word. Do we want to give the enemies of popular government the right to say that democracies are as untruthful, as avaricious, as indifferent to the rights of other people, as ready to deprive them of their liberties and their lands, as are empires and monarchies? Is there any possible gain that we can derive from the possession of Cuba and the Philippines that can compensate the world for the loss of the faith which it has hitherto had in democracy as the promoter of peace, as the generous succorer of the down-trodden, as the friend of personal liberty, as the bulwark of the modern principle that government of the people is by the people and for the people?

Besides the wrongs that we will do to democracy and to our own reputation for frankness and fair dealing, we must count the cost of colonial government. We shall need an army of 150,000 men for the colonies alone, not to speak of the great increase of our navy that would be necessary. They say that our commerce will be vastly benefited by these new possessions. We venture to reply that for every dollar that we would gain by an increase of trade with tropical islands we would gain a thousand dollars by opening our own markets to the more abundant commerce of Europe. Not only would our expenditures for military and naval establishments be increased, the army would necessarily be wholly regular and permanent. We are already learning that we cannot use militia and volunteers to garrison or defend colonies. We are already hearing complaints from one end of the Union to the other because the government wishes to keep "our boys" in Cuba and Puerto Rico for two years. We have learned too that Congress is not a proper body to govern military forces, and that it ought not to be intrusted with the power to declare war. But these powers are grants of the Constitution, which must be amended in this respect if we are to become an efficient military power. We have learned also that the constitutional power of the Senate to ratify treaties may be dangerous to the peace of the country at times when tension is great. If, for example, our relations with a foreign power, through our acts in the East, should become as delicate as those between France and England on account of the MARCHAND expedition at Fashoda, how many speeches by Senators, such as those that were made against Spain last spring, would be required to bring on war? Then, too, we know that for years to come our colonies must be governed by friends of the Senators, because the Senate has the power to confirm the President's appointments, which means the power to dictate them. Add to all, the insistence of Congress to determine all executive and administrative action by statute, and its constant neglect of all its duties over Territories, and we have, in anticipation, the crudest, most expensive, and most dangerous foreign relations that can well be imagined. We can much more easily count the cost than the advantage of the proposed experiment, and the cost must be so enormous that blind folly alone can urge the country to incur it.

## THE CONNECTICUT RING.

THE two uprisings against the bosses of which we spoke the other week have had very different terminations. The boss of New York, so far as the Governorship thereof is concerned, has followed the precedent of the snakes of Ireland, and "committed suicide to save himself from slaughter." Nobody imagines that Senator PLATT would have accepted a nomination so intensely antagonistic to his power and so intensely antipathetic to his taste as that of Colonel ROOSEVELT for any other reason than sheer necessity. He has surrendered under threat of a movement upon his "works."

In Connecticut the case was much more difficult, and the result correspondingly different. It is not likely that Mr. PORTER was under any illusions about his undertaking. To attack the Republican ring in Connecticut was in the nature of a forlorn hope, and it is a considerable personal triumph for the candidate of honesty to have received the votes of about one-third of a convention packed as Republican conventions in Connecticut are. Indeed, it is hard to imagine any conditions more discouraging to reformers than those which prevail in Connecticut. The party rule there is not of a boss, but of a ring. The facilities for ring-making are imbedded in the political constitution of the commonwealth. The rotten borough system, under which a stagnant rural township has the same weight in the councils of the State as a growing industrial community ten times its size, is as promising a breeding-ground for jobbery and corruption as the wit of man could devise. Every rotten borough necessarily has its boss, and every boss necessarily has his price. It is his interest to get his price, and to this end to multiply opportunities for selling himself. Every other local boss being actuated by the same desires, the necessary outcome is government by blackmail. Those who groan under the rule of a single boss have no reason to envy those who groan under the rule of a ring. When the boss becomes intolerable, he can be disposed of by beating him at the polls. But a ring of small local bosses and blackmailers is like MILTON'S angels, "Vital in every part," it "can but by annihilation die," and it cannot be annihilated by a single defeat. As NERO wished that the people of Rome had but a single neck, that he might sever it at a blow, so the unhappy people of Connecticut might wish that their tyrant were an individual, that they might decapitate him all at once. But a boss that is also a hydra is not to be disposed of so summarily. Indeed, so apt are the legal conditions of Connecticut for the production of the hydra-boss, that it is doubtful whether he can be got rid of until the conditions are removed. This will require the united efforts of all the decent people in the State who are ashamed of its present political degradation. That degradation is much more widespread than people outside of Connecticut are aware. It affects not only what is properly State legislation, but what is properly local legislation. The government of log-rolling and blackmail which it produces extends to the affairs of all the boroughs—the rotten and the sound. There is scarcely a community in the State which is not systematically plundered under color of law and the authority of the Legislature. The smallest village in the State is not too small to escape the attention of the local spoilsmen, who together make up the State ring.

The importance of rescuing Connecticut from the ring of log-rollers and blackmailers which is engaged in exploiting it for their own advantage is obvious to every citizen who does not profit by the exploitation. No American State is in a condition of deeper political degradation. Perhaps in no other does the corruption of politics so "come home to men's business and bosoms." But, thanks to the absurd and obsolete assumption of the political equality of communities widely unequal, the combination of the local bosses is not only in possession; it is intrenched and fortified. The more necessary for the public it is that the system should be overthrown, the more necessary it is for the politicians that it should be maintained. They are fighting for life, and behind intrenchments.

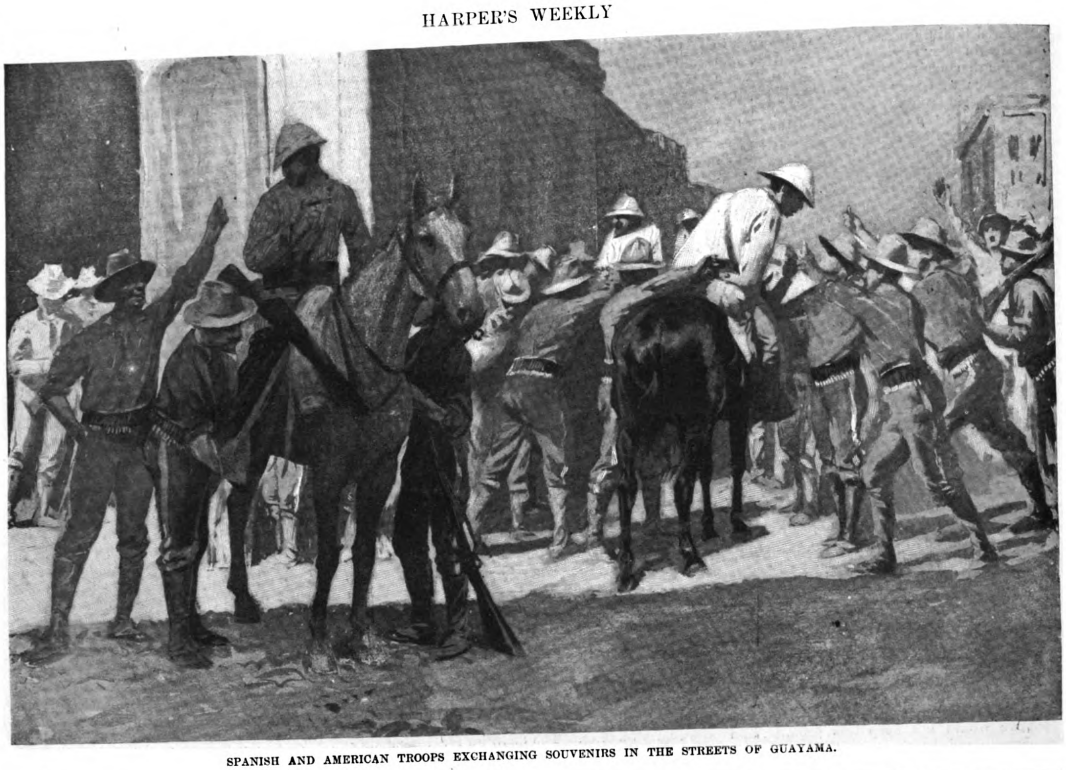
Those who know the strength of the position Mr. PORTER undertook to attack know how bold was his undertaking. To them the fact that he could carry a third of the delegates to a machine-made Republican convention, so far from being discouraging, is full of promise. The political lull of which we spoke last week would have its best result if it should bring about a political reorganization on new lines. How few and slight, for example, are the points of difference between the anti-machine Republicans and the gold Democrats compared with their points of agreement! In no other State does a combination of these elements look more feasible than in Connecticut. Certainly in none is it more needed.

## THE REVOLT AGAINST QUAY.

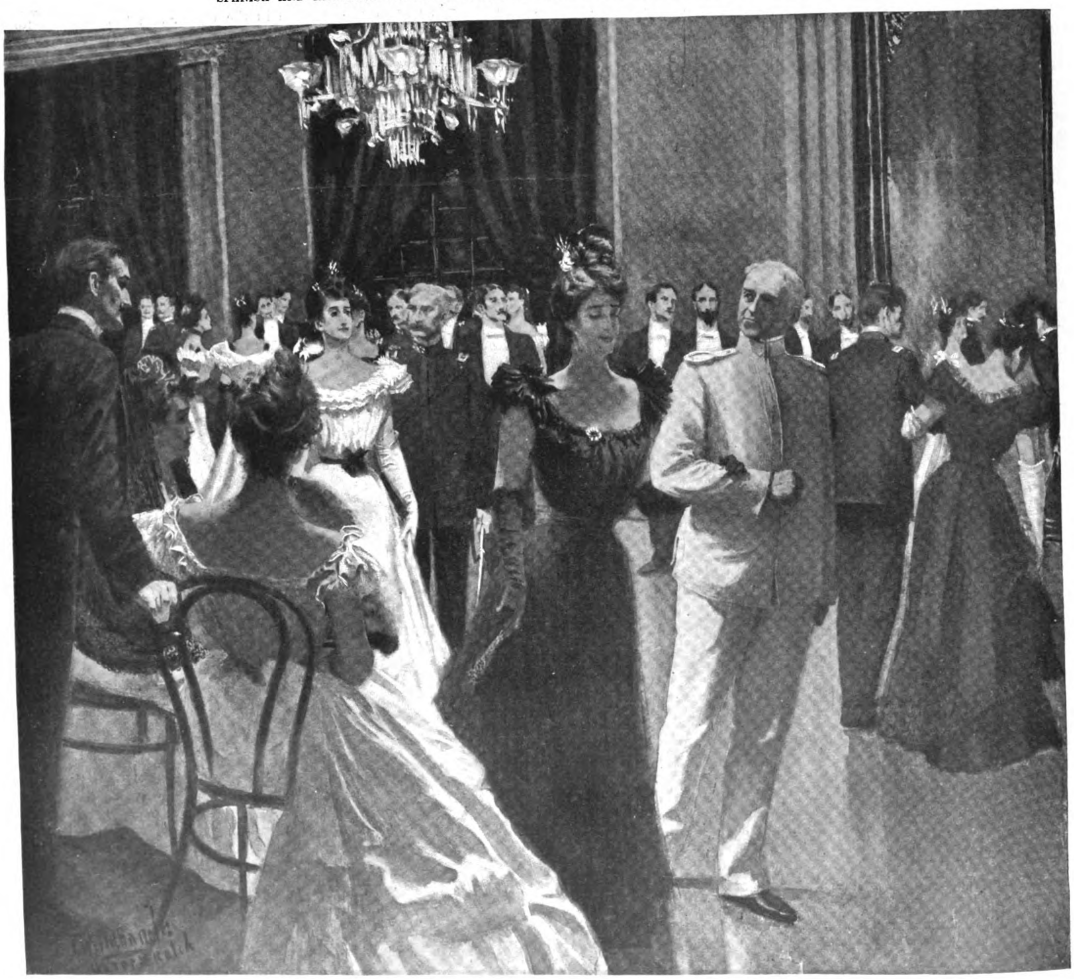
THE public-spirited citizens of Pennsylvania are engaged in another attempt to rescue the Republican party and the State government from the corrupt and withering grip of MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY. While their hopes are stronger this time than at any previous election, because they have the support of former Postmaster-General JOHN WANAMAKER, a former QUAY supporter, and that of a rival machine anxious to control the rich patronage heretofore, as well as now, at the disposal of QUAY, nevertheless, it must be confessed, though reluctantly, that QUAY'S chances of success are not of the poorest. The very fact that both the Gubernatorial and Senatorial successions are involved in the approaching election has bestirred Mr. QUAY and his machine to redoubled efforts. While it may be true, as we are informed, that he is frightened by the outlook, it must not be forgotten that he is usually scared in time to enable him to repair his fences, strengthen his lines, and bring up his re-enforcements. This wonderful capacity of political generalship, although belittled by application to machine politics, instead of being employed in the higher and more worthy forms of political activity, has always stood him in good stead; and never more so than in 1895, when Governor HASTINGS and bosses MARTIN and MAGEE of Philadelphia and Pittsburg united their forces in a determined onslaught upon him. If he was able to win then, when only the State chairmanship was involved, and with the municipal, State, and federal patronage against him, how much more likely is he to win now when a Governorship and a United States Senatorship are at stake; when the federal patronage is already his, and when the State and municipal patronage of his opponents is distributed, with no more in sight? Indeed, we cannot escape the conclusion that Mr. QUAY will win. His own forces are united and know what they want, and, from many past experiences, know how to get it, while his opponents are fighting in two different camps, one for the Governorship and the other for the Senatorship, without any vital bond of union (although both are fighting QUAY—one because it believes all machine politics are bad, and the other because it wants to be the machine). He will win, not because the people are not aroused as never before to the iniquity of his methods and his shortcomings. Last year his candidate for State Treasurer had fewer votes than his opponents combined. The sentiment for better government is now making solid and substantial growth. The reports indicate that Dr. SWALLOW, the independent candidate for Governor, is likely to poll upwards of 300,000 votes, and that he will outdistance his Democratic competitor. All this is true; but Mr. QUAY will win because he will outgeneral his opponents, as he did in 1884 when he was elected State Treasurer, and again in 1887 when he was elected United States Senator, and again in 1895 when he won the State chairmanship fight against the greatest odds.

Should he fail of having sufficient Republican votes in the next Legislature, he would not hesitate to bargain for Democratic votes. He practically dictated the Democratic nomination for Governor through the Standard Oil Company, of which Mr. "JIM" GUFFEY, the Democratic boss, is a leading representative, and with which Mr. QUAY works in close harmony. There can scarcely be a doubt that the same forces which defeated Judge GORDON in the Democratic convention will come to his rescue, if needed, in the next Legislature. Old SIMON CAMERON was not above accepting an election at the hands of corrupt Democrats, and Mr. QUAY, as his apt pupil, has no scruples against benefiting by similar practices. What Mr. QUAY is after is his re-election, not the maintenance of party or principles, except as they benefit him, and it makes no difference to him whether he is elected by Republican or Democratic votes, so long as he is elected.

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SPANISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS EXCHANGING SOUVENIRS IN THE STREETS OF GUAYAMA.

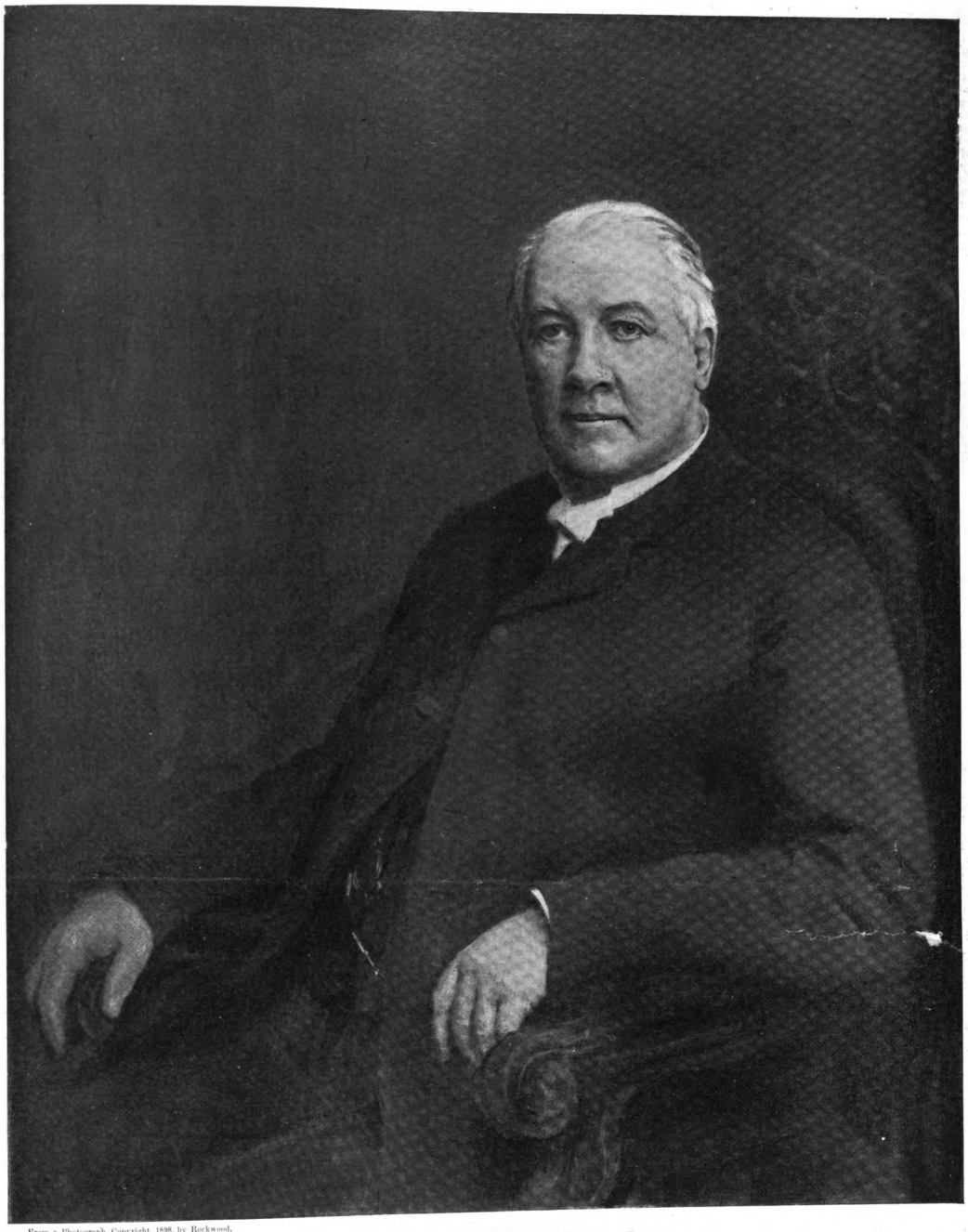


RECEPTION GIVEN IN HONOR OF GENERAL MILES BY PROMINENT CITIZENS OF PONCE.

HEALING THE WOUNDS OF WAR IN PUERTO RICO.

DRAWN BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK AND T. K. HANNA, JR., AFTER SKETCHES BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.—Drawn by William Thorne.

## THE REV. DR. JOHN HALL.

The melancholy announcement of the death of the Rev. Dr. Hall comes to many thoughtful people as a sharp and saddening reminder of the transitoriness of life. We are accustomed to submit with equanimity to the inferior and secondary changes incidental to a hurrying and an overcrowded age. Many, indeed, welcome changes of a certain class, as adding variety to life. But all who care profoundly for the best things delight in the continuity of life's greater relationships; and sometimes, to the point of self-delusion, we all but persuade ourselves that things which are strong and wholesome and gladdening and good must remain with us always. Especially is this true of those human relationships of others toward ourselves and toward society at large, which convey to the world gifts of strengthening, encouragement, and consolation.

As one by one the greater poets of the Victorian Age have passed out of the world, a strange sense of lopeliness has occurred in many hearts which, without ever having come into personal contact with the men themselves, loved to think of them as alive and speaking. It was so when Longfellow died. Tens of thousands who never had seen him walked with sadness on their faces because of the knowledge that this world no longer held his sympathetic and refined spirit. It was so when Tennyson "crost the bar." He had lived so long, had wrought so mightily, it seemed as if he must live on forever.

So is it now as multitudes who never saw his face learn of Dr. John Hall's departure from the world.

All who knew his name and his worth hoped that the strong and good preacher was endowed with gifts of physical and mental vigor which might suffice for many active and beneficent years to come.

We had grown so used to his presence in the pulpit, to his influence in the pastorate, to his grave and kindly presence in the councils of the church, it had not occurred to us that the time was drawing near when one who had made his pulpit as a throne among us for an entire generation must abdicate the station so long and so honorably maintained.

It is not our purpose to enter into any account of Dr. John Hall's life and life work. The chief facts therein are commonly known. His career in America has had such grand simplicity of outline it is readily comprehended, and has become a part of the familiar and common knowledge of the people. But it does seem worth while, at a time when many changes are occurring in men and in institutions, to inquire into the secret of that hold upon the public respect and public affection which was evidently gained by Dr. Hall long ago, and which he retained to the very end.

Dr. Hall had never felt called upon to enter aggressively into public affairs in this country, as some other excellent men in the ministry have entered; he had taken no active part in political reforms, nor had he identified himself conspicuously with sociological experiments. He had not distinguished himself as a theological controversialist. His opinions on controverted points were expressed with power and with clearness, but so far as we remember he abstained from those polemical activities in and through which other men have acquired distinction. Yet further, Dr. Hall had never gained fame as a rhetorician. His manner of speech had been singularly moderate, grave, plain, close to the facts of life, and of the sort that common people can understand.

By what means, then, it may be asked, did he gain this unusual hold upon public affection and appreciation? We think an answer may be given. Dr. Hall's commanding influence as a figure in American ecclesiastical and social life was gained by fidelity to a certain conception of the preaching office, by fidelity to his official responsibilities, by fidelity to the lives of individuals.

He was faithful to a certain conception of the preaching office. That conception may be described as ambassadorial. He looked upon himself as an ambassador of Christ charged with a message. It was the steadfast labor of his life to deliver the message. He appears to have thought far less of himself and of the rhetorical modes of

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delivery than of the message committed unto him. He believed that message without mental reservation, and, with a single-hearted earnestness which appealed equally to men of widely different faiths, he spoke what he believed to be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." There is something in human society which recognizes this fidelity and is drawn toward it. Society may be insincere in many things, yet it is sincere enough to know and to reverence sincerity when it finds it. And whether men have agreed with Dr. Hall in his point of view or not, they have believed not only in the sincerity of his convictions, but in his loyalty to the ambassadorial conception of the preaching office.

So also did he gain his power in the community by fidelity to his official obligations. He brought with him to America an old country training in the grand principle of responsibility. To watch his busy life from day to day, wending its serious way from one church board to another, from one philanthropic society to another, was in itself an education. Many men are glad enough to accept the official distinction of membership in ecclesiastical or social organizations, and then to let their duties sit very lightly upon their shoulders. Not so with Dr. Hall. For him to belong to anything having official responsibility was a great reality, and in each of his many offices as trustee of religious or philanthropic associations he seemed to give his whole mind to the immediate duties devolving upon him. The continuity of this practice through an entire generation made him a tower of strength. It was by faithful deeds, by regular hours of attendance, by sagacious and thoughtful counsel, he won his great place in the social and religious life of our community.

But almost beyond all else was his fidelity to individuals. He cared for people. The simple annals of human life as they are unfolding within the dwellings of average men, women, and children were great in his sight. The joys and the sorrows, the aspirations and the perplexities, the living and the dying, of simple folk called forth the richest and the best which he had to give. He went about doing good. And as the day has come, which we hoped might be a far distant day, when his familiar face and form shall no longer appear on the streets of New York, few names in all the history of this populous and composite city will represent more honest love and respect of men than the name of the kind, genial, godly Irish gentleman, who for thirty years stood in the midst of us, true to his divine master, and true to his duty as a helper of human souls. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL.

Union Theological Seminary, New York.

## IN THE MONSOON OFF MANILA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Cavité, *August 5.*

When the rain lets up long enough to give a fair view nowadays, this part of Manila Bay presents a very businesslike appearance to American eyes. Possibly the Spanish, looking out from the walls of their beleaguered city, may see something businesslike going on off Punta Sanglei too. His Excellency von Diederichs, admiral of the German navy, may take an occasional glance across from the quarter-deck of his big battle-ship *Kaiser*, flagship of the squadron here, and give some time to meditation on what he sees. The Filipinos understand at last, apparently, and if they are not content, they make small show of their displeasure. Anchored in a huge semi-circle that begins far down in Cañacao Bay, where the *Manila* lies, and extends out by Sanglei Point clear around to a point just off the arsenal that was once the particular pride of the Spanish, lie thirty-two ships, all belonging to the United States, or in the service of their army and navy. They lie so close together, and spread over so much of the horizon, that at night they shut out the view of Manila from the Cavité shore almost entirely, and of all the great rows of brilliant arc-lights that nightly twinkle along the ruined Luneta only here and there one shows through to warn us that Manila is yet Spanish, and is yet gay, even though hard pressed on sea and land.

To begin with the navy—for the navy began this Philippine business—there are eight ships of American construction whose business is solely the making of war, and two which were built by the Spaniards for the same purpose, but now fly the stars and stripes in recognition of our superior ability at the game. First of our ships, of course, in every respect but one, is the big fine cruiser *Olympia*, flag-ship of the nervy Dewey, who won his second silver star and jumped a grade by the work he did in Manila Bay on May-day. One ship in his squadron excels his flag-ship in the business work of war-making, the Monitor *Monterey*. A long time had the lookouts on the ships of Dewey's fleet been watching the Boca Grande for the column of smoke that should herald the "flat-iron's" coming; and yesterday, when they saw it, and when the solid heavy-weight of the fighting fleet steamed past Sanglei Point, and her guns roared in obeisance to the two-starred flag fluttering from the *Olympia's* main-truck, a cheer went round the leaden-sided American ships, such as Cavité had not heard since that day when the greatest difficulty with our fighting was the desire of the Jackies to stop and cheer. Close in beside the *Olympia* lies the single-funnelled *Charleston*, standing up very straight and dignified since Captain Glass used her to compel the surrender of the rich and fertile Ladrone Islands. Beyond the *Charleston* lies the *Baltimore*, whose 8-inch rifles silenced the battery of 10-inch Krupps that had thundered so long from Sanglei Point on May-day. It was while she was doing this that a shell burst above the captain's head and cut some of the fore-rigging. "And he just twisted his old head over his shoulder a bit," said an enthusiastic Jacky, telling about it, "and he hove out his chest, and he says, 'Starboard a little.'" Away over by the Tambo shore is the *Raleigh*, standing by to talk to the Spanish guns at Malate, in case they make it too hot for our boys in Camp Dewey. She fired her 5-inch quick-fire guns so fast, in the great battle, that the Spaniards said afterward that when she came along the whole bay was on fire. In by the *Olympia*, on the other side from the *Charleston*, is the *Boston*, and beyond her lies the *Monterey*. At the ends of the line lie the *Concord*, in Cañacao Bay, and the *Petrel*, off the arsenal, the plucky little chap who ran in behind Cavité Point after seven fleeing Spanish gunboats, and came out unscathed, with every Spaniard destroyed.

With these eight home-built fighting-ships are the little gunboats *Callao* and *Leyte*, taken from the Spanish. It was the captain of the *Callao* who came in after the fight and began a salute. Then, when he surrendered, he asked where the Spanish ships were, and Dewey took him out on the quarter-deck of the *Olympia* and pointed them out, eleven pitiful wrecks lying about the bay. It was on the *Leyte* that all the silver half-dollars were captured, which the boys are sending home to "Polly" as mementos. Inside Cañacao Bay is the *Manila*, the Spanish transport that surrendered to the *Petrel*, and is now a converted cruiser. All these are navy ships, and for the war the handsome little revenue-cutter *McCulloch* is in the navy too as a cruiser.

It was from her tall funnel that the spark flew, that night they all passed through the Boca Grande, which warned the Spaniards that enemies were near. And when the guns on El Fraile blazed away, the *McCulloch* answered with her 6-pounders as gamely as if they had been 600-pounders. The machinery-supply ship *Nanshan* and the despatch-boat *Zafiro*, with the collier *Brutus*, which came yesterday with the *Monterey*, make up the list of Dewey's ships.

With them are a curious lot of foreign flags. One—the old red ensign of Great Britain—flies from the mizzen-gaff of the ship *Ellen A. Read*, that every South Street waterrat of New York knows as he knows his name. She happened in here one day not long ago with a load of Newcastle coal. Wasn't it handy for Dewey? That happened earlier with the bluff-bowed *Honolulu*, that has windjammed all around the world from St. John, New Brunswick. It has happened, too, to the big steam-collier *Cyrus*, which dropped in on her way from Singapore to a place to sell her coal, and *Nyanza*, from any port, for any port, with just what Dewey needed most. Here they all are, with 15,000 tons of coal or more, and all bunkers full in the fighting-fleet. All fly the English flag, and so does the *Kwong-hoi*, a rickety old side-wheeler that just looked in one day with a load of good things, and has never cared to look out again. Now the *Kwong-hoi* has a partner, the *Martha*, of Kiel, and when von Diederichs looks this way with his long glass he can see the black and white and red of Germany flying from the staff of a ship that is selling supplies to Americans. There's a Belgian too, the *Calgoa*, most favored ship of all the fleet; has callers every day from every other ship, and the army too. She's a sheep-ship from Australia. She brought 4700 frozen carcasses, and the day she dropped in to call on the admiral he sent a whole sheep to the captain of every foreign man-o'-war in the bay and to every foreign consul in Manila, just to verify the story floating around about how hard pushed for supplies the Americans were.

And the transports, ten of them, most of which shifted their summer destination from the cool latitude of the Klondike to the rain and heat of Manila Bay, just to help Uncle Sam's boys along on their way to conquer an empire for their uncle. They lie well bunched together, with the exception of the two which the Spaniards sunk at the entrance, and the two which were left behind at Honolulu. Their names are two days yet to wait. Then work will go on with a rush, for now that the *Monterey* is here, Dewey is ready to demand the surrender of Manila as soon as the army is prepared to go into the city. Some desperate work has been done in landing troops through the surf, and the Astor Battery ruined their ammunition. They lost a chance to go to the front because they were reloading their shells with powder Dewey gave them. It has not been too rough, however, to stop work on the fleet. They have all been stripping ship, preparatory to the attack on Manila. In the May-day fight boats were carried inboard on the cradles, and many of them were splintered by shells or ruined by the concussion of the guns fired beneath them. Now that they have a good place to leave them, the ships are peeling off their jackets. The boats are all coming ashore, except two for each ship. Steam-cutters, whale-boats, barges, and gigs, they are all piled up in the yard of the arsenal. There is little woodwork to be taken out of the ships now. Most of it went out for the May-day fight, and has never been replaced. They are still using strips of clean new canvas for bulkheads; and on some of the ships, if there are two guests at tiffin, the wardroom skirmishes for chairs.

The ships are good to see, lying out here between the troop-ships and danger. They are clean and bright, and they are just like home. Only their color is changed, and they are bare of the fine furniture and fittings they have in peace-times; but they are just the same immaculate, spotless homes of discipline and good order that we see in the yards or on the stations in American waters when we visit our friends in the service in the "piping times." Their men are clean, straight, manly, barefooted dare-devils, ready for anything that comes, from all night in a picket-boat to all day at the guns, and the quicker that comes, the better for their liking. Next week perhaps we shall see it. Perhaps not till the *Monadnock* comes. But when it comes it will be short, sharp, and to the point, like the dealings of the man who commands the fleet.

Oscar King Davis.

## PEACE IN PUERTO RICO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Guayama, *September 2, 1898.*

I send herewith three sketches. The first one, entitled "The Flag of Truce," took place one day after the signing of the protocol. Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson and Lieutenant-Colonel Glassford, of General Brooke's staff, accompanied by two orderlies, rode into the mountains, and were soon met by two officers of the Spanish army, also accompanied by two aides. They exchanged compliments and cigars, and Colonel Richardson delivered a communication to be transmitted to the Captain General. The Spanish officers had not heard of the protocol until some ten hours after our own forces had been informed.

The meetings under flag of truce occur now every day, but with much less formality, we having been invited to lunch at their fortifications, and they having come into the city and accepted like hospitality. One of these visits forms the subject of my second sketch. The soldiers surrounded the Spanish detail and begged for souvenirs. The Spaniards were more than willing to exchange, and did so to such an extent that not a button, buckle, nor sign of rank was left on their uniforms. The officers' uniforms were also minus a button here and there. Our own escort, entering the intrenchments of the Spanish, were importuned in the same manner, until everything movable was sacrificed to the greed for mementos. In the streets of Ponce one is pestered all day by numerous venders of buttons, swords, uniforms, and cockades, and it is now rumored that an enterprising manufacturer is reaping a harvest. While in Ponce I had the good fortune to see the reception given by the "400" of Ponce to General Miles, General Wilson, and numerous officers.

There are in the cities many wealthy people, as one might imagine from the numerous large plantations hereabouts, but one rarely sees a family or gets a glimpse of their family life. As soldiers, we are continually in communication with the poorer classes, and I must say the impression given by this continual association has not been to their advantage. I found the refined Portorriqueño women to be of exceptional beauty. Their manner and grace had the stamp of refinement, and their dress, in richness and taste, was what one would only expect to see in New York's best society. They sented themselves in rows along the walls, and a conversation could only be commenced after many verbal formalities. The dancing was painfully graceful, and quite different from the "hop, skip, and jump" balls of America. The men were tall and slender, rather pale, dignified and polite. Their clothes were becoming, hinting at no small tailor's bill. They are extremely fond of their women, and act toward and speak of them with the most delicate courtesy. In conversation with a Portorriqueño he fondly boasted that their women could never degenerate to the "new women" class, and from what I saw I think the point well taken.

General Miles was received graciously. He was dressed in a white fatigue uniform, but was hardly recognizable without his characteristic mustache.

The orchestra opened with one of Sousa's marches, and immediately followed with a very serious composition by a native.

Dancing and the refreshments followed, and at a late hour the "Star-spangled Banner" was rendered, in a way which showed that the song was unfamiliar; but they have abided with us only a few days, and we can afford to be lenient. T. Dart Walker.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. George W. Smalley has lately confided to the New York *Herald* some very dismal apprehensions about the ultimate fate of the rare books which are at present in the Lenox Library, and which, perhaps, in the fulness of time may be transferred to the new Public Library on the reservoir site. Mr. Smalley is evidently wise about rare books, and especially rare Americana, and very jealous about the keeping and destiny of those Mr. Lenox got together. He resents with some bitterness the amalgamation of the Lenox collection with the Astor and Tilden libraries, and protests vainly, as he admits, but strenuously, against the removal of Mr. Lenox's treasures from the strong-house which their owner provided for them. Many others besides Mr. Smalley regret, whenever they pass the Lenox Library, that that admirable building cannot continue to serve its present purposes. There are no compunctions about disturbing the Astor books or about the action of the Tilden trustees, but there are regrets over the disturbance of the Lenox collections even in the minds of persons who, on the whole, approve the action taken. But Mr. Smalley seems unwarrantably gloomy about it. He is actually afraid the Lenox books won't be safe in the big library. He fears that as the flowing tide of democracy surges along, some yellow journal may insist that a free people has a right to handle everything in its library, and that a body of trustees responsive to the ignorant caprices of some elective body of Aldermen or Assemblymen may allow Mr. Lenox's unique documents to go into unwashed or ungentle hands, and so see corruption. He speaks of "the late Mr. Lenox whose matchless collection is now about to be flung to the wolves," and it seems to be a real solace to him to remember that, after all, the best collection of Americana is in the British Museum, and so, safe.

It would be unkind and uncivil not to regret the harassment of Smalley's mind, but, after all, if we are going to the dogs so fast as he seems to fear, of what great consequence is it that the memory of our early history, and the books and documents that bear on it, should be preserved? If the people of New York are, or promise to become, such a sorry lot of vandals that Mr. Lenox's rare books will not be safe in the great library building which their money is to build, there must be evils in store for us beside which the profanation of the Lenox book-cases will seem trifling and unimportant. Let us comfort ourselves with the thought that if by reason of democracy and bosses and popular suffrage we are all to be rushed headlong to the demnition bow-wows, at least we shall not suffer from flea bites on the way. Let us comfort ourselves further by remembering that rare Americana and most of the treasures that delight collectors are easily kept out of the hands of the vulgar, because the vulgar have very little interest in them, and are bored with looking at them even in a glass case. The wolves have no appetite for mummies. They like fresh meat.

There was a charming story in the *Sun* the other day about General Chaffee and how he dealt with a frightened recruit in the action at El Caney. What seems to be the same tale has come to the Weekly from another source—from Captain Haskell of the Twelfth Infantry—and shall have another telling, for no one ought to miss it. As General Chaffee's line went up a hill into action at El Caney this recruit dropped out of

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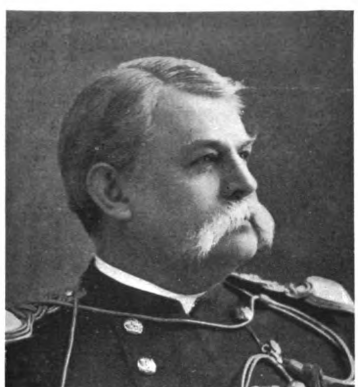
the ranks. The general noticed him, and went to see what ailed him. He found a young and very badly frightened soldier. Captain Haskell says he said to him: "Are you hurt? I saw how well you kept up under fire as we came on. Come with me to the crest and look through my glass at the enemy's works. We shall soon take them in the flank. We will try to lead the assault if you like." So, by the gentlest means, he put that recruit on his legs again, shared with him his own abundant courage, and brought him back, renewed and grateful, into the fight where he belonged. That was like saving a soul. The story shows the general's quality —or one strain of it, at least—and makes it easy to believe Captain Haskell's report that the Fifth Corps look upon him as the Skobeleff of our army—a soldier who, like Skobeleff, combines magnetic influence with swift observation, great endurance, and whatever degree of heroism the occasion demands.

Here is an extract from a private letter which throws some light on the reported indisposition of Cuban soldiers to work, and on other things too. It is from a lady now living in New York, but who formerly lived in Havana. She writes under date August 31:

I am your old friend from Havana, and am delighted to hear from you. I really had given up all hopes of ever meeting you again, but here we are trying to be good Americans—Fred and Michi working busily; Gustav a soldier for Uncle Sam, who has just returned from the Santiago campaign, a miserable weak object, though a native; and having been months with the insurgents, he never failed in health, but the starved state that he was kept in and so much hard work has completely overcome his strong constitution. He is in care of Dr. Bird, and is already showing a difference since being at home.

Perhaps the insurgents knew better than to work too hard in Cuba.

The friends of General Joseph T. Haskell, who died on September 16, at Columbus, Ohio, have at least the satisfaction of feeling that he had had his chance as a soldier and had made the most of it, and that his gallantry and skill had had due recognition. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventeenth Infantry, he was in the Santiago campaign, and got three serious wounds at El Caney while leading his regiment into action. Of five soldiers and two officers who volunteered to bring him off the field three were shot. General Haskell survived the field hospital, was brought to Siboney and sent to Fort Monroe, where he made a rapid recovery, and returned to Columbus, where his regiment had been stationed when the war began. He was promoted to be Brigadier-General for gallantry on the field, and his commission reached him on September 7. When the Seventeenth got back to Columbus, nine days later, he rode in a carriage at the head of the regiment through the city. The same afternoon he died suddenly of apoplexy, hastened doubtless by his wounds. General Haskell entered the army during the civil war as a captain, and later received a commission in the regular army. He was known as one



BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH T HASKELL, U. S. V.
Photograph by Baker, Columbus.

of the best tacticians in the army, and was greatly beloved and admired for his fine soldierly and personal qualities. Men who were with him at Santiago, and after, speak with the warmest admiration of his fine spirit, and of his indomitable cheerfulness in the hospital and while suffering afterwards from the effects of his wounds.

Complaint is made by a reader of the WEEKLY that there has been too much said in this department of it, and in the newspapers generally, about General Wheeler, Colonel Roosevelt, the Seventy-first New York, and the Rough Riders in the Santiago campaign, and not enough about the regulars and the officers who led them. General Wheeler, we are told, is made conspicuous, while very little is said or heard about General Kent. Yet, this complainant says:

It was General Kent who had the entire command of the Second, Sixth, Ninth, Tenth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-fourth regiments of regular infantry, who, with the assistance of the First, Third, Sixth, and Ninth cavalry, were the men who took San Juan Hill. General Kent made himself conspicuous throughout the fight by his gallantry in leading the men on in the terrible charge. It was the regulars under his command who took the hill, and the Thirteenth Regiment who seized the colors. Notwithstanding the facts that General Kent had more men under his command than Admiral Dewey, faced a deadlier fire from the enemy, displayed more bravery, secured such an important position before Santiago as to necessitate the Spanish fleet's leaving Santiago Harbor—notwithstanding these facts, with innumerable others, we do not hear or read a word concerning this gallant officer. Why is it? Prejudice?

Prejudice does not seem to be the trouble in this case. If General Wheeler and Colonel Roosevelt have had more than their share of attention, it has been because they were conspicuous public men and very interesting characters personally when the war broke out. If the Seventy-first Regiment has had an excessive amount of attention from the New York papers, it is because it was the only New York regiment in the Santiago campaign, and therefore the regiment in which the local readers of New York papers felt the strongest personal interest. There is no prejudice against the regulars, no lack of appreciation of their qualities as soldiers, no conscious begrudging of the honor that is due to them; but comparatively few officers of the regular army are widely known to the general public, or as good to gossip about as better known men. The Rough Riders have been more talked about than the whole regular army, but very few persons believe that there is any one of Uncle Sam's ten regiments of cavalry that is not at least as efficient as—probably somewhat more efficient than—the Rough Riders. There is no use of hoping that the volume of gossip about every soldier or regiment shall be determined by merit and importance of service. That is not the way talk runs. Only a very limited amount of justice can get itself done in a short war. A few lucky men get chances, and some of them become famous. An equitable distribution of laurels by the newspapers seems to be altogether impracticable, though we have a right to expect to see better justice done in the official distribution of promotions and rewards.

In a notice of Judge Day, chairman of the Peace Commission, in the WEEKLY of August 27, it was stated that he graduated from the University of Wisconsin with the class of 1870. Information comes from Ann Arbor that he graduated from the Literary Department of the University of Michigan in 1870, taking the degree of B.S., and in 1871-2 attended the Law School of the same university, but did not graduate.

It was noted the other day in this department that the Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati had raised money to put up at Fort Thomas a bronze memorial of the work of the Sixth United States (regular) Infantry at San Juan. A reader of the WEEKLY writes from Newport, Kentucky, in fervent protest against the notion thus fostered that Fort Thomas belongs to Cincinnati, or even to the State of Ohio. He points out that the fort is on the south side of the river, in Campbell County, Kentucky, near Newport, and is reached by an electric road governed by Kentuckians. He maintains that there is no site in or near Cincinnati so fit for a fort as the Kentucky Highlands, in Campbell County; he avers that the true friends of the Sixth Regiment are the Newporters, and unkindly insinuates that the Ohio metropolis is advertising itself at the expense of its Kentucky neighbors.

No doubt the geographical facts are as our correspondent has stated, but it seems harsh in him to grudge to Cincinnati the expression of an interest and regard, the sincerity of which there seems no sound reason to question. The bronze tablet was a good idea. Why should not the WEEKLY's Newport friend regard it not with jealousy, but as a trophy wrung from the admiring Cincinnati folks by Newport's gallant regulars. As long as the tablet is coming to the old Kentucky shore, it seems as if Newport had inadequate reason for complaint.

No communication on this subject has come as yet from Covington, Kentucky, which seems to lie near enough to Fort Thomas to have a claim on the affections and laurels of the Sixth.

Another good soldier whose death, on September 18, at Fort Myer, Virginia, came as the result of the Santiago campaign, was Captain Allyn Capron, of the First Artillery. He had had typhoid fever, and died from a relapse. He was the father of Captain Allyn Capron, Jr., of the Rough Riders, who was killed at Las Guasimas on June 24, and the son of Captain Allyn Capron, who was killed while commanding his battery of the First Artillery at Cherubusco, in the Mexican war. He was appointed to West Point from North Carolina in 1863, graduated into the artillery, and came to be regarded as one of the most accomplished officers in his branch of the service.

It has been stated (in the *Sun*) that two sons of Captain Capron enlisted in this war, and that one was killed at Guasimas and another died of typhoid fever. Another account says that two cousins of the Caprons, also named Capron, were among the volunteers who went to Cuba. The thread of fact cannot be clearly followed through these somewhat confusing stories, but it is evident that Captain Capron's widow has been sorely bereaved by the war. It is a solace to find it stated (in the *Herald*) that two younger sons are still left to her.

Dr. George W. Lindheim's death, on September 16, in New York, was very tragical. He was the surgeon in charge of 260 sick men and convalescents who came, the other day, by rail from Chickamauga to New York. It will be remembered that the train was boarded at Cleveland by local physicians, who declared that some of the sick men would die if they were carried on, and criticised Dr. Lindheim severely because he would not put them off and send them to a hospital. He brought all his men through safely, according to orders. None died at last accounts, and all were either convalescent or recovering, but the surgeon himself is dead of typhoid fever, and his death is said to have been largely due to worry over the harsh criticisms of his behavior. He was twenty-seven years old. He joined the Eighth New York Regiment as corporal, but, being a Red Cross surgeon, was assigned to duty in the hospital corps. His death has doubtless had an effect in checking the tendency towards reckless censure of the army surgeons.

The marines came out strong in our recent war, not only at Guantanamo, but in divers other individual instances. One exploit that is to be credited to that branch of the service was done by Lieutenant T. P. Kane, while serving on the *Harvard*. On May 11, when that ship ran into St. Pierre, Martinique, for coal, Captain Cotton heard a rumor that the Spanish fleet was outside. Martinique, being a French port, had strong Spanish sympathies, and the verification of rumors about Spanish movements was difficult and hazardous. Lieutenant Kane, however, volunteered to get word of Cervera's ships, and put off in an open boat in an uncomfortable gale to take a look about outside the harbor. He got back in the small hours of the morning, bringing the first authentic news of the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet that reached Washington. His errand was extremely perilous, and entirely successful.

Another good piece of work that he did was to go ashore, climb the hills of Martinique, and observe the flash-light signals by dint of which the natives sent war



MISS VARINA ANNE JEFFERSON DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 974.]

news to the near-by Spanish islands. By this exploit he got important information, and also was able to make a report, on the basis of which Captain Cotton was able to have the flash-light proceedings stopped as contrary to neutrality. Lieutenant Kane is a son of Captain T. F. Kane, U. S. N., retired, who served with distinction in the civil war. He is a great-grandson of Commodore Henley, who served on Lake Erie and at Tripoli under Perry.

The prevailing reluctance to accept places on the war-inquiry commission is in marked contrast to the willingness shown some months ago to accept military commissions. It is not recalled at this moment that a citizen was discovered who was too modest, too busy, or too consciously incompetent to accept the President's invitation to become a general. But as for the citizens to whom the President desires to intrust the investigation of the conduct of the war, they are as ready with excuses as the folks in the parable who were invited to the feast. At this writing seven commissioners are understood to have been caught, and report says there are good prospects of securing four more. It will be remembered that only the Quartermaster, Commissary, and Medical departments are to be subject to the commission's inquiry; but, after all, if those departments are thoroughly looked into, the conclusions reached will have application beyond them. It is an unusual case where examination of the liver, lights, and stomach does not yield facts from which conclusions may be drawn as to the patient's general health.

President Eliot of Harvard, being asked by the *World* what we ought to do with the Philippines, declines to express an opinion in the present state of his knowledge of the subject. He believes that until we are more fully informed about the population, resources, and climate of the islands we should not commit ourselves to any final action. It seems somewhat rash of Dr. Eliot to plead ignorance, for the administration is obviously desirous to have the best sentiment of the country with it in whatever action it takes, and it would be just like the President to ask Dr. Eliot to go and look over the Philippines and report. The President's avowed intentions as to his peace policy are, "to do the best I can, with such knowledge and light as I have, in the hope that my acts in the matter will be approved by the deliberate judgment of mankind."

M. Henri Menier, chocolate-manufacturer, of Paris, who lately bought for £125,000 Anticosti Island, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, is having some trouble over the title of his purchase. Some of the families which have lived long on the island dispute his ownership, and propose to make a case for the Canadian law courts. The purchase was an unusual transaction, and appeals strongly to the imagination. The island is far up in the land of fogs and west of Newfoundland, is 130 miles long, some 27 miles wide, and contains 2,500,000 acres. Its coast-line is 340 miles long, and it abounds in timber, game, and streams which are full of fish. M. Menier proposed to colonize it and establish there an agricultural community. He has prohibited hunting and fishing without a permit, and is raising such crops as oats and barley. He has chosen a pretty big plaything, but his chocolate business has been profitable, and if his title proves to be good, his development of the island is likely to be a very interesting work. The disputants of his claims lay stress on the inexpediency of allowing a Frenchman to control an island which commands the mouth of the St. Lawrence, but it is understood that he claims to have become a citizen of Canada. Yachtsmen will be interested in the success of his venture. There is at present somewhat of a dearth of interesting stopping-places for yachts on the American shore north of Halifax, and a good station on Anticosti might help to make popular summer yachting trips to Quebec.

E. S. MARTIN.

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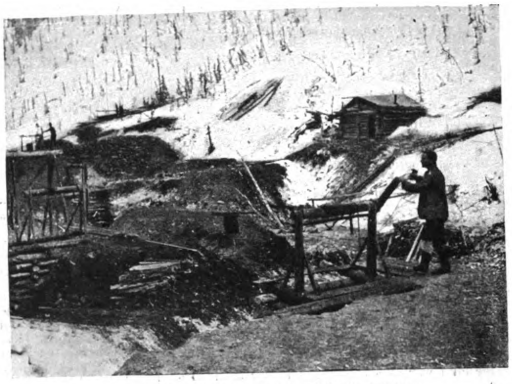
NATIVE DOG-TEAM.



MEAT-MARKET IN DAWSON.



BLACKSMITH SHOP.



DUMPS AND WINDLASSES ON HUNKER CREEK.



DOG-TEAM—DRIVER IN PARKA AND MUKLUKS.



A TYPICAL CABIN IN DAWSON.



HAULING WATER WITH DOGS.



PROSPECTOR WITH OUTFIT AND SLED.

WINTER SCENES IN THE KLONDIKE.

From Photographs by Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 962.]

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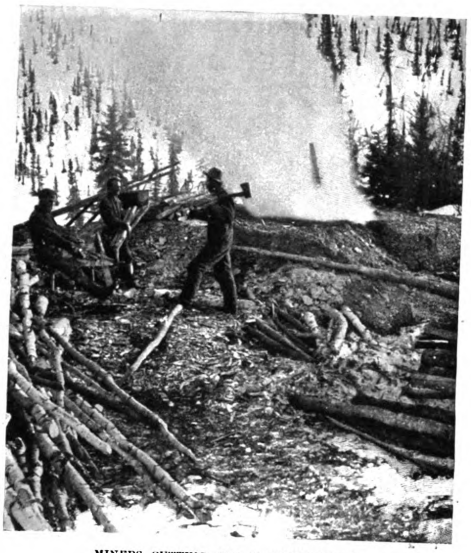
WHIP-SAWING SLUICE-BOX LUMBER.



ROAD-HOUSE, MOUTH OF HUNKER.



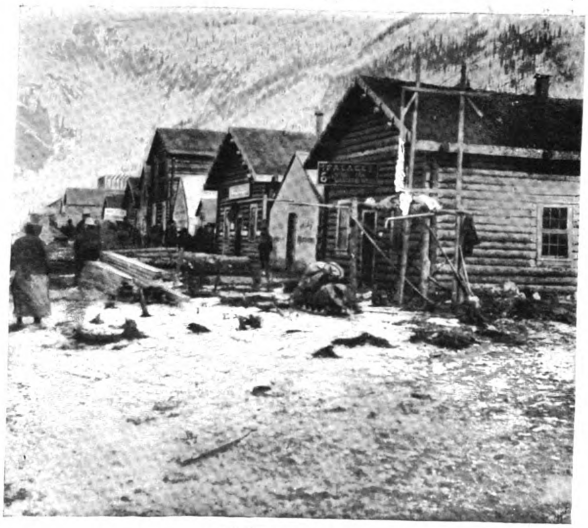

MR. ADNEY'S CABIN ON BONANZA CREEK.



MINERS CUTTING THE WINTER'S WOOD.



PROVISION-DEALER, DAWSON.

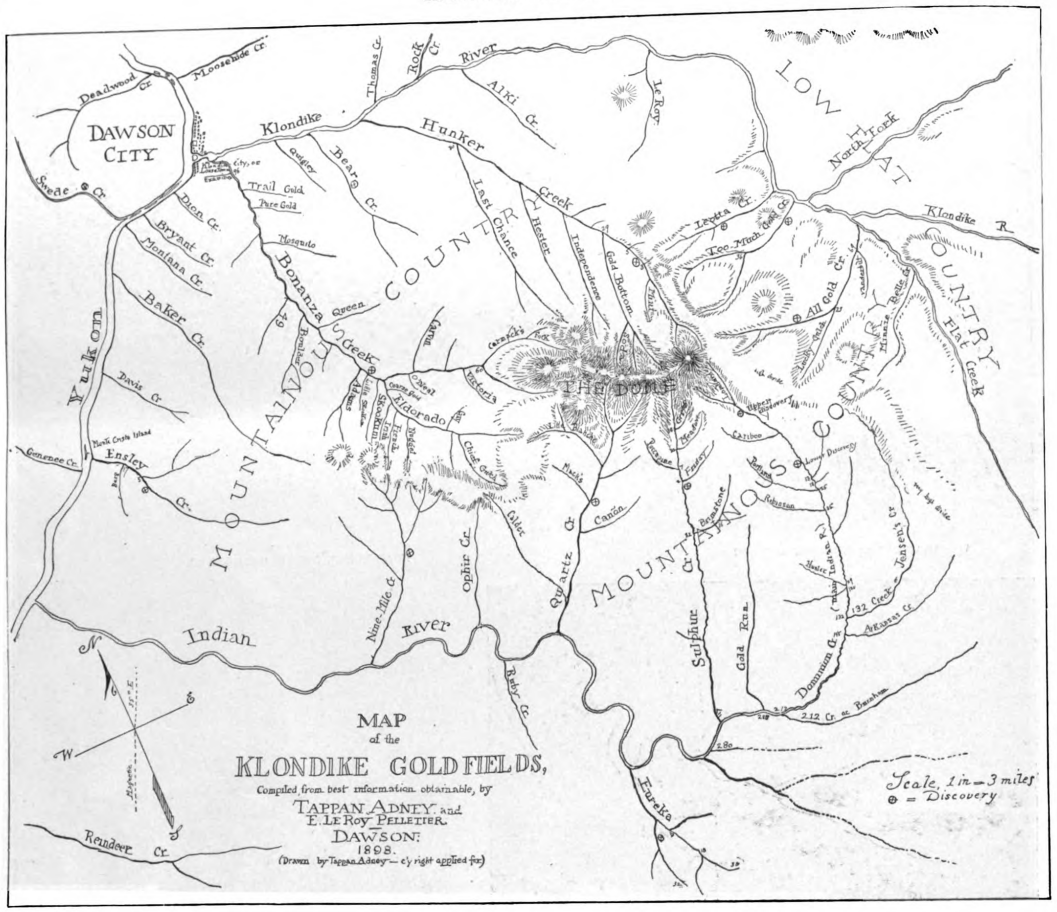


STREET IN DAWSON.

WINTER SCENES IN THE KLONDIKE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 962.]

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# A WINTER'S WORK IN THE KLONDIKE.

## LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

DAWSON, *March 15, 1898.*

DAWSON is now, or is about to become, one of the world's great mining-camps, yet little that is authentic is known of the vast region in which it is located. Klondike was, in the first newspaper account that went out last year, described as a place in the arctic regions where the polar bear made its sallies upon the lonely prospector; where the temperature in winter averaged ninety degrees below zero; as a land of eternal ice, where the rivers begin to freeze not from the top, but from the bottom, locking them in solid ice; a region devoid of animal life save for the venomous mosquito, which swarmed in countless millions. The conflicting accounts that go out concerning this country are due in no small part to the diversity of the regions known under practically one name, Alaska, wherein conditions differ as widely as between the North and South of the United States; but still more is due to the fact that Alaska is now, and probably ever will be, the paradise of liars.

No absolutely correct map exists of the Klondike district, and there will be none until the government makes a survey of the creeks, which will not be for two or three years. A number of maps have been prepared by different persons, and some of these are more reliable than others. It will be understood how much those maps differ when the Klondike is given on Ogilvie's sketch as a perfectly straight stream, when, in fact, at a distance of forty miles from Dawson, the river runs for many miles at right angles to its lower part. The Klondike enters the Yukon at right angles in a nearly easterly and westerly direction. It is a stream of forty yards' width, shallow, exceedingly tortuous in its summer bed, with numerous quick "rips" in rapids In winter, its whole bed being covered with snow, it seems a much larger stream. Its whole length can hardly be over one hundred and twenty-five miles. For thirty miles its rather narrow valley lies between gently rounded hills or banks of slide, the hills on the right being conspicuously higher than those on the left. Beyond this the valley widens into an immense plain, in which the river forks in three directions, the north fork running for fifty miles into a series of bald buttes, the foot-hills of the Rockies, whose great, ragged, snow-capped backbone extends in unbroken sweep from far to the westward to the eastward, until lost in the dimness of space. The main and middle fork extends to the same foot hills, while the south fork reaches into the southeast, where it heads directly against the McQuesten fork of Stewart River. Concerning the upper part of the river almost nothing is known; the Indians never venture there, on account of fear of their hereditary enemies, the Nahomies.

The name Klondike is from the Indian "Tron duk," which, according to Ogilvie, means "plenty of fish." "Duk" is simply the termination for river, while from the best information attainable from the Indians, it is the place where fish-weirs are set up. On each side of the mouth of the Klondike there is a flat some twenty feet above the river. The upper one is only a few acres in extent, is the old Indian burying-ground, and at the present time is the site of Klondike City, generally known by the name of Lousetown. It is the spot where the boats first land that come down the river, and contains now several score of cabins. The lower part is a mile and a half long and nearly a quarter of a mile wide, being at the base of an impressive bank four or five hundred feet in height. On this is built the city of Dawson, containing now about three hundred cabins, the pretentious buildings and warehouses of the trading companies, saloons, and dance-hall, and the barracks of the Mounted Police on the government reservation at the Klondike end, together with every variety of habitation from tents to scows with houses built upon them. The population is about two thousand, while that of the whole district is hardly less than five thousand.

Klondike had been prospected years ago, but it was regarded as a "moose pasture," not worth the trouble of working. There was no confidence in any of the creeks on the east side of the Yukon. With the exception of bar diggings on Stewart River, all the pay gold has been found in the streams entering the Yukon on the other side. Sixty Mile, fifty-five miles above, with its rich tributary, Miller Creek; Forty Mile, fifty miles below Dawson, and the Brick Creek district, which lies in the same region. Bonanza Creek, on which the first strike was made, enters the Klondike on the right-hand side, about a mile from its mouth. It is about twenty-eight miles in length, being one of the largest in the district. El Dorado is a "pup," a tributary of Bonanza, entering it fourteen miles up. A few miles further up Bear Creek enters, and nine miles from Dawson, Hunker, a stream nearly the size of Bonanza. Above these, at a distance of about forty miles from the mouth, are Leotta and Too Much Gold, and five miles beyond these, All Gold. By reason of the great bend in the Klondike, all these creeks, like the spokes of a wheel pointing towards a hub, have their sources in a great mass of peaks known as the Dome. On the other side of this mountain backbone are a number of creeks, corresponding in size and importance with those on the north, being the tributaries of Indian River, a stream of some size entering the Yukon in a direction parallel with Klondike, thirty miles above Dawson. The chief of these are Dominion, and Sulphur, heading opposite Hunker, All Gold, etc., Quartz, Ophir, and Nine Mile, in succession to the westward. The Dome, or divide, stands so high and conspicuous above the surrounding hills, which grow gradually less toward the mouths of the creeks, as to suggest an even larger mass through which the present creeks have dug their way, at the same time carrying down the gold which lies in their beds. And the fact that gold has been found thus far in the greatest quantity in those creeks, or most of those creeks, that head directly into the Dome, has persuaded many that this ridge contains what is left of the mother lode from which the riches of El Dorado and Bonanza are derived. The quantity of gold in the beds of these streams cannot be estimated and cannot be exaggerated. There is as yet but one El Dorado, they say, but no other stream has been prospected to the same extent as El Dorado. Gold lies in the bed of every stream, but the difficulties of working it out, and the wholly inadequate number of prospectors, make this country as little known as a year ago. It will be a year before it can be known.

The country lies under a thick bed of moss, even to the tops of the hills, and under this moss the ground is mostly frozen as far as one can dig. When this moss is stripped off, the ground thaws readily enough. Formerly, all gold work was conducted by stripping and washing in summer. About three years ago it was discovered that the ground could be thawed by burning, which opened up the whole winter, till then spent in idleness, for work.

The streams here are not what are called bed-rock streams—that is, the water does not run over a rocky bed—but under the present streams is a deposit of decayed vegetable mould or peat, called muck. This muck is often of great depth—in one place in a part of Bonanza, forty-eight feet. Under this is gravel, then the bed-rock. The gold lies in this gravel, and not only on, but in the bed-rock. For bed-rock, in miners' parlance, does not necessarily mean hard rock, but anything that will catch and hold the particles of gold as the water carries it down.

The hole which is sunk is usually about three by five feet. Each fire burns down about a foot, and is usually started at night. By morning the hole is clear of smoke, the earth is softened and can be lifted out. When the hole has been sunk ten feet, or as deep as a man can shovel, a windlass is set up, and the dirt is hoisted out in a square board bucket, and lifted upon the dump. Every little while, after gravel is reached, a panful is taken to the cabin and washed out, and by this it is known when "pay" is reached. Where the creek bed is wide, or where there has been much sliding in, several holes will often have to be sunk in a line across the creek from rim to rim, and there connected by drifting, before the pay, which lies in the old bed of the stream, is found. It will thus be seen that much time, both of actual work and "dead work," is consumed making any prospect of a claim. When one stands

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on the Dome and sees the miles of creeks all staked to their sources, likewise every pup, he realizes the years that will elapse, and the thousands of men that must work, before what is in every claim can be known.

The main work of the district is being done on El Dorado, which, as far as the forties, or four miles up, is rich beyond the power of imagination to conceive. Yet there are total blanks on El Dorado. On Hunker there is a blank between two of the richest claims on the creek. The gold has slipped over, apparently. Bonanza is spotted from top to bottom, yet the total amount that will be taken out will be large, and there are some very rich claims. Hunker will also turn out a large quantity of gold. Next to this comes Dominion, a creek of great promise, while it is impossible to say in what order the others come. They all show promise, but hardly more can be said, for the amount of work done on them is insignificant.

Thousands of claims have been staked in the Klondike before this winter, no prospect whatever having been made, save what can be done on the side of a tree with an axe and a bad lead-pencil. Thus all the "pups" and fractions on old creeks, and every new creek within fifty miles of Dawson, have been staked in a succession of stampedes of the wildest description. Only one claim was allowed in the Klondike; but every stream putting into the Yukon carried a new right. The Gold Commissioner, however, has limited the number of rights in the whole territory to four. The reduction from 500 feet to 100 has not in the least lessened the number and wildness of these stampedes. Whole creeks have been staked by one man, who gave or sold the numbers for relocation. The result of this indiscriminate staking and recording is that there has been endless confusion in the commissioner's office; fifty claims a day have been recorded all winter, the men standing in big lines outside the commissioner's office, waiting. The commissioner has taken the oath of stakers as to the existence not only of claims and fractions, but of creeks. In consequence, he has recorded fractions that did not exist, and those fractions have been sold on the strength of the commissioner's certificate. He has had a wholly inadequate corps of assistants. He has recorded a total of 7500 placer claims.

As soon as creeks to be stampeded began to run out, attention was turned to quartz, and there have been some astounding results. It is shown beyond a doubt that as there is gold in some quantity in almost every creek, so is the whole country underlaid with veins and ledges of quartz. When the snow goes off, greater results will follow. If the gold in the placer has come out of quartz near at hand, as everything points, then, after the placer is worked out, we may expect to see quartz-mines on a scale correspondingly larger.

The evidence that the gold is not from one, perhaps distant, source, brought hither by glacier or river, is that the gold in creeks adjacent is dissimilar and easily distinguishable. El Dorado gold is paler, being more silver, than Bonanza gold. Hunker is purest of all. The gold has come from the disintegrating of the quartz in the immediate vicinity. There is one curious thing: the "bench" claims, on the side of the hill above the creek claims, are paying sometimes more than the creek. This is especially so about the Skookums, just below El Dorado. The largest nuggets, one of $455, found this winter, came from a bench on Skookum; another, of $382, came from a bench on El Dorado.

In consequence of these finds, the whole side of the creek, from the lower numbers of El Dorado down to Little Skookum, has been staked out to the fourth tier, holes have been sunk to bed-rock, and the most sensational discoveries have been made. The singular thing is that even though abutting on Bonanza, they bear El Dorado gold, showing that at one time the old bed of El Dorado ran across these benches. In further corroboration of this belief, which prevails here, it has been observed on Bonanza that ledge crops out every few claims on the creek. The claims at the crossing of the ledge are barren, but just below is the gold, coarse gold, and the farther down one goes the finer and more scattered the gold, until it peters out. Below the next ledge the same is repeated. At the present time, below the ledge, scores of men are piling the dirt into large dumps. As one goes down, the dumps grow smaller and there is less work being done, while at the end the men have thrown up their lays, leaving the deserted windlasses and dumps.

It is really impossible to know what is being got on the creeks. The mine-owners cannot be expected to tell, and, as a rule, do not. The reports of rich finds are generally, though not always, the invention of those with interests in the creeks to boom. On Bonanza and on Hunker there has been much dissatisfaction on account of lays not turning out, and men by the score have gone to work for wages, or taken new lays. A claim on Bonanza or El Dorado is by no means a sure thing.

A quantity of quartz has been staked on the Dome and the sides of El Dorado. Prospecting and assay will alone show what they are, but it is beyond question that eventually rich lodes will be found in the neighborhood of the rich creeks. The expense of working the mines is the great obstacle to their development.

The ground is not frozen in all places; there are spots where one can go down twenty feet through thawed ground. Probably this is due to the presence of warm springs, for in all the creeks there is a flow of water from springs on the side of the hill that often fills the creek-bed with so-called "glaciers," and puts a stop to work in the holes by filling them up.

The present method of working is most primitive and wasteful. With wages at $1 50 an hour, all that will pay to work is a small and exceedingly uncertain "streak" of "pay." Color, even ten cents to the pan, is hardly "pay," and if nothing more is found, the prospect is abandoned, or more holes sunk. There may be an immense quantity of gravel showing that much, but they can only afford to work that portion of it which goes as high as twenty-five cents. The drain that this makes on the resources of a mining region will be better understood when it is known that the hydraulic propositions have been profitable at as low as ten cents to the cubic yard, a cubic yard containing some two hundred panfuls. The method of sluicing, too, is wasteful, no means being employed to save the fine gold which goes off in the tailings. If some cheaper method could be employed, or even if wages were reduced to, say, $5 a day, the value of every mine in the region would be doubled or trebled.

The frozen condition of the ground will prove no obstacle, I am certain, to hydraulicking. Ten years ago, in the Cassiar Mountains, according to Dawson, the ground remained frozen as here, until the moss and timber were stripped, when the sun alone thawed the ground to a great depth. If each layer is taken off daily, there is no limit to what can be taken off, the tailings being handled with hydraulic pumps. The greatest obstacle is lack of water; this must be stored in reservoirs, but might have to be drawn from the upper Klondike. The ground certainly can be "ground-sluiced"; then it can be hydraulicked. On the streams that are largely worked the wood is growing scarce. The wood on the side of the gulches is small—pine and spruce scarcely larger than an arm (but of great age), as well as small birches and poplars. In the valleys, however, of the main river there is an abundant supply of spruce, the trees going often to thirty inches diameter, straight and tall. These are used for lumber, the demand for which is great at the present time for new buildings going up and for the sluice-boxes. There are three mills in operation, and boards are $200 a thousand.

If every winter is as mild as the present one and last year's, the climate need not deter any one of fairly cheerful disposition and good lungs from coming into this country. The Yukon has not frozen this winter, an air-hole remaining in front of Dawson all winter, while the Klondike is open in hundreds of places, and remains open under nothing less than a covering of snow, which makes it exceedingly dangerous to travel except on the beaten trails. The Indians always use a stick, with which they feel the way. There has never been a time this winter when one could traverse, say, Sulphur or Too Much Gold without getting wet, often over one's moccasins. In consequence of the water in the creeks, there have been a number of freezings on stampedes. The temperature has not been lower this winter than −65°, but this temperature is withstood without discomfort by one provided, after the way of the country, with fur-lined mittens and a sufficiency of foot-gear. The hands, feet, and face are all that need to be guarded, the smallest amount of covering sufficing to keep the body warm. Buffalo coats are wholly out of place, deer-skin and drill "parkas" being worn over woollens or moose-hide. The winters are dark and sombre. We are far south of the Arctic Circle, no further north than parts of Norway. The sun does not wholly disappear in midwinter, but appears for five or six hours, or say from ten to three. On this account wages at $1 50 an hour are far from being $15 a day. Six or seven is nearer the mark. In the deep gulches and on the north sides of hills there is practically no sun, merely a glow in the southeast that dies away in the southwest.

The summers are short, but the amount of sunlight is great, and vegetation springs up in profusion. Potatoes have been raised at Forty Mile, and no doubt other vegetables will be grown. The mosquitoes here are very bad, but they are also very bad not a thousand miles from New York city. Last July, in the very papers that were sensationally serving up the horrors of this arctic region, was described the death of a baby from mosquitoes in New Jersey. Had that happened here, what a morsel it would have been for the sensation-mongers! The Indians find smoke sufficient protection, but the white population mostly wear veils over wide-brimmed hats. It is in the low country, downriver, that the mosquitoes are so bad. At the mouth of the Tanana a horse was stung to death in a night. They tell of the Tanana country that when a man wanted to see the sun, he had to throw a club up into the air.

The river at one time supported a large Indian population that maintained an existence on meat and fish. The natives are dying off rapidly, until there are scarcely over a hundred at Dawson, but the food-supply remains the same. Moose are very plentiful on the Klondike to its head-waters. The Indians have been hunting all winter, and killed large numbers. The miners are driving them further away from Dawson, but almost every day come reports of moose killed on Bonanza, Hunker, etc. The foot-hills of the Rockies are the range of the reindeer. A herd of ten to twenty thousand passed across the head of Klondike last autumn. They are abundant on the head of Forty Mile. Fur-bearing animals are somewhat scarce, but a short while ago were more plentiful. They are mink, marten, otter, beaver, weasel or ermine, rabbits, lynx, and wolverenes. The wolves do not venture near the lower Klondike, but all winter a herd have made their centre of operations above the forks, forty miles up. They feed on caribou and moose. I saw the skin of one that the trapper said gave nearly a quart of oil. It was the first and only wolf he ever saw that had any fat whatever. Wolves have several times attacked parties, and been driven off. On the White River, a few winters ago, they took a sled-load of moose-meat away from a hunter.

The snowfall this winter is about three feet, and is exceedingly light, so much so that in the early winter snowshoeing was exceedingly difficult. The snowfalls are not large and permanent. There is a general absence of heavy snow clouds here. Almost the only evaporation is from air-holes on the Yukon. From them a mist arises which hangs low in the gulches, making it at times a trifle raw. This mist turns into a gentle snow, which day by day falls, adding imperceptibly to the total depth. One result of the absence of wind in early winter is that the snow accumulates on the trees as nowhere else, in masses the size of hogsheads, bending the birches and spruces quite to the ground. By the middle of January the winds have begun to shake the snow off; by the middle of March it is about all gone.

Very many have lived in tents all winter, with stoves, in comfort. The chief drawback is that the blankets every morning are covered with dense frost, which must be dried out. There are some men who take their first colds when they go into a cabin.

There has been a great amount of scurvy. Half the patients in the hospital are suffering from scurvy. Scurvy manifests itself in a variety of ways; it is a state of the system resulting from poor cooking and lack of a variety of food. Those bringing outfits into the country should not stint themselves in the least, but provide themselves with every variety of the best food that money can buy. Spruce tea is the remedy for scurvy, a simple and effective one, as well as a preventive, in a measure.

All winter transportation is by dogs, save a score of horses that have been working steadily all winter, hauling lumber, wood, and hay from meadows on the upper Klondike. It is necessary on a trail to house the horses in a tent with a stove. The native dogs are the best; they are tough, and thoroughly understand the business of hauling. There are many so-called "outside" dogs of all breeds, and they are getting mixed with the "inside" dogs, not always to the advantage of the breed. The outside dogs, with the exception of the Newfoundlands, are not adapted for hauling, but are so employed, the short-haired ones having to wear "parkas" of blanket. A good dog will haul on a smooth trail 300 pounds, but when the work is hard and the trail new, they are not put to more than 100 to 150 pounds. Fish was scarce, so they have had to be fed on good rice, vegetables, and meat. They have sold for as high as $300—a good dog being rarely to be bought for less than two hundred and odd dollars. The dogs are arrant thieves, so that food cannot be stored in the cabins, but is placed in *caches*, little houses set upon poles, high out of reach. These *caches* are a striking feature of Dawson. The dogs make an interesting study in themselves.

Completely organized government and a system of jurisprudence will be in operation in the spring, in anticipation of whatever influx there may be from the outside world. Hitherto miners' law (not mob law, by any means) has proved adequate in Alaska, and while there has been justifiable criticism of the arbitrary and wholly insufficient government we have had, in the future, with the greater measure of home-rule we will have, we will probably be able to secure a greater measure of justice than under the old system. Major Walsh, the new Governor, or "Commissioner," is said to have power to decide upon every exigency that will arise, even to the unmaking of the order in council extending the claim to 200 feet, and setting a tax of ten to twenty per cent. upon the whole output.

Until the one-hundred-foot rule went into effect on the 1st of January, it was understood that one hundred or even two hundred feet was not sufficient reward for perilous years of hardship as a prospector; but the stampedes have continued day and night since then, with all the energy and perseverance of the first stampedes, while there appears to have been not the least cessation of work on the rich, or rather known, creeks. In consequence of which it is hardly likely that there will be any modification of objectionable orders in council. Neither will there be any forcible resistance to the collection of the taxes, since it lies with one man in the office of the gold commissioner to confiscate not only the whole dump, but the offender's entire rights in the district, for a failure to tell the truth about the output.

Seven thousand five hundred claims have been recorded thus far. The staking has not been confined to the region about the Dome, but every creek of the Yukon, from Twelve Mile Creek, below here, to Stewart, has been staked, including thus far, in order, Twelve Mile, Ballarat, Deadwood, Moosehide, Dion, Bryant, Montana, Swede, or Swedish, Baker, Ensley, Reindeer, Rosebud, and Henderson, with Eureka on the south side of Indian. No locations have been made on the north side of Klondike.

From the old-time prospector's point of view, the camp is spoiled already. The new-comers have staked up the creeks in many cases without any means of prospecting save the usual axe and lead-pencil, and he is wholly at sea. Formerly he had the whole country to himself. In the stampedes that have continued all winter it has been necessary to stake first and prospect afterwards, and the marvellous part of the whole is that there is so much gold in the country that the later prospects have justified the staking. Most of the claims are taken on speculation. We have been asking ourselves: "When the people come in in the spring in the numbers that are anticipated, will they buy claims on the creeks already staked out, or will they institute a series of stampedes to remote creeks?" Even now the stampedes have extended into American territory, American Creek and others, where 1350 feet is allowed; and when it comes to be generally understood that pay can be had there without the disadvantage of the miscalled government we have been inflicted with this winter, no small number of the new arrivals will keep on down to American soil, where the recorder of claims will know that fractions, claims, and even creeks have existence in fact before issuing certificates of ownership.

Assuming, what is not the case under present conditions, that every claim thus far staked contains pay, and allowing that two men can work out fifty feet across in a year, it requires one hundred and fifty thousand men to work out every claim. The number required in fact would be much less, but when the unlocated regions elsewhere are considered, these figures will afford some notion of the work needed to develop the placers, while if the quartz shall prove profitable, the Yukon will support a tremendous working population. Few have realized the possibilities of this country. There is no need of lying, as it is to be expected those having interests here will do. What was considered wildcat the other day, is solid investment. But this is not yet the place for the man with a few dollars. Every man will not make a fortune. Thousands of disappointed men will go back, broken in health, many of them, and broken in fortune, but wiser and more apt to be content with home.

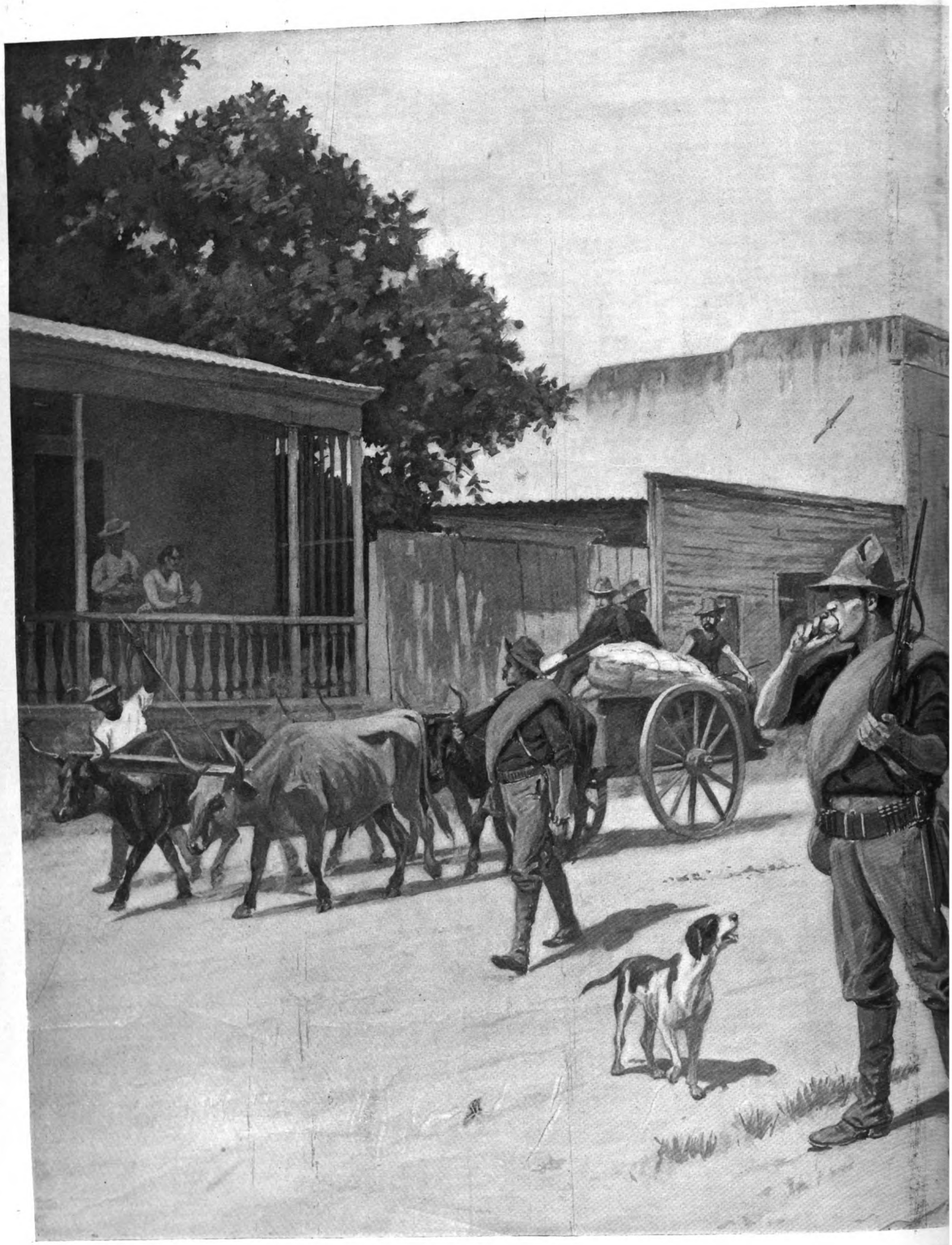
I have endeavored in the above account to give some idea of the conditions here, without going largely into the details of life here, which furnish interesting stories in themselves.

## A WELCOME TALE.

ALL along the woodland ways
And in the lonesome thicket
To-day we hear the merriment
Of katydid and cricket.
They tell us, and we are rejoiced
The wise musicians know it,
That coming soon, they sing in tune,
And some white morn will show it,
As sure as fate, from Nature's hand,
The secret never lost,
To this uncomfortable land
Will safe arrive, the frost.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

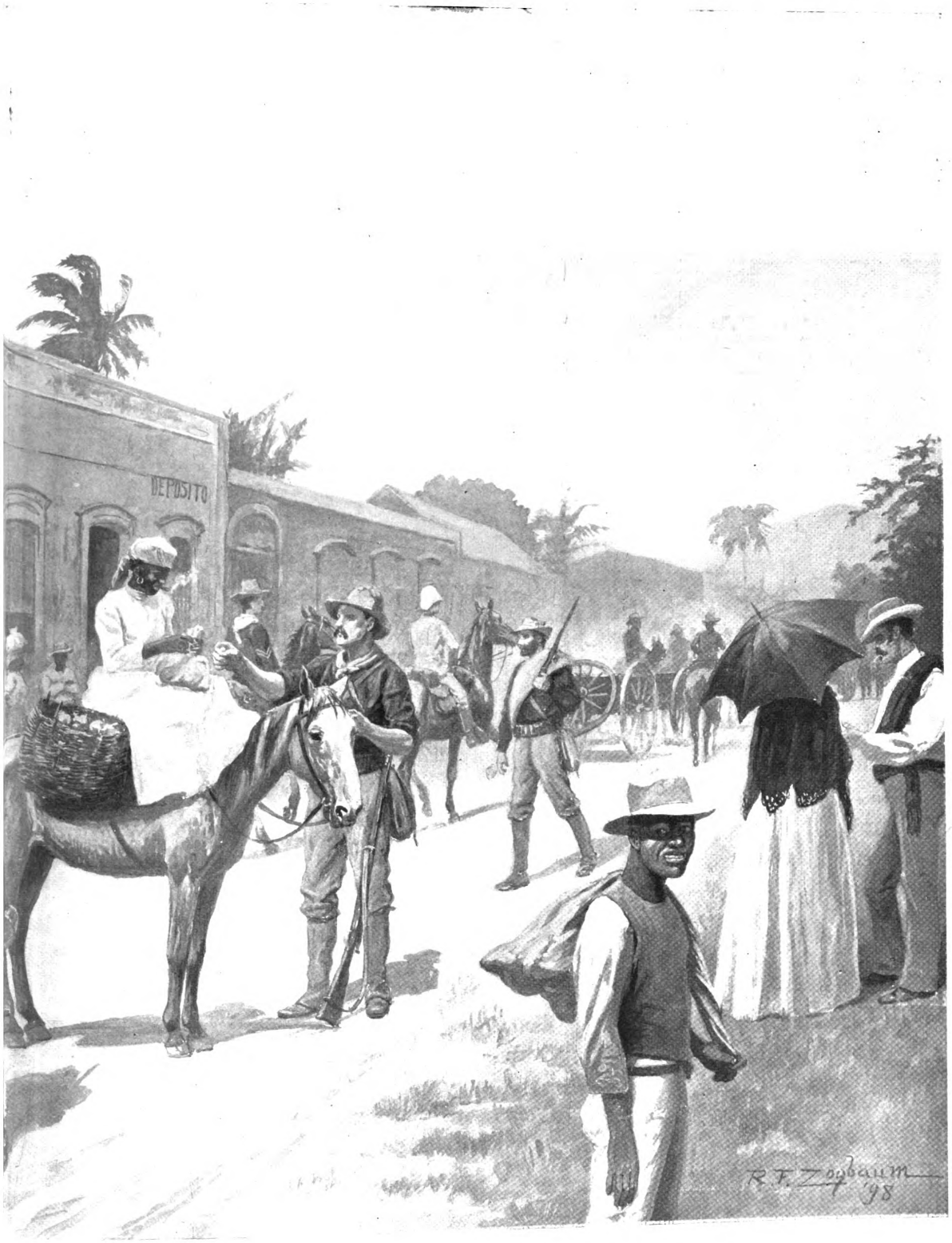
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WITH OUR TROOPS IN PUERTO

DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM, S.

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)—ON THE SAN JUAN ROAD, PONCE.

Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

## I.

SAVE when it happened to rain Vanderbank always walked home, but he usually took a hansom when the rain was moderate and adopted the preference of the philosopher when it was heavy. On this occasion he recognized, as the servant opened the door, a congruity between the weather and the "four-wheeler" that, in the empty street, under the glazed radiance, waited and trickled and blackly glittered. The butler mentioned it as, on such a wild night, the only thing they could get, and Vanderbank, having replied that it was exactly what would do best, prepared, in the doorway, to put up his umbrella and dash down to it. At this moment he heard his name pronounced from behind and, on turning, found himself joined by the oldish fellow-guest with whom he had talked after dinner and about whom, later on, upstairs, he had sounded his hostess. It was at present a clear question of how this amiable, this apparently unassertive person should get home —of the possibility of the other cab for which even now one of the footmen, with a whistle to his lips, craned out his head and listened through the storm. Mr. Longdon wondered, to Vanderbank, if their course might by any chance be the same; which led our young friend immediately to express a readiness to see him safely in any direction that should accommodate him. As the footman's whistle spent itself in vain they got together into the four-wheeler, where, at the end of a few moments more, Vanderbank became conscious of having proposed his own rooms as a wind-up to their drive. Wouldn't that be a better finish of the evening than just separating in the wet? He liked his new acquaintance, who struck him as in a manner clinging to him, who was staying at a hotel presumably at that hour dismal, and who, confessing with easy humility to a connection positively timid with a club at which one couldn't have a visitor, accepted, under pressure, his invitation. Vanderbank, when they arrived, was amused at the air of added extravagance with which he said he would keep the cab: he so clearly enjoyed to that extent the sense of making a night of it.

"You young men, I believe, keep them for hours, eh? At least they did in my time," he laughed—"the wild ones! But I think of them as all wild then. I dare say that when one settles in town one learns how to manage; only I'm afraid, you know, that I've got completely out of it. I do feel really quite mouldy. It's a matter of thirty years—!"

"Since you've been in London?"

"For more than a few days at a time, upon my honor. You won't understand that—any more, I dare say, than I myself quite understand how, at the end of all, I've accepted this queer view of the doom of coming back. But I don't doubt I shall ask you, if you'll be so good as to let me, for the help of a hint or two: as to how to do, don't you know? and not to—what do you fellows call it?—*be* done. Now about one of *these* things—"

One of these things was the lift in which, at no great pace and with much rumbling and creaking, the porter conveyed the two gentlemen to the alarming eminence, as Mr. Longdon measured their flight, at which Vanderbank perched. The impression made on him by this contrivance showed him as unsophisticated, yet when his companion at the top, ushering him in, gave a touch to the quick light and, in the pleasant, ruddy room, all convenience and character, had, before the fire, another look at him, it was not to catch in him any protrusive angle. Mr. Longdon was slight and neat, delicate of body and both keen and kind of face, with black brows finely marked and thick, smooth hair, in which the silver had deep shadows. He wore neither whisker nor mustache, and seemed to carry in the flicker of his quick brown eyes and the positive sun-play of his smile even more than the equivalent of what might, superficially or stupidly, elsewhere be missed in him; which was mass, substance, presence—what is vulgarly called importance. He had indeed no presence, but he had somehow an effect. He might almost have been a priest, if priests, as it occurred to Vanderbank, were ever dandies. He had at all events, conclusively, doubled the Cape of the years—he would never again see fifty-five: to the warning light of that bleak headland he presented a back sufficiently indifferent. Yet, though, to Vanderbank, he could not look young, he came near—strikingly and amusingly—looking new: this, after a minute, appeared mainly perhaps indeed in the perfection of his evening dress and the special smartness of the sleeveless overcoat he had evidently had made to wear with it and might even actually be wearing for the first time. He had talked to Vanderbank at Mrs. Brookenham's about Beccles and Suffolk; but it was not at Beccles, nor anywhere in the county, that these ornaments had been designed. His action had already been, with however little purpose, to present the region to his interlocutor in a favorable light. Vanderbank, for that matter, had the kind of imagination that liked to place an object, even to the point of losing sight of it in the conditions; he already saw the nice old nook it must have taken to keep a man of intelligence so fresh while suffering him to remain so fine. The product of Beccles accepted at all events a cigarette—still much as a joke and an adventure—and looked about him as if even more pleased than he had expected. Then he broke, through his double eye-glass, into an exclamation that was like a passing pang of envy and regret. "You young men, you young men—!"

"Well, what about us?" Vanderbank's tone encouraged the courtesy of the reference. "I'm not so young, moreover, as that comes to."

"How old are you then, pray?"

"Why, I'm thirty-four."

"What do you call that? I'm a hundred and three!" Mr. Longdon took out his watch. "It's only a quarter past eleven." Then with a quick change of interest, "What did you say is your public office?" he inquired.

"The General Audit. I'm Deputy Chairman."

"Dear!" Mr. Longdon looked at him as if he had fifty windows. "What a head you must have!"

"Oh yes—our head's Sir Digby Dence."

"And what do we do for you?"

"Well, you gild the pill—though not perhaps very thick. But it's a decent berth."

"A thing a good many fellows would give a pound of their flesh for?"

The old man appeared so to deprecate too faint a picture that his companion dropped all scruples. "I'm the most envied man I know—so that if I were a shade less amiable I should be one of the most hated."

Mr. Longdon laughed, yet not quite as if they were joking. "I see. Your pleasant way carries it off."

Vanderbank was, however, not serious. "Wouldn't it carry off anything?"

Again his visitor, through the *pince-nez*, appeared to crown him with a Whitehall cornice. "I think I ought to let you know I'm studying you. It's really fair to tell you," he continued with an earnestness not discomposed by the indulgence in Vanderbank's face. "It's all right—all right!" he reassuringly added, having meanwhile stopped before a photograph suspended on the wall. "That's your mother!" he exclaimed with something of the elation of a child making a discovery or guessing a riddle. "I don't make you out in her yet—in my recollection of her, which, as I told you, is perfect; but I dare say I soon shall."

Vanderbank was more and more aware that the kind of hilarity he excited would never in the least be a bar to affection. "Please take all your time."

Mr. Longdon looked at his watch again. "Do you think I *had* better keep it?"

"The cab?" Vanderbank liked him so, found in him such a promise of pleasant things, that he was almost tempted to say "Dear and delightful sir, don't weigh that question; I'll pay, myself, for the man's whole night!" His approval at all events was complete. "Most certainly. That's the only way not to think of it."

"Oh, you young men, you young men!" his guest again murmured. He had passed on to the photograph—Vanderbank had many, too many photographs—of some other relation, and stood wiping the gold-mounted glasses through which he had been darting admirations and catching side-lights of shocks. "Don't talk nonsense," he continued as his friend attempted once more to throw in a protest; "I belong to a different period of history. There have been things this evening that have made me feel as if I had been disinterred—literally dug up from a long sleep. I assure you there have!"—he really pressed the point.

Vanderbank wondered a moment what things in particular these might be; he found himself wanting to get at everything his visitor represented, to enter into his consciousness and be, as it were, on his side. He glanced, with an intention freely sarcastic, at an easy possibility. "The extraordinary vitality of Brookenham?"

Mr. Longdon, with the nippers in place again, fixed on him a gravity that failed to prevent his discovering in the eyes behind them a shy reflection of his irony. "Oh, Brookenham! You must tell me all about Brookenham."

"I see that's not what you mean."

Mr. Longdon forbore to deny it. "I wonder if you'll understand what I mean." Vanderbank bristled with the wish to be put to the test, but was checked before he could say so. "And what's *his* place—Brookenham's?"

"Oh, Rivers and Lakes—an awfully good thing. He got it last year."

Mr. Longdon—but not too grossly—wondered. "How did he get it?"

Vanderbank laughed. "Well, *she* got it."

His friend remained grave. "And about how much now—?"

"Oh, twelve hundred—and lots of allowances and boats and things. To do the work," Vanderbank, still with a certain levity, explained.

"And what *is* the work?"

The young man hesitated. "Ask *him*. He'll like to tell you."

"Yet he seemed to have but little to say." Mr. Longdon exactly measured it again.

"Ah, not about that. Try him."

He looked more sharply at his host, as if vaguely suspicious of a trap; then, not less vaguely, he sighed. "Well, it's what I came up for—to try you all. But do they live on that?" he continued.

Vanderbank once more just faltered. "One doesn't quite know what they live on. But they've means—for it was just that fact, I remember, that showed Brookenham's getting the place wasn't a job. It was given, I mean, not to his mere domestic need, but to his notorious efficiency. He has a property—an ugly little place in Gloucestershire—which they sometimes let. His elder brother has the better one, but they make up an income."

Mr. Longdon, for an instant, lost himself. "Yes, I remember—one heard of those things at the time. And *she* must have had something."

"Yes, indeed, she had something—and she always has her intense cleverness. She knows thoroughly how. They do it tremendously well."

"Tremendously well," Mr. Longdon intelligently echoed. "But a house in Buckingham Crescent, with the way they seem to have built through to all sorts of other places—"

"Oh, they're all right," Vanderbank soothingly dropped.

"One likes to feel that of people with whom one has dined. There are four children?" his friend went on.

"The older boy, whom you saw, and who, in his way, is a wonder, the older girl, whom you must see, and two youngsters, male and female, whom you mustn't."

There might by this time, in the growing interest of their talk, have been almost nothing too uncanny for Mr. Longdon to fear it. "You mean the youngsters are—unfortunate?"

"No—they're only, like all the modern young, I think, mysteries, terrible little baffling mysteries." Vanderbank had broken into mirth again—it flickered so from his friend's face that, really at moments to the point of alarm, his explanations deepened darkness. Then, with more interest, he harked back. "I know the thing you just mentioned—the thing that strikes you as odd." He produced his knowledge quite with elation. "The talk." Mr. Longdon, at this, only looked at him, in silence, harder, but he went on with assurance: "Yes, the talk—for we do talk, I think." Still his guest left him without relief, only fixing him, on his suggestion, with a sort of suspended eloquence. Whatever the old man was on the point of saying, however, he disposed of in a curtailed murmur; he had already turned back to the series of portraits, and as he glanced at another Vanderbank spoke afresh. "It was very interesting to me to hear from you there, when the ladies had left us, how many old threads you were prepared to pick up."

Mr. Longdon had paused. "I'm an old boy who remembers the mothers," he at last replied.

"Yes, you told me how well you remember Mrs. Brookenham's."

"Oh, oh!"—and he arrived at a new subject. "This must be your sister Mary."

"Yes; it's very bad, but as she's dead—"

"Dead? Dear, dear!"

"Oh, long ago"—Vanderbank eased him off. "It's delightful of you," he went on, "to have known also such a lot of *my* people."

Mr. Longdon turned from his contemplation with a visible effort. "I feel obliged to you for taking it so; it mightn't—one never knows—have amused you. As I told you there, the first thing I did was to ask Fernanda about the company; and when she mentioned your name I immediately said, 'Would he like me to speak to him?'"

"And what did Fernanda say?"

Mr. Longdon stared. "Do *you* call her Fernanda?"

Vanderbank felt positively more guilty than he would have expected. "You think it too much in the manner we just mentioned?"

His friend hesitated. Then with a smile a trifle strange, "Excuse me; *I* didn't mention—"

"No, you didn't; and your scruple was magnificent. In point of fact," Vanderbank pursued, "I *don't* call Mrs. Brookenham by her Christian name."

Mr. Longdon's clear eyes were searching. "Unless in speaking of her to others?" He seemed really to wish to know.

Vanderbank was but too ready to satisfy him. "I dare say we seem to you a vulgar lot of people. That's not the way, I can see, you speak of ladies at Beccles."

"Oh, if you laugh at me—!" And the old man turned off.

"Don't threaten me," said Vanderbank, "or I *will* send away the cab. Of course I know what you mean. It will be tremendously interesting to hear how the sort of thing we've fallen into—oh, we *have* fallen in!—strikes your fresh ear. Do have another cigarette. Sunk as I must appear to you, it sometimes strikes mine. But I'm not sure, as regards Mrs. Brookenham, whom I've known a long time—"

Mr. Longdon again took him up. "What do you people call a long time?"

Vanderbank considered. "Ah, there you are—! And now we're 'we people'! That's right; give it to us. I'm sure that in one way or another it's all earned. Well, I've known her ten years. But awfully well."

"What do you call awfully well?"

"We people?" Vanderbank's inquirer, with his continued restless observation, moving nearer, the young man had laid on his shoulder the friendliest of hands. "Don't you perhaps ask too much? But no," he added, quickly and gayly, "of course you don't: if I don't look out I shall have, on you, exactly the effect I don't want. I dare say I don't know *how* well I know Mrs. Brookenham. Mustn't that sort of thing be put, in a manner, to the proof? What I meant to say just now was that I wouldn't—at least I hope I shouldn't—have named her as I did save to an old friend."

Mr. Longdon looked promptly satisfied and reassured. "You probably heard me address her myself."

"I did, but you have your rights, and that wouldn't excuse me. The only thing is that I go to see her every Sunday."

Mr. Longdon pondered; then, a little to Vanderbank's surprise, at any rate to his deeper amusement, candidly asked, "Only Fernanda? No other lady?"

"Oh yes, several other ladies."

Mr. Longdon appeared to hear this with pleasure. "You're quite right. We don't make enough of Sunday at Beccles."

"Oh, we make plenty of it in London!" Vanderbank said. "And I think it's rather in my interest I should mention that Mrs. Brookenham calls *me*—"

His visitor covered him now with an attention that just operated as a check. "By your Christian name?" Before Vanderbank could in any degree attenuate, "What *is* your Christian name?" Mr. Longdon asked.

Vanderbank felt, of a sudden, almost guilty—as if his answer could only impute extravagance to the lady. "My Christian name"—he blushed it out—"is Gustavus."

His friend took a droll, conscious leap. "And she calls you Gussy?"

"No, not even Gussy. But I scarcely think I ought to tell you," he pursued, "if she herself gave you no glimpse of the fact. Any implication that she consciously avoided it might make you see deeper depths."

Vanderbank spoke with pointed levity, but his companion showed him, after an instant, a face just covered —and a little painfully—with the vision of the possibility brushed away by the joke. "Oh, I'm not so bad as that!" Mr. Longdon modestly ejaculated.

"Well, she doesn't do it always," Vanderbank laughed,

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"and it's nothing, moreover, to what some people are called. Why, there was a fellow there—" He pulled up, however, and, thinking better of it, selected another instance. "The Duchess—weren't you introduced to the Duchess?—never calls me anything but 'Vanderbank' unless she calls me '*caro mio*.' It wouldn't have taken much to make her appeal to *you* with an 'I say, Longdon!' I can quite hear her."

Mr. Longdon, focussing the effect of the sketch, pointed its moral with an indulgent: "Oh well, a *foreign* duchess!" He could make his distinctions.

"Yes, she's invidiously, cruelly foreign," Vanderbank concurred: "I've never indeed seen a woman avail herself so cleverly, to make up for the obloquy of that state, of the benefits and immunities it brings with it. She has bloomed in the hot-house of her widowhood—she's a Neapolitan hatched by an incubator."

"A Neapolitan?"—Mr. Longdon, civilly, seemed to wish he had only known it.

"Her husband was one; but I believe that dukes at Naples are as thick as princes at Petersburg. He's dead, at any rate, poor man, and she has come back here to live."

"Sadly, I should think—after Naples?" Mr. Longdon threw out.

"I can scarce imagine the Duchess living sadly after anything; even things, I mean, that for you and me—! However," the young man added, taking himself up, "she lives not in what is behind her, but in what is before—she lives in her precious little Aggie."

"Little Aggie?" Mr. Longdon took a cautious interest.

"I don't take a liberty there," Vanderbank smiled. "I speak only of the young Agnesina, a little girl, the Duchess's niece, or rather, I believe, her husband's, whom she has adopted—in the place of a daughter early lost—and has brought to England to marry."

"Ah, to some great man of course."

Vanderbank thought. "I don't know." He gave a vague but expressive sigh. "She's rather lovely, little Aggie."

Mr. Longdon looked conspicuously subtle. "Then perhaps *you're* the man—"

"Do I look like a great one?" Vanderbank broke in.

His visitor, turning away from him, again embraced the room. "Oh dear, yes!"

"Well then, to show how right you are, there's the young lady." He pointed to an object on one of the tables, a small photograph with a very wide border of something that looked like crimson fur.

Mr. Longdon took up the picture; he was serious now. "She's very beautiful—but she's not a little girl."

"At Naples they develop early—she's only sixteen: an aunt, of course, has nothing to conceal. She *is* extremely pretty—with extraordinary red hair and a complexion to match; great rarities, I believe, in that race and latitude. She gave me the portrait—frame and all. The frame is Neapolitan enough, and little Aggie is charming." Then Vanderbank subjoined: "But not so charming as little Nanda."

"Little Nanda?—have you got *her?*" The old man was all eagerness.

"She's over there beside the lamp—also a present from the original."

II.

Mr. Longdon had gone to the place—little Nanda was in glazed white wood. He took her up and held her out; for a moment he said nothing, but presently, over his glasses, rested on his host a look intenser even than his scrutiny of the faded image. "Do they give their portraits now?"

"Little girls—innocent lambs? Surely, to old friends. Didn't they in your time?"

Mr. Longdon studied the portrait again; after which, with an exhalation of something between superiority and regret, "They never did to me," he replied.

"Well, you can have all you want now!" Vanderbank laughed.

His friend gave a slow, droll head-shake. "I don't want them 'now'!"

"You could do with them, my dear sir, still," Vanderbank continued in the same manner, "every bit *I* do!"

"I'm sure you do nothing you oughtn't." Mr. Longdon kept the photograph and continued to look at it. "Her mother told me about her—promised me I should see her next time."

"You must—she's a great friend of mine."

Mr. Longdon remained absorbed. "Is she clever?"

Vanderbank turned it over. "Well, you'll tell me if you think so."

"Ah, with a child of sixteen—!" Mr. Longdon murmured it as if in dread of having to pronounce. "This one, too, *is* sixteen?"

Vanderbank again considered. "Seventeen." He just hung fire once more, then brought out: "Well, call it nearly eighteen. I've kept her birthdays," he laughed.

His companion caught at the idea. "Upon my honor, *I* should like to! When is the next?"

"You've plenty of time—the fifteenth of June."

"I'm only too sorry to wait." Laying down the object he had been examining, Mr. Longdon took another turn about the room, and his manner was such an appeal to his host to accept his restlessness that, from the corner of a lounge, the latter watched him with encouragement. "I said to you just now that I knew the mothers, but it would have been more to the point to say the grandmothers." He stopped before the lounge, then nodded at the image of Nanda. "I knew *hers*. She put it at something less."

Vanderbank rather failed to understand. "The old lady? Put what?"

Mr. Longdon's face, for a moment, showed him as feeling his way. "I'm speaking of Mrs. Brookenham. She spoke of her daughter as only sixteen."

His companion's amusement at the tone of this broke out. "She usually does! She has done so, I think, for the last year or two."

Mr. Longdon dropped upon the lounge as if with the weight of something sudden and fresh; then, from where he sat, with a sharp little movement, he chucked into the fire the end of his cigarette. Vanderbank offered him another, a second, and as he accepted it and took a light he said: "I don't know what you're doing with me—I never, at Beccles, smoked so much!" But he puffed away and, seated so near him, laid his hand on Vanderbank's arm as if to help himself to utter something that was too delicate not to be guarded and yet too important not to be risked. "Now that's the sort of thing I did mean—as one of my impressions." Vanderbank continued at a loss, and he went on: "I refer—if you don't mind my saying so—to what you said just now."

Vanderbank was conscious of a deep desire to draw from him whatever might come; so sensible was it somehow that whatever was in him was good was also thoroughly personal. But our young friend had to think a minute. "I see, I see. Nothing is more probable than that I've said something nasty; but which of my particular horrors—?"

"Well, then, your conveying that she makes her daughter out younger—"

"To make herself out the same?"—Vanderbank took him straight up. "It was nasty my doing that? I see, I see. Yes, yes: I rather gave her away, and you're struck by it—as is most delightful you *should* be—because you're, in every way, of a better tradition and, knowing Mrs. Brookenham's my friend, can't conceive of one's playing on a friend a trick so vulgar and odious. It strikes you also probably as the kind of thing we must be constantly doing; it strikes you that, right and left, probably, we keep giving each other away. Well, I dare say we do. Yes, 'come to think of it' as they say in America, we do. But what shall I tell you? Practically we all know it and allow for it, and it's as broad as it's long. What's London life after all? It's tit for tat!"

"Ah, but what becomes of friendship?" Mr. Longdon earnestly and pleadingly asked, while he still held Vanderbank's arm as if under the spell of the vivid explanation with which he had been furnished.

The young man met his eyes only the more sociably. "Friendship?"

"Friendship." Mr. Longdon maintained the full value of the word.

"Well," his companion risked, "I dare say it isn't in London by any means what it is at Beccles. I quite literally mean that," Vanderbank reassuringly added; "I never really have believed in the existence of friendship in big societies—in great towns and great crowds. It's a plant that takes time and space and air; and London society is a huge 'squash,' as we elegantly call it—an elbowing, pushing, perspiring, chattering mob."

"Ah, I don't say *that* of you!" Mr. Longdon murmured with a withdrawal of his hand and a visible scruple for the sweeping concession he had evoked.

"Do say it, then—for God's sake; let some one say it, so that something or other, whatever it may be, may come of it! It's impossible to say too much—it's impossible to say enough. There isn't anything any one can say that I won't agree to."

"That shows you really don't care," the old man returned with acuteness.

"Oh, we're past saving, if that's what you mean!" Vanderbank laughed.

"You don't care, you don't care!" his visitor repeated, "and—if I may be frank with you—I shouldn't wonder if it were rather a pity."

"A pity I don't care?"

"You ought to, you ought to." Mr. Longdon paused. "May I say all I think?"

"I assure you *I* shall! You're awfully interesting."

"So are you, if you come to that. It's just what I've had in my head. There's something I seem to make out in you—!" He abruptly dropped this, however, going on in another way. "I remember the rest of you, but why did I never see *you?*"

"I must have been at school—at college. Perhaps you did know my brothers, elder and younger."

"There was a boy with your mother at Malvern. I was near her there for three months in—what *was* the year?"

"Yes, I know," Vanderbank replied while his guest tried to fix the date. "It was my brother Miles. He was awfully clever, but he had no health, poor chap, and we lost him at seventeen. She used to take houses at such places with him—it was supposed to be for his benefit."

Mr. Longdon listened with a visible recovery. "He used to talk to me—I remember he asked me questions I couldn't answer and made me dreadfully ashamed. But I lent him books—partly, upon my honor, to make him think that, as I had them, I did know something. He read everything and had a lot to say about it. I used to tell your mother he had a great future."

Vanderbank shook his head sadly and kindly. "So he had. And you remember Nancy, who was handsome, and who was usually with them?" he went on.

Mr. Longdon looked so uncertain that he explained he meant his other sister; on which his companion said: "Oh, her? Yes, she was charming—she evidently had a future too."

"Well, she's in the midst of it now. She's married."

"And whom did she marry?"

"A fellow called Toovey. A man in the City."

"Oh!" said Mr. Longdon a little blankly. Then, as if to retrieve his blankness: "But why do you call her Nancy? Wasn't her name Blanche?"

"Exactly—Blanche Bertha Vanderbank."

Mr. Longdon looked half mystified and half distressed. "And now she's Nancy Toovey?"

Vanderbank broke into laughter at his dismay. "That's what every one calls her."

"But why?"

"Nobody knows. You see you were right about her future."

Mr. Longdon gave another of his soft, smothered sighs; he had turned back again to the first photograph, which he looked at for a longer time. "Well, it wasn't *her* way."

"My mother's? No indeed. Oh, my mother's way—!" Vanderbank waited, then added gravely: "She was taken in time."

Mr. Longdon turned half round, and looking as if he were about to reply to this; but instead of so doing he proceeded afresh to an examination of the expressive oval in the red plush frame. He took up little Aggie, who appeared to interest him, and abruptly observed: "Nanda isn't so pretty."

"No, not nearly. There's a great question whether Nanda is pretty at all."

Mr. Longdon continued to inspect her more favored friend; which led him after a moment to bring out: "She ought to be, you know. Her grandmother was."

"Oh, and her mother," Vanderbank threw in. "Don't you think Mrs. Brookenham lovely?"

Mr. Longdon kept him waiting a little. "Not so lovely as Lady Julia. Lady Julia had—" He faltered, then, as if there were too much to say, disposed of the question. "Lady Julia had everything."

Vanderbank gathered from the sound of the words an impression that determined him more and more to diplomacy. "But isn't that just what Mrs. Brookenham has?"

This time the old man was prompt. "Yes, she's very brilliant, but it's a totally different thing." He laid little Aggie down and moved away as if without a purpose; but Vanderbank presently perceived his purpose to be another glance at the other young lady. As if accidentally and absently, he bent again over the portrait of Nanda. "Lady Julia was exquisite, and this child's exactly like her."

Vanderbank, more and more conscious of something working in him, was more and more interested. "If Nanda's so like her, *was* she so exquisite?" he hazarded.

"Oh yes; every one was agreed about that." Mr. Longdon kept his eyes on the face, trying a little, Vanderbank even thought, to conceal his own. "She was one of the greatest beauties of her day."

"Then *is* Nanda so like her?" Vanderbank persisted, amused at his friend's transparency.

"Extraordinarily. Her mother told me all about her."

"Told you she's as beautiful as her grandmother?"

Mr. Longdon turned it over. "Well, that she has just Lady Julia's expression. She absolutely *has* it—I see it here." He was delightfully positive. "She's much more like the dead than like the living."

Vanderbank saw in this too many deep things not to follow them up. One of these was, to begin with, that his friend had not more than half succumbed to Mrs. Brookenham's attraction, if indeed, by a fine originality, he had not resisted it altogether. That in itself, for an observer deeply versed in this lady, was delightful and beguiling. Another indication was that he found himself, in spite of such a break in the chain, distinctly predisposed to Nanda. "If she reproduces then so vividly Lady Julia," the young man threw out, "why does she strike you as so much less pretty than her foreign friend there, who is, after all, by no means a prodigy?"

The subject of this address, with one of the photographs in his hand, glanced, while he reflected, at the other. Then with a subtlety that matched itself for the moment with Vanderbank's, "You just told me yourself that Agnesina—"

"Is ever so much the lovelier of the two? So I did. But you've promptly recognized it. It's the first time," Vanderbank went on, to let him down more gently, "that I've heard Mrs. Brookenham admit the girl's looks."

"Her own girl's? 'Admit' them?"

"I mean grant them to be even as good as they are. I myself, I must tell you, extremely like them. I think Lady Julia's granddaughter has in her face, in spite of everything—"

"What do you mean by everything?" Mr. Longdon broke in with such an approach to resentment that his host's amusement overflowed.

"You'll see—when you do see. She has no features. No, not one," Vanderbank inexorably pursued; "unless indeed you put it that she has two or three too many. What I was going to say was that she has in her expression all that's charming in her nature. But beauty, in London"—and, feeling that he held his visitor's attention, he gave himself the pleasure of freely unfolding his idea—"staring, glaring, obvious, knock-down, beauty, as plain as a poster on a wall, an advertisement of soap or whiskey, something that speaks to the crowd and crosses the foot-lights, fetches such a price in the market that the absence of it, for a woman with a girl to marry, inspires endless terrors and constitutes for the wretched pair—to speak of mother and daughter alone—a sort of social bankruptcy. London doesn't love the latent or the lurking, has neither time, nor taste, nor sense for anything less discernible than the red flag in front of the steam-roller. It wants cash over the counter and letters ten feet high. Therefore, you see, it's all, as yet, rather a dark question for poor Nanda—a question that, in a way, quite occupies the foreground of her mother's earnest little life. How *will* she look, what will be thought of her and what will she be able to do for herself? She's at the age when the whole thing—speaking of her appearance, her possible share of good looks—is still, in a manner, in a fog. But everything depends on it."

Mr. Longdon, by this time, had come back to him. "Excuse my asking it again—for you take such jumps: what, once more, do you mean by everything?"

"Why, naturally, her marrying. Above all her marrying early."

Mr. Longdon stood before the sofa. "What do you mean by early?"

"Well, we do, doubtless, get up later than at Beccles; but that gives us, you see, shorter days. I mean in a couple of seasons. Soon enough," Vanderbank developed, "to limit the strain—" He broke down, in gayety, at his friend's expression.

"What do you mean by the strain?"

"Well, the complication of her being there."

"Being where?"

"You do put one through!" Vanderbank laughed. But he showed himself perfectly prepared, "Out of the schoolroom, where she is now. In her mother's drawing-room. At her mother's fireside."

Mr. Longdon stared. "But where else should she be?"

"At her husband's, don't you see?"

Mr. Longdon looked as if he quite saw, yet he was nevertheless, as regards his original challenge, not to be put off. "Ah, certainly," he replied with a slight stiffness, "but not as if she had been pushed down the chimney. All in good time."

Vanderbank turned the tables on him. "What do you call good time?"

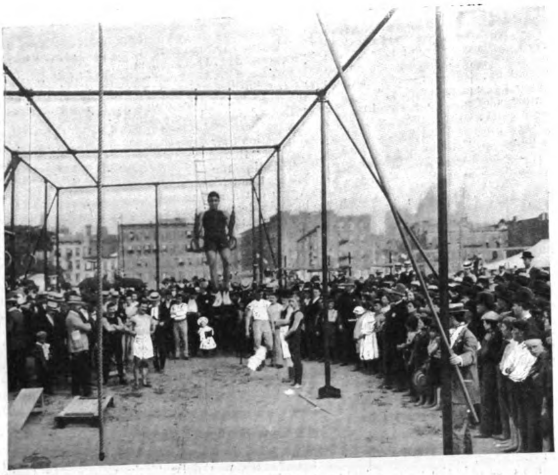
"Why, time to make herself loved."

Vanderbank wondered. "By the men who come to the house?"

Mr. Longdon slightly attenuated this way of putting it. "Yes—and in the home circle. Where's the 'strain'—of her being suffered to be a member of it?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

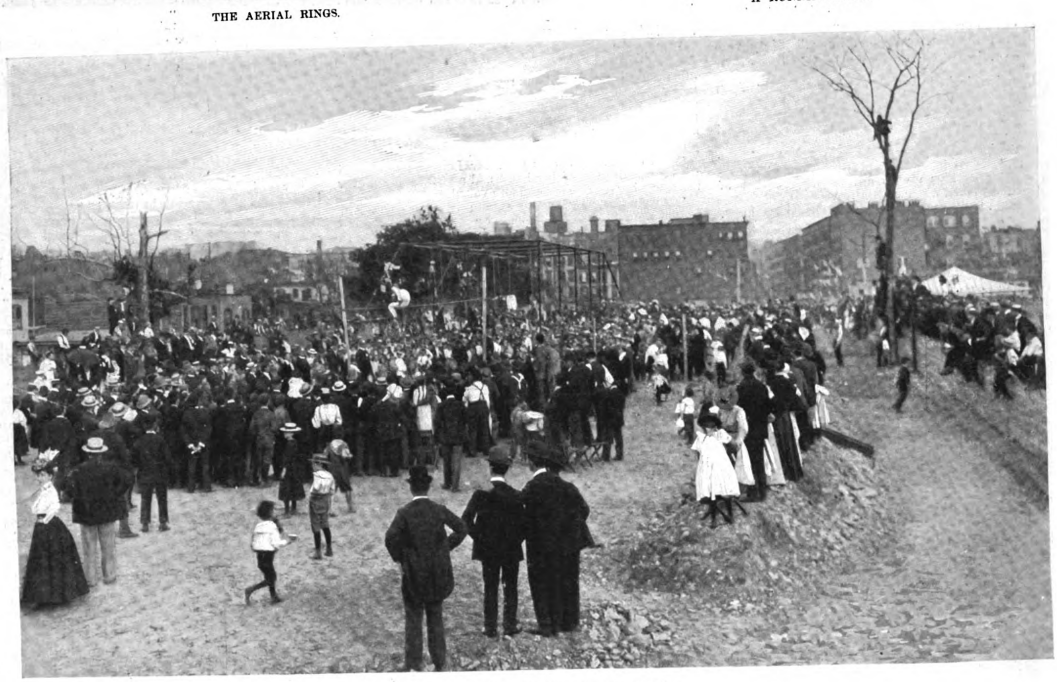
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THE AERIAL RINGS.



A RUNNING-RACE.



AN INTERESTING GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.



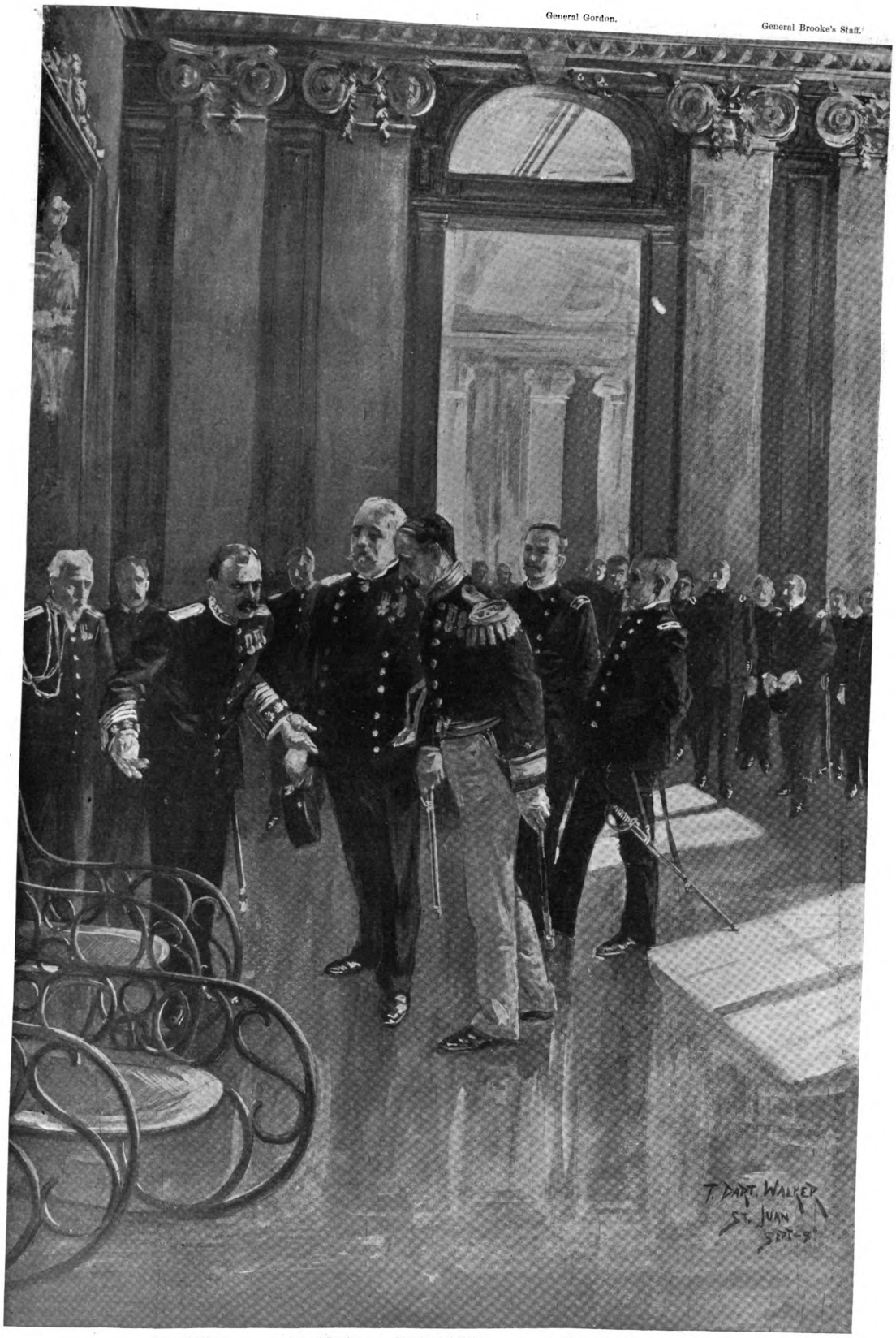
A CAROUSAL IN THE AIR.



THE SWINGS.

THE NEW FREE GYMNASIUM, FIFTY-THIRD STREET AND HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 974.]

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PEACE COMES TO PUERTO RICO—GENERAL MACIAS RECEIVING THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS AT THE PALACE, SAN JUAN.

Drawn by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Forces.

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# MUSIC

## AN OVERTURE.

It is, in fact, only within two months that a winter of music of really brilliant importance has been confirmed to us. Theatrical managers, generally, do not fear war abroad, or war fairly near home, as a thing to shut up their shops. The public turns to feigned emotions and superficial excitements on the stage, as a relief from real ones. But those managers whose trade is the purveying of music do not count on such an attitude. Music goes deeper into the mystery of human emotion than any book or play. It always has been too elusive, too subtle a diversion, at least in its finest forms, for an appeal to popular nerves; and it will likely always be so. Between seeking distraction at a Chopin recital, or going to hear Miss Henrietta Petowker, of the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, recite "The Blood-drinker's Burial," a public that is war-worried, or money-worried, or even famine-worried, will haste to the Burial every time.

But the protocol is signed, and a music-season New York is to have, as usual. It will be one of the highest pressure, fulness, foreignness, variety, and expense. Possibly one might use the phrase that each autumn is apt to see generously cast about, and say that we shall have an "absolutely unprecedented" season. This would not be either true or definite enough, even in looking forward to eight or ten series of orchestral and choral concerts, to Italian and German and French opera with a blazing galaxy of stars, to the incessant concert-work of many singers and players the first in reputation and virtuosity. By many such winters, New York is seasoned as is no other city in the world. For no other city can and will pay as much to hear as much. But in spite of the shimmering and sparkling past, over which some of us older stagers look with complacency, and a sense that we know very well, forsooth! where the rareness is, there are elements of New York's coming six months of music of a prodigal and oppressive richness.

In another article details can be set forth, and still with timeliness. But it is of immediate interest to notice that many of the incidents of coming months are the result of escapes from last spring's unexpected and—in at least one matter—saddening perplexities. Mr. Seidl's death brought a group of the most significant affairs of this winter into serious quandary. The abrupt severing of Mr. Paur's connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Grau's prudent list of "ifs" and "buts" where his opera in the Metropolitan was in question, Mr. Walter Damrosch's retirement from the Symphony Society of New York—were all factors of change and uncertainty in 1897-8 for the outlook on 1898-9. But it is now September. Things have smoothed down and peace is here, and many matters are settled with a judgment and probable success quite as praiseworthy as clashing engagements, internal intrigues, and musical politics well could allow. The highest musical interests of New York never—or at most but once, and that a good while ago—really depended on one man. Regrets for a deep loss ought not to set sensible men and women to talking as if our orchestral paralysis were at hand, and inviting everybody to rally to make it as dismally complete as possible. Mr. Seidl's successor as the Philharmonic Society's conductor and as the head of the fashionable Astoria Concerts will be Mr. Paur. Though we may dispute the need of all Mr. Paur's professional gestures, his capability is established. Just how Mr. Paur will get on with the material now constituting the Philharmonic's orchestra perhaps is another story. We will wait to read it. To the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which New York almost considers its own after eleven winters' visits, returns Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, one of the very best conductors living, *persona grata* to the band, and remembered by many of us as a great factor—I might have written *the* great factor—in its attaining its perfection. This is truth; even in our recalling that Mr. Nikisch was Mr. Gericke's successor, and that the making up of the orchestra's ranks has been gradually much strengthened. By the bye, Mr. Nikisch himself and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra will come here on a visit in the latter part of the season. As to opera at the Metropolitan, offering nearly eighty representations, Mr. Franz Schalk, a new-comer, will take Mr. Seidl's post under Mr. Grau's management. Mr. Schalk is a young and successful leader of opera on German stages, and lately connected with Buda-Pesth's admirable National Opera—whence, in fact, Mr. Grau hurriedly borrowed him for an emergency during Covent Garden performances. The Oratorio Society has decided to live, and will be very busy, and Mr. Frank Damrosch takes his brother's place—an excellent leader in choral work. Mr. Walter Damrosch almost firmly has kept to his declaration to retire for a while from conducting, and only as to certain performances of Mr. Ellis's opera company will make much of a breach in that resolution.



WILHELM GERICKE,
Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

So much for an outline of what we may call the season's personal aspects and arrangements to date. Only, in pointing them out, the enormous overflowing content of performance, day by day, week by week, month by month, from November to May, is loosely defined and colored. But how imperfectly, compared with what will be its actual freightage of arts and artists! It will be noticed by those whose interest leads them to study comparatives in such things that our 1898-9 season will be different from one or another of its famous predecessors chiefly in results of the lively cotillon of conductors—a sort of sudden "all hands round," or puss-in-the-corner, such, indeed, as we have not had in many years, in the return of something like a just balance between opera and concert events, because of the Metropolitan's preparations for a long and popular campaign, instead of locking its doors, as was the case last year; and in the retirement of one old orchestral society. The real aggregate of concerts of the first, second, or third class will not be much greater than in various winters past. The most significant addition to these, by-the-bye, comes in the decision of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to add five matinées to its scheme of New York engagements, and in the proposed visit of the Berlin Philharmonic.

Such a simple reference to conductors to be with us is eloquent enough. The array of great singers and great players visiting America between now and next spring is, however, something to amaze anybody except a Londoner or a New-Yorker. That is no exaggeration. Mr. Rosenthal may be said to inaugurate the star-procession. He is to open the season on the evening of October 23; but he is merely a regimental member when we add Liebling, Sauer, Burmeister, Carreño, Siloti, Joseffy, Aus der Ohe, Zeldenrust. Of violinists will come a long list, headed by Burmester, Marteau, Madam Urso, and Mrs. Powell. And when we cast our eye over the singing-folk of the winter, we have again our old feeling that the opera-houses of Europe have been plundered to make a New York holiday. Eames, Calvé, Melba, Gadsky, Patti, Heinck-Schumann, Brema, Nordica, de Vere, Ternina, de Reszke, Van Dyk, Albert, Alvarez, Dippel, Plançon, Campanari! What is meant by such an assemblage, under one management or another, all for our delectation, is a marvel if we realize their individual "rating," as sailors say.

At present the town is still apt to be a warm town. The annual outbreak of cheerful comic opera by Mr. Hopper and Mr. Wilson, the vivacities of "A Runaway Girl," at Daly's Theatre, and the sincere and often excellent work of the Castle Square Opera Company's doings at the American Theatre, satisfy the hour and the public. Of "The Charlatan" and "The Little Corporal," and of two or three of the Castle Square revivals, I shall speak presently.

There is one aspect of the long hot summer that people not on music's watch-towers do not plainly discern. I mean the comparative lethargy of music everywhere as a creative art; producing, if not actually new forms, at least new examples of interest and beauty on old models. Composers' work-time is apt to be between seasons. Little new work of mark have we. Has music really come to an end creatively, so far as any valuable fruits are concerned? Must we wait—or yield to another generation time to wait—for some new and quickening development that shall begin a new period, and more plainly show how, as our century ends, all is dulling down, and that nobody has anything to say worth saying? Fifteen years have wrought havoc in the ranks of creative musical genius and influence. Wagner, Brahms, Bruckner, Rubinstein, Tschaikovsky, Gounod, Ponchielli—they are gone. Germany is in a state of musical coma, despite the fact that Goldmark, Humperdinck, Kienzl, and sundry others are busy. You cannot make a Bungert into a Wagner, though you stuff him with Homer and musical mechanics, and build a theatre for his spectacular Trilogy all about Ulysses. The brilliant artificiality of French music only interests us in a few of its best operas and concert-works. Two or three over-advertised and busy artificers—always dexterous, never great—do all that is heard of, outside complacent Paris. Most Russians are yet too barbaric, and America's time comes on very slowly. Only one really great universally considered composer is alive to-day. That one is Verdi, nearly eighty, and he will write no more. But let us take heart even in confessing to this twilight of the gods. An art need not perish when it ceases to be imposingly productive, so long as the world preserves taste and clear-sightedness toward the unlimited supply of masterpieces from the past; and so long as we have an unlimited supply of musical intelligences that can unfold them to our delight.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

# DRAMA

"The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which is launched on a prosperous career at the Lyceum, is Mr. Anthony Hope's first attempt at writing a play. That Mr. Hope has the power of making people talk entertainingly was evident enough in *The Dolly Dialogues*, the work which brought him into prominence as a literary figure. That he could make people do exciting things in an absorbing manner was no less evident in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Dialogue and incident being granted, little was lacking, except perhaps a knowledge of stage-craft, to assure success in writing plays, for nowadays those who can write plays do not have to be made to write plays. As Mr. Hope's literary heart is known to have been divided between the modern realistic novel, under the influence of which he wrote his early and unsuccessful books, and the romantic tale of adventure, to which he owes his later successes, it was a question of some curiosity under what influence he would approach the stage. "The Lady Ursula" is as frankly a play of adventure as was the dramatization of *The Prisoner of Zenda;* but that is not all. In plot and in dialogue Mr. Hope's first play—whether or not he was aware of the fact—is written under the influence of the plays of Shakspere's best comic period, in particular "As You Like It."

Under the Wing of the Swan of Avon.



VIRGINIA HARNED SOTHERN IN THE DUEL SCENE OF "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA."

To achieve the atmosphere of unreality necessary to the romantic comedy, Shakspere—or rather Thomas Lodge, from whom Shakspere took his plot—transported his people to a Forest of Arden where lions abound. To a modern, this brave license of the Elizabethan fancy is denied; but we still permit ourselves romance and unreality when it is projected into a bygone century. To make the *Lady Ursula's* adventure as plausible as he could, Mr. Hope chose the early eighteenth century, with its glitter, its superficial charm, and its shallow convention of gallantry. If the plot is impossible even for the days of point-lace and Damascus blades, he plainly says to us: Permit me also my lions in the Forest of Arden. *Sir George Sylvester* (Mr. Sothern), having been revolted by an affair of honor, has forsworn the gallantries of the day. Though a famous swordsman, he will fight no more duels; and no woman shall cross his threshold. A neighbor of his, the beautiful *Lady Ursula Barrington* (Mrs. Virginia Harned Sothern), makes a wager, in a spirit of adventure, that she will enter his house, and counterfeits a fainting spell at the forbidden threshold. The obdurate *Sir George* directs that she be taken to the porter's lodge. Her elder brother, who is ignorant of her plot, happens by, construes this into an insult, and forces *Sir George* to break the half of his resolve by engaging to fight a duel. The *Lady Ursula* realizes that this means death to her brother. She is made to see also that though the levity of her action in pretending to faint extenuates the inhospitality of her treatment, a brother cannot urge a sister's folly in order to escape so skilful an opponent. Donning the hunting-suit of a younger brother who is absent in France, she crosses the forbidden threshold, and after a dramatic interview with *Sir George* succeeds in averting the duel. She acts the man so badly, however, that not only does *Sir George* suspect who she is, but in the subsequent development of the plot she is forced into a duel with one of *Sir George's* friends. Realizing her danger, *Sir George* urges a previous claim to fight. The *Lady Ursula* faces him bravely. At the last moment he refuses to fire, alleging the only possible excuse, an interest in the supposed youth's sister—that is to say, in the *Lady Ursula*. In a love passage that follows it transpires that the misogynist has indeed fallen in love, and that his love is returned. The fourth act deals with unimportant developments and ends with a declaration of love.

A Lion in the Forest of Arden.

*Lady Ursula's* breeches recall the doublet and hose of Shakspere's many masquerading heroines; her duel recalls *Viola's* duel. Mr. Hope also repeats all the jests arising out of the fact that *Lady Ursula* is present when she is supposed absent: the masquerading *Ursula* protests that it grieves her to speak of the *Lady Ursula's* defects as to speak of her own, just as the masquerading *Rosalind* swears that *Orlando's* "very *Rosalind*" will do as she does. The by-play growing out of the fact that *Lady*

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*Ursula* is without skirts and is also without beard is as like *Rosalind;* and her staggering under a clap on the shoulder is very like *Viola.* The whole manner of the wit, moreover, is Elizabethan. When the *Lady Ursula* is choosing a suit from her brother's wardrobe, she rejects various ones in a passage that has the movement of the famous passage where *Portia* satirizes the defects of her various suitors. She ends with rejecting a *sage-green* suit because she is "not wise" and has "no man yet to be jealous of." The quip carries one back to the fathers of elaborate old English verbal twists, John Lyly and his *Euphues.* Such resemblances as can be cited are the barest and least important of all. The dialogue throughout has the spirit and movement of "As You Like It," and awakens endless echoes and suggestions. Yet the play of jest and fancy has a quality of its own, and an excellence that at times recalls the modern masters of dialogue—Pinero, Wilde, and, let us add, Mr. Hope himself. When the *Parson* says "There is no virtue without temptation," he is answered, "Where there is temptation there remains very little virtue." The misogynist *Sir George* calls Bluebeard "a wise man, but given to repeating hopeless experiments," and asserts that the Martyrs "welcomed heaven because they were leaving their wives behind them." If the atmosphere of the play is that of Shaksperian comedy, there is certainly nothing for which we could be more grateful this side of the spirit of authentic creation. In *The Dolly Dialogues* there was a touch of this spirit—a humor that was at once poignant and divining. The *Lady Ursula,* charming as she is, is without the authentic touch. Yet the play is a most interesting essay, and promises much better things to come.

In structure the play is far from perfect. In the first act nothing whatever happens, and two of the four characters have nothing to do with the main course of the story. The act serves only to explain circumstances which are brought out with sufficient clearness in the second act, when the main action begins. To open with the second act would require considerable constructive skill, but it would avoid the redundance and the tedium of the first act of explanation. The last of the four acts is similarly needless. After the duel and the love passage that close the third act, there is not the least doubt that *Sir George* has discovered *Lady Ursula's* disguise, and has fallen deeply in love with her. In itself the fourth act is commonplace and without a breath of dramatic suspense. It is obviously necessary only to drag out the play to the limit of an evening's entertainment. The second and third acts, on the other hand, are admirably constructed, and are full of dramatic movement and dramatic suspense. If at the end of the third act *Lady Ursula's* identity had been revealed—for instance, by making her brother return to his lodgings where the duel has taken place—the play would have had a vigorous and effective ending.

The acting of Mr. Sothern's company is one of the few things that tend to make up for the rarity in America of stock companies of the better class. No detail of make-up or of expression is slurred or otherwise neglected. The unimportant part of *Lady Ursula's* servant is taken by no less an actor than Mr. Rowland Buckstone, and his familiar touch of grotesque gives a welcome variety to the piece. *Sir George's* servant is Mr. C. P. Flockton, whose long association with leading actors in England and America has given him an almost academic correctness and ease. Mr. A. R. Lawrence gives a graceful rendering of his part. Mr. Merton Selten takes the part of an old-world coxcomb with a humor that is a trifle abated by his great unction of manner. As *Lady Ursula's* elder brother, Mr. Roydon Erlynne appears with a manliness and simplicity of manner that are as unusual as they are delightful. His part is not "fat" in the histrionic sense, and he awakens little response in the audience; but his bearing gives a subdued richness to the scene which is none the less felt. To attempt to characterize the virtues of Mr. Sothern's familiar acting would be to squander adjectives. As far as the limitations of his part permit he is at his best. In the moments before the duel, while the pistols are being loaded, his face is alive with blending emotions and his manner is charged with magnetism. Such a passage of quiet power kindles despair at his mannerisms. At times it seems as if there is nothing he will not sacrifice to superficial smoothness and charm of delivery. In a passage leading up to the duel scene, *Lady Ursula,* in boots and breeches, bids fair to faint, as she had pretended to faint *in propria persona* at *Sir George's* threshold. *Sir George* hovers over the chair of the supposed younger brother, and says, with an effective cadence, "Are you *fainting* too?" There is a fine mingling of irony and tenderness in his manner, but nothing short of the harsher, "Are *you* fainting too?" explains either his irony or his tenderness. Mrs. Sothern has never been as effective in a part like the present, though she has attempted several of them. Her costume is a marvel of scenic propriety and good taste, and her manner throughout suggests careful schooling. If in the charm of her sheer physical exuberance she reminds one of Miss Ada Rehan, the fact is doubtless due to the resemblance her part bears the *Rosalind* and the *Viola* with which one is most familiar. Her work is so finished in externals that one is forced to judge it by a high standard; and judged by a high standard it has marked defects. There is no indication that she has felt the part in the least psychologically. There is scarcely a flash of feminine intuition, and not one of the thousand shadings and gradations of expression that, unless I am mistaken, are to be divined in the part. Think of a woman in man's clothes, in a man's lodgings, facing the muzzle of a pistol! Mrs. Sothern could scarcely look more arch and more unconcerned if she were facing a camera. She faints afterward, to be sure, when she is alone with *Sir George,* but in a perfunctory manner, and is presently as charming and composed as ever.

The settings of the second and third acts are done with the utmost care. Yet there is not a trace of pedantry. Mr. Sothern permits himself the anachronism of Braun photographs of a portrait by Valesquez, and several by Gainsborough; and the effect justifies him. Especially to be praised is the nice subordination of the setting to the scene, so different from the splendid impertinences of scenery with which Sir Henry Irving is extinguishing his acting. Mr. Sothern's settings are a rich and finely adapted accompaniment to his acting, and give harmony to a performance that is throughout a luxury to the senses. JOHN CORBIN.

## ON CERTAIN WILY DOVES.

"Let's shed our claws!" said the chicken-hawk
To the calm and peaceful hen.
They shed their claws, they took a walk,
And then!

"Let's shed our teeth!" said the hungry wolf
To the soft and fleecy ram.
They shed their teeth and wandered off—
Poor lamb!

"Let's shed our tricks!" said the steerer bold
To the farmer green as grass.
They shed their tricks, and the farmer's gold
Was brass!

"Let's shed our arms!" said the wily Czar
To the rest of the ruling pack.
They shed their arms; then Asia far:
Cossack! J. K. B.

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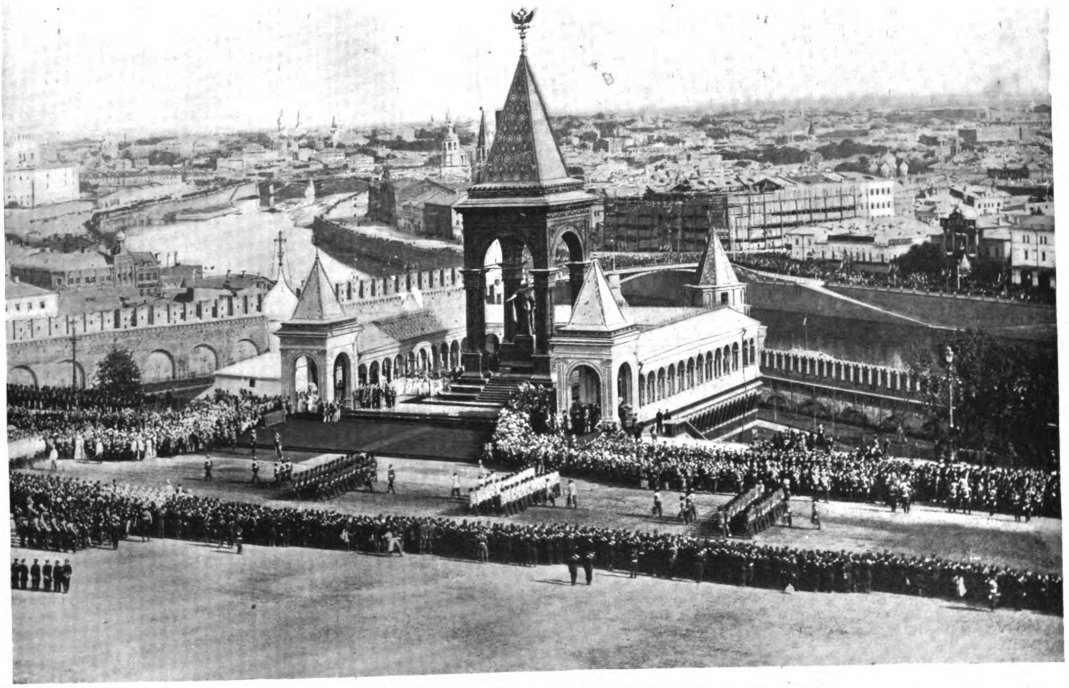
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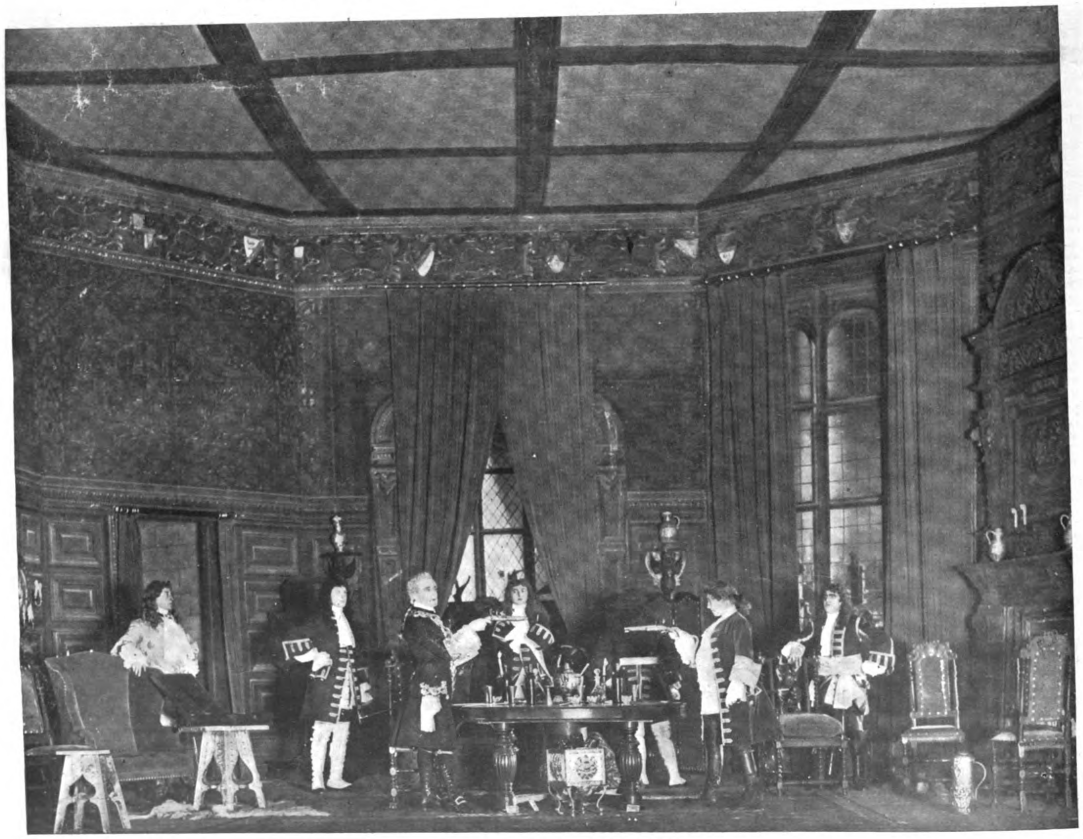
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MOSCOW—DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER II.—[See Page 974.]



"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK—THE DUEL SCENE AT THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.
[See Page 970.]

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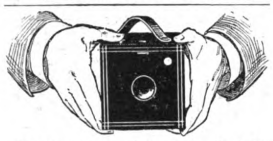



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TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION NUMBER.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2181. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



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UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION ARCH.

A TYPICAL SCENE AT THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA—ARCH OF THE STATES IN THE BACKGROUND.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT THE EXPOSITION.—[SEE PAGE 987.]


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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 8, 1898

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MR. WOODFORD has resigned the mission to Spain, having no more duties to perform that are of immediate moment to the country. He retires with the respect of all his fellow-citizens, and of many Spaniards among those who recognize most clearly the situation of their country.

THE Paris Peace Commissioners of America and Spain have arrived at the place of consultation. If there is any point for discussion, Spain may be counted on to delay the decision as long as possible. If there is not—in other words, if our Commissioners have no discretion—there is no reason why they should have been appointed. There was no need under such conditions for this government to send a messenger even. If we are to lay down our final terms, determined on at Washington in advance, there is no room for negotiation. But we fancy that the rumors of the press are at fault, and that Mr. DAY and his associates will have an opportunity to yield and compromise.

GOVERNOR BLACK is partly the victim of bad political logic. First he offended all decent citizens of the State by his contemptible partisanship, and his appointment of LOU PAYN and ALDRIDGE to responsible positions. Then he offended the scoundrels by permitting the rascalities of the canal improvement management to be revealed, and by undertaking to prevent PLATT from carrying out his agreement with CROKER. In order to be a deservedly popular statesman one must be consistently and persistently virtuous. In order to be a successful politician one must be persistently vicious, and a faithful and loyal adherent and slave of the party rascals.

THE French cabinet, with much reluctance, has ordered a revision of the DREYFUS case. That is, it has sent the case to the Court of Cassation with a view to discovering if DREYFUS was wrongfully convicted. In opposing a revision of the case the French army has been laboring under a misapprehension. It is not DREYFUS now, nor even ESTERHAZY, but the chiefs of the French army and the French Republic itself that are on trial. ESTERHAZY probably wrote the bordereau. He is said to have written it under the order of his superior officer, at whose service he placed his conscience as well as his sword. He too, like President FAURE and the chiefs of the French army, believes in DREYFUS's guilt, but he admits that there is no material evidence in existence to prove it. It may be that his statement as to the orders that he received to commit forgery is worthless, but the case against the French general staff does not depend upon ESTERHAZY and his statements. It is now believed throughout the world, and in France, that the general staff of the French army determined to convict DREYFUS, and did convict him, without any evidence against him; that, having done this, the army prevented the civil authorities from doing justice, and that DREYFUS is suffering imprisonment on his lonely island because the French general staff is supreme in France and has determined to punish him, guilty or not guilty. On this statement the French Republic is not only threatened, but if it must either be under the heel of the army or cease to exist, it had better cease to exist. If the French army had prevented a revision of the DREYFUS sentence, or if it can now prevent a decision that will be accepted as just, the republic of France is under a military tyranny compared with which the empires of the Kaiser and Tsar are free and enlightened governments.

THE autonomists of Cuba insist, naturally, upon an independent government for their island, and they have made a declaration of this opinion which is of great importance. There seems to be a growing sentiment in this country to the effect that we shall be obliged to assume the government of Cuba because we have discovered that the Cuban soldiers under GARCIA are worthless creatures, who aroused a distaste and inspired a dislike in the American soldier for everything Cuban. We know more than this: we know that the government for which GARCIA and GOMEZ fought, and of which MASSO was, or is, the pretended President, does not exist, and has not existed. We know now that President MCKINLEY and Congress were justified in refusing to recognize the belligerency or independence of the Cuban Republic, and that we made a happy escape from FORAKER and his crowd. This knowledge ought to inspire a modest reticence in the Jingoes who urged us into war for the sake of the Cubans who were "struggling for their liberties," but it does not do that; on the contrary, it inspires them to say that since it has been proved that they were wholly wrong before the war, and that they were insisting upon an attitude which wiser men told them then would be a false one, that therefore we should now accept their counsels and assume the government of the island. The truth is, however, that nothing whatever has been proved as to the capacity of the Cubans for self-government, whether by acts of GARCIA and his men or by the recognized and admitted feebleness of the MASSO government. Even the non-existence of that government, now alleged by GARCIA, does not prove that the Cubans cannot manage their own affairs. The people of the island are not all in the insurgent army. On the contrary, the business of the island is conducted by them; they manage the sugar plantations; they grow tobacco; they furnish the workmen for the mines of the eastern end of the island; many of them are capitalists and good citizens; and these men, we fancy, are to be found in the autonomist party. The United States have no right to say that Cuba cannot govern itself because a few ragged insurgent soldiers have turned out to be worthless pilferers. We are in duty bound to permit the whole population of Cuba to decide this question for itself. We are under the highest obligations to permit the people to vote on this question; and if they decide that they want independence, it is our duty to leave the island to its people, as Congress promised that we should.

## THE UN-AMERICAN POLICY.

THE discussion of the future foreign policy of the United States is increasing in interest—the opponents of expansion, as the New York *Times* has pointed out, having the advantage of character and ability. In the current number of HARPER'S MONTHLY is a clear and strong argument in behalf of the maintenance of American institutions by ex-Secretary CARLISLE. It follows and supplements a recent article published in the same periodical by Mr. JAMES BRYCE, whose warning against the perils of colonial expansion is tempered by the natural self-restraint of a foreigner speaking to us concerning our own affairs, but is also quick with the intelligent interest which Mr. BRYCE, beyond any other foreigner, has in our republic. On the same side have ranged themselves Mr. CARL SCHURZ, Mr. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, Senator CAFFERY, and Mr. CLEVELAND, among other Americans, and Mr. JOHN MORLEY and other leading Liberals, the long-time friends of the United States, among Englishmen. On the other side we have some exuberant and restless young adventurers, some politicians who find phrase-making and demagogy easier than thinking, some editors who mistake cerebral excitement for patriotism and noise for statesmanship, some commercial adventurers who are eagerly interested in the proposition that the government shall buy markets for them with blood and treasure, and some Englishmen, like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who realize that if they can only persuade the United States to take the Philippines, Great Britain will be sure to have this country for an ally in any trouble that may arise in China between herself and Russia. Surely if character and ability ever lend weight to one side of a controversy, there is good reason to ask the country to pause and consider before plunging into a departure toward world power, world responsibilities, and world troubles, on the ground of the intellectual and moral differences between the opponents and advocates of expansion.

There is another reason for listening to the opponents of this new movement than the merits of their arguments. They are more consistently American than the advocates of expansion. They are the champions of the fundamental principles of the republic, the hopeful and confident believers in the soundness of the democratic form of government, and in the high achievements of its future. The advocates of expansion, on the other hand, are proving their loss of faith in democratic institutions and their distrust of the American experiment. They denounce as old-fashioned and outgrown WASHINGTON'S and JEFFERSON'S counsels against mingling our affairs and our destinies with those of monarchical Europe. They hold that the Declaration of Independence erred in asserting it to be a "self-evident truth that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." They scout the word of LINCOLN, and insist that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" has perished from the earth, notwithstanding Gettysburg and Bunker Hill. Whether they like it or not—and they profess not to like it—they are really imperialists, for they are endeavoring to overturn the democratic form of government, to destroy the ideals of the republic, to revolutionize American politics by changing the United States from a popular self-government to a power ruling over alien and unwilling peoples, who will not be free and independent, who will be subjects, who will not have a voice in the making of the laws by which they are governed, and who will be taxed without being represented. And yet these enemies of American institutions, these rebels against the policy which has made the United States what they are, and which has built up American citizenship as it exists, have the insolence to declare that those who favor the maintenance of these institutions and that policy are "un-American." In other words, they recognize the character of the task in which they are engaged by objecting to the labels which properly describe them, and by trying to attach one of them to their opponents. Illustrations of the old fable of the thief who sought to turn attention from himself to his honest pursuers are constantly cropping up in modern life, but no renewal of the old trick within our memory is quite so bold as this one made by those Americans who are so tired of their government and its foundation principles that they desire to join the mediæval procession, the head of which, for the moment, is the Tsar of Russia.

The controlling idea of the fantastics who are seeking to escape from republican to imperial conditions was expressed by Attorney-General GRIGGS in his recent speech before the Republican State Convention of New Jersey. There was an unusual amount of demagogy in this speech, but the sum and substance of it was that by annexing distant islands, and by assuming the government of semi-savage peoples, the politics of the United States would grow in dignity and in interest, and a new race of statesmen would spring up, because the questions that would then present themselves for solution would appeal to intellectual and educated men with more force than do the questions of to-day. Domestic politics, in the opinion of Attorney-General GRIGGS, are "too often artificial and transient," and he longs for the time when we shall get away from them.

What are the problems which Mr. GRIGGS despises, and what is the character of our domestic affairs which appear to him to be so mean and petty? In the first place, by adhering to the policy which was marked out for us not only by the fathers, but by our geographical situation, and subsequently by the enormous extent of our territory, a mighty and consistent whole, the American nation and the American citizen have come to be what they are. The men who have built up this country and made it one of the most powerful and prosperous nations of the world are the products of American institutions, which have made men self-respecting and absolutely independent through equality of privileges and equality of power—an equality that will be at once destroyed by the assumption of the power to govern other people. We have attained the heights which appear so low to Mr. GRIGGS largely by reason of our freedom from foreign complications and from the burdens of war and militarism, but mainly by the growth of character developed by our recognition of the right of every human creature to his personal liberty, and of every separate community to govern itself by its own laws, and for the furtherance of its own conception of what is best for itself. These achievements do not arrest Mr. GRIGGS's attention, nor does it occur to him that this republic, the isolated power of the Western continents, guarding its own destinies, not sharing in the international politics of Europe—the chief products of which have been war and diplomatic intrigue—but attending to its own affairs, and developing its own citizens, has had more influence in Europe itself in ameliorating both social and political conditions than all the rest of the world combined. The domestic politics which has produced this kind of result seems to Mr. GRIGGS to be so "artificial and transient" that the American people should adopt a new policy—should

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turn their backs upon the tasks which they have heretofore pursued, and which have made for human liberty and human happiness, in order that their minds may find relaxation and inspiration in controlling the affairs of savages in the Philippines, and in pushing the commerce of our protected industries into the valley of central China.

As to the present problems which Mr. GRIGGS wishes to escape, some of which are due to perversions of our political system, perversions to which the imperial plan would give a long extension of life, their proper solution is vital to the interests of the republic. They involve and include the questions arising out of our commercial policy. We are on the point of determining whether we shall continue our seventeenth-century trade policy or follow a more enlightened plan. We are endeavoring to make the government more efficient by reforming our civil service. We are doing our utmost to make political life more attractive to the honest and able man by the elimination of a corruption that is killing. We are engaged in solving elementary but necessary problems in finance. We are face to face with grave questions of reforms in the administration of justice. We are beginning to struggle with the boss, who for the moment has so revolutionized our form of government that it is an absolutism in the selection of its officers—an absolutism presided over in each party in more than one of our States by an irresponsible person who is so powerful that, in New Jersey, for example, Mr. GRIGGS could not secure a nomination for any office from his own party, even if a majority of the voters of his party wished to give it to him, if his party's State machine objected.

All these problems are difficult, but they are also interesting and dignified. They are beginning to attract the attention of the most intelligent and best of the younger generation of voters. They are not only American questions, but they are of the utmost importance to the cause of democracy everywhere. Indeed, upon their proper solution depends the immediate condition of democracy. They are, in our opinion, infinitely more important than the work in which the expansionists would have the republic engage, which is, reduced to its true terms, the opening up of a few tropical fields for the commerce of a few American citizens. Not only are these domestic questions of more moment than the proposed international questions, but their abandonment would, for the time at least, be the abandonment of the effort now in progress to make the democratic form of government as effective as an administrative instrument as it has been beneficent to the individual citizen. If it is un-American to promote the interests of America, then the opponents of expansion are un-American. On the other hand, if it is un-American to avoid the vital problems of our country and our time, and to abandon democracy for imperialism, then the expansionists must bear the odium of the accusation.

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT FOR GOVERNOR.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S nomination as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York is one good fruit of the war. We say it is a fruit of the war because without the popular enthusiasm which Mr. ROOSEVELT aroused by his conduct as leader of the Rough Riders he could not have received the Republican nomination. Naturally no Republican in the State who was a possible candidate for the Governorship is more offensive to Mr. PLATT than Colonel ROOSEVELT. And at first, we have no doubt, Mr. PLATT was determined that Mr. ROOSEVELT should not be the head of the Republican ticket this year. Events, however, were too strong for the master-boss, and finally he accepted the inevitable, because if he had not he would have been obliged to accept Governor BLACK, who, without ROOSEVELT'S strength, was quite as offensive to him, but for other reasons; and, besides, any other candidate than ROOSEVELT would probably have been defeated by the Democrats. A happy conjunction of events made Mr. ROOSEVELT'S nomination possible.

Notwithstanding some evil features attending the nomination, it is one in which good citizens will rejoice, because it shows that the people still have a power which they can be stimulated to exercise on supreme occasions, and before which the most absolute boss must give way. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S nomination will probably receive the hearty and enthusiastic support of most of the good citizens of the State of New York. While it is too early to say that it is an augury of a good time coming, it is a fact that the nomination carries us back to better days in the history of the State. In point of character the candidate is worthy of the time before PLATT and CROKER dominated the Republican and Democratic machines. Mr. ROOSEVELT is a worthy successor of the men who were Governors before the time of CORNELL, and of Mr. CLEVELAND, the only Governor who, since CORNELL'S time, has maintained the old traditions. Mr. ROOSEVELT, no matter on what grounds his own canvass may be conducted, will be supported by intelligent and thinking citizens, because he is an able and intelligent man, a good administrative officer, and a thoroughly honest gentleman. The presence of such a man as he is needed in Albany, because of the crimes that have been committed by the officials of the party which has now been forced to nominate him as its candidate for Governor, and because of the condition in which men like ALDRIDGE and PAYN have put the affairs of the State. We can trust Governor ROOSEVELT to change the men and the things who have disgraced the Empire State during Governor BLACK'S administration. He cannot be anything but a reformer, and even while his heart may be beating for the Philippines, his mind will be occupied with the affairs of the State of New York, and will do his duty intelligently and honestly.

It is true, too, that in a way his candidacy rests upon national issues, for at the coming election the State of New York is to choose members of the House of Representatives at Washington and legislators who will elect a successor to EDWARD MURPHY. The Republicans of the State, like the Republicans of Iowa and Connecticut, have pronounced in favor of currency legislation that will not only put the finances of the country upon a gold basis, but will reform our currency laws in such a way that the evils which have led to the free-silver movement, and have given it its strongest impulse, will be cured, and we need to be rid of the silver heresy and EDWARD MURPHY.

## THE CONTROL OF THE NILE VALLEY.

THE presence of an armed French force at Fashoda will need a lot of explanation. Sir EDWARD GREY, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord ROSEBERY'S cabinet, warned France in 1895 that any intrusion on the Nile Valley would be looked upon as "an unfriendly act." Fashoda is a thousand miles and more from the nearest French possessions. France made no objection when Germany, Italy, and Belgium in turn acknowledged Great Britain's claim to control the territory in which it stands. How, then, account for the appearance and martial activity of French officers in a town hundreds of leagues from their proper posts, and tacitly confessed by their government to belong to another power?

A glance at the map shows that France stands greatly in need of a connecting link between her possessions in Central Africa and the fortified station of Obok, on the Red Sea. Fashoda meets that requirement, not quite so well as could be wished, but still sufficiently to make it worth occupying. It is within possible striking distance of the French Congo, and easily accessible from Abyssinia, where French influence carries weight with MENELEK. Also it has many advantages of its own. The power that holds Fashoda has control of the province of Bahr-el-Ghazal, said to be the finest recruiting-ground in all Africa, and can make a bid for the Sennar district to the north, which is known as the "granary of the Sudan." Add to these inducements the chance of worrying England and of becoming the latest heroes of the boulevards, and the immediate motives of the French officers in venturing on the Nile Valley are made clear.

But, above everything else, Fashoda is a tempting bait because its possession means the possession of the sources of the Nile, and whoever controls the sources of the Nile controls Egypt. A difference of seven or eight feet in its periodical rise is the difference between flood and famine from Khartum to Cairo. With the French settled at Fashoda, the prosperity, the industries, the very life of Egypt would be in their hands. Not much engineering skill would be needed to divert the Nile from its course, under the pretext of irrigating a special district, and so ruin Egypt at a stroke. Of course a diabolical jest of this kind may be very far from French intentions, but the risk is too great for England to run. Great Britain is not going to see her work in Egypt dependent upon the good-will of a few French officers on the Upper Nile, even if their presence were not fatal to the "Cape to Cairo" dominion, which is the goal of British policy in Africa.

The French will therefore be requested to evacuate Fashoda, and after some protests, and an effort or two to carry out the bluff, they will probably do it. If not, Great Britain will hardly hesitate to turn them out. After the successful two years' struggle in the Sudan, Englishmen are not in the mood for another of Lord SALISBURY'S graceful concessions, let alone the very general feeling that the friendship of France in her present condition is not worth making sacrifices for. But whether by compulsion or persuasion Fashoda will have to be given up. Even so the control of the Nile Valley will not be finally assured to Great Britain. The French have made prodigious efforts within the last ten years to win the friendship of the Negus of Abyssinia. It was with French rifles, and under the guidance of French officers, that MENELEK defeated the Italians at Adowa, and KITCHENER'S campaign was primarily begun to prevent an alliance between the Negus and the Khalifa. How far MENELEK has yielded himself to his French and Russian advisers nobody quite knows, but there is enough uncertainty about his attitude to make Downing Street uneasy. If his splendid fighting strength were to be turned against a British advance southward, the Sirdar would hardly find the last half of the reconquest of the Sudan so easy as the first.

## GOLF ETHICS.

IN theory golf is an admirably simple game; in practice it involves difficulties innumerable. Its accepted code is cumbrous and curiously obscure; and as no two golf courses are exactly alike in physical characteristics, it is easy to see how questions of interpretation may constantly arise. Again, the game is played over a large area, and the opponents in a match are often widely separated. It is such an easy thing to surreptitiously improve the lie of one's ball; and while the unfortunate man in a bunker is not to be judged too harshly if he forgets that he has played thirteen strokes instead of a dozen, the fact remains that he may cheat with comparative impunity, if he cares to take advantage of his opportunities. Of course in an important match there is not much chance for sharp practice, but there are contingencies outside of mere vulgar cheating.

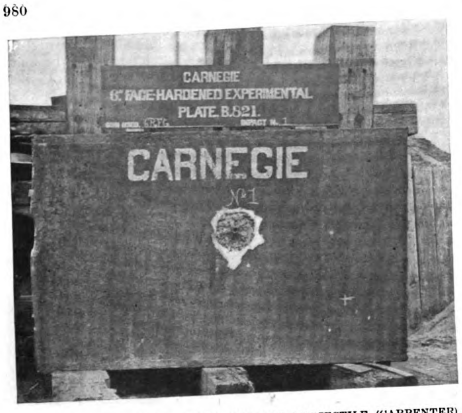
Golf is full of technicalities, and many of its penalties are unduly proportioned to the crime for which they are exacted. The question then arises as to how far a player may take advantage of his adversary upon purely technical grounds and yet retain his standing as a sportsman.

An important match was in progress, and it so happened that no referee was in attendance. A doubtful point arose, and one of the players turned to his opponent for the needful information. Granting that a player is supposed to know his own business, how should the opponent (who did know) have answered? He would have been well within his *rights* if he had declined to give any information, and, without particular injury to his own prospects, he might have answered the question explicitly. What he did do was to return a reply carefully worded, but ambiguous in its nature. The player was deceived, and committed an infraction of the rules. The opponent thereupon claimed and exacted the penalty.

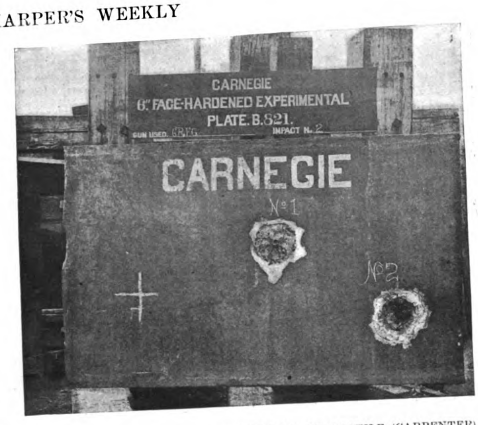
Well, the question may admit of argument, but the nub of the matter seems to be that the mere winning is an unimportant thing compared to the sport itself. There have been periods in our athletic history when this fact was in danger of being overlooked entirely, but of late years a healthier sentiment has arisen. We now require that honors must be won fairly as well as ably. What is the object of the amateur golf meeting? Is it simply to decide who shall have his name engraved upon the HAVEMEYER vase, or is it to determine who is the premier golfer of the year? If the latter, the golf-lawyer must be unplaced equally with the duffer.

It is pleasant to record the fact that both the titular British and American amateur golf champions are men whose sportsmanship is as distinguished as is their skill. Everybody knows that "Freddy" TAIT is the most chivalric of opponents, and although he prefers to be a gentleman first and a golfer afterwards, it does not appear that he has lost many laurels by the decision. The fine play of Mr. DOUGLAS in the recent tournament at Morristown was admired by thousands of spectators, but his unassuming courtesy and thorough-going sportsmanship were quite as much in evidence as was his skill. On one occasion he assisted his opponent in finding a lost ball, and on another he refused to accept an advantage which his adversary was about to accord through an oversight. The same may be said of the runner-up, Mr. W. B. SMITH. In the final match each man did his best to win, but there was not the shadow of an unfairness in the struggle. If golf, as its admirers assert, is the finest of sports, it can only be worthily exploited by gentlemen, and under the most rigorous conditions of honor and fair play.

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No. 1—IMPACT OF 6-INCH ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILE (CARPENTER), WITH STRIKING VELOCITY OF 2021 FOOT-SECONDS.
Estimated penetration, 2.5 inches. Back bulge, 1.5 inches high. No other effect on plate, bolts, backing, or structure.




No. 2—IMPACT OF 6-INCH ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILE (CARPENTER), WITH STRIKING VELOCITY OF 2237 FOOT-SECONDS.
Estimated penetration, 5 inches. Back bulge, 4.5 inches high. No other effect on plate, backing, or structure.

## KRUPP ARMOR-PLATE TESTS.

A CONTROVERSY long drawn out, between the makers of armor plate and Congress, may be disposed of, though not settled, through the agency of certain tests made recently at Indian Head, on the Potomac, by the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department. Those tests, according to Captain O'Neil, the chief of the Ordnance Bureau, render it practically certain that the newly invented Krupp armor plate will be used on the new ships of the navy. The ships in sight for which armor-plate contracts are yet to be made are three battle-ships and four Monitors.

There has been no controversy in the history of the navy more bitter than that which grew out of an investigation of the manufacture of armor plate made by a committee of Congress during the last administration. The Navy Department had been paying between $400 and $500 a ton for armor plate of Harveyized steel. At the same time, it was claimed by the manufacturers, Russia paid American concerns $500 a ton for the same kind of armor. A committee of Congress undertook to prove what was the cost of making armor plate. Its report said that armor plate could be made at a profit for $300 a ton. Congress then offered the steel companies $300 a ton for armor. They made a counter-offer at $400, which Secretary Herbert wanted Congress to accept. But Congress stood by the committee report, and even voted for an investigation to determine the feasibility of building a government armor plant. This was the state of the controversy when the war broke out.

At about that time it was announced that in the Krupp works at Essen had been invented a new way of hardening plates, superior to the Harvey process. The license to use this new process in the United States was obtained by the Carnegie Company. At that time it was said that the Krupp plate would be offered to the government at the price of the Harveyized plate, $400, and that thus no armor thicker than 12 inches will be used where armor of 16 and 18 inches protects the old battle-ships. This saving in weight will help the department to meet the problem of increasing the speed of the battle-ship without lessening her offensive or defensive power. Another element contributing to this end will likely be the substitution of 12-inch for 13-inch guns. The Ordnance Bureau is now making a 12-inch gun of 52 tons weight which will resist a charge calculated to give 3000 foot-seconds velocity to a projectile, where the 13-inch gun, weighing 61 tons, develops a projectile velocity of 2000 foot-seconds. The loss in mass will be more than balanced by the gain in velocity.

Two tests of the new armor have been made at Indian Head. A 6-inch plate was tested July 13, and a 12-inch plate September 22. In each case one-half the plate had been tested successfully at the Bethlehem Iron Works, though the test of the 12-inch plate had not been complete for lack of a 12-inch gun on the proving-grounds. The tests made at Indian Head resulted as shown in the tables below:

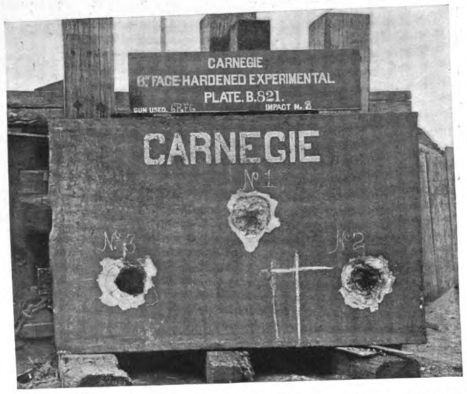
An important feature of all these tests was that the plates were not cracked.

The best plate made abroad was forged at the Creusot works in France. It developed a resistance of 1.41 compared with wrought iron. The resistance of the Krupp plate is 1.71, and it is estimated that a reforged Krupp plate would have a resistance of 2.50. The best Harveyized plate has been hardened to a depth of only 2 inches. The hardening of the Krupp plate extends 4 inches below the surface.

The process by which the Krupp armor is made is secret. Officials of the Carnegie Company say it is known to only two men—experts who were sent to Essen to study it—and even they do not know the last word on the subject. The increased cost, it is claimed, is represented by the slowness of the process of manufacture.

Though the ordnance experts favor the adoption of the new plate, I have heard it stated very positively that Congress will not follow their advice, so we may see a renewal of the armor-plate controversy this winter.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.




No. 3—IMPACT OF 6-INCH ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILE (CARPENTER), WITH STRIKING VELOCITY OF 2350 FOOT-SECONDS.
Penetrated the plate, the 12-inch oak backing, and brought up against the two ⅝-inch steel plates without cracking them.



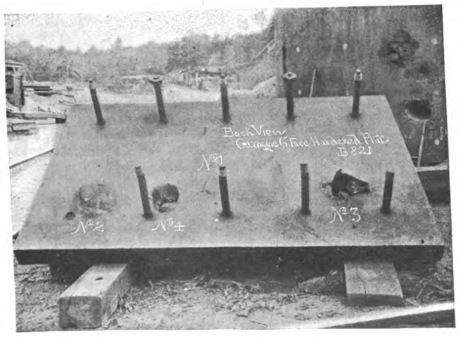

No. 4—IMPACT OF CAPPED 6-INCH ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILE (CARPENTER), WITH STRIKING VELOCITY OF 1984 FOOT-SECONDS.
Penetrated plate, backing, and skin plates, and went a few inches into the sand-butt, not covering itself with sand.

JULY 13.—SIX-INCH PLATE, MOUNTED ON 12 INCHES OF OAK, WITH ⅝-INCH SKIN PLATE.

| Round. | Projectile. | Striking velocity. | Penetration. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | Foot-seconds. | Inches. |
| 1 | Carpenter 6-inch armor-piercing shell. | 2021 | 2½ |
| 2 | " " " " | 2237 | 5 |
| 3 | " " " " | 2350 | Through plate and backing. |
| 4 | Carpenter 6-inch shell, capped. | 1984 | |

SEPTEMBER 22.—TWELVE-INCH PLATE SIMILARLY MOUNTED.

| Round. | Projectile. | Striking velocity. | Penetration. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | Foot-seconds. | Inches. |
| 1 | Carpenter 12-inch armor-piercing shell. | 1833 | 8½ |
| 2 | Midvale " " " | 2022 | Through plate, backing, and skin plate. |
| 3 | Carpenter " " " | 1720 | 4 to 5 |




BACK VIEW OF CARNEGIE 6-INCH FACE-HARDENED EXPERIMENTAL PLATE B-521 AFTER FOUR IMPACTS.

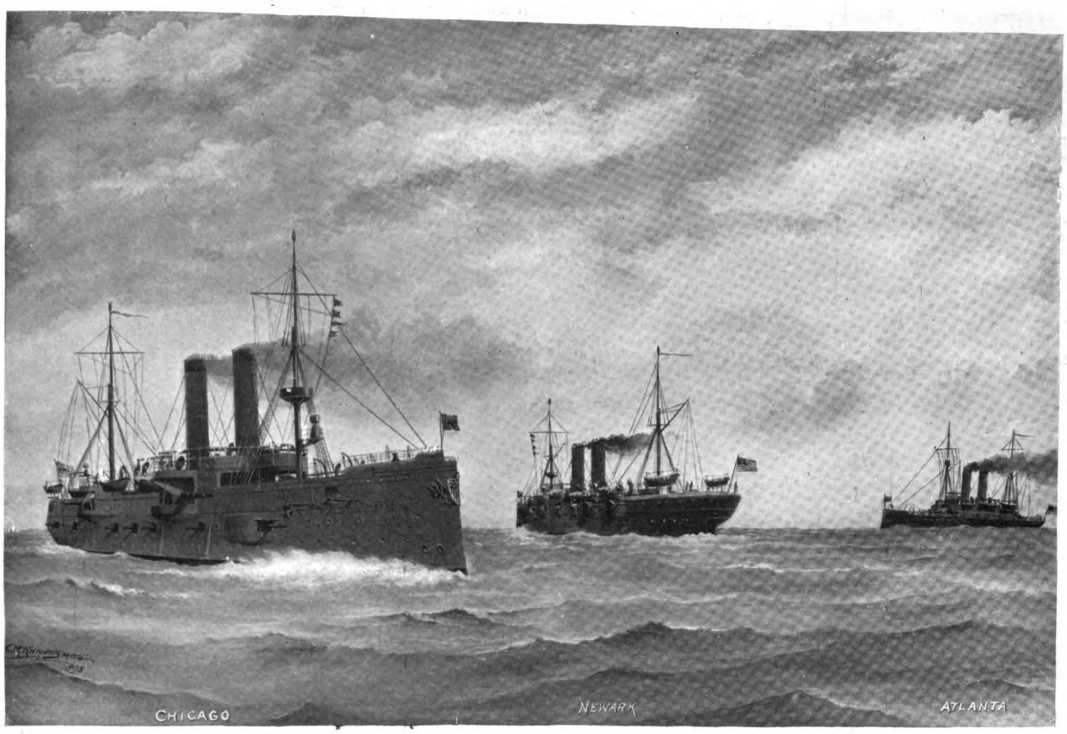
the objection of Congress would be met, viz., by giving the navy more for its money, but adhering to the manufacturer's rate. This statement was denied to me recently by an officer of the Carnegie Company, who told me the price would be more than $400; and Captain O'Neil, chief of the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department, tells me it will probably be $525 a ton. Still, Captain O'Neil thinks Congress will appropriate the money for the Krupp armor, since the tests made at Indian Head show it to be the best armor ever made. Congress, he says, cannot afford to be illiberal with the navy after the demonstration of its value made in the recent war. The increase in cost of the armor plate by 31½ per cent. does not mean a proportionate increase in the cost of a battle-ship; for, being of a higher power of resistance, the Krupp plate can be made thinner than that of Harveyized steel without lessening its protective value. Captain O'Neil figures the saving in weight at 350 tons for a battle-ship, and this estimate contemplates putting thin armor on parts of the ship heretofore unprotected. Probably

## OUR TRANSFORMED CRUISERS.

DURING the active part of the war with Spain there were three cruisers of the United States navy which were very much missed. They were the *Newark*, the *Chicago*, and the *Atlanta*. They were undergoing extensive alterations at navy-yards. Just before the peace protocol was signed the *Newark* was put into commission again. The *Chicago* is practically ready for her crew, and the *Atlanta* will probably be ready for work again in December.

Of these vessels the *Chicago* is practically new. Only the hull of the old *Chicago* remains. Her old horizontal expansion engines have been replaced by others of the triple-expansion type. Her speed has been raised from 16 to 19 knots. New ventilating apparatus has been put in. The ship has been fitted with fire-proof wood throughout, and real water-tight doors, operated from the deck, engine-rooms, or the doors themselves, have been placed in the compartments. The greatest change to the eye, however, has been the removal of the bark rig and the substitution of two modern military masts. The vessel also has an entirely new battery, consisting of fourteen 5-inch rapid-fire guns and four 8-inch guns. The 8-inch guns now in place are those the cruiser formerly had, but

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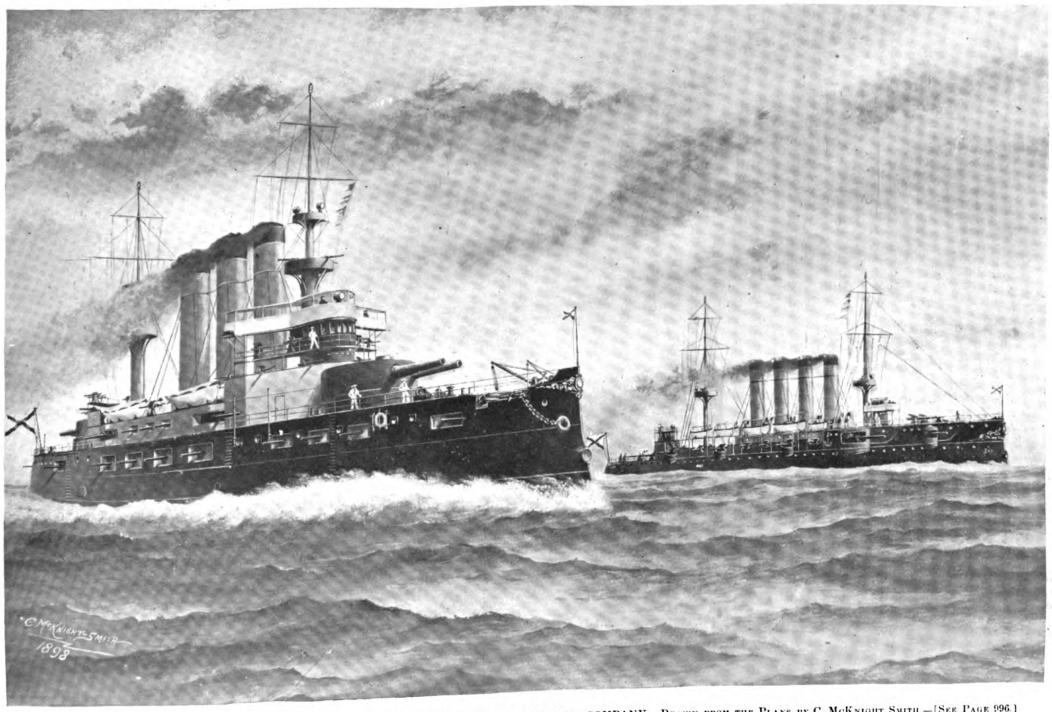

OUR THREE RECONSTRUCTED CRUISERS.—Drawn by C. McKnight Smith.

they are to be replaced with modern 8 inch of the rapid-fire type. The new guns will probably be ready in six or eight months. After that the *Chicago* will be up to date in every respect, and one of the most efficient war-ships of her class—the protected-cruiser grade—in the world. It is reasonable to say that she will be 40 per cent. more efficient than she was before. It has cost about $1,000,000 to rebuild her, which was practically her original cost.

The *Atlanta* has also been altered greatly in appearance. She was formerly brig-rigged. Now she has two steel masts with observation tops. Very little has been done to the hull of the vessel. Her engines have been reconstructed largely. They are now of the triple-expansion type. She has new boilers, and her wood-work has been changed for other of the fire-proof variety. A large part of her joiner-work has been taken out entirely. She has a new steel pilot-house, new ports for her 6-inch guns, and new emplacements for her 8-inch guns, which are to be of the rapid-fire kind. She will have the same number and the same size guns that she had formerly, except that all of them will be of the rapid-fire kind. Her 8-inch guns will be ready sometime before those of the *Chicago*.

The work on the *Newark* was not so extensive as that on the *Chicago* or on the *Atlanta*. She had a general overhauling. She was a full-rigged ship before she went to the Norfolk Navy Yard, but all her spars have been removed, and military masts have taken the place of the former rig. She has had new wooden decks and new joiner-work put in, fire-proof wood being used throughout.

The work of repairing the *Chicago* and *Atlanta* has been done at the New York Navy Yard, and that of repairing the *Newark* has been done at the Norfolk Navy Yard. The *Chicago* has been out of commission for three years, the *Atlanta* for more than two. The *Newark* was tied up for only a few months. To the eye they are new vessels; practically they are such as to capability. No other nation has any more efficient vessels of that grade than they are.




THE NEW WAR-SHIPS BEING BUILT FOR RUSSIA BY THE CRAMP SHIP-BUILDING COMPANY.—Drawn from the Plans by C. McKnight Smith.—[See Page 996.]

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

Our growing interest in folks and affairs in the antipodes has led to increased knowledge of at least two Oriental characters with whom it would interest us to become better acquainted. We have known these many years that there was an Empress in China, but our ideas about her have been vague, and we have thought of her rather as an institution than as an individual. But of late she has got thoroughly into the American newspapers, and appears as a person of the liveliest enterprise and the strongest individuality, who makes and unmakes emperors and prime ministers, and has a surprising talent for surviving all rivals whose continued existence might imperil her plans. We regret that her Imperial Majesty did not visit this country at the time of the late fair in Chicago. As a statesman it is clear that she far outdoes our Mrs. Lease of Kansas, and there is reason to believe that neither Mr. Croker, Mr. Platt, nor Mr. Quay knows anything about deals or other details of autocratic government which she needs to learn. Unless the stories about her are inharmonious with fact, it must be that she is the most powerful female person on earth, not even excepting her neighbor the Empress of India.

Our other new acquaintance is Aguinaldo. He is new in fact as well as to our knowledge, for he is only thirty years old. What we have learned about him since we became an Eastern power is certainly adapted to increase our belief in his importance. He has the advantage over our statesmen in having a demonstrated capacity to live and maintain his energy in the climate of the Philippines. There is every prospect that we shall know him much better as time goes on.

Miss Flood's gift of her father's country place and adjoining estates at Menlo Park to the University of California recalls in some particulars the gift of Chantilly to the French Institute by the Duc d'Aumale. Miss Flood's first thought in the matter seems to have been to preserve, for a time at least, in its present form, the house and park which her father created. The house is a huge structure, built of wood, out of respect to the local tendency towards earthquakes, and set in a park of 500 acres, skilfully planted and laid out. Adjoining it is a tract of 2400 acres, which is part of the gift. The house and its contents are estimated to have cost a million dollars. Though it does not shelter priceless collections, such as add to the fame of Chantilly, it is handsomely furnished, and is reported to have some treasures of art. It must be an interesting place, and an edifying reminder of the old Bonanza days in California, when dreams came true and men's imaginings took material shape.

Note was lately made in the WEEKLY of the plans of the Cornell University Medical School for a domicile in New York, and of the strong start Colonel Payne has given it with his endowment of $1,500,000. The year also begins well with the rival institution which has resulted from the union of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College and the Medical School of the University of New York. The Bellevue college has brought to the university property worth half a million dollars, and Chancellor MacCracken reports that he has received during the summer, for the new school, $100,000 more. As to the dispute between the chancellor and the gentlemen now in the service of the Cornell Medical College, who hold that he overreached them, Dr. MacCracken declares that he has published a pamphlet which states his case, and that he has offered to submit everything in dispute to arbitration.

The gentlemen most lately suggested as successors to Colonel Hay in London are Congressman Robert R. Hitt, of Ohio, and Mr. Henry Adams, of Washington. Both are accomplished men. Mr. Hitt has had long experience in public life; Mr. Adams is the son of one of the most efficient ministers we ever sent to England, is a scholar and historian of distinction, and during a long residence in Washington has grown used, by long association, to diplomats and diplomacy. It is further noted that Mr. Adams has long been next-door neighbor to Mr. Hay in Washington, and that Mr. Hitt is, like Mr. Hay, an Ohio man, and was a political lieutenant of President Lincoln. Moreover, both Mr. Adams and Mr. Hitt are credited with private fortunes of sufficient scope to make them comfortable in London.

It has been suggested that General Wilson would make a good ambassador. A document that helps to give an idea of his qualifications for such a post is the address which he made on August 31 to sundry Puerto-Ricans at the plantation of Mr. Pierinisi, near Ponce. As printed in the *Sun* of September 25 it seems an exceedingly judicious and statesmanlike discourse, abounding in good counsel, conveyed in an admirable spirit, and very clearly and effectively put.

Mrs. L. M. Stevenson, the acting president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who is described as Frances Willard's niece, lately made a fervent address at the Greenacre Summer School in favor of total abstinence, prohibition, and the stoppage of all traffic and indulgence in intoxicants. The Boston *Transcript* takes her to task for saying there is "no question about the blessings the State of Maine has enjoyed through the prohibitory law, for the late Mr. Blaine and other Maine statesmen have borne testimony to them time and again." The *Transcript* suggests that statesmen in Maine and other places find it expedient to bear testimony to a good many doubtful benefits, and avers that there are more drinking-places in Portland, in proportion to its size, than in Boston, and that the United States internal-revenue returns correct the impression that the liquor traffic in Maine has been even approximately suppressed.

It would be interesting to know whether prohibition has made as good a showing in any large city in Maine as local option has made in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Stevenson spoke of the 6000 suicides and 16,000 murders which were traced to drink in this country last year, of the 80,000 drunkards that we bury annually, and the $200,000,000 which we spend every year for ardent beverages. How interesting it would be if we could know in what measure alcohol is truly a cause of crime, and how far it is merely incident to it! What would the degenerate do if they could not get drunk? Undoubtedly alcohol in the evil-minded is an incentive to evil conduct, but how far John Barleycorn's responsibility extends is a complicated question. It was a Maine man who said that he had supposed rum to be the cause of all evil until he was shut up in Andersonville prison, and discovered how much iniquity could be evolved without the aid of any alcoholic stimulant whatever.

There is no question at all about the value of temperance for all persons, and the expediency of total abstinence for a good many persons, but it is by no means certain that the moral results of universal abstinence would fulfil expectations, unless, indeed, the promoters of the experiment should have the good luck to bring it on just at the time when Satan happens to have been tied up for a thousand years. Let the adversary remain at large, and it will take more than a mere dearth of rum to close him out of business.

It is excellent news that the Royal St. Lawrence and Seawanhaka yacht clubs have suppressed the unpleasantness which arose between them, and are to sail another match next year on Lake St. Louis. The reconciliation of these rivals is a welcome concession to the strong prevailing prejudice against disputes over international yachting races.

Report comes from the University of Wisconsin of a complicated case of college discipline, in which politics, athletics, and rival powers in the university are badly mixed up. The Athletic Council of the university has compassed the expulsion, for professionalism, of James Maybury, sprinter, and Henry Cochems, captain of the football team. The faculty sustains the council and proposes to rescind degrees already given to these men. The Board of Regents is opposed to expulsion, and frantic at the idea of rescinding degrees. The students of the university side with the regents. Maybury and Cochems have both been active in politics, especially Cochems, who wrote "The Truth About Money," used in Wisconsin in the last Presidential election, and spent nine weeks on the stump, so the Republican State Central Committee has interested itself in the case, and proposes to have the expulsion quashed. What the upshot will be has not yet transpired, but it seems a fine fight in a good cause, and no one can say any longer that the Western universities have not waked up to the importance of clean methods in sport.

It is a notable fact that while the rest of the American navy has won renown by sinking Spanish ships and keeping American vessels afloat, Lieutenant Hobson has gathered in large chunks of glory by precisely the opposite course—to wit, by running an American vessel to the bottom of the sea, and by his successful endeavors to bring Spanish war-ships to the surface. So far as appears, the work of raising such of the ships of Cervera's fleet as can be raised is in his charge. In the case of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, his efforts came to a successful conclusion on September 23, when that vessel came off the rocks and was promptly taken to Guantanamo Bay. It was a triumph for Hobson, for the possibility of saving the ship had been seriously questioned, and at one time it had been recommended that the work on her be abandoned.

The next problem is the *Cristóbal Colon*, with which Hobson and his wreckers are now busy. That is a more difficult case, but Lieutenant Hobson maintains that he fully expects the *Colon* to carry him to New York. There is a chance also of raising the *Reina Mercedes*, but the *Oquendo* and *Vizcaya* are given up.

Mr. Charles Denby, who was American minister in China for thirteen years, has been talking out of the fullness of his experience about that country, and particularly about the missionaries there. He commends the missionaries, and says there are a great many of them, and that they are doing useful and important work. He thinks there are a million Christian converts among the Chinese, and believes that the great majority of them are sincere, for, he says, the missionaries detect the bogus converts and throw them out. Missionaries are of all sects, Catholic and Protestant, and come from Europe and America. There are fifty French bishops in China, Mr. Denby says, and he speaks of the Catholic orphanage at Foo-choo that shelters 1000 children, and of the Methodist church in Peking, built to hold 2000 persons, which gets 1000 children from the streets into its Sunday-school on Sunday. Mr. Denby has no sympathy with the sentiment that American missionaries had better work at home. He says that folks who sniff at missionary work in China don't know what is going on. As for himself, he says he made it his business to find out, and to that end, in 1886, soon after he went to China, he visited all the treaty ports and invited all the American missionaries to come and see him, and so he got a thorough insight into missionary work.

An interesting question which will be considered at the general convention of the Episcopal Church, which convened in Washington on October 5, will be the expediency of changing the name of the Church, and calling it simply "The Church in America." This change, if it is made, will greatly interest the other Protestant sects in America, producing smiles or frowns, according to the tempers of the observers, but inevitably giving an impression of bumptiousness and assumption. So far as the Episcopal Church alone is concerned, there are some very pretty reasons why it should change its name; but in so far as concerns its relations with other Protestant bodies in this country, there are some strong practical reasons why it should not.

No steamer list contains the name of Andrew Lang. The British Isles continue to be sufficiently salubrious for that eminent hack writer, and it is suspected that the nature of his engagements compels him to limit his migrations to points within twelve hours of London. It is a pity. We should like to see Mr. Lang, and, really, some of the American golf links afford a fair quality of sport. Mr. Robert Bage Kerr, the secretary of the United States Golf Association, has estimated that there is now fifty million dollars invested in the 500 golf clubs of this country; yet Mr. Lang hugs his native shores, and finds Abana and Pharpar good enough. A good and diligent man is Mr. Lang, but hopelessly insular.

Hamlin Garland has gone to the Klondike country, and the San Francisco *Chronicle* reports his arrival at Pine Creek, the newest gold camp, after a narrow escape from starvation "on the terrible Spokane route." So far this year the Klondike has been rather a disappointment, and has produced far more distress and calamity than gold or marketable copy. Now that war is over, however, its value as a literary base will begin to look up again. Whatever luck Mr. Garland has as a gold-seeker, we may hope with confidence for entertaining literature as a result of his Alaskan experiences.

Fanny Davenport, the actress, who died at Duxbury, Massachusetts, on September 26, had been on the stage in this country for forty years, and was one of the best-known members of her profession. She was born in London in 1850, and was the oldest child of Edward L. Davenport, an actor of high merit, still well remembered. Her first appearance was in 1857 as a child in her father's company at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. She appeared repeatedly in the next twelve years, and in 1869 made her début as a member of Mr. Daly's company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, where, shortly after, she succeeded Agnes Ethel. She continued in Mr. Daly's company for nine years, showing great versatility and capacity. In 1878 she left Mr. Daly and started out as a star in "Pique." In 1882 she visited England, and appeared at Toole's Theatre in "Diane de Lys." Among her later plays have been Sardou's "Fedora," "La Tosca," "Cleopatra," and "Gismonda." Last year she brought out "The Soldier of France" in Boston, but it was not successful, and the worry of it is said to have affected her health. She was twice married—first to Edwin Price, from whom she was divorced, and, in 1888, to Melbourne MacDowell, who survives her.

The commission appointed by the President to investigate the administration of the War Department began its work on September 26 in Washington. Its duties were defined by the President in an address, in which he said:

> There has been in many quarters severe criticism of the conduct of the war with Spain. It is my earnest desire that you shall thoroughly investigate these charges and make the fullest examination of the administration of the War Department in all its branches, with the view to establishing the truth or falsity of these accusations. I put upon you no limit to the scope of your investigation. I invite the closest scrutiny and examination, and shall afford every facility for the most searching inquiry. The records of the War Department and the assistance of its officers shall be subject to your call.

The commission includes nine members. Its president, Major-General Grenville M. Dodge, born in 1831, was bred a civil engineer, served with high distinction in the civil war, and left the army, in 1866, to build the Union Pacific and Texas Pacific railroads. He has been a member of Congress from Iowa, and succeeded General Sherman as commander of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. He is now commander of the Loyal Legion for the State of New York.

Major-General Alexander McDowell McCook, born in 1831, is a graduate of West Point (1852), with a distinguished civil war record, who served long and ably in the regular army, and was retired in 1895 with the rank of Major-General.

Brigadier General John M. Wilson, Chief of Engineers, U.S.A., graduated from West Point in 1860, and served in the civil war, chiefly as inspector-general. He has been superintendent at West Point and superintendent of public buildings and grounds. He has held his present rank and place since February, 1897.

Dr. Phineas D. Connor is a prominent physician of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charles Denby, born in 1830, is a lawyer of Evansville, Indiana, who served in the war, coming out a colonel, and was American minister to China from 1885 to 1898.

General Jas. Adams Beaver, born in 1837, served with great gallantry in the war, and lost a leg in the campaign against Lee in 1864. In 1886 he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania, and served until 1891. After that he practised law, and is now a judge of the Appellate Court of Pennsylvania.

Urban A. Woodbury, of Burlington, Vermont, born 1838, is a veteran of the war, and was Governor of Vermont in 1896.

Captain Evan P. Howell, of Atlanta, born 1889, served in the Confederate army. He is best known as the associate of Henry W. Grady in the editorship of the Atlanta *Constitution*. He sold his interest in that paper in 1897.

Colonel James A. Sexton, of Chicago, is a veteran of the civil war, and is the new commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was postmaster of Chicago from 1889 to 1895.

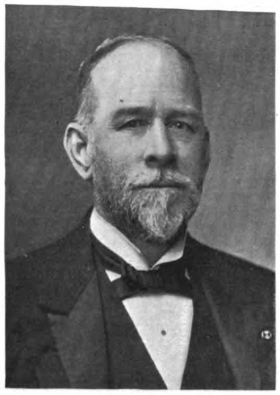
Havana despatches say that on September 26 the remains of Columbus were taken out of the sarcophagus in the cathedral at Havana, in which they had rested for more than a century, and were sealed up in a proper box to be shipped back to Spain. Columbus died in 1506, and was ceremoniously buried at Valladolid. Seven years afterwards (1513) his remains were moved to Seville and deposited in a chapel of the monastery of Las Cuevas, where, in 1526, they were joined by the body of his son Diego. In 1536 both bodies were moved to Hispaniola and deposited in the principal chapel of the cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795, when San Domingo passed to France, the Spaniards moved what was believed to be the body of Columbus to Havana; but the story is that they took not Christopher, but Diego, and the proof offered is that Columbus, by his will, ordered the chains he wore in his imprisonment to be buried with him, which was done, but that the coffin moved to Havana had no chains in it. On this ground, and perhaps for other reasons, the San Domingo people have always averred that their cathedral still held all that was left of Columbus; and perhaps they are right, though their claims have never had any standing in Havana or in Spain.

There is no present indication that any serious opposition will be made to the transfer of Havana's good-enough Columbus back to Spain, though the proceedings may yet become matter for negotiation. It may be doubted whether the attachment of Columbus to Spain was sufficiently strong to make him indisposed to continue as a tenant of

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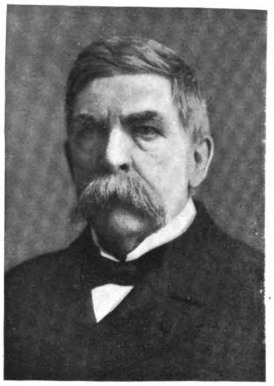
HON. CHARLES DENBY,
Of Indiana.
Photograph by Hatton.



HON. JAMES A. BEAVER,
Of Pennsylvania.



HON. URBAN A. WOODBURY,
Of Vermont.



HON. GRENVILLE M. DODGE,
Of New York.

Cuban soil after the departure of the Spanish flag from that island. His burials heretofore have always been occasions of great ceremony and display, and doubtless the next one will not be an exception.

It has been suggested to the WEEKLY that the American public has never been adequately informed as to the work done in the late war by the unprotected cruiser *Yosemite*. So far as the army was concerned, the volunteers got full credit for all they did, and if there has been ground of complaint it has been that the regulars have been comparatively slighted in the attention that has been paid to the green hands. But there has been no trouble of that kind with the navy. There the regulars have had their due, and it is possible that in the case of the *Yosemite* the naval volunteers have not got their full share of glory.

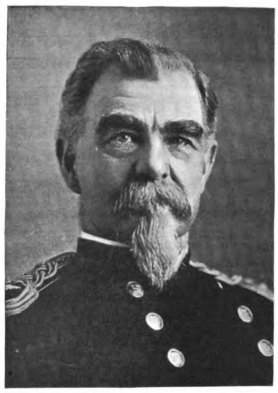
It is claimed for the *Yosemite*, manned by naval reserves from Michigan, that it fought the only sea-fight of the war against odds. The story of this feat as it comes to the WEEKLY is that the cruiser was left early in June off San Juan, Puerto Rico, to maintain the blockade for a day or two, until re-enforced. This work it did unaided for nineteen days, and on June 28 engaged three Spanish warvessels and one torpedo-boat, which it fought for four hours, with the result that it sunk the *Antonia Lopans* and one gunboat, damaged the torpedo-boat, and drove that and the other gunboat back into the harbor. There were two hundred men from Detroit on the *Yosemite*, and in Detroit and other parts of Michigan where their work is known and appreciated, the *Yosemite's* sea-fight is felt to be the great naval exploit of the war. The feeling in those parts is that not enough has been said about that fight, and that the services of the Michigan reserves have had by no means as much advertisement as they deserved.

E. S. MARTIN.

## THE GERMAN ROYAL VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

### A NEW PILGRIMAGE TO AN OLD SITE.

AN event of unique interest is the approaching visit to Jerusalem of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, with a distinguished retinue, the German princes and clergy having been invited to participate. The central event is the consecration, on October 31, of an imposing new edifice in Jerusalem, "the Church of the Redeemer," the site of which centres in itself circumstances of remarkable historic interest which we briefly outline for our readers. Of our illustrations, one shows, on the right of the picture, the new church, with its lofty and massive bell-tower personally designed by the Emperor, with much of the scaffolding still in place. On the left, the near dome is a Greek church, while the other is that of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the neighboring minaret is of a Moslem mosque. Another illustration shows the laying of the corner-stone, October 31, 1893, by the Emperor's representative, Pastor Barkhausen, court chaplain, in presence of a distinguished company. The corner-stone rests on the old wall which enclosed the city at the beginning of the Christian era, uncovered in digging to place the stone. The chief document deposited in the corner-stone is of such interest that we give its text elsewhere in our columns. The date was just five years prior to the day fixed for the consecration, being the anniversary of Luther nailing his famous ninety-five theses on the Wittenberg church door that kindled the fire of the Reformation in Europe.



BRIG.-GEN. JOHN M. WILSON, U.S.A.

DOCUMENT OF EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY DEPOSITED IN THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW GERMAN CHURCH IN JERUSALEM.

[Translated from the German.]

In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen.

Again, as in ancient times, the eyes of Evangelical Christianity in Germany are turned with pious reverence to the Holy places once trodden by the feet of our Lord and Saviour.

Long since awoke the desire that there, where the great act of Redemption for mankind was accompli-hed, a House of God might be raised, where the message of the saving grace of God in Christ Jesus might be announced clear and pure.

This wish has gained twofold weight since the number of German adherents to the Evangelical faith has increased in the Holy Land, and since the pious self-sacrifice of Evangelical Germany has founded a large number of Institutions working blessing in compassionate Love.

My august predecessors in the Throne of Prussia have, with their people, longed for the time when it would be possible to erect a house of God for the proclamation of Evangelical Christian faith. The care of my royal Grandfather, who rests in God, his Majesty the Emperor and King William I., procured the plot of ground on which the German Evangelical Church is to be built.

With a munificence worthy of thankful recognition did his majesty, the Sultan of the Osmanli, present us with the plot of ground on which the Mother house once stood, and where now lie the ruins of the Church of St. Maria.

On November 7, 1869, my late beloved Father, then Crown-Prince Frederick William, later German Emperor and King Frederick III., took possession of the ground lying in the vicinity of the Holy Sepulchre; the place is at the same time consecrated by great historical memories of a knightly order, which now, newly arisen, is fulfilling its ancient traditions by works of Christian love. The prosecution of the plans for this building which my illustrious predecessors in the Throne had so much at heart was not permitted to them, and only in the present moment has it become possible to take the enterprise in hand.

Through the willing offerings of the Evangelical German Churches, the means for building have been gathered, and I have commanded the rebuilding of the ancient Church of St. Mary to be begun on its old site, and the foundation-stone to be laid on October 31 of this year. The same day on which, by God's grace, I was permitted to dedicate the restored Schlosskirche in Wittenberg, in union with the Evangelical Princes of Germany, shall the foundation-stone of this church be laid, to announce thereby that this church too shall stand as a monument of Faith in the incarnate Son of God, the crucified and risen Redeemer, as a confession of the blessed Gospel of the grace of God as it has been opened to Evangelical Christendom through the Reformers, as a visible witness to the Unity of Faith in which the Evangelical Churches of Germany are bound with each other and all outside. I thank the Lord God that He has granted me also in this respect to carry out the thought of my illustrious Forefathers. From Him I ask grace that from the place whence the joyful message of Salvation went out to all the world the Gospel pure and simple may be proclaimed, and there, where the Lord suffered for us, He may also, in the German tongue, be praised as the one Saviour and Redeemer blessed forever. God grant it. Amen.

There is much in this coming of a great Protestant Prince and his consort, and from the father-land of the Reformation to the birthplace of Christianity, connected as it is with religious ceremonies and a brilliant following, and with possible political designs, that gives the journey the flavor of a pilgrimage, and suggests the knightly character standing amid the shadowy figures of mediæval history, with its eye turned in heroic devotion towards the Holy Sepulchre, and in which were strangely mingled religious enthusiasm, warlike daring, and chivalrous devotion to woman. Notwithstanding the attempt of a section of the press of Europe to cast ridicule on this "new pilgrimage," it is the latest and a most eminent expression of that irrepressible tendency that has manifested itself throughout Europe from the third century, when Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire in



HON. EVAN P. HOWELL,
Of Georgia.
Photograph by Schloss.



HON. JAMES A. SEXTON,
Of Illinois.



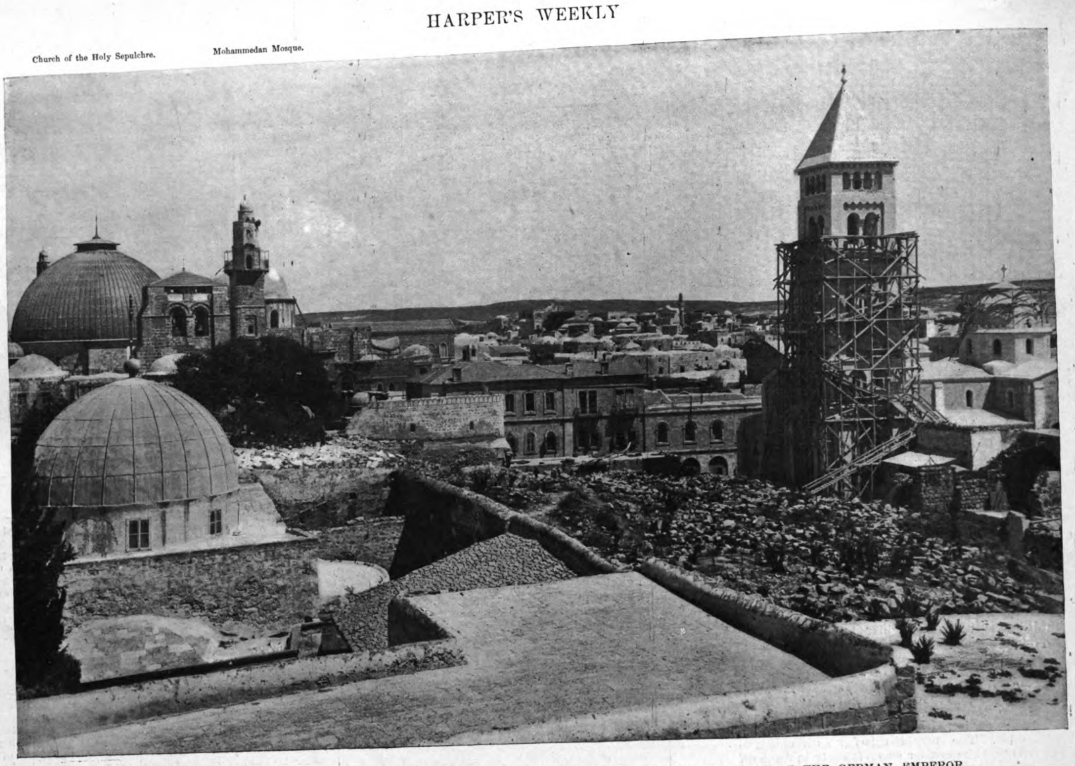
DR. PHINEAS D. CONNOR,
Of Ohio.
Photograph by Benjamin.



MAJ.-GEN. ALEXANDER McDOWELL
McCOOK, U.S.A. (Retired.)

THE COMMISSION APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT McKINLEY TO INVESTIGATE CONDITIONS IN THE ARMY.

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THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, JERUSALEM—TO BE DEDICATED OCTOBER 31 IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

peaceful pilgrimage and warlike crusade to the Holy City. The new church is built on the north end of a large plot of ground near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, presented to Emperor William I., grandfather of the present Emperor, in 1869, by the Sultan of Turkey, on the occasion of the visit of the Crown-Prince Frederick to Jerusalem at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal. This fulfilled a cherished desire on the part of the old Emperor, who had long sought a foothold in Jerusalem for German Protestant interests. This plot is the east half of the celebrated "Muristan," the west half being now in possession of the Greek Patriarchate.

As early as the reign of Charlemagne we find historic mention of this site as a monastery founded by this prince, and as the Church of Sta. Maria Latina, with western rites, and in charge of the Benedictines. They were destroyed in 1018, in common with all the churches of Jerusalem, by the Moslems under the Egyptian Khalif Hakim. When the persecution had subsided the ruins were purchased by Italian merchants of Amalfi, who, in 1063, built here the hospital which soon after became the birthplace and cradle of the renowned order of the Knights of St. John, which began as a simple brotherhood of hospitallers to minister to sick pilgrims, but grew quickly into a powerful order, adding warlike exploits to deeds of mercy. On this ground arose successively the Church of the Order of St. John (whose ruins, now being uncovered by the Greeks, are in the west half of the original plot), the palace of the master of the order, the dwellings of the knights, a splendid armory, and mews. Through the portal one stepped from the Street of the Holy Sepulchre into the hospital, supported by one hundred and twenty-four columns, built to accommodate one thousand pilgrims and invalids. In the northeast corner, where the new church stands, was the Church of St. Mary Major, whose ruins were uncovered when, a few years ago, the débris was cleared away by the German architects, and the present edifice is a restoration of this ancient church, built in old French style, the old double-arched northern entrance, elaborately carved with figures symbolizing the twelve months of the year, being found standing in good preservation, and which is now built into the new church as its most interesting feature. Back of the Church of St. Mary Major stood the cloister of the affiliated order of nuns, and which may be seen to-day still in good condition. This and a large space still to the south, beneath which are huge subterranean chambers, were included in the gift to Emperor William I., and there a large hospice will be built, and will replace the present hospice, which appears in one of our illustrations, showing on the entrance-door the cross of the order of the Knights of St. John, now again revived.

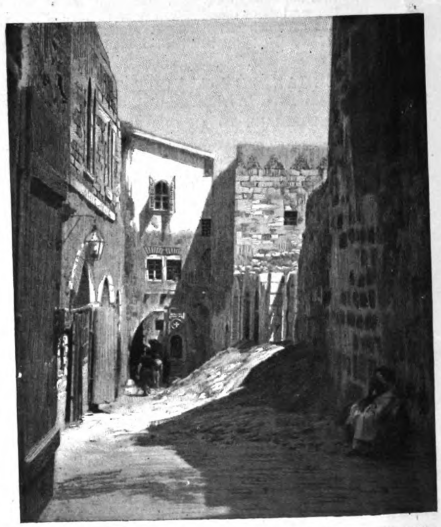
In 1187, after the ninety years of the rule of the Crusaders in Jerusalem, Saladin (Saleh-ed-deen) conquered the city, and converted the cloister of the sisterhood (the nuns having fled) into a mad-house, called in Arabic "Muristan," from which the whole area took and still retains its name. It afterwards became "wakuf," or endowed ecclesiastical property, and inalienable except at the will of the Sultan. So now, after seven hundred years, the eastern half has, by the gift of the Sultan, come again into Christian hands, and is to again be the site of a hospice of the same knightly order that so long ago began and flourished here, as afterwards in Rhodes, and then in Malta, from which they were dislodged by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1798.

It was a fond dream of William the Great to bring about cordial relations between the national Churches of the two great European Protestant nations. With this in view, a Bishopric of Jerusalem was founded in 1842, under the joint protection of the German and British governments, the office to be held alternately by a German pastor, to be ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and an English bishop. Unhappy dissensions between the German and English sections of the Jerusalem Protestant community culminated, in 1886, in final separation and an abandonment of the joint bishopric. And now that the Germans are consecrating their new church with such imposing accompaniments, a pile of buildings, north of the Damascus Gate, in mediæval architecture, including a church, bishop's residence, schools, etc., is being completed by the English Bishop Blyth for early dedication, to be attended by the first ecclesiastical dignitaries of England. The German half of the fund deposited by the two governments for the support of the bishop went to swell the sum which the German church has cost, which has been contributed to by all the evangelical churches of Germany.

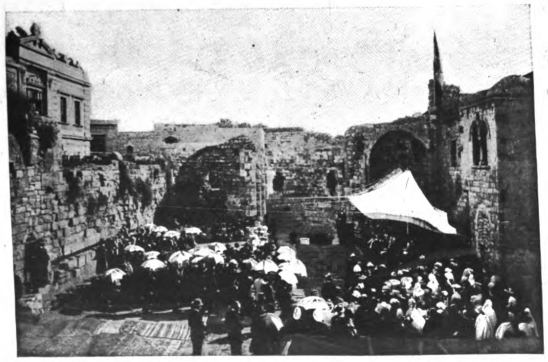
Great interest has been aroused by the prospect of this royal visit. In Palestine itself preparations are being extensively and enthusiastically made in the repairing of roads to be traversed by the imperial cortége, and the building of new roads to the Mount of Olives and Mar Saba to enable them to be reached by carriage, and alterations, repairs, and enlargement of the public works of Jerusalem itself, and the erection of triumphal arches, etc. The course of Germany in espousing the Turkish cause in the late Turco-Grecian war has given her Emperor a strong hold upon the affections of all classes here.

The royal party are to land at Haifa on Wednesday, October 26. They come by carriage by several stages to Jerusalem (the entrance of the Emperor, however, to be on horseback), arriving on the following Saturday. The consecration of the church is to take place on Monday the 31st. Visits are planned to the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, Mar Saba, and Jericho. The offer of the Sultan to provide the expenses of the trip has been declined with thanks.

E. F. Baldwin.



JERUSALEM STREET, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO THE PRESENT HOSPICE OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.



LAYING CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW GERMAN CHURCH IN JERUSALEM, OCTOBER 31, 1893.

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# LONDON.

*September 17, 1898.*

More interesting times than these we have not had since the Crimean war. Events follow each other rapidly. Perhaps the most interesting phenomenon of all is the composure and placidity of the public mind. Since my last letter the battle of Omdurman has been fought and won. The Dervish loss of life, I am assured on high authority, is considerably understated in the newspapers, and in those portions of the Sirdar's early despatch which have been made public. At least 17,000 of the Khalifa's men were slain on the 2d September. Is there another nation in Europe, or, for that matter, elsewhere, which would have received the news of the defeat of Abudalhi and the recovery of Khartoum without visible elation? On Monday, the 5th September, the detailed news became known. At the military manœuvres at Salisbury a salute was fired in honor of the victory, but in London not a flag was hoisted nor a gun discharged. No crowds of excited citizens interrupted the traffic in the streets. Even the Gordon statue in Trafalgar Square was unvisited. If a French or Russian general, after thirteen years and 219 days of anxious preparation, had recovered the Nile Valley to civilization, Paris or Petersburg would have broken out in a rash of bunting. As a matter of fact, public rejoicing over a gallant and defeated enemy, ill armed, and ill led, is looked on askance by leaders of public opinion. It is "bad form," and more serious events than Omdurman loom ahead.

The apparent public apathy does not betoken indifference. There is a deep and thankful pride in the hearts of citizens that England has been able, at last, to wipe out the infamy of Gordon's sacrifice. There are moments in the life of most nations which the people would gladly forget. England would gladly forget the sacrifice of Gordon. He has never been forgotten for a day, and his bones, lying unburied in the ruins of Khartoum, have beckoned Britain to come over and fulfil his dream of freeing the people of the Sudan from the tyranny and lust of slave-masters. After all, Gordon's death is the direct cause of the destruction of Mahdism. It is a curious people, this Anglo-Saxon race. On the 2d September some 17,000 of the enemy were killed and 18,000 wounded. On the 3d September thousands of the men who fought against Kitchener the previous day were quietly enlisted under British officers as recruits in the Egyptian army. On the 4th September a funeral service was held in Khartoum on the spot where Gordon was killed, and proposals for a memorial, which is to take the form of a college for the education of the sons of sheiks, were started by the Sirdar. There is not an Englishman, and probably not an American, who does not draw a freer breath after the victory of Omdurman. There is no nation in the world where the Anglo-Saxon race does not stand a little higher in consequence, not merely because of the success of British arms, but because, single-handed, our race has penetrated the heart of Africa, and struck home against Mahdism. The man in the street, after recent experiences in foreign affairs, appreciates a situation where England cannot be sneered at.

By the overthrow of Mahdism the work of England on the Nile is not ended, but extended. Fashoda is in every one's mouth, and all the elements for a pretty quarrel between the French and the English exist. In the West Coast difficulty the origin of the titles of the respective claimants was more or less in doubt. Compromise was wisdom. Fashoda is Egyptian territory. The Egyptian flag was hoisted at Fashoda in Gordon's time. On page 320 of Gordon's diary it is stated that in 1881 fears for the safety of Fashoda were entertained at Khartoum, and two hundred soldiers were immediately sent there by steamer. On the 13th June, 1882, four hundred men were sent by steamer to re-enforce the garrison of Fashoda, and on the 29th of the same month a battalion which had arrived at Khartoum from Senheit was also sent on there. The fact that Fashoda is Egyptian is not open to question. Fashoda was one of the places where Gordon compelled the slave-hunters to return to their homes. The occupation of Fashoda by the French (if the white men reported to be there *are* French) is equivalent to the occupation of a post in Madagascar by the English. General Kitchener, having sent all the newspaper correspondents back to England, has himself gone to Fashoda, and will appear on the scene as an Egyptian officer. It is significant that he has taken with him only Egyptian troops; but the gunboat on which he has embarked is commanded and manned by officers and men of the royal navy. The object of the French—if French they are—is threefold. They wish to join hands with Menelek of Abyssinia, they desire to cut the Cape Town to Cairo railway, which is now within measurable distance of realization, and they wish to prevent the Nile from becoming, like the Ganges or the Sutlej, a British river. In seizing Fashoda, if the fact be so, the French commander, Major Marchand, has shown splendid organizing capacity, dash, and courage. The march across Africa from the West Coast is a great feat, to be fully recognized by Englishmen; but even courage and dash do not justify the French in seizing territory belonging to another power. In 1895 Sir Edward Grey, Lord Rosebery's lieutenant in the House of Commons, declared that any French advance into the Nile Valley would be regarded by England as "an unfriendly act." When the present government acceded to office the same declaration was made by Mr. Curzon. There is no party question, therefore, in England, about Fashoda. The French, if serious, mean war, because, willingly or otherwise, out of Fashoda they must go, and not improbably by the time this reaches New York Major Marchand will either be a guest or a prisoner of the Sirdar. In any case, if there is a fight about Fashoda it will not be on the Nile, but in the Channel.

One awkward feature of the present situation with France is the existence of a considerable group of hot-headed Frenchmen bent on forcing the government to go and "do something." In the present state of unrest in France a mad act of adventure on the part of the French cabinet would distract public opinion from the Dreyfus affair and unite factions which are already within measurable distance of civil war. There is reason to believe that the British government has anticipated the trouble about Fashoda. More than three months ago the Sirdar named the first week in September as the time of his entry into Omdurman. He was better than his word by three days.

Ten days after the taking of Omdurman communications with Fashoda can be opened. In the course of a fortnight of the present date the controversy with France on the subject will be at its height. In these facts I think we have the real explanation of the abolition of the naval manœuvres for 1898. The Channel Squadron is stationed at Portland. The Reserve Squadron is mobilized and on a war footing. Part of it is in the Bristol Channel—our one vulnerable point. If the French, therefore, show their teeth over Fashoda, the dispute as to sovereignty on the Nile from the Great Lakes to the Delta will be settled in the Narrow Seas under circumstances highly favorable to Britain. It is inconceivable that France will fight about Fashoda. If she does, experts agree that the result will be a foregone conclusion. France will lose her colonies, her fleet, and much of her over-sea trade. England, no doubt, will lose individual actions, and commerce may be a good deal cut up during the first few days of the war. The power that evacuated Boussa, however, is unlikely to stand to its guns at Fashoda.

At the other end of Africa events are moving fast. Mr. Rhodes's electoral campaign in the Cape has not been distinguished by his usual clear-headed recognition of facts. If Sir Gordon Sprigg and Mr. Rhodes were to be believed, the accession of a ministry to power under the influence of the Afrikander Bond is equivalent to the loss of British supremacy in South Africa. With marked unwisdom, Sir Gordon Sprigg not only struck the racial note in his first campaign speech, at East London, but brought in the Queen's name as a rallying-point. The result has been a loss to the present Cape ministry of one constituency after another. The vital principle of British imperialism, and that which alone enables the widely separated British Empire to survive, is the principle of even and equal justice in dealing with the various races living under the flag of England. To begin with, the present ministry at the Cape is a mere stop-gap affair, and has not been remarkable for wisdom or patriotism. Its members have talked a good deal about loyalty, questioning that of other people, and striking the racial note, but they have done little to commend loyalty to waverers. When Sir Gordon Sprigg visited England last year, Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, came down to the House of Commons and solemnly announced a great historical event—the British Empire had received the gift of a battle-ship from the Cape government. Profound impression was made on the public mind. That battle-ship, however, has not yet been laid down. Its cost is not yet voted. Sir Gordon Sprigg, it seems, had no authority to make any such promise, and whenever his ministry leaves office it will do so under the stigma of having made a promise to the empire which it is unable or unwilling to fulfil. On the other hand, should the much-despised Afrikander Bond ministry accede to power, I understand that it is extremely likely that this administration, charged with disloyalty and with all sorts of dark designs imputed to it, will make the contribution to the royal navy which its predecessors promised but did not carry out.

The average view of Englishmen, misled by newspapers conducted not in the interests of the empire, but on behalf of cosmopolitan capital, is that the Afrikander Bond is disloyal to the Queen. The ablest member of Sir Gordon Sprigg's ministry, Sir James Sivewright, himself joined the Bond, learned Dutch, and pattered the *taal*, with the view of bringing together the Dutch and the English colonists. If the Afrikander Bond be incompatible with imperial principles, it is evident that Sir James Sivewright, the spokesman and the brains of the present Cape ministry, could not have joined it. But, in forming an estimate of any political body, it is unwise to accept the description of political opponents as the only evidence by which they are to be judged. They should be allowed to speak for themselves. As I have some personal acquaintance with the members of both the existing ministry and that which may succeed it, I may perhaps be allowed to say that I do not think the imperial tie is likely to be much slackened if Sir Gordon Sprigg were to go out of office. Certainly the members of the new Cape ministry would be geese if they did anything to irritate Great Britain, since naval defence is a necessity to the Cape, and England is the only power that can give it and accord absolute freedom at the same time. On March 5 of the present year the local branch of the Afrikander Bond at Graaff-Reinet addressed Sir Alfred Milner in the following language:

"It is with deep sorrow that we have heard repeatedly during the last few years our loyalty to her Majesty the Queen openly doubted by certain parties, and that we have been held up to our fellow-subjects as disloyal. Therefore we may not remain silent. On behalf of the Afrikander inhabitants of this country, we wish, with the greatest indignation and contempt, to repudiate the insulting and mendacious accusations brought against us by mischief-makers. We wish at the same time to request your Excellency respectfully, but very urgently, to clear us with her Majesty of the unfounded slander with which we have been slurred. It cannot be justified—is based altogether on ignorance and misunderstanding. The grand object at which we aim is to raise that portion of the citizens of the colony to which we belong in the social, political, and moral sphere, and to make better and more worthy subjects of them of her Majesty, and to secure to our kinsmen in South Africa those rights which were kindly promised by her Majesty, our respected Queen, in the past."

In the course of his reply Sir Alfred Milner said: "Of course I am glad to be assured that any section of her Majesty's subjects are loyal, but I should be much more glad to be allowed to take that for granted. Why should I not? What reason could there be for disloyalty?" As a general rule, men are governed by their interests, and the interests of the Afrikander Bond at the Cape do not lie in the direction of any attempt to lower the British flag. Freedom, self-government, and equality are the first principles of British policy. They have secured for Britain the enthusiastic loyalty of the French Canadians, who, but a few decades back, were in open rebellion against British rule. Why should they not reach the same goal in South Africa when the anti-imperialist raid is forgotten or forgiven?

The man who may become the new Premier, Mr. Schreiner, is the brother of Olive Schreiner, and a cool, level-headed, and able man. He it was who, as Attorney-General in Mr. Rhodes's ministry three years ago, advised the Cape government to contribute half the cost of a war with the Transvaal if President Kruger insisted on closing the Drifts. This does not look like a renunciation of British supremacy, and there is nothing whatever to show that Mr. Schreiner has changed his mind on the subject of the British connection. While saying this on behalf of the possible successors of Sir Gordon Sprigg, it must of course be admitted that a wise progressive policy is the one best calculated to develop the material resources of South Africa, and to weld into federation the states and territories south of the Zambesi. The price for Mr. Rhodes's share of the Jameson raid is now being paid. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The people here have forgiven Mr. Rhodes because they recognize in him the stuff of which leaders are made, and because they recognize that, whatever his faults, he has not worked selfishly for his own hand. Not so the Cape Dutch. By most of them he is suspected. Mr. Rhodes has done all that man can do to redeem his error. He has risked his life. He has spent his money like water to establish law and order in the Northern Territory. But with all his wealth and social backing he is not exempt from the consequences of wrong-doing, and the half-defeat of the British and progressive party at the Cape elections is as directly a consequence of the Jameson raid as the Jameson raid was the fruit of the British retreat after Majuba. Whatever ministry rules in the Cape, its members are aware that the freedom, self-government, justice, and equality which they enjoy are secured only by the strength of the power that gave them, and whose navy protects South African shores from attack without the contribution of a shilling. Sir Henry de Villiers, the present Chief Justice, is a possible Premier of a ministry of compromise between the two parties. Sir Henry de Villiers is a man whose intellectual standing places him high among the jurists of world-wide repute. When he was last in England I had a long conversation with him on the subject of the troubles that followed the Jameson raid, and was greatly struck with the moderation and the calm wisdom of his views. To denounce such a man as Bond-ridden is absurd. Whether, therefore, Mr. Rhodes come back to power or whether that inevitable and desirable event is postponed for a short time further, I do not think that there is the least reason to anticipate trouble from his ministerial successors.

Another great African question is advancing to the front. The isolation of the Transvaal by the establishment of a British protectorate or lease of Delagoa Bay, if not an accomplished fact, is, I understand, on the eve of completion. Germany has withdrawn her pretensions in South Africa, and in consequence a better feeling reigns between the two countries than has existed for a long time. Well-informed public opinion in Germany is strongly in favor of coming to a friendly arrangement with this country. Our friends seem to have discovered that notwithstanding all the German sympathy and kinship with the Boers, the reciprocal services which they expected to receive have not been forth-coming, and that, after all, German trade in the English Cape Colony, as in all other English colonies, is conducted under more favorable conditions than in the Transvaal. President Kruger was ready enough to invoke German aid against attack, but shows less consideration for German trade in the Transvaal than does the English Cape Colony. Germany's interest in South Africa is mainly commercial, and if she can improve her commercial position by an agreement with Great Britain she will probably do so. The acquisition of Delagoa Bay is essential to British supremacy—that is a synonym for the "open door" in South Africa—and the arrangement with Portugal, when it takes place, is understood to include certain coaling arrangements at Lisbon in time of war. This is a matter of enormous importance to the British navy. The absence of a coaling-station between Gibraltar and England would have curtailed the effective strength of the British fleet. If coaling facilities for British cruisers and torpedo-boat-destroyers are included in the next Anglo-Portuguese Convention, the result of a naval war with France will be more certain than ever.

These successive additions to British strength make for peace. No peace can be so enduring and certain as when would-be breakers of the peace know that they are inviting defeat.

The Tsar's disarmament proposals still continue to rouse interest among thoughtful men. No one doubts the perfect sincerity of the young Tsar. For a long time his thoughts have been set upon peace and the peaceful development of Siberia and the Far East. When at Balmoral, last year, I am informed that whenever Lord Salisbury began to talk of Armenia and the doings of the unspeakable Turk, the Russian Emperor would change the subject to one of two questions—international peace, or the development of the Asiatic possessions of Russia. The immediate authorship of the Tsar's rescript has not yet been given to the world, but as the personality of the Jewish gentleman whose interview with the Tsar is said to have convinced his Majesty that a disarmament conference was practicable and advisable has been hinted at, there can be no valid objection to my stating his name. It is M. Bloch, a retired banker of great wealth and benevolence, with a remarkable taste for statistics and a wide knowledge of sociology and economics. It is interesting to learn that the immediate cause of M. Bloch obtaining an interview with the Emperor was the terrible condition of the Jews of Poland and the sixteen provinces of the Pale. I have long held the opinion that the mass of misery represented by the persecuted six million of Jews in Russia and packed together in the Ghetto provinces constitutes one of the gravest political problems of the day, albeit it is scarcely ever referred to by public men. The Russian disarmament proposals may do good, inasmuch as they set men thinking on the question of peace; and they may do harm, inasmuch as they will set men thinking on the irreconcilable ambitions, jealousies, fears, and emotions that divide nation from nation.

Arnold White.

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# THE EXPOSITION AT OMAHA.

THE great Middle West is throwing up its hat just now because it has succeeded, at last, in solving the questions of agricultural engineering necessary to make a garden of the great plains.

This is the same hat, by-the-way, through which, in hard and discouraging times, various wild theories have been ventilated; and which, tipped on one side, once adorned the brow of the land-boomer, a character almost extinct in these days.

Now the land has taken to booming itself, and its prosperity has crystallized into the visible form of a magnificent exposition, here on the western bank of the Missouri.

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition means so much and proves so much that it ranks very closely with the Columbian Exposition as a revelation to the visitor.

The only breathing-spells—and those not of a kind desired—that the people who came out here forty years ago, to conquer this practically unknown land, have ever had were during those years when crops failed and there was no business to be done.

In those years the fittest held on, studied out the problems presented by new climatic conditions, and, by solving them, survived. One has only to meet and talk with the trans-Mississippi farmer to see that he has fought the desperate fight over the ever-rising plains, from the great dividing river to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, with the same tenacity of purpose and intelligence of effort that carried the American army up the heights of San Juan. But Mr. Franklin Matthews in his "Bright Skies in the West" has given the readers of the WEEKLY a better account of the rise, in the Western States, of prosperity founded on sound principles of farm engineering than would be possible here.

Before the exposition at Omaha closes, some one ought to start a subscription for a monument to be erected in honor of the man who introduced in this country that wonderful cousin to red clover, the alfalfa plant. When the alfalfa is set in the loose dry soil of the Western plains, it immediately begins to bore, with its roots, little artesian wells, in search of water. I have been told by many farmers that, in making excavations on their farms, roots of alfalfa have been found at a depth of fifteen feet.

A week or two ago, Iowa day was celebrated at the exposition, and no one who saw that assemblage of forty thousand men and women from the rich rolling farmlands of Iowa could contain his admiration for them as grand specimens of humanity.

The Iowan is pretty generally of old New England stock. Many an old farmer in the Berkshire Hills will tell you of his sons' prosperity out in Iowa. The strong Yankee features are greatly in evidence, but in the present generation the Iowan combines the great height of his ancestor with an ampler physique. No such colossal fellows can be found in this country, outside of the Tennessee mountains, and there is a look of rosy good health about the Iowan that is lacking often in the Tennessee mountaineer.

In a pamphlet on Iowa farms is printed a letter from a young farmer that tells a story so simple and characteristic that it is well worth quoting. He writes: "My parents came to this State in the sixties, when I was but a small child just able to remember the trip overland. My father being a poor man and having a large family, we were early taught hard work. On the morning of my twenty-first birthday my father informed me that from that time on I was my own man, and gave me the big gray team in the barn (without halter, bridle, or harness), saying, if I could not add to that in so good a country as this, he had no more to waste on me. I went out into the world, and worked by the month until I got money enough to buy a set of harness and a yearling heifer, and from that time to this I have never been without cattle.

"In about a year and a half my only brother became of age, and he received a team of bay horses on the same terms upon which I got mine. We then started out in partnership, leasing a piece of land which we got for the breaking of it. This ground produced sixty bushels of corn to the acre for our first crop, making over seven carloads of corn, for which we received thirty-five cents per bushel." He then gives an account of the purchase of four hundred acres of land, paying off a heavy mortgage at eight per cent. interest, and of the final prosperity of himself and his brother. One can read the whole history of pioneer life in that farmer's story.

It is well worth while for the visitor to drop into the Kansas Building and sit down with some old settler—or, better, with two of them, so that he may edify himself with their differences. The Kansan is born to controversy. He delights in stirring up his neighbor. If one Kansan arises and criticises matters in his own State, up rise his neighbors in wrath, and smite him, hip and thigh. In the Kansas Building a pamphlet is handed out to visitors. It bears, for its title, the now historic query, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" A careful perusal of it will convince any fair-minded man that there is nothing the matter with Kansas, and never will be so long as business "literature" is written with so much delightful freedom. Here is what a Butler County man has to say about life in his neighborhood: "'Grasshoppers,' did you say? Well, my friend, I have lived in Kansas forty-one years, and have not seen a red-legged locust or grasshopper—the migratory kind—in twenty-four years, and hardly enough of the ordinary kind for the turkeys in the fall. 'Tornados?' Never saw a tornado, cyclone, or twister in all these forty-one years. If there were any, they missed me. 'What do we live on?' If you imagine for a moment that a Kansas man don't know when pig's jowl and spinach are ripe, you greatly mistake. We stick to beef and mutton, ham and eggs, in the spring, until spring chicken, new pease and potatoes, strawberries, and the like, begin to come in. When the cows get out into the knee-deep wheat and alfalfa fields, we get butter and cream as yellow as the dome of the National Library Building at Washington. Then we have black bass and croppie in our rock-bottom streams; wild-duck, plover, prairie-chickens, 'possums, and quail; forty-pound turkeys, native wines, and every other imaginable thing that is good. Kansas people are the best-fed people in the world."

Then the financier speaks:

"It is disagreeable to appear as an alarmist, but the truth must be told: Kansas is in trouble again. This time the difficulty, from which there appears to be no immediate prospect of relief, is too much money. The banks are growing purple in the face from congestion. The accounts that come from the financial centres of Kansas are most distressing. The banker, pale but firm, sits behind his counter, while the flood of currency rises to his chin and threatens to drown him. . . . Of course it would be useless to attempt to disguise the gravity of the situation. Everything about Kansas is bound to come out. The worst is now known. The money is in the State, the deposits steadily increasing in the banks, the rate of interest is falling, and from one end of Kansas to the other the tale of woe is passed from one bank to another, 'Too much money.'"

Finally the poet takes a hand in the fray in this cheerful pamphlet:

Papers got a lot to say, sneerin' like, o' Kansas;
Every word a word of scorn, chucklin' fun at Kansas—
'Hoppers darkenin' the sun,
Dozens of 'em weigh a ton—
Seem to think it's lots of fun, crackin' jokes at Kansas.

Now it's come their time to laugh—them folks out in Kansas—
Givin' Easterners the gaff 'bout affairs in Kansas:
Barns a-bulgin' out with wheat,
Corn for all the world to eat,
Other crops that can't be beat, over there in Kansas.

Women singin' songs o' glee 'bout ol' fruitful Kansas;
Babies crowin' merrily everywhere in Kansas;
Purty gals a-buyin' clothes—
Topgin' out from head to toes.
Style! you bet your life she goes, over there in Kansas.

When the cares o' day is done on the plains o' Kansas,
An' the kids begin to yawn, sleepy like, in Kansas,
Farmer wipes his glasses, blurred,
Reads a chapter in the Word,
Then kneels down and thanks the Lord that he lives in Kansas.

The whole pamphlet is an answer to its title, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" a query propounded a few years ago by a very clever Kansas editor. You cannot help liking these controversial Kansans; they are aggressive and manly, and are going ahead like men to a Tipperary fair—with their coat tails just dragging on the ground.

In the State of Nebraska, besides a great many Americans from the older States, there is a large number of German settlers. In the northern counties, many Bohemians have come in of late years. In spite of the difficulties of farming under new conditions as to climate and soil, these people are steadily increasing in prosperity. An occasional season of dry, burning winds puts them back, but irrigation and crops adapted to a dry climate are improving the Nebraska farm-lands every year.

It is a curious fact that the mountain regions and the western portion of the great plains are settled almost entirely by town people—university men from England, city boys tired of too much civilization, and roving spirits seeking fortune and adventure. Younger sons of titled English families used to be so common in Colorado that, in choosing a cook or driver for a camping outfit, you were facetiously asked if you would have a lord or a duke.

The British element is strong enough, even in Omaha, to support a cricket club, which played in the cricket tournament at Denver last week.

One of the most interesting features of the exposition, to an Eastern man, is the congress of Indians, which was brought together at the fair through the aid and co-operation of the government.

All the principal tribes are represented, from the Apaches of the Southwest to the Assiniboins and Sioux of the North. An Indian on foot is generally a rather dignified person, but a six-foot warrior sitting back almost on the haunches of a disconsolate little pony is about the most ludicrous sight imaginable.

Many of the Indians from a distance brought their savage belongings in new tin trunks, and an ancient earthen water-jar rolled up against a new four-dollar trunk seemed to strike the sense of humor of most of the visitors. But the greatest contrast furnished by the Indian encampment is with the exposition buildings. Here is a tract of land which, up to a year and a half ago, was never disturbed by anything, except a corn-plough, since prehistoric times.

Over it, no doubt, many of the older Indians now on the exposition-grounds spent their boyhood days, shooting at birds and gophers with their bows and arrows.

To-day, towering around them are gilded domes, wonderful reproductions and adaptations of the architectural art of the Greeks and Romans, and exhibits of industrial arts such as the world never saw until the four great American expositions of the present decade.

To that particular class of persons who insist that the Americans are not an artistic people such an achievement as this—the building of a mimic city of the utmost grandeur and beauty, on this old hunting-ground of forty years ago and corn-field of two years back—ought to be a sufficient answer. Speaking of American art, it has shown itself in the past few years in an unexpected direction. Foreigners usually tell us that it is impossible for art to flourish here in these days, because this is the age and the country of invention and mechanics.

But just as Kipling found that romance and poetry had stowed themselves aboard the ocean steamer, so any intelligent observer can find art in its highest form in the work of our best mechanical engineers. You have only to contrast the tawdriness of the little locomotives of a few years back, ornamented with brass-work to hide their inherent ugliness, with the severely simple yet elegant lines of the great passenger engines of to-day, to see how the mechanical engineer has added to economy of power that highest element of Greek art, perfect proportion.

A well-known inventor and manufacturer, in answer to questions about some beautiful and shapely machines which he had turned out, has told me that it is his practice, and that of the best American inventors, to seek forms for their machines that are the most elegant in their proportions, knowing that in doing so they are choosing at the same time the strongest and most economical shapes. He studied the proportions and forms of animals and plants as his models of structure, and his ideal was to get a machine to look as though "it had naturally grown that way." One of the interesting things about the exposition is the variety of strange uniforms to be seen over the grounds. An old gentleman, who is probably the president of a country bank, and when at home dresses in most conventional attire, appears at the fair in the garb of a "Shriner," with a red fez on his venerable head and decorated with all sorts of medals and gewgaws. Then the "Woodmen of the World" and the "Modern American Woodmen," with oak leaves embroidered on their velvet sleeves, with plumed hats and white trousers, and red axes over their shoulders, are to be met at every turn. An occasional soldier is seen, just back from Cuba. Here, too, is the Mexican band, swarthy fellows with tall black caps and baggy trousers and not particularly beaming faces, looking like a lot of unhappy Spanish prisoners on parole.

Of course there is a Midway at the exposition, and the same gentlemen who expanded their lungs at the doors of the various booths and shows at Chicago, Atlanta, and Nashville are to be seen and heard at Omaha. But progress has stepped in here also, and the megaphone is saving the vocal chords of many a man who will be talking French in 1900.

It was amusing to see the delight of an elderly lady with an ear-trumpet when she got in range of one of those great funnels. No doubt she will have recommended the use of a megaphone to her minister before this gets into print. The entrance to one of the "shows" on the Midway is in the form of a dragon's head with open jaws. At night his eyes glow with red lights. The showman who got up this grim doorway knew his business, for it seems to attract all the nervous women on the grounds. The delight of all the stout old ladies and of the boys and girls is the miniature railway. Its little engines pull a tremendous load in proportion to their size, and to see an elderly lady, unmindful of cinders and smoke, beaming complacently on the world from the forward coach is really worth while.

All the Oriental people that were so familiar to visitors at the Chicago Fair are in Omaha, from the whirling dervishes to the ladies who could dance just the same if they were all fitted out with wooden legs. No Midway would be complete without its show of trained wild animals, where you extract what pleasure you can from watching a lot of scared animals in a large cage being lashed with a long whip by a man in red clothes.

In Nashville one of the most comforting details about the grounds was the "Gourd Arbor," which enabled the visitor to get from the Administration Building to one of the others without being scorched by the sun. This idea has been carried to a greater perfection here by a series of colonnades joining all the principal buildings. Architecturally these colonnades are very beautiful, and no doubt they have saved many people from serious illness and discomfort. The crowning feature of the Omaha Exposition as a spectacle is the illumination of the Grand Court at night.

Nothing has ever equalled it, and I am informed that the French government has sent men over to study it for the exposition in 1900. The outlining of the architecture is almost perfect, the general lines of the buildings appearing at night just as they do in the day; and in that respect it is a great improvement over the illumination of the buildings at Chicago in '98. The government has a building at the head of the great court that is all that an exposition building should be. It is dignified and of most beautiful proportions, and is enriched with sculpture that is well modelled and in strong decorative masses. The dome is gilded, and in the early morning is a sight to be remembered all one's days. The designs for this building were made in the government offices, and I am informed that Mr. Crane is the architect who is responsible for their great merit.

When it is considered that all this is the first glimpse that many of the visitors from the ranches and farms have ever had of the glories of architectural art, it can be readily understood that at first it overwhelms them. They see only that the buildings are a blinding, dazzling mass of white. I have seen men and women stand stupefied at the entrance of the Grand Court, blinded as they would have been by a flash of lightning. Yet in a day it all begins to take form to them, as you will find by listening to their conversation; and at night, when a great part of the detail is lost or subdued, and the grand masses of façade and dome are outlined by the soft glow of incandescent lights, they hang about the place enchanted. It was with no irreverence that a visitor to the exposition in Chicago said, while standing in the Court of Honor there, that if heaven didn't look a good deal like that he should be disappointed; and these hard-working people will carry home with them from Omaha memories that will make all the rest of their lives brighter and more hopeful.

The Omaha Exposition has been particularly fortunate in escaping all freakishness in its architecture, and the credit for this is due to the sound training and courage of the architects who got together and designed it. Such designers as Young of St. Louis, Cass Gilbert of St. Paul, Humphreys of Denver, Beeman and Dwight Perkins of Chicago, and Lawrie of Omaha, all worked harmoniously to fit with their buildings the general design laid down by Mr. Walker. There was but little disposition to make anything wild or too "new." To give an idea of the kind of men who worked in conjunction with Mr. Walker and his partner Mr. Kimball, it is only necessary to say that Mr. Lawrie, a resident architect of Omaha, had spent many years in the offices of Rowand Anderson in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and was three years with John Root in Chicago. It will be easily understood that with such men in council, and capital to back them, a group of beautiful exposition buildings was assured.

A perfect example of good taste in arrangement of exhibits is that seen in the Government Building. The beautiful models shown there of all our battle-ships is most interesting and valuable to these inland people, whose experience with vessels has been mostly confined to a ride on an old flat-bottomed paddle-wheel river steamer, dodging snags and running "riffles" in the "Big Muddy."

The people of the trans-Mississippi States have cause to be proud of this exposition of their success in developing the agricultural and mineral resources of the Western plains and mountains. They have much to show the President of the United States when he comes to visit the fair, much to make him feel a deeper pride in his exalted station.

W. A. ROGERS.

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A Visitor to the Midway Recovers her Hearing.




Noon on the Midway.

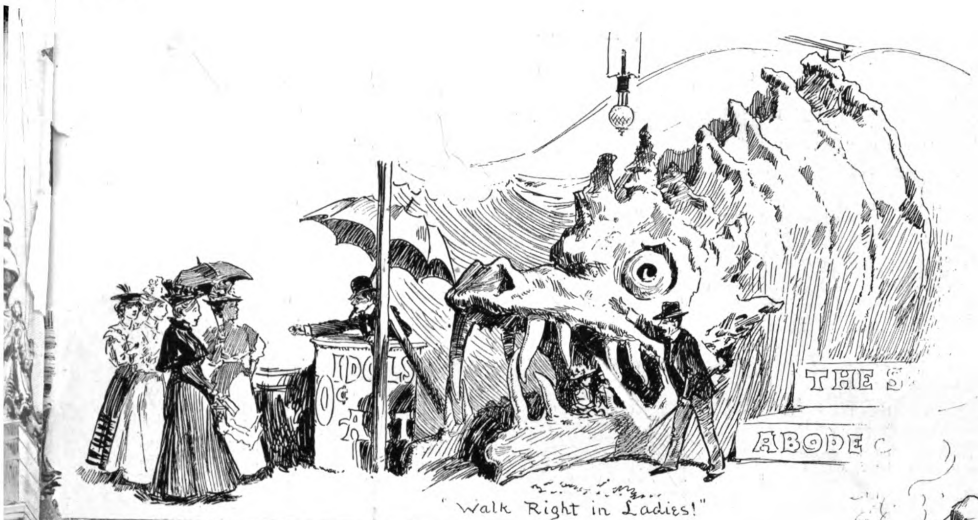


A Colonnade between Buildings.

THE TRANS-MISSISS

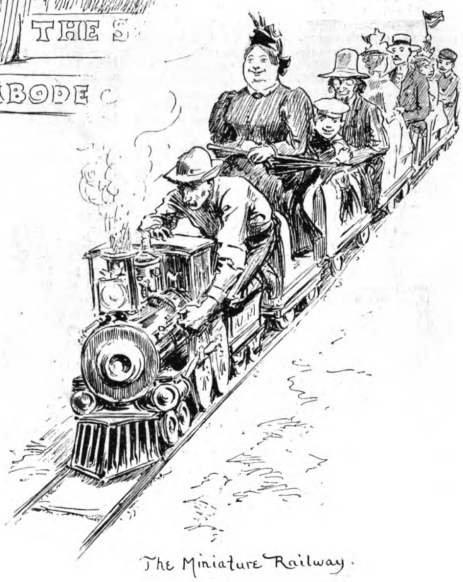
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"Walk Right in Ladies!"

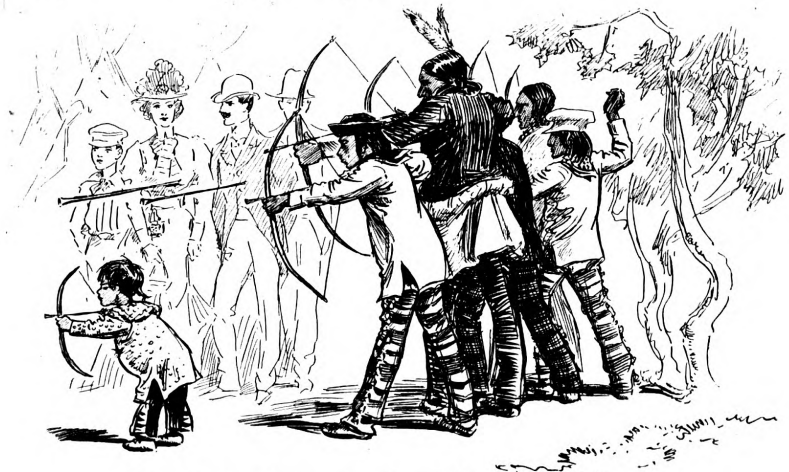




The Miniature Railway.



"Shriner's Day.



The Indian Encampment.—Shooting at Coins.

PI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA.

IAL ARTIST, W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 857.]

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

III.

VANDERBANK, at this, left his corner of the sofa and, with his hands in his pockets, and a manner so amused that it might have passed for excited, took several paces about the room while his interlocutor, watching him, waited for his response. The old man, as this response for a minute hung fire, took his turn at sitting down, and then Vanderbank stopped before him with a face in which something had been still more brightly kindled. "You ask me more things than I can tell you. You ask me more than I think you suspect. You must come and see me again—you must let me come and see you. You raise the most interesting questions, and we must sooner or later have them all out."

Mr. Longdon looked happy in such a prospect, but he once more took out his watch. "It wants five minutes to midnight. Which means that I must go now."

"Not in the least. There are satisfactions you too must give." Vanderbank, with an irresistible hand, confirmed him in his position, and pressed upon him another cigarette. His resistance rang hollow—it was clearly, he judged, such an occasion for sacrifices. His companion's view of it, meanwhile, was quite as marked. "You see, there's ever so much more you must, in common kindness, tell me."

Mr. Longdon sat there like a shy singer invited to strike up. "I told you everything at Mrs. Brookenham's. It comes over me now how I dropped on you."

"What you told me," Vanderbank returned, "was excellent so far as it went; but it was only, after all, that, having caught my name, you had asked of our friend if I belonged to people you had known years before, and then, from what she had said, had, with what you were so good as to call great pleasure, made out that I did. You came round to me, on this, after dinner, and gave me a pleasure still greater. But that only takes us part of the way." Mr. Longdon said nothing, but there was something appreciative in his conscious lapses; they were a tribute to his young friend's frequent felicity. This personage indeed appeared more and more to take them for that; which was not without its effect upon his spirits. At last, with a flight of some freedom, he brought their pause to a close. "You loved Lady Julia." Then, as the attitude of his guest, who serenely met his eyes, was practically a contribution to the subject, he went on with a feeling that he had positively pleased. "You lost her, and you're unmarried."

Mr. Longdon's smile was beautiful—it supplied so many meanings that, when presently he spoke, he seemed already to have told half his story. "Well, my life took a form. It had to, or I don't know what would have become of me, and several things that all happened at once helped me out. My father died—I came into the little place in Suffolk. My sister, my only one, who had married and was older than I, lost within a year or two both her husband and her little boy. I offered her, in the country, a home, for her trouble was greater than any trouble of mine. She came, she staid; it went on and on, and we lived there together. We were sorry for each other, and it somehow suited us. But she died two years ago."

Vanderbank took all this in, only wishing to show—wishing by this time quite tenderly—that he even read into it deeply enough all the unsaid. He filled out another of his friend's gaps. "And here you are." Then he invited Mr. Longdon himself to make the stride. "Well, you'll be a great success."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that we shall be so infatuated with you that it will make your life a burden to you. You'll see soon enough what I mean by it."

"Possibly," the old man said; "to understand you I shall have to. You speak of something that, as yet—with my race practically run—I know nothing about. I was no success as a young man. I mean of the sort that would have made most difference. People wouldn't look at me."

"Well, *we* shall look at you," Vanderbank declared. Then he added, "What people do you mean?" And before his friend could reply: "Lady Julia?"

Mr. Longdon's assent was mute. "Ah, she was not the worst! I mean that what made it so bad," he continued, "was that they all really liked me. Your mother, I think—as to *that*, the dreadful, consolatory 'liking'—even more than the others."

"My mother?"—Vanderbank was surprised. "You mean there was a question—?"

"Oh, but for half a minute. It didn't take her long. It was five years after your father's death." This explanation was very delicately made. "She *could* marry again."

"And I suppose you know she did," Vanderbank replied.

"I knew it soon enough!" With this, abruptly, Mr. Longdon pulled himself forward. "Good-night, good-night."

"Good-night," said Vanderbank. "But wasn't that *after* Lady Julia?"

On the edge of the sofa, his hands supporting him, Mr. Longdon looked straight. "There was nothing after Lady Julia."

"I see," his companion smiled. "My mother was earlier."

"She was extremely good to me. I'm not speaking of that time at Malvern—that came later."

"Precisely—I understand. You're speaking of the first years of her widowhood."

Mr. Longdon just faltered: "I should call them rather the last. Six months later came her second marriage."

Vanderbank's interest visibly improved. "Ah, it was *then*? That was my seventh year." He called things back and pieced them together. "But she must have been older than you."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

"Yes—a little. She was kindness itself to me, at all events, then and afterwards. That was the charm of the weeks at Malvern."

"I see," the young man laughed. "The charm was that you had recovered."

"Oh dear, no!" Mr. Longdon, rather to his mystification, exclaimed. "I'm afraid I hadn't recovered at all—hadn't, if that's what you mean, got over my misery and my melancholy. She knew I hadn't—and that was what was nice of her. She was a person with whom I could talk about her."

Vanderbank took a moment to clear up the ambiguity. "Oh, you mean you could talk about the *other!* You hadn't got over Lady Julia."

Mr. Longdon sadly smiled at him. "I haven't got over her yet!" Then, however, as if not to look too woful, he took pains to be lucid. "The first wound was bad—but from that one always comes round. Your mother, dear woman, had known how to help me. Lady Julia was at that time her intimate friend—it was she who introduced me there. She couldn't help what happened—she did her best. What I meant just now was that, in the after-time, when opportunity occurred, she was the one person with whom I could always talk and who always understood." Mr. Longdon appeared to lose himself an instant in the deep memories to which, now, he alone survived to testify; then he sighed out, as if the taste of it all came back to him with a faint sweetness: "I think they must both have been good to me. At the period at Malvern—the particular time I just mentioned to you—Lady Julia was already married, and during those first years she was whirled out of my ken. Then her own life took a quieter turn; we met again; I went, for a long time, often to her house. I think she rather liked the state to which she had reduced me, though she didn't, you know, in the least presume upon it. The better a woman is—it has often struck me—the more she enjoys, in a quiet way, some fellow's having been rather bad, rather dark and desperate, about her—*for* her. I dare say, I mean, that, though Lady Julia insisted I ought to marry, she wouldn't really have liked it much if I *had*. At any rate, it was in those years that I saw her daughter just cease to be a child—the little girl who was to be transformed by time into the so different person with whom we dined to-night. That comes back to me when I hear you speak of the growing up, in turn, of that person's own daughter."

"I follow you with a sympathy!" Vanderbank replied. "The situation is reproduced."

"Ah, partly—not altogether. The things that are unlike—well, are so *very* unlike." Mr. Longdon, for a moment, on this, fixed his companion with eyes that betrayed one of the restless little jumps of his mind. "I told you just now that there's something I seem to make out in you."

"Yes, that was meant for better things?"—Vanderbank gayly took him up. "There *is* something, I really believe—meant for ever so much better ones. Those are just the sort I like to be supposed to have a real affinity with. Help me to them, Mr. Longdon; help me to them, and I don't know what I won't do for you!"

"Then, after all"—and the old man made his point with innocent sharpness—"you're *not* past saving!"

"Well, I individually—how shall I put it to you? If I tell you," Vanderbank went on, "that I've that sort of fulcrum for salvation which consists at least in a deep consciousness and the absence of a rag of illusion, I shall appear to say that I'm different from the world I live in, and to that extent present myself as superior and fatuous. Try me, at any rate. Let me try myself. Don't abandon me. See what can be done with me. Perhaps I'm after all a case. I shall at any rate cling to you."

"You're too clever—you're too clever: that's what's the matter with you all!" Mr. Longdon sighed.

"With us *all?*" Vanderbank echoed. "Dear Mr. Longdon, it's the first time I've heard it. If you should say with *me* in particular, why there might be something in it. What you mean, at any rate—I see where you come out—is that we're cold and sarcastic and cynical, without the soft human spot. I think you flatter us even while you attempt to warn; but what's extremely interesting, at all events, is that, as I gather, we made on you this evening, in a particular way, a collective impression—something in which our trifling varieties are merged." His visitor's face, at this, appeared to say to him that he was putting the case in perfection, so that he was encouraged to go on. "There was something particular with which you were not altogether pleasantly struck."

Mr. Longdon, who, decidedly, changed color easily, showed in his clear cheek the effect at once of feeling a finger on his fault and of admiration for his companion's insight. But he accepted the situation. "I couldn't help noticing your tone."

"Do you mean its being so low?"

Mr. Longdon, who had smiled at first, looked grave now. "Do you really want to know?"

"Just how you were affected? I assure you that there's nothing, at this moment, I desire nearly so much."

"I'm no judge," the old man went on; "I'm no critic; I'm no talker myself. I'm old-fashioned and narrow and dull. I've lived for years in a hole. I'm not a man of the world."

Vanderbank considered him with a benevolence, a geniality of approval, that he literally had to hold in check for fear of seeming to patronize. "There's not one of us who can touch you. You're delightful, you're wonderful, and I'm intensely curious to hear you," the young man pursued. "Were we absolutely odious?" Before his friend's puzzled, finally almost pained face, such an air of appreciating so much candor, yet looking askance at so much freedom, he could only endeavor to smooth the way and light the subject. "You see we don't in the least know where we are. We're lost—and you find us." Mr. Longdon, as he spoke, had prepared at last really to go, reaching the door with a manner that denoted, however, by no means so much satiety as an attention that felt itself positively too agitated. Vanderbank had helped him on with the Inverness cape and for an instant detained him by it. "Just tell me as a kindness. *Do* we talk—?"

"Too freely?" Mr. Longdon, with his clear eyes, so untouched by time, speculatively murmured.

"Too outrageously. I want the truth."

The truth, evidently, for Mr. Longdon, was difficult to tell. "Well—it was certainly different."

"From you and Lady Julia, I see. Well, of course, with time, *some* change is natural, isn't it? But so different," Vanderbank pressed, "that you were really shocked?"

His visitor, at this, smiled, but the smile somehow made the face graver. "I think I was rather frightened. Good-night."

IV.

Mrs. Brookenham stopped on the threshold with the sharp surprise of the sight of her son, and there was disappointment, though rather of the afflicted than of the irritated sort, in the question that, slowly advancing, she launched at him. "If you're still lolling about, why did you tell me two hours ago that you were leaving immediately?"

Deep in a large brocaded chair, with his little legs stuck out to the fire, he was so much at his ease that he was almost flat on his back. She had evidently roused him from sleep, and it took him a couple of minutes, during which, without again looking at him, she directly approached a beautiful old French secretary, a fine piece of the period of Louis Quinze, to justify his presence. "I changed my mind—I couldn't get off."

"Do you mean to say you're not going?"

"Well, I'm thinking it over. What's a fellow to do?" He sat up a little, staring with conscious solemnity at the fire, and if it had been—as it was not—one of the annoyances she, in general, expected from him, she might have received the impression that his flush was the heat of liquor.

"He's to keep out of the way," she replied—"when he has led one so deeply to hope it." There had been a bunch of keys suspended in the lock of the secretary, of which, as she said these words, Mrs. Brookenham took possession. Her air on observing them had promptly become that of having been in search of them, and a moment after she had passed across the room they were in her pocket. "If you don't go, what excuse will you give?"

"Do you mean to *you*, mummy?"

She stood before him, and now she dismally looked at him. "What's the matter with you? What an extraordinary time to take a nap!"

He had fallen back in the chair, from the depths of which he met her eyes. "Why, it's just *the* time, mummy. I did it on purpose. I can always go to sleep when I like. I assure you it sees one through things—!"

She turned away with impatience and, glancing about the room, perceived on a small table of the same type as the secretary a somewhat massive book with the label of a circulating library, which she proceeded to pick up as if for refuge from the impression the boy made on her. He watched her do this and watched her then slightly pause at the wide window that, in Buckingham Crescent, commanded the prospect they had ramified rearward to enjoy, a medley of smoky brick and spotty stucco, of other undressed backs, of glass invidiously opaque, of roofs and chimney-pots and stables unnaturally near—one of the private pictures that in London, in select situations, run up, as the phrase is, the rent. There was no indication of value now, however, in the character conferred on the scene by a cold spring rain. The place, moreover, had a confessed out-of-season vacancy. She appeared to have determined on silence for the present mark of her relation with Harold, yet she soon failed to resist a sufficiently poor reason for breaking it. "Be so good as to get out of my chair."

"What will you do for me," he asked, "if I oblige you?"

He never moved—but as if only the more directly and intimately to meet her—and she stood again before the fire and sounded his strange little face. "I don't know what it is, but you give me sometimes a kind of terror."

"A terror, mamma?"

She found another place, sinking sadly down and opening her book, and the next moment he got up and came over to kiss her, on which she drew her cheek wearily aside. "You bore me quite to death," she panted, "and I give you up to your fate."

"What do you call my fate?"

"Oh, something dreadful—if only by its being publicly ridiculous." She turned vaguely the pages of her book. "You're too selfish—too sickening."

"Oh, dear, dear!" he wonderingly whistled while he wandered back to the hearth-rug on which, with his hands behind him, he lingered awhile. He was small and had a slight stoop, which somehow gave him character—a character somewhat of the insidious sort, carried out in the acuteness, difficult to trace to a source, of his smooth fair face, whose lines were all curves and its expression all needles. He had the voice of a man of forty, and was dressed—as if markedly not for London—with an air of experience that seemed to match it. He pulled down his waistcoat, smoothing himself, feeling his neat hair and looking at his shoes; then he said to his mother: "I took your five pounds. Also two of the sovereigns," he went on. "I left you two pound ten." She jerked up her head at this, facing him in dismay, and, immediately on her feet, passed back to the secretary. "It's quite as I say," he insisted; "you should have locked it *before*, don't you know? It grinned at me there with all its charming brasses, and what was I to do? Darling mummy, I

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*couldn't* start—that was the truth. I thought I should find something—I had noticed; and I do hope you'll let me keep it, because if you don't it's all up with me. I stopped over on purpose—on purpose, I mean, to tell you what I've done. Don't you call that a sense of honor? And now you only stand and glower at me."

Mrs. Brookenham was, in her thirty-ninth year, still charmingly pretty, and the nearest approach she made, at this moment, to meeting her son's description of her was by looking beautifully desperate. She had about her the pure light of youth—would always have it; her head, her figure, her flexibility, her flickering color, her lovely, silly eyes, her natural, quavering tone all played together toward this effect by some trick that had never yet been exposed. It was at the same time remarkable that—at least in the bosom of her family—she rarely wore an appearance of gayety less qualified than at the present juncture; she suggested, for the most part, the luxury, the novelty, of woe, the excitement of strange sorrows and the cultivation of fine indifferences. This was her special sign—an innocence dimly tragic. It gave immense effect to her other resources. She opened the secretary with the key she had quickly found, then with the aid of another rattled out a small drawer; after which she pushed the drawer back, closing the whole thing. "You terrify me—you terrify me," she again said.

"How can you say that when you showed me just now how well you know me? Wasn't it just on account of what you thought I might do that you took out the keys as soon as you came in?" Harold's manner had a way of clearing up whenever he could talk of himself.

"You're too utterly disgusting, and I shall speak to your father:" with which, going to the chair he had given up, his mother sank down again with her heavy book. There was no anger, however, in her voice, and not even a harsh plaint; only a detached, accepted disenchantment. Mrs. Brookenham's supreme rebellion against fate was just to show with the last frankness how much she was bored.

"No, darling mummy, you won't speak to my father—you'll do anything in the world rather than that," Harold replied, quite as if he were kindly explaining her to herself. "I thank you immensely for the charming way you take what I have done; it was because I had a conviction of that that I waited for you to know it. It was all very well to tell you I would start on my visit—but how the deuce was I to start without a penny in the world? Don't you see that if you want me to go about you must really enter into my needs?"

"I wish to heaven you would leave me—I wish to heaven you would get out of the house," Mrs. Brookenham went on without looking up.

Harold took out his watch. "Well, mamma, now I *am* ready: I wasn't in the least before. But it will be going forth, you know, quite to seek my fortune. For do you really think—I must have from you what you do think—that it will be all right for me?"

She fixed him at last with her pretty pathos. "You mean for you to go to Brander?"

"You know," he answered with his manner as of letting her see her own attitude, "you know you try to make me do things that you wouldn't at all do yourself. At least I hope you wouldn't. And don't you see that if I so far oblige you I must at least be paid for it?"

His mother leaned back in her chair, gazed for a moment at the ceiling and then closed her eyes. "You *are* frightful," she said; "you're appalling."

"You're always wanting to get me out of the house," he continued; "I think you want to get us *all* out, for you manage to keep Nanda from showing even more than you do me. Don't you think your children are good enough, mummy dear? At any rate, it's as plain as possible that if you don't keep us at home you must keep us in other places. One can't live anywhere for nothing—it's all bosh that a fellow saves by staying with people. I don't know how it is for a lady, but a man practically, is let in—"

"Do you know you kill me, Harold?" Mrs. Brookenham wofully interposed. But it was with the same remote melancholy that, in the next breath, she asked: "It wasn't an *invitation*—to Brander?"

"It's as I told you. She said she'd write, fixing a time; but she never did write."

"But if *you* wrote—"

"It comes to the same thing? *Does* it?—that's the question. If on my note she didn't write—that's what I mean. Should one simply take it that one is wanted? I like to have these things *from* you, mother. I do, I believe, everything you say; but to feel safe and right I must just *have* them. Any one *would* want me, eh?"

Mrs. Brookenham had opened her eyes, but she still attached them to the cornice. "If she hadn't wanted you, she would have written. In a great house like that there's always room."

The young man watched her a moment. "How you *do* like to tuck us in and then sit up yourself! What do you want to do, anyway? What *are* you up to, mummy?"

She rose, at this, turning her eyes about the room as if from the extremity of martyrdom or the wistfulness of some deep thought. Yet when she spoke it was with a different expression, an expression that would have served, for an observer, as a marked illustration of that disconnectedness of her parts which frequently was laughable even to the degree of contributing to her social success. "You've spent, then, more than four pounds in five days. It was on Friday I gave them to you. What in the world do you suppose is going to become of me?"

Harold continued to look at her as if the question demanded some answer really helpful. "Do we live beyond our means?"

She now moved her gaze to the floor. "Will you *please* get away?"

"Anything to assist you. Only, if I *should* find I'm not wanted—?"

She met, after an instant, his look, and the wan loveliness and silliness of her own had never been greater. "*Be* wanted, and you won't find it. You're odious, but you're not a fool."

He put his arms about her now, for farewell, and she submitted as if it were absolutely indifferent to her to whose bosom she was pressed. "You do, dearest," he laughed, "say such sweet things!" And with that he reached the door, on opening which he pulled up at a sound from below. "The Duchess! She's coming up."

Mrs. Brookenham looked quickly round the room, but she spoke with utter detachment. "Well, let her come."

"As I'd let her go. I take it as a happy sign *she* won't be at Brander." He stood with his hand on the knob; he had another quick appeal. "But after Tuesday?"

Mrs. Brookenham had passed half round the room with the glide that looked languid but that was really a remarkable form of activity, and had given a transforming touch, on sofa and chairs, to three or four crushed cushions. It was all with the sad, inclined head of a broken lily. "You're to stay till the twenty-fourth."

"But if I *am* kicked out?"

It was as a broken lily that she considered it. "Then go to the Mangers."

"Happy thought! And shall I write?"

His mother raised a little more a window-blind. "No—I will."

"Delicious mummy!" And Harold blew her a kiss.

"Yes, rather"—she corrected herself. "Do write—from Brander. It's the sort of thing for the Mangers. Or even wire."

"Both?" the young man laughed. "Oh you duck!" he cried. "And from where will *you* let them have it?"

"From Pewbury," she replied without wincing. "I'll write on Sunday."

"Good. How d'ye do, Duchess?"—and Harold, before he disappeared, greeted with a rapid concentration of all the shades of familiarity a large, high lady, the visitor he had announced, who rose in the doorway with the manner of a person used to arriving on thresholds very much as people arrive at stations—with the expectation of being "met."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## KILLING FROST.

The Department of Agriculture of the United States reports that the first killing frost of the season is due in northern Minnesota September 18. That date is the average of the past twenty-five years.* Four days later (September 22) corn is frost killed in South Dakota. Again, four days later still, southern Minnesota is visited; and within the three following days, Nebraska and Michigan. This concludes the September operations.

The map shows the relative locations of these first five stations of Jack Frost's annual business travels in the principal corn-producing States. The most remarkable feature of his September journeyings is that he skips Wisconsin until six days after he has visited Michigan.

October operations are, however, begun on the 5th, with Wisconsin as headquarters. The map shows that the first October route, "a," is to the Southwest, reaching Iowa the first day out (October 6). Now Iowa is *the* great corn State, and it is not known whether that is the reason, or whether Jack goes to sleep there for a week and a day to gain strength for the following four days' remarkable work. At any rate, he is due in Kansas on the 14th, and in Illinois on the 15th.

Then, without stopping to take breath, he makes the "b" route complete in twenty-four hours, "doing" both Ohio and New York State on the 16th. Starting immediately on his "c" route, he makes Indiana the following day, having covered five great States in four days.

He then proceeds more leisurely, taking two weeks for the remaining seven October States, an average of just two days to each State, and brings up in the "Old Dominion" on the last day of the month.

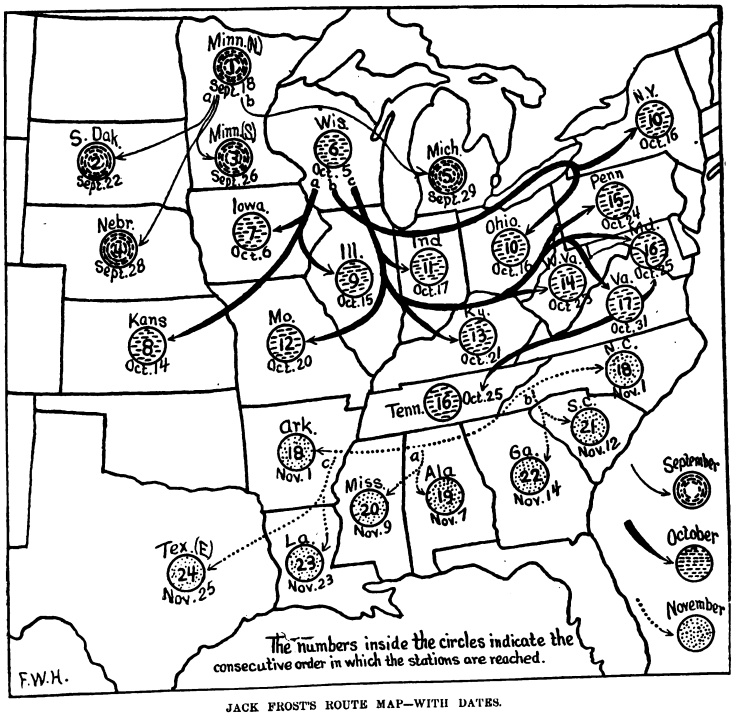
His November campaign is opened simultaneously in Arkansas and North Carolina on the first day of the month. That date, however, is merely for record, because he does not start on his "a" route until the 7th, when he visits Alabama, and two days later, Mississippi.

It is very clear that the Southern climate takes the snap out of Jack Frost, just as it does out of other folks, for the map routes and dates show a record of but eight States in the whole twenty-five days, which is a striking contrast to the five States from October 14 to October 17 inclusive, or the twelve States from October 14 to October 31 inclusive, in his more northerly work.

It is of interest to note that the corn-killing record is closed in nine Northwestern States before Ohio and New York are called down, and that eight days more pass, and the accounts of four more States are closed, before Pennsylvania is called upon for a settlement.

A little study of the map will show several other striking geographical relations, making it clear that oceans, great lakes, large mountain systems, and extensive river valleys have a marked influence in determining the close of the vegetation season.

* All dates used herein, and on the accompanying map, are the twenty-five-year average dates of the first killing frosts of the respective localities as reported by the Department of Agriculture.




JACK FROST'S ROUTE MAP—WITH DATES.

## THE MISER YEAR.

### AUTUMN.

Note how the miser year clings to her gold,
Which now is spread o'er forest, hill, and field,
And not until her hands in death grow cold
With Winter's frost will she her bright hoard yield.

F. S. M.

## CURTIS'S LETTERS TO DWIGHT.*

It is a genial service that Mr. George Willis Cooke has done in presenting in a neat volume by themselves the letters that George William Curtis wrote to his friend and teacher John S. Dwight, in those idyllic days of his youth at Brook Farm and at Concord. The service consists in not merely giving us the letters, but in setting up the background of life and experience that belongs to them.

In his introductory matter the editor gives a sufficient account of Curtis's early life for his purpose, and affords distinct glimpses of that curious development of Boston transcendentalism in the early forties which culminated in the Brook Farm Association. He lets us know clearly enough what Brook Farm was and who partook of its gentle socialism, and then he reproduces the environment of young Curtis's rustic experience at Concord, where he came in contact with Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. Another service, and one perhaps more needed, consists in reminding the world of the man who for years was known simply as the editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*. He began as a clergyman, and was of the transcendentalist circle, and he taught Latin and music at Brook Farm. A classical scholar and a theologian, he devoted his days mainly to disseminating musical knowledge and taste, with little profit to himself.

This editorial labor revives the atmosphere of the letters, and makes their significance fresh; and in them we find reflected the pellucid mind and character of the youth of nineteen to twenty-two, who became the vigorous champion of reform and of all good causes in the bustling world, the polished orator of the platform and the forum, and the genial philosopher of the famous "Easy Chair." An adequate biography of Curtis, with extracts from his correspondence, had been previously published; but it is well to have by itself this picture of the formative period of his manhood.

* *Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight; Brook Farm and Concord.* Edited by George Willis Cooke. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, publishers, 1898.

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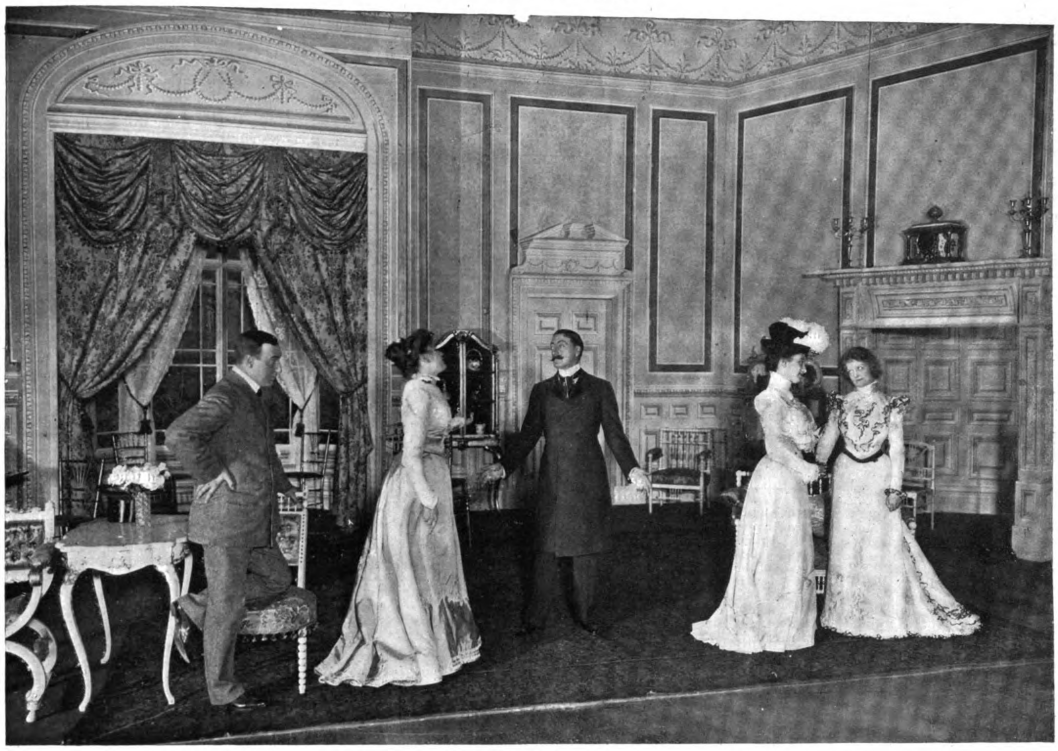
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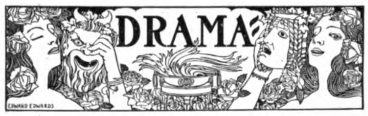

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA—SCENE AT THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" at the Exposition.—[See Page 987.]

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SCENE FROM "THE LIARS," AS PERFORMED BY MR. JOHN DREW'S COMPANY AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK.
*Mrs. Crespin.* "I'm afraid I made a mistake."






THE REAL CYRANO.

THE proverbial difference made by an inch on a man's nose was never better illustrated than in "Cyrano de Bergerac," with which Mr. Richard Mansfield has just opened at the Garden Theatre in New York, and Mr. Daly's company at the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia. The Cyrano of history had a very good nose: as Napoleon once said of his own, it was no more than enough to air his brain. Unluckily, like *Falstaff*, it not only aired his own wit, but was the occasion of airing wit in others. One ancient writer says it was "like the nose of those yellow-and-green babblers they bring us from America," and other equally unpleasant remarks were passed. Now it was possible in Cyrano's time (if we can trust his contemporary *Touchstone*) to object to the cut of a courtier's beard and not fight him short of the seventh remove, from the retort courteous to the lie direct; but with regard to his nose Cyrano left no loop-hole. If you did not like it you had to fight him on the spot; and though he was one of the most famous men of letters of his time, he was also one of the most dreaded swashbucklers. Here in the facts of history is the theme for a lofty and thoroughly legitimate romance—The Romance of the Nose. But M. Edmond Rostand was not satisfied with it: he added the proverbial inch, and made it, as the stage directions specify, *le nez terrible*—protruding, fiery, bulbous.

The Romance of the Nose.

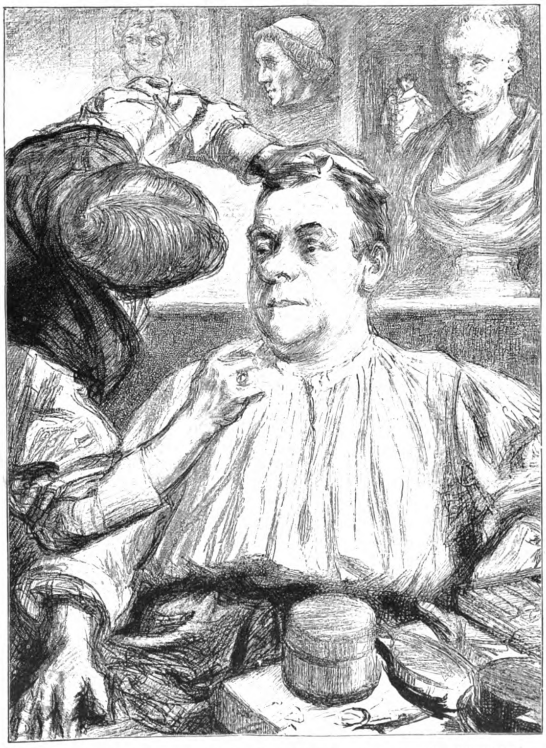
On that inch of stage nose the whole play hangs; and in the touch of the grotesque it introduces one finds the theme that led M. Rostand away from the lines of what is called legitimate comedy.

But how splendid the grotesque he achieves! The Cyrano of history, if he was given time, could write a *ballade* with all its intricacies of rhyme and refrain; and it is related that he once fought and vanquished a hundred men. *Cyrano* of the nose fights a duel, and at the same time extemporizes a *ballade* describing, from thrust to thrust, how he does it. The refrain he chooses is, "A la fin de l'envoi je touche!" and, sure enough, when the end of the *envoi* comes, he stabs his man, with the refrain in his mouth announcing the fact. It would be impertinent to inquire how many hours of quiet it took M. Rostand to compose that particular *ballade*, or to wonder why M. Rostand did not make *Cyrano* compose a *ballade* while fighting a hundred men, or, for the matter of that, a hundred *ballades*, one for each man. He had other fish to fry! This episode of the *duel en vers* is only one of the grotesque impossibilities, the impossible heroisms, that crowd the five acts of the play.

The Inch on Cyrano's Nose.

The main grotesque impossibility—or let us call it a grotesque necessity—is that though *Cyrano* is a poet at heart and in love with all beauty and grace, his nose places him without the pale of woman's love—his own mother thought him ugly, and he has loved his cousin *Roxane* from childhood almost without hope. Yet he will not even shed a tear for the loss of it all—a tear is too beautiful a thing to be profaned by coursing down his nose! It is enough that when the spell of the blue twilight is upon him and he walks in gardens where lovers meet he has to breathe in the April air through that nose! It transpires that *Roxane* returns the love of one of *Cyrano's* comrades-at-arms, *Christian*. As it happens, *Roxane* has the æsthetic fad of the day, the *preciosité* which Molière has immortalized in "Les Précieuses Ridicules." Now *Christian* is as simple-minded as he is handsome, and badly needs some one to write acceptable love-letters for him.

The Tear and the Nose.



FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE FAMOUS NOSE OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC." COQUELIN IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON.
A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD.

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Poor *Cyrano* undertakes the task for the happiness of addressing *Roxane*, in whatever guise. In spite of his nose, on a letter he has written a tear is discovered! He even speaks for *Christian* one night beneath *Roxane's* balcony, and implores a kiss. The lines are so beautiful that they cannot be taken out of the French without losing the best there is in them: "A kiss? And, after all, what is it! An oath made holier, a promise more precise. . . . A rose-dot on the *i* of the verb *aimer*, an instant of infinitude that makes the sound of a bee. . . . A foretaste of the soul upon the lips." It is *Christian* who receives that kiss; but *Cyrano* has a moment of real triumph, knowing that what *Roxane* is kissing is the words he has just been speaking.

When the lovers are married, *Roxane* tells *Christian* that, though attracted at first by his good looks, her heart was won by the beauty of his spirit; she would love him if he were ugly, even grotesque. This rouses *Christian's* manhood; but before he can confess the truth, he is called away to battle, and is killed. The latest letter to *Roxane*, wet with *Cyrano's* tears, becomes stained with *Christian's* blood. He dies imploring *Cyrano* to tell the truth to *Roxane* and claim the love that is his. *Cyrano's* loyalty is little short of quixotic. He delivers the letter, refusing to let *Roxane* know that the man she really loves still lives, though her sorrow is so great that she has taken refuge in a cloister. And his devotion is no less than his loyalty. During fourteen years that elapse between the fourth and fifth acts he has visited her every week to bring her the news of the world, and it is only as he expires that *Roxane* divines his secret. In a passage of surpassing pathos she discovers that the letters are his, that the voice that wooed her beneath her balcony is his voice. The blood on the letter she has cherished is *Christian's*, but the tear is *Cyrano's*. Even here *Cyrano* has no word of regret; he is only grateful that one bit of womanly sympathy has come to him. "Grâce à vous, une robe a passé dans ma vie." Long before the play has reached this point *le nez terrible* is forgotten, and one is lost in the splendor and the beauty and the pathos of the impossible situation that it has alone made possible. It gives a touch of grotesque to the whole, yet the five long acts of "Cyrano" teem with the heroism of war and of love. It is the Romance of the Sword and the Rose.

Blood and a Tear.

The success of the play last year in Paris can scarcely be exaggerated. Coming in the wake of a series of problem plays, of attempts in realism, symbolism, and Ibsenism, and all the thousand fads of a nation in which the creative spirit is dormant, it shot across the sky like a burst of light from sunset. It is not strange that Paris mistook the play for the herald of a new dawn. Even so lucid and authoritative a critic as M. Emile Faguet declared that Rostand had opened the twentieth century brilliantly and in triumph; that Europe would be made to stare with envy, and that France would be in an ecstasy of pride and of hope. Calmer judgments now prevail. M. Jules Lemaître has pointed out clearly enough that in the main the play of "Cyrano" harks back to what is oldest and most familiar in the French drama. "Far from being an innovation, it is rather a recapitulation, or, if you prefer, the supreme flowering of an artistic growth of three centuries." The fine people of the Hôtel de Rambouillet would have delighted in its elegances of phrase; the swarming vitality of certain of the scenes has the flavor of Rabelais. And that nose! It might have been carved seven hundred years ago on any of the cathedrals of the best period in the Ile de France.

A Threatened Fad.

The play is French of the French, and one can only speculate as to how an Anglo-Saxon audience will take to it after the first weeks of its novelty are over. If we honestly follow our tastes I do not think it is likely to prove a lasting success, for the entire atmosphere is that of an exotic—and the bloom of a flower of poetry is sadly brushed off by even the best translation! Yet all the world is talking about it, and not a few are reading it. Theatrical companies all over the country are preparing to produce it the moment the tidings of success are announced from Philadelphia and New York. Most probably we are launched on the indeterminate course of a popular fad—the nose of *Cyrano* is heir to the publicity of *Trilby's* foot.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Liars," which Mr. John Drew has produced at the Empire, is a far better piece than one is permitted to appreciate. With the exception of Mr. Drew, the actors succeed mainly in obscuring the author's intention. It is essentially a drawing-room play, full of quiet shadings and innuendoes; yet every jest or repartee is launched at the audience as if from a torpedo-tube, and its explosion is awaited in theatrical suspense. Some of the more delicate jests are not launched at all, but done to death in slow and meaningless recital. Mr. Drew's manner is in sharp contrast. He is everywhere quiet and reserved. He acts less than he easily might, and leaves the difference in effect to be created in the mind of his hearer. If actors could only realize how grateful one is for the privilege of seeing a thing one's self! If I am not mistaken Mr. Drew rises even above his own high level in some of the more emotional scenes. When he does so one realizes how much force a climax gains from a well-modulated style.

John Drew and The Liars.

The plot of "The Liars" is curiously like that of Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Meddler." In both plays a wife's indiscretion involves the friends of the family in a mesh of lies. In Mr. Thomas's play the situation is funnier because the wife is quite innocent, and the man who suffers the worst consequences of intermeddling is actuated by the sincerest motives—it is a situation filled with the eternal irony of social limitations. Mr. Jones's wife and her lover are the conventional would-be runaways—the woman shallow in her va[illegible] man an ass in his vehemence. Yet as an [illegible]g play there is no comparison. From curtain to curtain and from act to act everything in "The Liars" is adjusted with almost Gallic skill of construction. The movement never strays or flags, and though the climaxes are unobtrusive, they happen along at opportune moments; and the spectator is never for an instant in doubt as to what is going on. Much of the wit of the lines is excellent, and the situations, especially that at the end of the third act, are very amusing. Altogether the play is worthy of success, and, in spite of the crudity of several of the actors, will doubtless achieve it.

JOHN CORBIN.

# MUSIC

## COMIC OPERA AGAIN.

Look at its eye, look at its eye, look at its rolling eye!
—"*A Runaway Girl.*"

FLASHING and capering, comic opera is effecting its annual sortie on New York. It is the regular season's skirmishing-line. Like Roderick Dhu's gillies, hid along Venachar, nothing is heard of it, until, presto! a whistle is blown, and, lo, all the region is alive with the clan! It fits the mood, too, in which September and October find many ordinarily sensible people. Winter is not yet here, but there is coolness and a nip in the blood. We are back in town, and at work. But until at least November let us enjoy as much of an Indian summer of carelessness and irresponsible vitality as we can through the musical stage's counterfeit of frolic and out-of-doors life—gradually rising to our duty and sober ideals.

I do not know that it is fair, however, to class with musical guerilla-work productions that are even as independent of each other, as independent of correct musical models, as careless of deference to the limits of absurdity in play-acting through music, as are "A Runaway Girl," "The Charlatan," and "The Little Corporal." Much less should one include the Castle Square's systematic repertory-work, with "Boccaccio," "Iolanthe," "Dorothy," "A Trip to Africa," and so on. Our broadest home-made creation, the sort that Mr. Wilson commands, and in which Mr. Hopper comes down upon us like a De Wolf on the fold, is scornful of the dictates of almost everything except the wishes of those jovial low-comedians who star in them. But few of the regular season's incidents are more shrewdly, intelligently, and expensively planned and carried out. There is, too, a gain in many artistic details from autumn to autumn—admitting all the perversities and shortcomings. We find more musicianly music, more real humor in the absurd plot or dialogue of drollery. There is always closer heed to avoid any shade of real impropriety. So, notwithstanding the familiar faults of the old line of comic efforts of the sort, the musical carefulness and effect advance and the ensemble work ever is better and better done.



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK,
Of the Castle Square Opera Company.

Comic opera in English and opera-comique made in English much more broadly comic than it should be—something of an accepted hybrid that irritates us, and has to be scolded as much as do other sorts of hybrids—are the direct result of those days of the Casino to which we are apt to look back rather affectionately, even to calling them good old ones. Really they were not a bit better than they should have been, year by year. The same high priests of their fun-making are the authorities of vogue in it to-day. The priestesses somehow have largely disappeared from prominence, going down unto vaudeville or into the vale of over-ripe years. Miss Lillian Russell is, I think, the only one to be called actually in wide public notice as an operatic singer still; and Miss Russell came to the Casino in its later and Offenbach period, not when we were having "Erminie," "Nadgy," "The Merry War," "Nell Gwynne," "Nanon," "The Beggar Student," "Madelon," "The Marquise," and so on. Besides that fact, Miss Russell had no ordinary voice and musical schooling. It is true that Strauss, Millöcker, Genée, and Lacome furnished operettas of graceful musicianship and quieter humor, even to sentiment really refined. But the plots and references nearly always hinted at Paris or Vienna in a license of moral situations. The dialogue was Bowdlerized into crude and hack English. The operettas once selected, they were maltreated by horse-play and "gagging" to the full. Gaudiness of mounting was a specialty, and a tiresomely frank dependence was put not on the human voice divine, but on the human form divine. Now there is certainly much to criticise, even to rebuke, as art, in such pieces as "Wang," "The Wizard of the Nile," "The Charlatan," "The Little Corporal," "A Runaway Girl," and, I dare say, in what Mr. Jefferson-Concerning-The-Angels is about to disclose to us—"The Jolly Musketeer." But they are made expressly to fit the singing low-comedians in question. No original that has been more æsthetically sound is abused in them. Their music is often excellent, as well as much more sonorous and varied than that of their imported predecessors. The plots are quintessently absurd; but they are novel in picturesqueness of situation, and the text has some share of real wit and of literary cleverness in the lyrics. Moreover, a large group of young women, the female protagonists, have studied, and studied hard, for just the species of capable work that they do, not merely depending on their personal good looks, nor drifting into such musical services as unsuccessful climbers toward serious opera or recruits from vaudeville. The choruses, too, are far better as singers and actors. Who does not shudder to remember the old—literally old—Casino chorus? The orchestra is apt to be well chosen and intelligently led. So really are the attributes of frolic opera as we hear it may cheer us as critics of music's lighter side, although we reprove the faults in it at which we—laugh!

Between the half-dozen examples of such opera, old or new, our own or imported, now bidding for their term of popular favor, there is no very distinct choice. At the Broadway and Knickerbocker theatres we find perfect instances of how local traditions that misguide are kept alive, or how far improvement marches quietly along despite them. Mr. Wilson has arrived at a higher plane of acting as *Petitpas*, in "The Little Corporal." But the book by Mr. Smith has an extravagance of absurdity that will hardly brook a shade of the serious in all Mr. Wilson's work as comedian, to say nothing of the highly successful aim of the librettist at a really humorous dialogue, and at a constant flash of that touch-and-go fun in which the public delight. Mr. Englander's score is full of good writing. It has at least the numbers that catch the ear strongly—the "Sons of France" chorus and the brisk seditious song against Bonaparte. But Mr. Englander has not reached a high mark of melodic invention or originality of effect in any act. Even in the two numbers named we are referred to "Tannhäuser" and "The Mulligan Guards," in funny succession. Of course, Mr. Wilson makes the most of all designed for him, in his accustomed manner; Miss Glaser is a delightful aide-de-camp; in Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan a pleasant singer and spirited operatic actor comes forward; and "The Little Corporal" is a fluent and brightly colored spectacle, if a trifle long.

Mr. Hopper has been provided by Mr. Sousa in "The Charlatan" not merely with music better calculated to show a fine barytone voice, but with three acts of no mean merit, when ideas and firm treatment of vocal or instrumental contents are examined. Miss Bergen sings artistically. Each ensemble number is quite capitally done. Mr. Hopper cannot help being the last man for us to take seriously, even in his vocalism; but I begin to expect the day when I shall hear him, and with commendation, as a Wagnerian barytone or *Marcel* or *Mephistopheles*. I have already heard him as *Leonora* in "The Trovatore," not to mention his appearance as *Juliet!* As for "A Runaway Girl," at Daly's, it is not as diverting in plot, song-text, or dialogue as was "The Geisha." Mr. Carryll and Mr. Monckton, nevertheless, have put into the piece gayety, several charming or droll lyrics, and the close is a surprise in its quickening of one's declined interest in the mirth and music. We have, as before now with these London arrivals, a stage overflowing with something like real youthfulness, true buoyancy, life, smiling good looks. The English model of comic opera inclines just now to the simplicities of the old "ballad-opera" manner. With its aristocratic names, its undercurrent of good-breeding and decorous reserves, it is attractive despite its being pitched to a quiet key as a frolic. It is more a butterfly than a bird, and it has remarkably pretty wings. It likes to build its absurdity on the yachting or travelling adventures of a lot of young persons of title, and the result is a dramatic aspect somewhere between a fashionable bazar in a shire town and a house party of charming lunatics. It does not care much more about its heroes than that they must be boyish and slim and graceful; but it does make much of scrapes of an immature heroine, who is at once as timorous as a schoolgirl and brassy as a ballet danseuse; who always wholly conceals her identity by merely letting down her back hair, and who comes out unscathed even from a Tea-House of Ten Thousand Joys or a strolling minstrel-band.

By the Castle Square forces "Patience" has been wisely and gratefully announced, succeeding to the "Trip to Africa," in which the artistic singing of half a dozen of the principals and Mr. Raymond Hitchcock's low-comedy were much relished by a houseful of regular patrons. Mr. Hitchcock has natural humor of face and style; all he needs is more discretion in his fooling.

At Wallack's "The Fortune Teller," with an amusing book by Mr. Smith and a brilliant score by Mr. Victor Herbert, is admirably sung by a strong company, headed by Miss Alice Neilsen, Mr. Eugene Cowles, and Mr. Joseph Herbert.

Let us take the good with the bad. There is much art as good as the vehicle demands, and some decidedly better. The great enemy to art in it is the gagging, especially when such a thing is thrown into a piece when it rings false to bring an insult. Mr. Hopper, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Powers, Mr. Hitchcock, are sinners in the same kind, if by no means in the same degree. But while their gagging is the joy of the vulgar, be it noted that it is not *risqué* gagging. It is, too, so old a liberty that we can almost reverence it. The Greek and Roman stage was full of gaggers' echoes. On the London boards, in the seventeenth century, Pinkethman, a noted comedian, was one who "ever interpolated all manner of Jokes and Gestures not in his Part, according to the Authour." There is, too, a strongly contemporary hint in this protest: "What jumping over tables and joust stools! What ridiculous postures and grimaces! And what an excellent trick it was to straddle before an audience making a thousand d——d French faces! *And yet the town was so proud of all these that they brought the greatest houses ever known!*" Mr. Pinkethman is ably represented to-day, as well as the public's liking for his theory of humor.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

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## THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country, which has just begun its sessions at Washington, D. C., is the supreme legislature of the Church. The structure of the convention bears resemblance to the Congress of the United States, the bishops being, so to speak, Senators for life, and sitting (always in "executive session") apart from the Representatives, as we may call the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, which is composed of not more than four clergymen and four laymen from each diocese, chosen by election in the various diocesan conventions. The two Houses must agree upon any legislation before it may pass into law; since there is no Chief Executive, like the President of the United States, no veto power anywhere exists, and the comparison with our national legislation fails at this point.

The convention charged with duties so important is of course an imposing body—imposing in mere bulk as in talent and character. The House of Clerical and Lay Deputies includes, generally speaking, the most eminent priests and the foremost laymen of the Church, and in large number; indeed, this House is now cumbrously large, containing at present about four hundred and fifty members, and constantly growing in bulk with the creation of new dioceses, so that the difficulty of clean and thorough despatch of business by the House has become great already, and some attempts at reducing the number of deputies have been made, but without result hitherto.

The convention is a wandering body, meeting in different places, according to its own appointment. In 1895 the place of session was Minneapolis; in 1892, Baltimore; in 1889, New York, in 1886, Chicago, etc. This year, for the first time, it assembles at the capital, which, since the last convention, has become the see city of the new Diocese of Washington, presided over by Bishop Satterlee, long rector of Calvary Church, New York. As must be the case in a body composed chiefly of elderly men, death commonly deprives either House of some familiar figures at each triennial meeting. Among those thus taken away who are likely to be most missed from the convention of 1898 are the late Bishop Coxe of Western New York, and the late Stephen P. Nash, senior warden of Trinity Parish, New York, whose term of service in the convention had endured for twenty years.

The presiding bishop is the senior in date of consecration, but as this rule is likely to devolve the duty of directing the deliberations of the House of Bishops upon one of the more aged and infirm of their number, provision was made sometime since for the election of a chairman, who may relieve his senior whenever he be desired so to do. It is to be feared that the venerable Bishop Williams of Connecticut, who for ten years has been presiding bishop, may be hindered by the weight of infirmity from active service during the present session. The House of Clerical and Lay Deputies elects a president at every convention. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, New York, first chosen president in 1886, has been re-elected at every succeeding convention. He is a model presiding officer, urbane with firmness and unfailingly just, and no doubt will be chosen without dissenting voice if he shall be willing to undertake this arduous duty for a fifth time.

For near twenty years the General Convention has been chiefly occupied with large matters, of widespread interest through the Church, requiring singular labor, and absorbing most of the time at its disposal. Efforts after greater flexibility in the use of the Prayer-Book resulted finally in the tedious work of Prayer-Book revision, which, begun formally in 1880, was not finally completed till 1892. The result of the long-continued work was to leave that great treasury of devotion very little changed—certainly not impaired, but slightly enriched, and with some allowance of alternative uses. An effect not designed nor foreseen, resulting partly from the long period during which the Prayer-Book was in a state of flux, and partly from the new liberty allowed in use of the book as finally settled, has been to break down the old notions of rubrical rigidity, which, whether their absence be deplored or not, seem to have vanished never to return. Concurrently with Prayer-Book revision (during most of the time) the convention was engaged in the task—not difficult merely, but perhaps impossible, and certainly impossible by the method adopted—of producing an ideal hymn-book, to be imposed for exclusive use in the Church. The hymn-book was completed also in 1892. In that year the convention began another great task in the complete revision of its constitution and canons. Not only had long-continued patchwork brought these into disorder, but they were considered inadequate for the needs and duty of the Church.

The ungrateful and most difficult preliminary work of this revision was intrusted by the convention to a commission of seven bishops, seven clergymen, and seven laymen, appointed by the House of Bishops and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies respectively. The strength of this commission may be inferred from the list of its episcopal members as originally appointed, who were Bishops Williams, Coxe, Doane, Dudley, Burgess, Potter, and Paret. The members of the commission were scattered from Minnesota to Georgia, their meetings involving necessarily great consumption of valuable time. Their report was, however, made ready in season for printed copies thereof to be distributed among members of the convention of 1895 some months before the meeting of that body, and was the chief topic of debate during its sessions. Nevertheless, only partial progress was made. To alter the constitution it is required that a General Convention should adopt the proposed change, which then is notified to all the diocesan conventions, after which, to become effective, it must be again adopted by the supreme legislature without the slightest alteration. A portion of the report of the commission (more or less amended after debate) was adopted by the convention of 1895, and now awaits the chance of ratification at the present session, but a considerable part of the report is less advanced, having failed of passage three years ago, and being recommitted. The report on this matter has been in the hands of deputies for several months. The Very Rev. Dr. E. A. Hoffman, of New York, was the chief official spokesman of the commission in the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies of 1895, and will doubtless appear in a like position this year.

It is apparent that this business must be the main occupation of the present convention. With the chance of non-ratification of the work done in 1895, and the certainty of much new matter now first to be dealt with, evidently the whole time of the convention would scarce suffice to complete the labor. Debate will probably run high over the proposed new canon on marriage and divorce, which it is proposed to make very stringent. The variety of views entertained concerning what really is the Scriptural teaching on this matter opens the door to wide diversity of utterance.

## THOMAS F. BAYARD.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1898.

PURE-MINDED and of lofty soul,
Heart belike a woman's in its tenderness,
Aspirations ever toward the highest goal,
Principles unflinchingly "*oblige noblesse.*"

Unselfish always, with the goodly pride
Of conscious strength of purpose; and of cant the foe.
The friend and counsellor and upright guide
Of all well-meaning men, or high, or low.

The friend of good, of wrong the enemy:
The nation mourns a true American.
A Bayard truly in his lofty chivalry—
A statesman and a gentleman!

J. K. B.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

ALWAYS WATCHFUL.

THE milk used for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is from the best dairies, under contracts with farmers, guaranteeing purity and richness in health-giving constituents.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

NEW lease of life—inheritance of subjects who use ABBOTT'S—The Original Angostura Bitters, as tonic. Not hard to take, not hard to get. All druggists.—[*Adv.*]

FOR looseness of bowels DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a positive specific.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

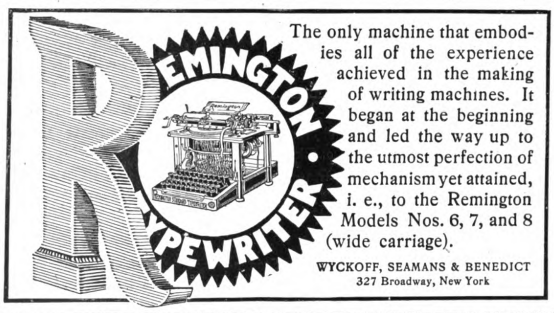
Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.
















WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT.
ROSEMARY HALL, a Country School for Girls.
MISS RUNTZ-REES, Principal.
Ninth year begins Oct. 1, 1898.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.
Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.
Our name spells—
S—O—H—M—E—R
New York Warerooms
SOHMER BUILDING
Fifth Ave., cor 22d St.

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## AMERICA, BELOVED LAND.

BY ABBOTT FREDERIC.

AMERICA, beloved land,
In reverence here thy children stand;
From West, from South, from East, from North,
Thy heroes show thy power forth.
Thy raging war-bolts rend and crash;
Thy foes to swift destruction dash:
Yet grant, O God, that wars may cease,
And keep us in Thy holy peace!

Our country, sacred, glorious, blest,
Defender of the poor, oppressed,
Forever may thy people be
United, equal, brave, and free,—
Their radiant banner never furled,
Their mission to uplift the world.
Almighty God, stretch out Thy hand,
In blessing, o'er our native land!

Her sons pledge riches, life, and fame
To keep unstained her spotless name;
Their blood has dropped like crimson rain;
Their great deeds live and shout again:
But let us not in power and pride
Forsake our fathers' Light and Guide.
Eternal God, ne'er turn Thy face
From deathless Freedom's chosen race!

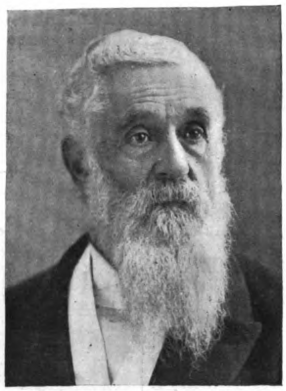
[This poem was written by Mr. Frederic after listening to a performance of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The words of this familiar song seemed to him weak and inadequate, and he therefore set himself to the task of composing something worthy of the nation. It is hoped that some musician will set the words to music.—EDITOR WEEKLY.]

## LORENZO SNOW.

LORENZO SNOW, the new president, prophet, seer, and revelator of the Mormon Church, is one of the most remarkable characters developed by his peculiar sect. He combines to a marked degree the spiritual devotion which has gained Mormonism its converts, and the business ability which has enabled the Church to make them prosperous. The two prominent achievements of Mr. Snow's life illustrate this statement. He travelled 150,000 miles as missionary, from 1836 to 1872, gathering converts from Turkey to Hawaii, and all the time paying his own expenses, in accordance with the rule of the Church, and also during this time guided a large body of the Mormons in the work of transforming the northwestern section of Utah from a bleak waste into a prosperous farming country.

President Snow is now eighty-four years old, having been born April 3, 1814, in Mantua, Ohio. He came from old New England stock, however, like most of the other men of strong character whom Joseph Smith gathered about him. He was converted to Mormonism by an itinerant missionary, whom he met while on his way to Oberlin College. After his graduation he joined Joseph Smith at Kirtland, Ohio, and became the tutor of the "prophet's" children. He was then steadily advanced in the Church, until he became a member of the twelve apostles because of his work in the missionary field.

During the anti-polygamy movement in Utah he demonstrated courage greater than that of most of his associates in the Church; for while they concealed themselves from the United States officials, he boldly faced the law, and served a term in the penitentiary. He married five times, and gathered a large family about him.



LORENZO SNOW,
New President of the Church of the Latter-day Saints (Mormon).

In late years, as the president of the apostles, he has been in charge of the highly important temple-work. Latter-day Saints believe that the souls of those who failed to be baptized on earth can be saved by substitute baptism in Mormon temples. Under President Snow's direction the people have been aroused to enthusiasm over this work, and now thousands of baptisms are performed in the temples every year for those who have been dead scores of years, and even centuries.

## AMERICAN SHIPS FOR RUSSIA.

LARGELY as the result of the recent performances of our naval vessels, no doubt, the Russian government has placed an order for the construction of a battle-ship and a cruiser with the Cramps of Philadelphia, although this firm has already furnished Russia with four fighting-ships.

The contract for the construction of these vessels was executed on the 23d of April last, in St. Petersburg, by Charles H. Cramp, president, on behalf of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company, and by Vice-Admiral V. Verhovskoy, I.R.N., whose position in the Russian admiralty is analogous to that of chief constructor in our navy, on behalf of the Russian government. Both ships are to be completed about October, 1900, and all the material used in their construction will be of American manufacture.

The battle-ship, not yet named, is numbered 300—that is, she is the 300th ship built by the Cramps. She is to have a length of 368 feet, 72 feet 2½ inches beam, 25 feet draught, with a displacement of 12,700 tons. She will be provided with triple-expansion engines, with water-tube boilers of the Niclausse type to develop 16,000 indicated horse-power, and a speed of 18 knots for 12 hours.

The main battery will consist of four 12-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted in pairs in two turrets on the middle line, one forward and one aft, and twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns. The secondary battery will consist of twenty 3-inch, twenty 47-millimetre, six 37-millimetre, and two 2½-inch guns—all of the rapid-fire type, and she will be fitted with six torpedo-tubes.

This new Russian battle-ship will be of a distinctive type, and will represent the latest development of the art of naval architecture as applied to armored sea-going vessels. The marked distinction hitherto prevailing between what is known as a battle-ship, pure and simple, and an armored cruiser, has been here to a considerable extent modified so that the new battle-ship combines in her design some of the qualities of both, being a first-class battle-ship in battery power and armored protection, and yet having the speed, coal capacity, and sea-keeping endurance of an armored cruiser.

The cruiser under construction for Russia will be 400 feet long, 52 feet beam, 19 feet 6 inches draught, and of 6300 tons displacement—that is, about half the size of the battle-ship—and will have a guaranteed speed of 23 knots for twelve hours. She likewise is to be provided with water-tube boilers of the Niclausse type, calculated to develop 20,000 indicated horse power. Her main battery will consist of twelve 6-inch breech-loading rifles, and her secondary battery of twelve 3-inch and six 47-millimetre guns, all of the rapid-fire type. She will also be provided with six torpedo-tubes.


ADVERTISEMENTS.

# New Books

**Crooked Trails.** Written and Illustrated by FREDERIC REMINGTON, Author of "Pony Tracks," etc. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

There are one or two departures in the present volume from Mr. Remington's accustomed haunts—departures which lead him into the storied past; but in them he remains as virile and as convincing as we have been accustomed to find him in more familiar scenes.

**The Instinct of Step-Fatherhood.** Stories. By LILIAN BELL, Author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," etc. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 25.

The various stories gathered together in this new volume have appeared from time to time in various periodicals. Several of them are veritable masterstrokes of ingenious construction, and all are well up to the standard which Miss Bell has set for her work, and to which she consistently adheres.

**Wild Eelin;** Her Escapades, Adventures, and Bitter Sorrows. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Princess of Thule," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.

"Wild Eelin" is a picturesque story of Scottish life, written in the author's best manner, the manner of "A Daughter of Heth" and "Madcap Violet." . . . The charm of the story is in the heroine, a sweet, capricious, unreasonable, dear, wholly inconsistent and altogether fetching girl, who has two lovers and keeps both at her feet, and leaves both broken-hearted when she dies.

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# Books on Sport

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Mr. Frost has worked *con amore* in picturing harmless foibles of his fellow-enthusiasts.

**The Golfiade,** and Other Tales of the Fair Green. By W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN. Illustrated. 16mo, Half Cloth, Colored Top, $1 00.

Lovers of King James's famous game will welcome this bright and inimitably humorous collection of golf stories.—*Zion's Herald*, Boston.

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A volume which will appeal directly to the players of America's robust game.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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This is altogether a unique and remarkable book.—*N. Y. Times*

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29, 1898.

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HON. THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD.

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28, 1898.

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Cleveland, Clifton Breckenridge, Charles S. Fairchild, Wade Hampton, of whose services the country is deprived in order that vulgar men may serve themselves in places once filled by patriots and statesmen. Senator Caffery is on his way to them; and if Allan G. Thurman, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, and Benjamin F. Hill were alive, they too would doubtless be numbered among the giants whose political life had been struck at by the modern pygmies.

These and others like them were the kind of men with whom Mr. Bayard formed political comradeship when, on March 4, 1869, not quite forty-one, he entered the United States Senate. Not only would the statement that the Senator's ideal was patriotic and unselfish service to his country, and that his honor was as white as that of the judge, have been thought not extravagant by statesmen of Mr. Bayard's type, its utterance would have been regarded as an impertinence. Public men and law-givers had been suspected of selling themselves, it is true, but a self-confessed corruptionist would have no more been admitted to the Senate thirty years ago than would a professional pickpocket now be accepted as an ornament of general society. Patriotism and honor were so much the rule with men of Mr. Bayard's type that, in their time, every politician was either honest or a hypocrite. Ability and learning were also recognized, thirty years ago, as useful and sometimes essential to statesmanship. It will be seen, therefore, that the time when Mr. Bayard led the Democratic party in the Senate, and when his friends sought to nominate him for the Presidency, was different from the time when Murphy sits in the Senate where Tillman leads, when Croker dominates a Democratic State convention in New York, and when Bryan and Hill are Presidential possibilities.

Mr. Bayard was bred a statesman. His studies and his thoughts were of the affairs of government, and his aspirations, as well as his toil, were for the country which he loved devotedly, and which he served with a zealous loyalty and with great intelligence for nearly thirty years. His concern for the welfare of the republic endured as long as he was able to give utterance to conscious sentiment, and I think that, in proof of this, I may be pardoned in quoting from a private letter recently received from one of his daughters, in which she says, "As long as he was able to hold up his head, his heart and mind were full of interest for the good government of this country, and of the great satisfaction he felt in the attitude of Great Britain during our struggle with Spain."

Mr. Bayard's training gave him at once a place of prominence in the Senate. He was an admirable debater, in the larger sense, and while his constitutional arguments against reconstruction legislation did not stay the purpose of the Republicans, they did much to enlighten the country. He never chang[illegible] his attitude on the subject of the relations of the States to the Fed-



Empress Dowager of Russia. Princess of Wales. Duchess of Cumberland.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS.

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eral government. If the war seemed to sweep away the legal doctrine of State rights, Mr. Bayard still contended that it was for the interest of the people and the States that localities should govern themselves, and that the general government should keep its hands off the individual citizen. More than any Democrat, Mr. Bayard brought to an end the oppression of the South, and he never compromised.

No one in public life was sounder than Mr. Bayard on economic questions. He was one of the chief and ablest opponents of the protective-tariff policy, and when the greenback and silver movements began their agitating work in the Democratic party, Mr. Bayard presented the strongest and most determined obstacle to their advance. Before 1874 he had led his party, and was among the leaders of the Senate in the struggle against the Republican inflationists, and when, in consequence of this and other sins, the Republicans were defeated, Mr. Bayard was made chairman of the Finance Committee and president *pro tem.* of the Senate. He was also the choice of many of the best men of his party for the nomination for President in 1876, 1880, and 1884. But notwithstanding all his patriotic services, all his labors for his party and its principles, and all his deserved honors, the silver men of his party undertook to degrade him from his chairmanship of the Finance Committee, and at last shut the door of political preferment in his face.

Although Mr. Bayard was defeated every time he was a candidate in a national convention, he never betrayed the slightest disappointment, and Mr. Cleveland had no more faithful friend and ally than Mr. Bayard when the latter was Secretary of State. Mr. Bayard's term as Secretary was comparatively uneventful, but he brought Lord Salisbury to agree to an arrangement touching the Bering Sea troubles between this country and Great Britain which, if Canada had not objected, would have made unnecessary the Paris tribunal, and the subsequent negotiations and bickerings. Mr. Bayard's last important service to the country was rendered while he was Ambassador to England, from 1893 to 1897. More than any other man, except Mr. Phelps, who has represented this country in London, Mr. Bayard was keenly alive to the community in origin and principle of the institutions of the two countries, and he did more than all other American ministers to promote good feeling between the people of the United States and of England.

Though driven by ignorance and malice into private life, he dies an honored statesman and a public servant, to whom this country owes a deep debt of gratitude.

H. L. N.

## RING POLITICS IN CONNECTICUT.

Some months ago, when the chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Connecticut was in Washington, he was asked who was to be the next Governor of his State. The inquirer, who was familiar with political conditions in Connecticut, assumed two things—first, that the next Governor would be a Republican; and second, that the chairman and his particular group of political allies would pick him out and secure the delegates necessary to nominate him, the voters, thus relieved of any responsibility or say in the choice, obligingly doing the rest. To the inquiry the chairman replied that he could not, at that early day, tell who would be the nominee, "but," he added, "I can tell you who will not be, and that is John Addison Porter."

Porter was, however, the logical candidate. For many years it was the custom in Connecticut for candidates standing second in strength in a Republican convention to receive the general support of the party two years later. In accordance with this custom, the nomination would have naturally fallen to Secretary Porter this year. But since the domination of the ring has become so complete and desperate, no custom, no tradition, and, in fact, no scruple, has been allowed to stand in the way of its purposes; and the ring and Porter are naturally incompatible.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with political conditions in Connecticut, it should be said that there are 168 towns in the State, 12 of them having a majority of the population and of the voters. These 12 send 24 representatives to the Legislature and 48 delegates to a Republican convention. The other towns, 156 in number, but having a minority of the population, send 228 representatives to the Legislature and 456 delegates to a convention. About one-half of the people, therefore, have a representation of 10 per cent.; the other half, of 90 per cent. Litchfield and Tolland counties, with a combined population of less than that of the city of New Haven, send 63 men to represent them in the Legislature; New Haven sends two. These two counties send 126 delegates to a Republican convention; New Haven, four. There is a pseudo-popular representation in the Senate, which is a body of only 24 members, but even this extra allowance is denied the large cities in a Republican convention. The very simple rule is that each town is entitled to as many delegates as it has representatives in the Lower House, and a town with a population of less than 500, constantly growing less, and now about one-half what it was in 1850, can send four delegates to a convention to offset the delegates of a city having a population 200 times as large and rapidly increasing!

As may be supposed, such a system provides just the soil for the genesis and development of that cabal of party dictators who now dominate Republican politics in the commonwealth and largely control the affairs of the State government. In a State having a pretence of popular representation such a unique development of bossism would be absolutely impossible. It is doubtful if anything like it can be found anywhere. It is not a party machine, as in New York; its influence does not centre in a single man of national reputation like Quay. If the man who holds the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee is the leading spirit in the cabal, it is not by virtue of his chairmanship. The ring would be almost, if not quite, as efficient if a majority of the Republican Committee opposed it, for the committee, as a committee, exercises no control over nominations, and confines itself merely to a few perfunctory acts provided for in the rules and having little effect one way or the other.

The brains, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the dominating political subtlety, of the ring is found in a group of less than half a dozen notorious lobbyists—that is, men who during legislative sessions make lobbying a business. It is difficult to furnish in a few words an adequate idea of the peculiar ramifications in the methods which enable these men to wield such enormous power, largely for their own profit. One secret of their success is that they are always organized for business, while other people are attending to their ordinary vocations. When the time for primary political action comes, this private, not party organization, has everything prepared for diverting things to itself. In nearly every small town there is usually to be found a dominating element, and generally one man among a couple of hundred voters has the reputation of being a superior "hustler." He is apt to be the chairman of the town committee. He is not exactly a local boss; he is simply tolerated by an apathetic majority. He calls a caucus by posting a notice on a sign-post somewhere in a town five or six miles square, over which are scattered the voters, who are at the time thinking less of politics than of haying. A dozen may come to the caucus, possibly more, often less. There are 77 towns in the State each having less than 200 Republican voters, even in these Republican times, and they send 200 delegates to a convention.

The ring knows every one of these successful politicians, and its strength largely consists in the fact that it has enlisted them in its service. This is done in many ways. There are many lucrative positions about the Capitol during legislative sessions; there are many local politicians who have ambitions; and the whole thing is skilfully organized on the principle, "You work for me and I'll work for you," or, "If you want anything, now or hereafter, play in with us." Gradually has grown up the idea that it is useless for any man to seek political honors unless the wishes of the ring are observed, and so very respectable members of society tolerate it for their own sakes, and some of them even come to regard it as undefiled Republicanism, though it is possible to obtain a majority of the delegates to any State convention from the primary action of less than three per cent. of the Republican votes of the State. The ring secures immunity and even the appearance of respectability, for the reason that it is allowed to wear the livery of Republicanism.

Gradually, also, has grown up the idea that no town or company or man can secure legislative action till the ring has been satisfied; in other words, bought. For it follows, in such a system so managed, that when the Legislature meets it is found to be made up of men who have been brought in through the methods of the ring, and yet so subtle is the process that few of the legislators fully realize it. They may be perfectly honest, and yet seek and take the advice of persons who have done them a political favor, or who have the reputation for superior political astuteness and influence. So far as this goes it may be commendable enough, but it is the advantage taken of the fact that causes the trouble.

The average legislator, however substantial as a citizen, was probably never in the Legislature before, and he is entirely unfamiliar with its processes. The lobby knows them from beginning to end. An innocent enough measure is introduced; it gets into the mill, and somehow does not get out. The interested parties, in trying to look it up, find that their representative in the House knows very little about it. He is referred to a lawyer who is a lobbyist, one of the ring. He knows how things can be steered. That is his business. It costs money, particularly if it is a railroad measure which some company greatly desires, and may not be as innocent as it looks; but the money does not go to the legislator, except in rare cases. The lobby's margin of profits is therefore very large, and is possible solely because of its political influence.

It naturally makes considerable difference to a combination of this kind who is Governor, not so much because of any influence he possesses over legislation, as because of the places at his disposal or at the disposal of those whom he may appoint. Even the unpaid commissioners of State institutions are of importance, for they control the purchasing officers for the institutions. If a merchant wishes to sell supplies to one of them, he will wish in vain till he becomes inspired with the idea of going to one of the ring. The door of the institution opens and he secures a good order for goods, also a complement of advices as to whom he shall use his political influence for. All these numerous avenues of influence naturally lead to the executive office with its appointive power, and the success of the ring depends upon its ability to successfully "advise" or "suggest" whom to appoint. Thus the Governor does the best thing for the ring; he is doing what enables the ring to prey upon legislation for its own emolument. The ring naturally finds the most desirable material for Governors in men who have already proved tractable under its influence, and who have passed that time of life when they would naturally show a disposition to inquire too deeply into political affairs, or to act largely according to their own ideas and on their own responsibility.

If John Addison Porter had in the beginning cast in his lot with the ring, had meekly placed his ambition to be Governor in its hands, had shown no disposition to criticise its methods, had, in fact, unconditionally surrendered his personality, he might have been Governor, but he believes that the rank and file of the party should control, and that the State administration should not be made a cruising-place for privateers in politics. He has always been ready to submit his case to the party, but not to the ring.

It was doubtless unavoidable that two such incompatible elements within the party should eventually come into sharp conflict, and for four years events have naturally led up to it. In 1894, after a brilliant service in the so-called deadlock Legislature, Porter first entered the race for Gubernatorial honors, but without creating anxiety among the old leaders till the time for the convention came. He was backed pretty solidly by his home county, Windham, and by such of the young and aggressive elements as succeeded in asserting themselves at the primaries in other sections of the State. The lobby element was at that time divided as to candidates, feeling reasonably sure of its position as a lobby in any case, and the result was that, much to its surprise, Porter had votes enough to throw to another candidate the nomination which he could not win himself. The ring at once perceived that Porter was not as innocuous as it had supposed. He had become an element of danger to ring control, and from that time it organized itself into a compact and united machine to keep Porter down, and thus to save its prestige and business in the lobby.

When the Legislature met in 1895, the ring immediately went to work to secure the party support for Lieutenant-Governor Cooke, an estimable but conveniently plastic old gentleman from Litchfield County. It should be understood that one of the customs in vogue in the State is for the towns to send as a part of their delegation to each Republican convention their representatives in the previous Legislature. In the Legislature of 1895, therefore, the ring, operating as a lobby, or, to use a softer phrase, as professional advisers for those less accustomed to legislative processes, had about fifty per cent. of the Republican convention of 1896 under its eyes and influence for five months, and Cooke was himself there as presiding officer of the Senate. This custom of sending the Legislature to the next State convention is an important element in the ring's activity and success, and, combined with the other elements already mentioned, the ring's circle of influence is as near complete as anything could be.

Meantime, or in the spring of 1896, the convention for the selection of delegates to the Republican National Convention was held, and the efforts to combine New England solidly against McKinley will be remembered. Porter, both personally and as the editor of the Hartford *Post*, had been using his influence for McKinley. The McKinley Club was formed at Hartford, with Porter as its president, and in the spring of 1895, at the annual dinner of the club, McKinley was its guest. It was a notable gathering. A few months later McKinley's friends organized that highly successful canvass for his nomination, and Porter was the accredited and recognized McKinley representative in Connecticut. But at the convention for the selection of delegates to the St. Louis convention, the old leaders, in sympathy with Platt of New York, who was doing his best to defeat the Ohio candidate, managed to divide the delegation, though the popular choice was for McKinley beyond question.

On the heels of this convention came Porter's contest for the nomination for Governor, against the ring, whose united efforts were being used for Cooke. Two of the three unsuccessful candidates in the convention of two years before declined to run again, their friends believing that it would be useless to make the effort against the ring, and this left Porter to fight it alone. Its operations became more open in character, and its methods more desperate and unscrupulous. It devoted itself at first, and very early, to breaking Porter's strength in his own county, and to do this it went into his own town and picked out a candidate for State Treasurer. Snap caucuses were held everywhere, and the cry that the sentiment was for Cooke, and that Porter had not even carried his own town, doubtless operated against him among those politicians who placed apparent expediency before principle. The country towns, by the processes already indicated, were brought into line by the ring; promises were made in the most reckless fashion, from the highest appointive offices down to the most subordinate places in the Capitol. Yet Porter delegates were elected in all the large cities, and although in a convention of 504 he had but 181 men, they represented nearly 75 per cent. of the Republican voters of the State. Cooke was nominated, was swept in on the Republican tide of a Presidential year, and has been faithful to the ring. A suggestion from one of the triumvirate has been sufficient to govern his actions, and when they have not suggested he has not acted, as has been apparent from the blundering fashion with which the State troops have been handled. The possible glory which Connecticut boys might win in the war being a subject not immediately appealing to the mercenary instincts of the ring-leaders, they neglected to advise till it was too late.

President McKinley's choice of Porter as his secretary, and the elevation of the office to one of so much importance, was a rather bitter pill for the ring, whose leaders predicted that he would speedily bring the administration to grief, whereas he has made an exceedingly efficient and popular official. The ring would have been glad to run Governor Cooke again, but that was made impossible by his failure as a war Governor, and it turned its influence towards Senator Lounsbury, a brother of the Governor of several years ago, who is chiefly remembered as having done nothing worth remembering. Naturally and inevitably, the anti-ring elements in the party sought the leadership of Porter, and they asked him to again make the fight. His friends seemed confident of success. They said the people were disgusted with ring rule, which was very true, but they underestimated the strength of the ring's intrenchments. The people do not choose the candidate for Governor. While the war had been going on in Cuba the henchmen of the ring had organized the campaign for themselves all over the State, and when Porter secured leave of absence a little over a month ago to come to the State, the ring had already begun to snap caucuses and secure delegates in a more high-handed manner than ever.

The majority of the delegates had already been chosen by the ring process, and, even if uninstructed, were within the circle of the ring's influence. Porter had really lost the fight before he left Washington, and while his fight was a brave one, it was hopeless because begun too late. It was just what was needed to stir up the minds of the people. It tore the garb of undefiled Republicanism from the masquerading lobby, and, whatever happens to Porter's political career, it is likely to prove the beginning of the end of the ring. Even in the convention itself there was an undercurrent of feeling for asserting some independence of the ring, whose slate for the remainder of the ticket was broken, and some of the promises it had made rendered valueless. It is generally admitted that the ring cannot carry out such a programme again.

It will not be long before another test comes, if present indications are accurate. Senator Hawley's term as United States Senator expires shortly, and the Legislature to be elected this fall will choose his successor. He is not ready to retire, and his friends insist that he shall not. At no time in his long service in the Senate has he been of greater importance to the country than as the head of the committee on military affairs during the recent war. He is a man of principle, of great abilities, and of long experience. But Samuel Fessenden wants to be United States Senator, and the ring-leaders are for Fessenden. But for the shaking up they have had they might be able to carry their programme through and defeat Hawley in spite of his personality and prestige. Few believe now that this can be done, but it will be a sharp struggle, and one that the country will watch with interest.

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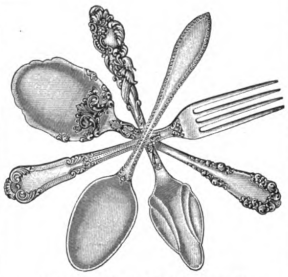
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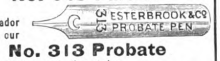
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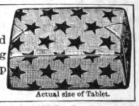
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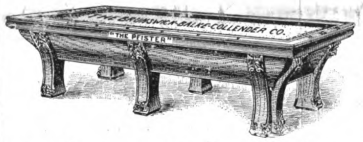


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DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A SKETCH BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL MERRITT'S FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 1007.]


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WE are beginning to play a part in Eastern affairs even before we have obtained any foothold there. The rumored outbreak in Peking furnished excuse for solicitude on the part of our government, and the administration was right in sending war-ships to Tien-tsin for the protection of the American minister and American citizens. It is to be regretted, however, that some of our friends in England look upon our anxiety to protect our own people as evidence that we are to participate in the plunder and division of the territory of a friendly power. We cannot do that without violating the essential and fundamental principles of our government, or without inflicting immense damage upon ourselves. We trust that the prophets of ill will be disappointed.

THE Tammany city government of New York is doing its utmost to create a scandal from which Mayor STRONG's government shall suffer. Mr. VAN WYCK has charged fraud in the letting of asphalt contracts by the city, and has sent the matter to District-Attorney GARDINER, with instructions to pursue the guilty parties until some of "our most honored citizens" shall be placed behind the iron bars of the penitentiary. It is apparent on the face of the Mayor's case that too much has been paid for paving the city streets with asphalt. Perhaps there is an answer to this, and perhaps it will be forth-coming. At any rate, not one particle of evidence exists as to fraud on the part of the city officials, and not a single reformer's name is yet involved in the Mayor's so-called exposure.

THERE is an element of both tragedy and comedy in the curious position occupied by Major MARCHAND at Fashoda. Recent accounts would seem to show that if the enterprising French officer reached the Nile a little too late to enable his government to make much political capital out of the fact that he got there at all, it was exceedingly lucky for him that he did not get there any earlier. A hundred and forty negroes and five Frenchmen make but a small army of occupation for a new empire of central Africa, but when they are confined to narrow intrenchments and in danger of being cut off from necessary supplies of food the matter grows too serious for a joke. The arrival of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition at Fashoda would seem to have saved the little party of French explorers, and it is to be hoped they will be content with their good luck. There is something ludicrous in the feverish anxiety with which France is stretching out to grasp new territories which can only be a burden to her people; but of all the instances of this national folly, none can be more foolish than that which strives for a precarious and isolated footing on the upper waters of the Nile. Experience shows that distant possessions, unless colonized by the intruding race, are never profitable possessions to any nation; but when they necessarily involve hostility to powerful neighbors, it is little short of insanity to seek them. France has promoted Captain MARCHAND to be major; she will now do wisely to order him home.

IS China profiting by the Russian alliance to the extent of drawing lessons from the history of her somewhat overshadowing neighbor? It may be so; indeed, it is not inconceivable that some friendly Russian diplomat may have suggested to the Empress mother of the Celestial Empire a study of the career and methods of another Empress mother, who flourished in Russia some two centuries ago. Recent events at Peking have a certain rich Russian flavor about them suggestive of some, at least, of the methods of the Empress CATHERINE, and their occurrence at a time when St. Petersburg and Peking are so closely in sympathy is curiously suggestive. How far the moon-faced dowager, who has supplanted her son at Peking is capable of the rôle of the great but unamiable Empress of Russia must be as yet a matter of doubt, but it would almost appear as if she were ambitious of making the attempt. The robe of Cæsar, however, fits not every one; and if the revolution at Peking has indeed been suggested by Russia, there are many reasons for supposing that the Dowager Empress will meet with many difficulties which were absent from the path of her imperial prototype who lorded it so proudly on the banks of the Neva. It may be, indeed, doubted whether China is exactly the place, and, still more, whether the close of this century is precisely the time, for a successful repetition of the great career of CATHERINE of Russia.

RIOTS—and Sunday riots as a matter of choice—are an old and favorite amusement in Paris, and the fact no doubt tends to lessen their significance; yet the widespread disorder of last Sunday affords one more sign of times that are threatening indeed for France. It was but the other day, indeed, that mobs, consisting probably of very much the same people as those who distinguished themselves by shouts of "vive la liberté" and "vive la révision," were yelling "à bas ZOLA" and "vive l'armée" till they were hoarse; but the fact takes hardly anything from the gravity of the situation. The indications all point to the arrival of another of those periods of general unrest and excitement which, for more than a century past, have always been followed by tragic events in the French capital. Nor can any observer fail to see that there exist ample reasons for the popular agitation which makes the surface of French political life to-day resemble the thin crust of a smoking volcano. A century has done little for the political education of the French people, and the experience of many revolutions has not taught them the A B C of national reform. "La liberté" is as little understood, indeed, to-day by the masses who shout for it in the streets of Paris as it was in the days of ROBESPIERRE, or in the glorious times of the First Empire, or as it is to-day by the so-called republican statesmen and rulers of France who cringe at the feet of the army.

IT is evident from the news which already reaches us from southeastern Europe, while Mr. STRAUS is still on his way to his mission at Constantinople, that the relations between the United States and Turkey are likely to become interesting. Mr. STRAUS has several questions of moment to deal with. In the first place, he is going to try to compel the Sultan to pay the indemnity which he owes for American property destroyed during the Armenian outbreak. The Sultan has persistently refused to pay the amount which he owes, and he is a very obstinate man. Mr. STRAUS, however, has had more success in dealing with him than any other American minister who has represented us at the Porte during ABDUL-HAMID's reign. Perhaps, then, he will prevail upon him to pay over the few thousand dollars which he owes Americans; but it cannot be denied that the situation, for a small one, is difficult, and may involve this country in a war with Turkey. Mr. STRAUS has, however, also to deal with difficulties placed in the way by Turkey to the recognition of American citizens. This problem is not wholly one-sided. A good many Armenians and other restless subjects of the Sultan secure American citizenship for the sake of going back to plot against the government. On the other hand, the Sultan's government is not averse to taking advantage of this fact for the purpose of harassing real American citizens who are perfectly innocent of any hostile or treasonable thought against him. It may be that Mr. STRAUS's mission will be elevated to an embassy, for the purpose of enabling him to carry out the instructions of his government. It is clear, at all events, that the government has determined to do its utmost to settle its differences with Turkey. It is for this reason that Mr. STRAUS, who is a Democrat, was appointed to represent it, and it is for this reason also that he has been authorized to negotiate for the elevation of the mission to an embassy.

IN the issue of the WEEKLY of October 1, in an article entitled, "The Revolt against QUAY," doubts were expressed as to the possibility of the defeat of QUAY by the independent movement which has made Dr. SWALLOW its candidate for Governor. QUAY'S power in Pennsylvania thus far has been almost absolute. He has not only dominated, but controlled the Republican party. He has placed his creatures year after year in the Gubernatorial chair and in the legislative branch of the government. Nor has his power been confined to the control of the Republican party. By agreement with corrupt Democratic leaders he has dominated that organization. The legislation of Pennsylvania has been such as he directed. He has made laws to meet the wishes and gratify the cupidity of himself and his followers. The public funds have been at his disposal; the public property has been at his mercy; even some of the judges have been his obedient servants. The federal patronage has been his, and he is accused by his political opponents of actually selling post-offices for money and for votes. Under his rule, politics in the State of Pennsylvania has been a vulgar debauch; and thus far the public conscience of the State has not sufficiently awakened to drive this man from power. He and some of his henchmen are now under arrest for using funds of the State that were deposited in the People's Bank, of Philadelphia, for purposes of private speculation. The charges which have been made against QUAY, and the WANAMAKER exposures, ought certainly to help Dr. SWALLOW. These charges, it ought to be added, are supported by written evidence, and are pressed by the Republican District Attorney of Philadelphia. It is now asserted, indeed, by the friends of Dr. SWALLOW, that they expect to defeat QUAY'S candidate for Governor at the coming election. They say that even the leading Republicans in many localities hazard the opinion that Dr. SWALLOW will be elected. Without doubt the enemies of QUAY are more active and energetic this year than they have ever been before, and we are glad to hear from one of their leaders that the outlook seems to him to be exceedingly hopeful. We trust devoutly that his fondest hopes will be realized, for we can imagine no greater good that can happen to the country than the defeat of this impersonation of all that is vile and vulgar and corrupt in our politics. The defeat of QUAY will not only be good for Pennsylvania, but will immensely benefit the whole nation.

## OUR UNCROWNED KINGS.

IT will be well for the whole country to consider the condition of politics in the State of New York. Not that it is wholly exceptional, for the boss is almost everywhere, and his power is extending. He has not yet made his appearance in New England, but from the account of the Connecticut machine which was published in the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, it is clear that the conditions exist in that State for his production in his most odious form. Apparently he is not there now, because there is no one of especially distinguished ability among the leaders of the Connecticut machine. He exists at his best in New York and Pennsylvania, but he is also to be found in New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, California, and in many other States. For the moment he is under an eclipse in Maryland, but those who believe him to be dead there are hugging a delusion. He appeared first in the city of New York. Thence he has assumed control of State affairs. Finally he is seeking to control the making of Presidents, to direct the very occupant of the White House, and to influence legislation. It is high time that the whole country was taking careful observation of this product of our politics.

In the State of New York there are two bosses. One is the head of the Republican, and the other that of the Democratic party. Mr. PLATT and Mr. CROKER are absolute rulers, and will divide between them the authority over the affairs of the State. The people have the power to vote, and they may beat one boss at one time and the other boss at another time, but they can never, under existing conditions, defeat both bosses at the same time; and they can never influence nominations, except as they have compelled Mr. PLATT to nominate ROOSEVELT, under the threat of defeating the Republican party at the polls and electing the Democratic ticket. As Mr. PLATT happened to desire a Republican victory this year, and as he probably knew that such a victory would profit him personally, he obeyed the popular wishes. Yet Mr. PLATT could have refused the nomination to Mr. ROOSEVELT in spite of the clamorous demands of the Republican party, and might have made a bargain with Mr. CROKER by which the Democratic candidate would have been elected, to the profit of both of them—and it is for the profit of the boss, and of the machine by which his power is maintained, that party politics is now managed. The Republican convention registered Mr. PLATT's decree. But PLATT was omnipotent in the Republican convention, as CROKER was in the Democratic convention. Each indicated his wishes, and was implicitly obeyed by the delegates to his party convention. These delegates may have been voted for by some innocent persons in the belief that they would deliberate and express their own opinions, or the opinions of their constituents. They did nothing of the kind. In

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the State of New York the political convention as a deliberative body is as defunct as the old-time notion of the electoral college. There is no more real need of the one than of the other. Both are maintained as dry husks, because of a law which contemplates a living entity. A delegate to a New York convention would no more vote against the command of the boss of his party—the boss by whose selection or consent he is a delegate—than a member of the electoral college would vote against his party's candidate for President. The delegate is a mere tool of the general or the local boss, as he is a legal part of local or State machinery, and, therefore, the more ignorant and brutal he may be, the happier he is in his degradation. But how of the voters of the party? How do they enjoy being denied all participation in the task of nominating candidates? It would have been an admirable lesson for them if PLATT had exercised his power and had refused a nomination to Mr. ROOSEVELT. On the other hand, CROKER certainly exercised his power, and named whom he would; more than this, in naming Judge VAN WYCK he nominated a man who did not want to be a candidate, who did want a renomination for judge, but whom he compelled to accept as his humble henchman. Here is power indeed, and good citizens are wondering whether PLATT can equal it after Mr. ROOSEVELT shall have been chosen Governor.

These absolute rulers of these respective parties also rule the State, either by turns or together. The boss whose party has succeeded commands the legislative branch of the government as he commands the convention of his party. Generally he commands the Executive also, unless he slips up in his choice, as PLATT did in nominating BLACK—not for the advantage of the State—and as it is to be hoped that he may—for the advantage of the State—in nominating ROOSEVELT. As a rule, however, he is omnipotent. He directs what laws shall be enacted, and what moneys shall be expended. He selects the agents who disburse and steal the public revenues. He chooses the manner in which these laws of his shall be executed. If he finds a law on the statute-book which he does not like, he orders that it be not enforced. If he finds a law that will injure his enemy, he directs that it be put in operation against the obnoxious person. He permits his followers to prey upon the trade and commerce of the State by threatening or enacting injurious legislation. He also permits his followers to increase their incomes by the sale of special privileges, of the right to violate the laws for the preservation of public order and for the suppression of vice. If he finds a law pressing too heavily on himself or his followers, he has it amended or repealed. In fact, he governs by decrees. Under his rule deliberation has ceased, not only in political conventions, but in legislative bodies. He is a despot as powerful as any ruler in the world, limited in his power, however, both as to its extent and as to its endurance, by the necessity under which he is of keeping his janissaries well fed at the public expense.

This is the kind of rule which New York is enduring to-day. Whether PLATT or CROKER win makes little difference. The individual citizen has no voice in the management of his party, and he is not represented in the government of the State. New York is no longer a democracy. At the best it is an oligarchy. Like a free city of the Middle Ages, it is sometimes under the heel of one baron and sometimes under the heel of the other. These barons make hay while the sun shines, and do their utmost in that direction. They are in politics for their own interests, and look after them with an intelligence and a diligence that offer an example to better men. The question for the people of the State of New York is, How long are they to endure this usurpation? They, at least some of them, think that they live in a self-governing community. They do nothing of the sort. They live under the rule of a boss, now under PLATT, now under CROKER, in either case under the rule of a man who has not been chosen by themselves, or by any other power having the legal right to make the selection of a ruler; who has not inherited the right to rule; who is not entitled to rule by native or acquired capacity; who, from his character, has no right to sit on the humblest bench of government. Another question is, What does the nation think of the prospect of the expansion of boss rule throughout the Union? Have we seen the end of the day when conventions everywhere shall be servants of the boss—when a national convention, for example, shall register the decree of a national boss, as the recent State conventions of New York registered the decrees of PLATT and CROKER? Are the voters to cease entirely to have any voice in the selection of candidates? Must they remain content to choose between candidates who are put up by bosses in private, and with a view to the interests of the boss alone? If so—if the rule of PLATT and CROKER is to be adopted throughout the country—if the self-appointed boss is to be king over us—then our democracy is perilously near being a failure.

We are confident, however, that boss rule is only a passing phase of democratic government, and that the remedy is working already. We think that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S election will aid in breaking the power of one boss at least, for we cannot imagine him as the subservient creature of Senator PLATT, or of any other man. We think that PLATT, if he has any illusions, will be disappointed, and that the vigorous morality which has heretofore animated Mr. ROOSEVELT will declare itself when he shall be seated in the Governor's chair. Moreover, he is the one of the two candidates who can be counted on to overthrow the boss of his party, and thus do much for the relief of the country from the rule of the uncrowned kings who now regulate our affairs and dominate us, and who will, in our distant lands, represent and disgrace us before the world, and bring upon us, we fear, much trouble and suffering.

## PECULIAR PEOPLES.

THE little and irrelevant episode of the appearance of the French at Fashoda should not divert attention from the steady advance of the British from the Cape northward and from the Mediterranean southward. Possibly excepting the Russian and British struggle in Asia, this double and convergent advance is the most important movement that is going on in the world to-day, and it is much more intelligible than that struggle. That struggle, indeed, in its present aspect, recalls the saying in which MILTON summed up the wars of the Saxon Heptarchy. It is "the confused cawing of kites and crows." It is possible that, after the bickering has died away, we may be able to discern just what has happened in Asia. But we can discern what has happened and what is happening in East Africa without having to make any allowance whatever.

The really important thing in Africa is the concession, which now seems inevitable, from the Portuguese to the British of the railroad inland from Delagoa Bay. The Boers of the Transvaal are a far more formidable obstacle in the way of the "Cape to Cairo" scheme than a party of casual Frenchmen at Fashoda. And nothing could tend more to remove this one serious obstacle than British control of the railroad inland from Delagoa Bay. "Oom PAUL" and his Boers may lament and expostulate, perceiving their doom in the transfer. They may even appeal to Germany to prevent the consummation of the outrage. But all the consolation they are likely to get is foreshadowed in a rumor from Berlin, published in the London *Times*, that the Kaiser himself has described his egregious telegram of congratulation to President KRUGER upon killing the Englishmen engaged in the JAMESON raid as "most unfortunate."

"Other times, other manners." Doubtless the Kaiser just now regrets that effusive message, whether he has said so or not. But it is true that the Boers command a large share of the sympathy of disinterested mankind, and they command it on what may be called picturesque grounds. They are the descendants of the Dutchmen who settled South Africa in the seventeenth century, at the same time when other Dutchmen, like-minded with themselves, were settling New York. The Yankees, "the cunning men of Pyquag," undermined the American Boers before the seventeenth century was out. It was not until the nineteenth that the British threatened the African Boers. The African Boers are, as the poet observes, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow." They have been building up a patriarchal and pastoral semicivilization upon the models of the Old Testament. That semicivilization is in direct opposition to the civilization of our time. It has been protected up to now merely because it was "remote." But when the territory that it occupied in its slow and melancholy way began to yield gold and diamonds, the state of patriarchal isolation was doomed. What has happened, is happening, and is about to happen to the Boers is what has happened to the Mormons. It is what must happen to every people which cherishes a notion of civilization widely different from the accepted European standard. Such a people can maintain itself only by isolation. When civilization grows up to it, it must yield or die. That is what has happened in Utah; that is what is happening in the Transvaal; that is what must happen in China. Nothing can save the "peculiar people" when civilization catches up to them but a fresh migration. They must "inspann and trek." That is what the Boers did, until they could do it no longer. That is what the Mormons did, until the Union Pacific Railroad overtook them and undermined them. But the Boers and the Mormons, and, for that matter, the Chinese, are now at the end of their tether. They must be assimilated to what the progressive nations regard as civilization, or they must disappear from the earth.

## THE CRISIS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

THE session of the Austrian Reichsrath that began on the 26th of last month is destined to produce results of the first consequence to the Dual Monarchy, and ultimately to Europe. Austria and Hungary are two sovereign and independent states, with absolute freedom in the management of their domestic affairs, and bound to one another only by the tie of loyalty to the HAPSBURGS and by a formal agreement to act in common on matters of imperial concern. This agreement, or *Ausgleich*, was entered into in 1867, and made renewable every ten years by a two-thirds majority in the Parliaments of Vienna and Pesth. It includes a commercial and tariff union, fixes the quota to be paid by each state to the imperial treasury, and provides for the joint regulation of military, naval, and diplomatic affairs. It is, in fact, the corner-stone of the Dual Monarchy. Without its presence the two halves of the realm would lapse into separate and possibly hostile entities, with no bond of union but such as comes from acknowledging a common sceptre.

When the *Ausgleich* came up for renewal, at the end of last year, it failed to secure the necessary two-thirds majority in the Austrian Reichsrath. The Germans voted against it, not so much because they objected to its terms as in the hope that by opposing a measure of such supreme moment they could force the repeal of Count BADENI'S language ordinances. These ordinances, issued in the spring of 1897 on the personal authority of the Premier, placed German and Czech on a par as the official languages of Bohemia. The political situation in Bohemia is a somewhat exaggerated duplicate of the Irish difficulty. The Czechs resemble the Irish nationalists not only in their character and historical position as the original owners of the land, but in their ceaseless struggle for home-rule. The Germans along the borders of Bavaria play the part of the English "garrison" in Ulster, despising the race by which they are surrounded, and resisting everything that threatens to weaken their ascendency. If the Irish still spoke Erse, and a proposal were made to place English and Erse on an equal footing in all the government offices and law courts of Ireland, the English at Westminster would adopt very much the same tactics as the Austrian Germans. That is to say, they would drop mere party differences, and stand as a racial unit in the way of all legislation till the proposal was withdrawn.

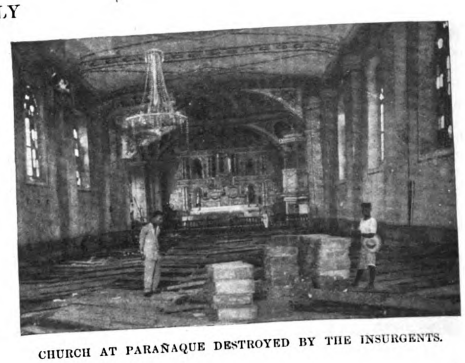
Attempt after attempt has been made during the past twelve months to arrange a compromise between the leaders of the German and Czech parties, but without success. Both sides stand obstinately to their guns, and even the assassination of the Empress, followed by the Emperor's plea for peace, has not changed their resolution. Meanwhile the time limit for the renewal of the *Ausgleich* has expired. If the Reichsrath is unable to ratify it during the present session, it must fall to the ground, and dualism be sacrificed with it. The Hungarians have drawn up a tariff schedule of their own, and will undoubtedly put it in force if the *Ausgleich* fail to pass. The formal union between Austria and Hungary will thus come virtually to an end, and a long stride have been taken towards the disruption of the realm of the HAPSBURGS.

On the other hand, the *Ausgleich* can be preserved if the Emperor will only take matters into his own grasp and repeal the language ordinances by royal decree. On no other terms will the Germans consent to support it. The expedient, however, is one of considerable danger. The Czechs will not tamely suffer their hopes of the last fifty years to be crushed at a stroke, and BADENI'S ordinances can only be annulled at the risk of provoking a long series of riots and disorders. The Czechs are of Slav extraction, and the Slavs number twenty-two millions, or over half the population of the Dual Monarchy. It is therefore no light matter to offend them, especially when their demands are backed up by their Russian kinsmen across the border. The repeal of the language ordinances would leave the Bohemian question as unsettled and perilous as it has been any time during the last half-century. Whichever way the Reichsrath decides, a fresh impulse will be given to the forces of disintegration, and the breaking up of the Dual Monarchy is not an event that can be contemplated without the gravest anxiety.

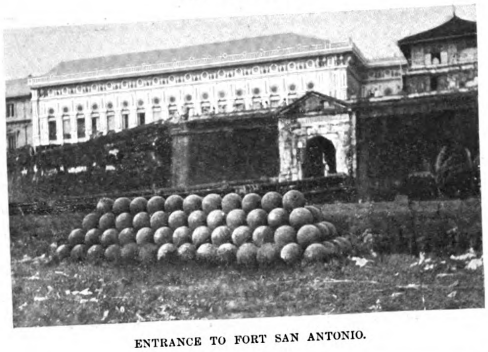
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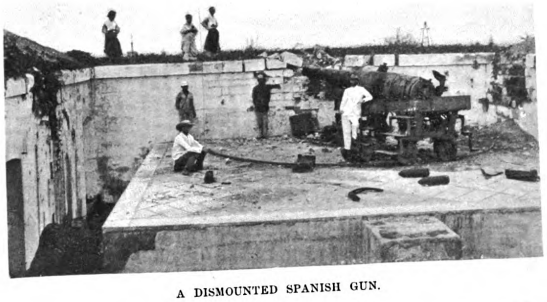
SPANISH GUNS ON THE LUNETA.



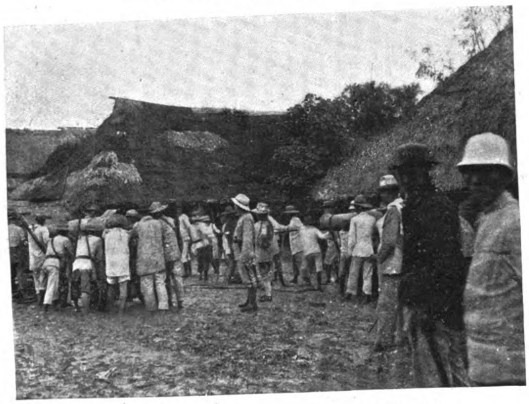
CHURCH AT PARAÑAQUE DESTROYED BY THE INSURGENTS.



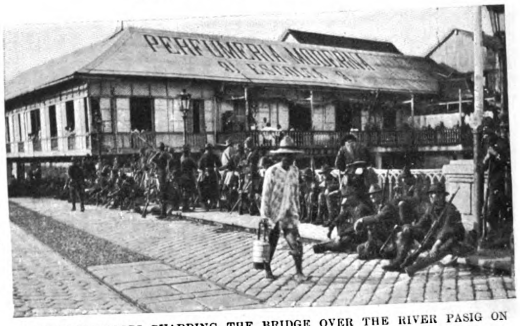
ENTRANCE TO FORT SAN ANTONIO.



A DISMOUNTED SPANISH GUN.



IN THE INSURGENTS' TRENCHES—FIRING A BIG GUN.



AMERICAN TROOPS GUARDING THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER PASIG ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE SURRENDER.



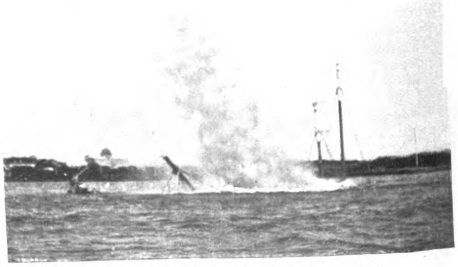
NATIVES TRANSPORTING STORES ALONG THE BEACH FROM CAMP DEWEY TO MANILA.



OLD MONASTERY, NEAR MALATE, JUST INSIDE THE AMERICAN LINES, USED BY GENERAL GREENE AS HIS HEADQUARTERS.



SPANISH GUNS ON FORT SAN ANTONIO, WHERE AMERICAN FLAG WAS FIRST RAISED.



BURNING OF THE SPANISH GUNBOAT "SUBIG."

SCENES ATTENDING THE SURRENDER OF MANILA.—[See Page 1007.]

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AMERICAN SHIPS OFF MANILA.—From a Sketch by John T. McCutcheon.



OUR TROOPS MARCHING INTO MANILA.



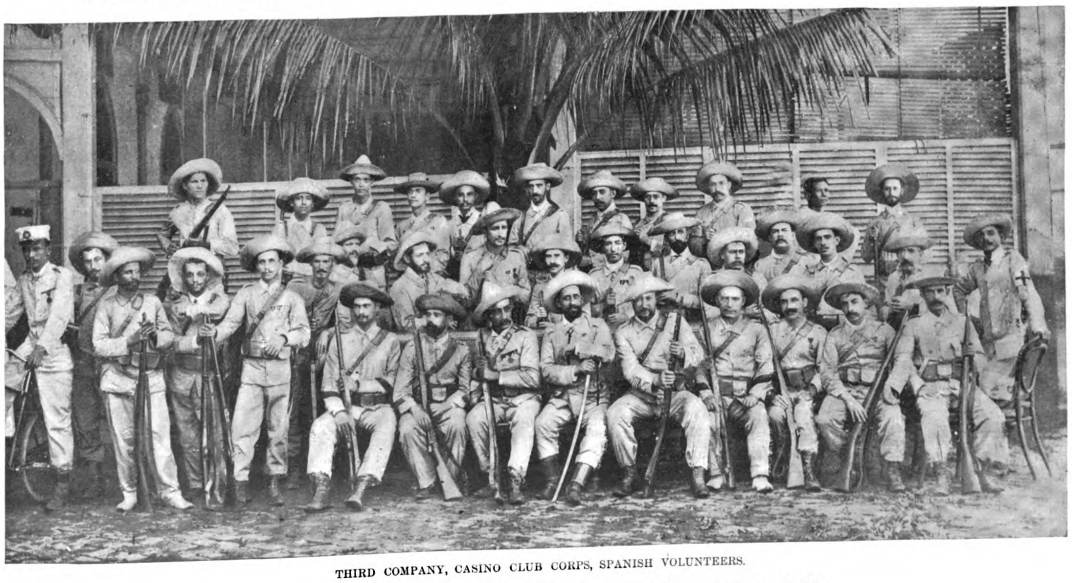
AMERICAN FLAG RAISED BY LIEUT.-COL. McCOY, 1st COL. VOLS.



GROUP OF AMERICAN OFFICERS BEFORE THE WALLS OF MANILA.



DESERTED SPANISH TRENCHES



THIRD COMPANY, CASINO CLUB CORPS, SPANISH VOLUNTEERS.

SCENES ATTENDING THE SURRENDER OF MANILA.—[See Page 1007.]

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

DOCUMENTARY evidence, in the form of pictures in this issue of the WEEKLY, attests how, in spite of the protests of sundry officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Nancy Leiter smashed a bottle of champagne at the launching of the *Illinois*, on October 4, and named the ship as she did so. The attempt to induce her to use spring water or buttermilk failed; and a great many persons who have no interest whatever in promoting the consumption of champagne were glad it did fail, because it seemed to them inexpedient and inappropriate to try to make the proceedings on such an occasion weigh at all either in favor of abstinence or against it. It may be proper now to warn all persons who are unduly convivial in their dispositions that it would be highly fallacious and unbecoming in them to assume that, because champagne may be safely used at the christening of a battle-ship, the government or any one else encourages its use as a beverage, or that the consumption of it can proceed except on the old, familiar terms, to wit, that every consumer shall consume at his own personal risk, and shall be responsible for all effects and results of such indulgence. Champagne was not spilled on the *Illinois* because it is an exceptionally beneficial fluid, or because the use of it is particularly exemplary, but merely because it is a custom of very long standing to christen a ship with a bottle of wine, and there seemed no good reason to depart from it in the case of the *Illinois*.

On the stand with Miss Leiter at the launching were Governor Tanner of Illinois, Governor Tyler of Virginia, Commodore Hichborn, the members of Miss Leiter's family, Mayor Harrison of Chicago, and Mrs. John A. Logan. After the deed was done, Governor Tanner presented to Miss Leiter a miniature model of the ship, of beaten gold and white enamel, three inches long, showing all the guns and life-boats and the ship's flag.

A movement is afoot to build a memorial gateway at the south entrance to the Harvard College yard, in Cambridge, in memory of the Harvard men who died in the war with Spain. The tablets in the Harvard Memorial Hall are reserved exclusively for the names of soldiers of the civil war, and some new monument is necessary for these later patriots. There were three of them, all members of the Rough Riders' regiment. Stanley Hollister, '97, died of typhoid fever at Fort Monroe after being severely wounded at San Juan; N. B. Adsit, 1900, died at Buffalo of typhoid caught at Tampa; W. H. Sanders, '97, died of fever at Santiago.

American farmers who raise wheat, and who erstwhile were so vociferous in their lamentations but now feel better, may be thankful that their reliance is on wheat and not on cotton. Very dismal reports prevail about the prospects of cotton. The United States has quadrupled her production of cotton since 1872, and the price has fallen to little more than a quarter of what it was twenty-six years ago. The price of cotton cloth has fallen proportionately. In 1872 cotton "printing cloths" brought 7.88 cents a yard, and this year they bring 2.17. That is too little, and one reads in the newspapers that planters in Arkansas are threatening not to gather their crops, on the ground that at present rates cotton, or at least mortgaged cotton, is not worth gathering. The whole trouble is with over production in this country. Elsewhere in the world the production is very little greater than it was twenty years ago.

Sir William Crooke's declaration before the British Association that the world is fast outgrowing its wheat-supply has not been everywhere accorded the respectful credence that the calculations of so eminent a scientist might be expected to obtain. Sir William's opinion is that in another thirty-three years population will have so increased that, unless agricultural processes are greatly improved, a good many persons will have to go without bread. His figures are disputed in two particulars. It is held that the population of the earth won't increase as fast as he fears, and it is also held that his estimate of the total possible wheat lands of the earth is a great deal too small. There will be a great deal more wheat, his critics say, than he thinks, and very much fewer folks to eat it. Secretary Wilson, of our Agricultural Department, is one of the experts who dispute his conclusions, on the ground that he has underrated the capacity of the United States for producing breadstuffs to meet any demand.

Sir William's scientific prophecies are especially interesting because the time of their fulfilment is so near at hand. The majority of us grown-ups will be careless of wheat crops before 1931, but general scarcity prevailing as soon as that will be a matter of real importance to our children. But, after all, most of the worry in the world is about things that don't happen. There is enough wheat to last us another year, anyhow, and prospects of more after that. Thirty years! What shall we care for wheat then? By that time the Standard Oil Company will have acquired control of such parts of the universe as it still lacks, and all of us who are at all capable will be working for it, and the responsibility for keeping us alive will rest with our employer. Let Mr. Rockefeller brood over Sir William Crooke's predictions; it's no funeral of ours.

The secretary of the Eugene Field Monument committee reports that during the last six months the war and the hot weather have made it impossible for the committee to add to its fund, but that its endeavors are now to be resumed. The committee's purpose is to raise money enough both to build a monument and to provide a considerable fund for Mr. Field's family. It reports that its affairs are promising, and that only a few thousand dollars remain to be raised. The address of the fund is 180 Monroe Street, Chicago.

The National Council of Women of the United States holds its annual executive session this year at Omaha, under the auspices of the Woman's Department of the Trans-Mississippi Fair, and will sit for six days, beginning October 24. The president of the council is Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, of New York, and its secretary Mrs. Louise Barnum Robbins, of Adrian, Michigan. It describes itself as the largest organization of women in the country—a federation of many organizations concerned with charity, reform, education, or religion. Its sessions, of which there will be two every day, will be enlivened by discourse and discussion upon a very large number of important social subjects. The council is ambitious in its name and scope, and has arranged an imposing programme for its meeting. It will be interesting to observe how large a splash it will be able to make when it jumps in, and how far the resulting eddies will travel.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston went to Quebec last week on its annual excursion. It was received with brass bands and hospitable demonstrations by officers of the Canadian militia, and was quartered at the Château Frontenac. It is painful to record that the commander of the company, the gallant Colonel Henry Walker, who led the historical descent upon London, was severely hurt on the night of his arrival (October 3), in a sudden action with a one-horse cab. Almost in front of the hotel, it seems, the cab bore down on the colonel back end foremost, and felled him to earth, giving him two bad cuts, one of them on the nose. His injuries, though severe, were not dangerous, however, and next day the company was reviewed by Canadian Major-General Hutton, was entertained at lunch by Lord Aberdeen, and had a banquet in the evening at its hotel.

Colonel Joseph M. Bennett, merchant and philanthropist of Philadelphia, who died on September 29, was the proprietor of the store in which John Wanamaker first meditated the achievements which have since made him famous. Bennett & Co. were in the clothing trade, and in the fifties put up a remarkable store, called Tower Hall, which in its equipment and adornments was unlike any store ever seen up to that time. It had, in particular, a great spiral stairway in the middle of it running from the first to the fifth floor, which was considered a great curiosity, so that architects and builders came from afar to view it. Colonel Bennett believed in novelty and in advertising, and managed to gain for his business a very wide and profitable notoriety. For a good many years he maintained a poet, known as The Bard of Tower Hall, who sang voluminously, and with cleverness and success, of the triumphs of the retail clothing business, and the opportunities of a lifetime that it offered. Colonel Bennett made a fortune in his business, and greatly amplified his winnings by fortunate investments in real estate. He gave very liberally to the charities of the Methodist Church, and, among other things, founded a Methodist orphanage, to which he gave a tract of land and $156,000 in money. John Wanamaker entered his employ in 1854, and staid five years, during which the famous Tower Hall was built. No doubt, as an aspiring young clerk, he was strongly and permanently impressed by the methods and character of his successful employer. In 1859, when he left Bennett & Co., he set up for himself.

Bishop Potter heartily disapproves of expansion, and said so at his diocesan convention. The same convention chose Captain Mahan, who is an exceedingly sanguine and confident expansionist, to be a lay delegate to the general convention at Washington. In this action the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* finds a sign that the convention repudiated the bishop's views. It is more likely that questions of national policy did not at all affect the selection of Captain Mahan as a delegate. It is well known that he is a churchman in good standing and personally pious, and a man of very high distinction besides. He would be a very likely man for lay delegate, without any regard to his views about Hawaii, Puerto Rico, or the Philippines, and he was probably chosen entirely irrespective of the discrepancy between his political sentiments and those of Bishop Potter. Men can differ as yet about the Philippines and still esteem one another. It is not like the silver-coinage question, which the community in general felt that it knew something about. Scarcely any one assumes to know much about the Philippines, and the clouds of ignorance and uncertainty which envelop the question of their destiny help to make us tolerant of one another's views.

Hampton (Virginia) Institute has been raising its standard of admission, and has started its thirty-first year with an entering class slightly smaller than last year's, but of unusually good material. The class includes about seventy negro boys and fifty-five girls, and twenty Indian boys and eighteen girls. About one-third of all the applicants were accepted. All the Indians in the present entering class have had primary instruction in the reservation schools. The work at Hampton now is altogether a work of secondary education. This term, for the first time, the institute uses its new building for the agricultural and domestic science courses. It is described as one of the finest school-buildings in the country, admirably provided with class-rooms and laboratories, with a model kitchen, laundry, and bedrooms for the domestic-science department at one end, and, at the other, a creamery and dairy and arrangements for the study of the use of farm machinery and the care of live-stock.

There is a new interest in life, with the characteristics and dimensions of which it becomes all contemporaneous Americans to become promptly familiar. It is Edmond Rostand's prodigious play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," which Coquelin acted from December to July in Paris, and which Richard Mansfield brought out the other night at the Garden Theatre in New York. This is not the department of the WEEKLY in which attention is paid to plays, but prevailing sensations may be noticed here, and "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a sensation which seems bound to prevail. So far as one may judge from the chatter of folks who have seen persons who have seen the play, *Cyrano*, the hero of it, had many qualifications which entitled him to rank as the Theodore Roosevelt of his day. At any rate, one hears of him as a man of superlative belligerency, who would rather fight than do anything else whatever, and who in the intervals of pugnacious activity endears himself to his associates by the display of valuable traits. He is an ugly man, with a huge uncontrollable nose, and in that of course he differs from Colonel Roosevelt, who is pretty, whatever contrary impression unscrupulous caricaturists may have given. An idea of the virulence with which this play has attacked the public may be gathered from the suggestion of an evening newspaper that the nose of *Cyrano* will soon be as familiar as the foot of *Trilby*. It is a delightful token of the return of peace that such a thing should be conceivable.

Dr. David Jayne Hill, late president of Rochester University, who has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State to succeed Mr. Moore, is a close personal friend of Ambassador White, and it is possible that it is through Dr. White that his fitness for a diplomatic post has been brought to the attention of the President. He is forty-eight years old, the son of a Baptist minister, and himself a Baptist minister, though his energies have long been diverted from the practice of his original profession. He is a graduate of Bucknell University, of which he was chosen president in 1879. In 1887 he was elected president of Rochester University, and held that office for eight years. He resigned it, partly because the university was a little more sectarian than he liked, but largely for personal reasons, and much to the regret of the majority of the university trustees and of the friends of the institution in Rochester. He is an able man, very agreeable, highly accomplished, and exceedingly well qualified, both by natural talent and acquirements, to be the right-hand man of the Secretary of State. Dr. Hill has the gift of speech in an unusual degree, and has few equals in the art of standing on his feet and speaking at short notice.

Barnard College, so often saved at the last moment from impending mischance, has been saved again this fall. The mischance that impended in this latest instance was the possibility that her friends would not succeed in raising $95,000, the procurement of which was a condition precedent to her receiving $135,000 to go with it. The undertaking of her friends, as announced last spring, was to raise $100,000 to pay some bills for furnishing new buildings and for other things. When a good beginning had been made in the way of thousand-dollar subscriptions towards this sum, Mrs. A. A. Anderson agreed to give $25,000, provided the rest of the money should be raised before October 3, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller promised $10,000 on the same condition. Then a donor, whose name has not been divulged, offered $100,000 as an endowment fund, provided the college was out of debt on October 3. That called for $180,000, and when October 1 came with $58,000 still to be conjured out of pockets as yet unlocated, there had to be some very energetic begging and running about. But Mr. Plimpton, the treasurer, was equal to the emergency. The money was raised—it always seems to come when Barnard must have it—and now New York has a girls' college, beautifully situated, with a handsome group of buildings, with no debt at all, and with a clear endowment of $100,000. Barnard's properties are now worth nearly a million dollars, and she starts the year with 308 students. That is pretty good for a college that is only twelve years old and that has had to work hard for everything it has got. Almost all this money, too, has been raised within three years, since Barnard determined to follow Columbia up town.

It was noted in this department of the WEEKLY last week that the Royal St. Lawrence and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian yacht clubs had settled the differences that arose out of their sail-boat match this year, and would sail another race next year. It is worth recording that there was an element of misapprehension in the dispute between the clubs, which was at length happily eliminated. It is true that the American club was displeased because the Canadians entered a double-hull boat, but it was not true, as stated in the newspapers at the time, and also in the WEEKLY, that the Racing Committee of the American club telegraphed its official representatives in Montreal not to accept the hospitalities of the Canadian club after the race. Such a despatch was sent, but it was sent by two individuals on their own responsibility, and was not authorized by the American club's committee, which disavowed all responsibility for it. When that was made clear to the Canadians, the new challenge and its acceptance promptly followed.

Elsewhere in this issue of the WEEKLY is a picture of the trial of Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, on September 21, at Paris, in the Eighth Correctional Tribunal, on the charge of revealing documents concerning the national defence. The trial was cut short by the public prosecutor, who asked for an adjournment on the ground that the Minister of War had ordered the prosecution of Colonel Picquart on the charge of forgery and using forged documents. The practical effect of adjournment on this ground was to take Colonel Picquart's case out of the civil courts and hand it over to a military tribunal. His counsel, M. Labori, the same who defended Zola, vigorously opposed adjournment, but fruitlessly, as the judges, after a brief deliberation, adjourned the case indefinitely. After his counsel had spoken, and when the intention of the court was manifest, Colonel Picquart rose and said: "This may be the last time I shall speak in public. I shall, perhaps, sleep to-night in the military prison of Cherche Midi. I wish therefore to declare that if I find there the strangling rope of Lemercier Picard, or the razor of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, it will be a case of assassination, for I have not the least idea of committing suicide." The audience, as may be supposed, was intensely moved by this declaration, judges, officers, and spectators giving signs of profound emotion. The cause was ample, for Colonel Picquart had virtually made a charge of assassination against the military authorities. Colonel Picquart's real crime is that he believes that Dreyfus was wrongfully convicted, and has endeavored to have the injustice that he considers was done him set right.

There seems to be some distrust in London and other foreign parts of the veracity of that M. Louis de Rougemont who claims to have had extraordinary adventures in Australia and thereabouts, and who lately read a paper anent them before the British Association. One school of Britishers now speaks of him as the French Robinson Crusoe, another as the French Ananias. There are three black pearls of enormous value and an octopus of huge size in his story, but both the pearls and the octopus got away. It is clear, however, that M. de Rougemont is either a great adventurer or a great romancer, and in either case he is a valuable man.

E. S. MARTIN.

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# THE FALL OF MANILA.

## LETTERS AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

MANILA, *August 13.*

IT was delay, delay, delay; no one knew why. The days dragged. Some said it was because the *Monterey* was expected. But when the *Monterey* came, and still there was the same inaction, the wiseacres shook their heads and talked about expected peace and the uselessness of sacrificing the lives of our soldiers in an attack upon Manila if terms of peace were already agreed upon. General Merritt smiled and said nothing; Admiral Dewey smiled and said a great deal, but no one seemed any the wiser. Then, when we all thought that we should never see the inside of Manila, as a clap of thunder from a clear sky came the general order: The troops to move up into the trenches at 6.30 on the morrow—the First Brigade, under General McArthur, on the right; the Second Brigade, under General Greene, on the left down to the beach; brigade headquarters in the trenches; reserves 800 yards behind—the combined attack by sea and land to take place at ten o'clock, Saturday, August 13.

Long before the appointed hour the men were up and eager to move. Those detailed for camp service sat glum and disconsolate in their tents. One rheumatic old corporal, when told that he must stay behind, cried and begged so hard that the captain's heart softened, and he shouted, gruffly, "Well, fall in!" Such scenes were common enough. With a rousing cheer "Jimmy Green" shouldered his rifle and his knapsack, heavy with two days' rations and 200 rounds of ammunition. Regiment after regiment splashed through the swashy fields or floundered in the mud along the miry road on to the trenches. Then the heavens opened, and it rained as it never rained before, even in the Philippines, and the fields became shallow lakes and the road an oozing mire.

In the trenches by the sea it was bad enough, but out to right, in the swamps, the men lay like drowned rats in the slimy water. They did not mind it. "Sort of wet and muddy," drawled "Jimmy Green," as he lighted his pipe. I never saw troops so quiet and self-composed. No ripples of excitement; no craning of necks over the breastworks to catch stray glimpses of Spaniards. They would see enough of the Spaniards by-and-by. Meantime there was quiet. Only the company wag got off an occasional dry joke.

The captains were busy placing their men. On the right, where the brush was thick, some of the officers went ahead of their trenches to mark the way they would take their men in case of a charge. Captain Wood and Lieutenant Fiske of the Eighteenth regulars were going forward, and invited me to join them. Through the rice-swamp we flounder over fallen trees and hedges as far as the open space before the Spanish trenches, 200 yards distant. Not a Spaniard was to be seen. Were the enemy's trenches deserted? Lieutenant Fiske thought so, and ventured forward seventy-five yards into the open. Suddenly a dozen Spaniards came over the wall and ran for the lieutenant. It was a race for life through the mire. Two volleys followed us, and on our right a dull boom from the water notified us that the fight was on. At last we were safe again in the trenches.

On the shore, in an old hulk at the end of our trenches, was the signal station, at which messages were to be sent to and received from the fleet and General Merritt's headquarters on one of the transports. One hundred yards from the shore, in an old monastery, through which our earth-works run, General Greene issued his orders and watched the fleet, which slowly, in a quarter-moon, steamed up toward the city. On top of this building Major Bell, head of the bureau of information, was stationed. It was the best point of observation. Nearest the shore the little *Callao*, a gunboat captured from the Spanish, came steaming along, and next to her the *Petrel*, firing slowly at the Spanish trenches in front of Malate, 1300 yards from our lines. Their fire was especially directed at the fort on the shore, San Antonio. The Utah Battery opened fire from our embrasures. Their 3-inch guns jumped to their work, the shells tore the air, and the white puff of smoke of the exploding shell on the wall of the fort told of good gunnery. Nearer and nearer came the fleet, and now their big guns began to bellow. Some of the shells struck in the sea near the shore, and sent up fifty feet into air a geyser of water.

All this time the guns in the fort and on the Luneta were silent, and the trenches seemed deserted. A great shell came pulsing like an express train over our heads, and smashed into the bridge before the Spanish trenches, leaving a wide gap. As the smoke cleared we saw Spaniards for the first time, and they were making for the rear at top speed. "What is that?" asked Major Bell. A dry sound, like the clappering of storks, came from the sea. It was the quick-firing guns from the military tops on our ships pouring bullets into the enemy's trenches. Suddenly the batteries in our trenches stopped firing.

"First Company, Colorado, forward!" With a cheer the men went over the trenches, and we after them. At 100 yards from our works the company halted and lay down in the swamp. From the water our fleet continued to pound the Spanish fort and trenches. After a time our signal station notified them to stop fire. Colonel Hale and Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy, First Colorado, joined the one company in the swamp.

"Up and on!" shouted the colonel. Before the fort could be reached there was a stream to ford. The men went up to their chests in water, holding their rifles well over their heads to keep them dry. Were the Spaniards waiting to annihilate this handful of men? On our right, in the direction of the First Brigade, there was heavy firing. At 100 yards from the fort the company kneeled and fired. Just then the magazine in the fort blew up with a flash and a puff of smoke. Another series of short rushes, and the company was within twenty-five yards of the fort. At that moment the flag-ship *Olympia*, about three thousand yards from shore, sent a single shell from one of her 8-inch guns. It was a splendid shot; it cut along the back of the Spanish wall, which ran from the sea to the fort, and drove out any Spaniards that were left there. There was a dash for the wall and a scramble to get to the door of the fort. Outside lay a wounded soldier on a stretcher, abandoned by his companions in their haste. Inside the fort no one stopped to notice the few dead, but climbed over the débris to get the Spanish flag. To Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy belongs the honor of pulling it down, and up went the stars and stripes.

Back of the fort lay the town of Malate, protected by rows of breastworks and sand-bags. The officers' house at the entrance of the town was deserted. Horses and saddles were still in the stable. Demijohns of wine were smashed on the first floor, and the liquid ran down the stairs to the front door; furniture was overturned, papers were scattered over the floor, so hasty had been the flight. Suddenly, from our left, the Spaniards opened a brisk fire, and our men took refuge behind garden walls as best they could. Stray shots came from houses where Spanish sharp-shooters had secreted themselves. Re-enforcements kept coming up. Down the long street leading to the walls of Manila we could see the Spanish soldiers retreating. Occasionally they stopped to fire a volley at our men, who crept cautiously along from house to house at the edge of the road. The sharp-shooters continued to peck at us from windows, and one or two of our men were wounded.

General Greene and staff, at the head of the Second Brigade, came up. As he crossed the river before Malate he was in imminent danger, for the Spanish forces on our right opened a sharp fire on our columns. On the brigade went, with advance-guard well to the front. Gallopers came and went, carrying the general's orders. This was a dangerous occupation, for the Spanish sharp-shooters were still at work.

The rumor spread that the white flag had been raised on the walls of Manila, and, sure enough, as the advanced regiments broke into the open before the city walls, there on one corner a white flag streamed to the wind. Cheer after cheer rose from our men.

On our right the Philippine insurgents had broken through and were coming on in mass. Major Jones, division quartermaster, single-handed, faced this mob and held them in check until help came up. In the confusion that followed, either the Spaniards or the insurgents opened fire again, and volleys came pelting from the fort at the back of Manila, and this while the white flag was flying at the front of the town. Order was at last restored, and some of the Spanish troops outside the walls began to collect to surrender. The adjutant of the Captain-General came out to discuss methods of negotiations for surrender with General Greene. His bickerings annoyed the general.

"Surrender or no surrender," said the general, "I have come to take the town, and take it I will."

There was a long delay while General Greene rode in to see the Captain-General. Then at last the Second Brigade, with flying colors and sounding brass, marched into new Manila. The road was lined with natives, who threw cigars and cigarettes to our men, while Spaniards leaned from the windows and watched with hostile eyes our advance.

All honor to our generals; all honor to our soldiers; all honor to our country! Such a thing has never happened before in the history of wars. One hour after the city was taken the tram-cars were driving about and women were walking unmolested in the street. As I write, our men—wet, tired, and hungry—lie about the streets in the rain as a safeguard to the property and lives of our conquered enemy.

*August 17.*

In the "bloodless" fight before Manila the First Brigade lost four men killed and thirty-eight wounded; the Second Brigade, one killed and five wounded. The First Brigade were well in the interior in the brush where the great guns of the fleet could not reach, and here the Spaniards offered some resistance. The trenches of our men were separated from those of the enemy only by 200 yards of bamboo-covered ground, an almost impassable tangle. From the Spanish block-house, which rose above their earth-works, sharp-shooters played into our lines. One gun of the Utah Battery pounded this block-house to pieces in short order. The Twenty-third United States Infantry charged the position, and the Spaniards withdrew to their second line of defence. Here they made a stubborn stand, and Colonel French called for volunteers to dislodge the enemy. In response to this call the Astor Battery, who had been stationed out on the left, and had not been able to use their guns with effect on account of the thicket and swamp, offered their services. A few minutes later these brave men charged the Spanish position, armed only with revolvers. It was a desperate chance, and bravely taken. Two men were killed and a number wounded. In such an unequal struggle, revolvers against Mauser rifles, the result would have been inevitable annihilation for the battery had not re-enforcements come up. Again the Spaniards were dislodged, and again they rallied, in and about an old church. About this time help, which had been sent for by General McArthur, came up from the Second Brigade in the flank and rear of the enemy, and the latter broke and fled. An hour after the Second Brigade, the First arrived before the walls.

In the mean time, when the white flag was raised over Manila, Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier and Lieutenant Brumby, the flag-lieutenant of the *Olympia*, landed in the city to negotiate terms of surrender with the Spanish Governor-General. The flag-lieutenant soon went back to the flag-ship, and left Colonel Whittier for a short time the only American in the city. It was not for long, however, for the Oregon volunteers, held on a transport before the city for the purpose, were put on shore on the sea-front, and marched triumphant through the streets, and soon after General Greene, at the head of the Second Brigade, rode into town and lowered the Spanish colors. It was a sight long to be cherished to see the stars and stripes run up and stream out and flutter in the wind, while from thousands of throats a good American cheer rang out.

That afternoon and next day the Spanish forces kept assembling in the square before the Governor's palace in old Manila, and giving up their arms, which were thrown in great piles in the hall of the palace. The officers were allowed by courtesy to keep their side-arms, and to-day they strut about the streets of Manila clanking their swords over the cobblestones more like conquerors than prisoners of war. These Spanish troops look far from ill fed, and there can be no doubt that the stories of their suffering have been grossly exaggerated. In the trenches our men found bottles of gin and wine scattered everywhere. One of our companies lunched off a gross of boxes of sardines found in the officers' quarters near the fighting-line.

What the loss was on the Spanish side during the bombardment will probably never be known. It is variously estimated by the Spaniards from thirty-five to three hundred. One thing is certain, there are few wounded in the hospital, and our troops in coming in found only a few dead in the trenches. Inside the walls of Manila not a man was killed, as the bombardment was confined to shelling the trenches outside the city, where the Spaniards blocked the advance of our troops. The great 10-inch disappearing guns on the Luneta did not fire a single shot, and consequently the *Monterey* lay voiceless opposite the town, ready to use her guns only in case the batteries in the town showed fight.

What did this inaction on the part of the enemy mean? Merely this, that the Spaniards did not dare to return home after a peaceful surrender. They demanded some show of force on our part. The gloves were padded. They agreed not to hurt us if we did not hit too hard. The only trouble was that some of the Spanish troops, especially those out of sight and range of our guns, did not fall in with the views of their commander, and tried to show the Yankees what they could do.

On our side, we kept our agreement to spare the city and defend the Spaniards against the insurgent mob. In the latter task we were greatly aided by the Spanish forces in the trenches about the town. In no place did the insurgents succeed in breaking the line of defence, and only got in back of our troops, who easily held them in check, and disarmed those forcing their way too far into our lines. The Filipinos were greatly disappointed at not getting into the town to loot, as they did at Cavité. They begin to look on the American with hostility. Aguinaldo has agreed to hold his forces outside of the city; at the same time he has offered large sums to several shippers to bring him down rifles from Hong-kong. Are these weapons meant to use against the Spaniards in case we give up the Philippines, or against us for refusing to recognize the Philippine Republic? I am inclined to think that the insurgents intend to fight us if we stay, and Spain if we go.

*August 30.*

The wisdom of following the strategy which, it is understood, Admiral Dewey favored, of dropping a few shells into Manila and then landing troops from transports on the water-front to occupy the city, is proved by the experience of the Second Oregon Volunteers. Company E, acting as escort to General Merritt on board of the *Zafiro*, and the rest of the First and Second battalions of the Second Oregon on the steamer *Kong Hoi*, proceeded out with the squadron from Cavité at 7 A.M., making for Manila. During the day the two steamers lay just back of the fleet in action, but well within the range of the silent guns on the Luneta. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Belgian tug which, after the white flag had been raised in the city, had brought out the Belgian consul, through whom terms of surrender were negotiated, came alongside of the *Kong Hoi*, with orders for Colonel Summers to make a landing with the two battalions of the Second Oregon and proceed to the walled city. The *Kong Hoi* went aground near the entrance of the Pasig River, and Colonel Summers was obliged to collect all the small boats in the river to effect a landing. In the remarkably short time of forty minutes the two battalions were on shore, marching up into the walled part of Manila. Company A was ordered to lower the Spanish garrison flag and to raise the American colors. As Lieutenant Pobey raised the American flag the whole fleet saluted, and the Oregon band, which came marching up the Luneta, struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." At the mouth of the Pasig River the Spanish gunboat *Subig*, set afire to prevent our capturing her, blazed heavenward, as if in a last salute to the yellow and red of Spain, while in the west the setting sun streaked the clouds with gold. The day of Spanish glory and misrule was at an end in the Philippines.

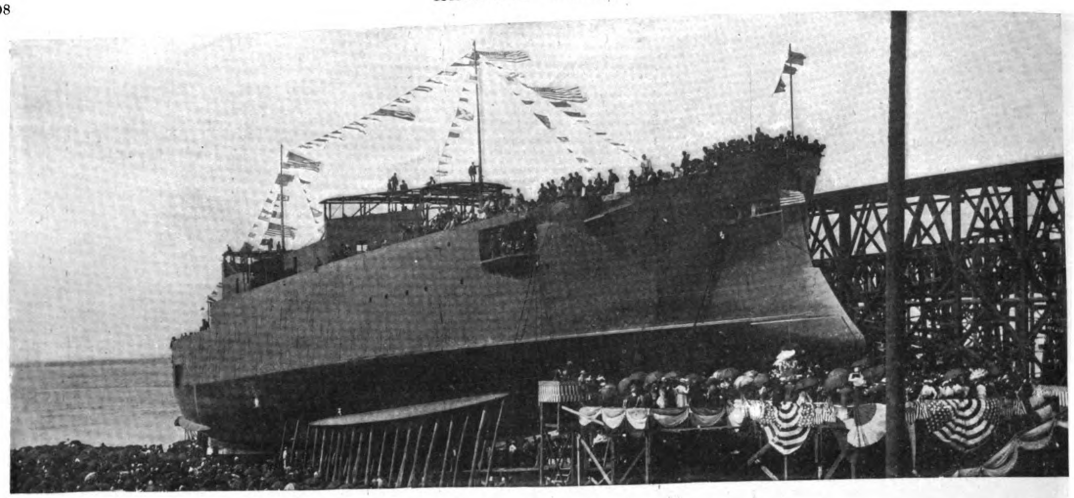
The town was crowded with Spanish troops. These marched slowly into the square before the palace, the headquarters of General Merritt, and between two files of Oregon soldiers dropped their arms in great heaps. The disarming went on till one o'clock at night. Four thousands stands of arms were taken that night. The Spanish men accepted the situation philosophically enough, but the women wept, and filled the air with their cries of distress.

For sixty hours 400 out of 500 Oregon troops in Manila were on guard duty. They seized, in the different churches, immense stores of provisions of the Spanish government. In the Church of St. Augustine alone they found 7100 sacks of rice, each sack containing 150 pounds. Sardines, beans, olive oil, coffee, bacon, and dried fish were there in plenty, indisputably proving that the garrison might have held out indefinitely, so far as food-supply went. In the treasury 850,000 Mexican dollars were taken. This capture gave rise to a great deal of talk among the Spanish officials, a delegation of whom visited General Merritt and requested that the wages of the Spanish officers and soldiers be paid out of this sum. It is unnecessary to say that the general politely referred them to Spain for the payment of their soldiers. The money captured from the Spanish treasury is to be used to defray the expenses of our government here. It is an interesting fact that it was necessary to count 243,000 pennies before the exact sum captured was ascertained.

During the occupation of the walled city by the Oregon troops, not a single incident occurred which *necessitated* the use of force. Indeed, every one seemed glad that the long siege was over, and that we had so peacefully entered the town.

As I intimated in my previous letter, the Spaniards expressed their desire before the fight to only put up a show of fight, and this policy they faithfully carried out. They kept their large guns in the city quiet, in the hope that by so doing we would spare the city. It seems to have been otherwise with the officers and men in Fort San Antonio Abad and the trenches immediately in front of our troops, for these men up to the very last expressed

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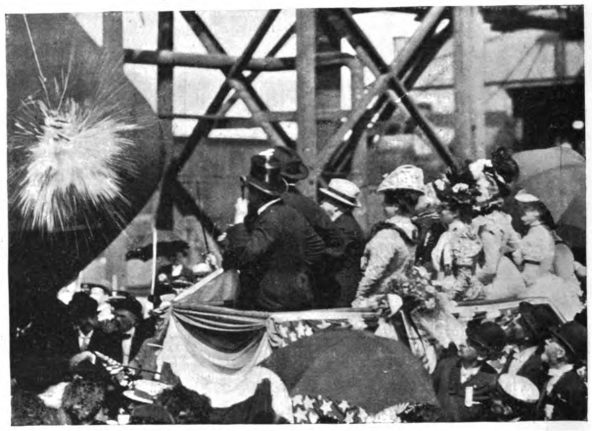


THE SHIP ON THE WAYS JUST BEFORE THE LAUNCH.



Governor J. Hoge Tyler, of Virginia.

MISS NANNIE LEITER, READY TO NAME THE BATTLE-SHIP WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.



THE BATTLE-SHIP IS NAMED.

LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "ILLINOIS" AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 4, 1898.—[SEE PAGE 1006.]

Photographs Copyright, 1898, by George Prince.

their conviction that even in face of a bombardment by sea they could keep out our troops. These over-confident Spaniards discovered their error very early in the day, and took flight long before our fleet had really made their position untenable.

In all of this the army had a much less important part to play than no doubt they would now like to admit. The land forces were of use simply to police the city after it was reduced to submission by our gallant fleet. There can be no doubt that the strategy of this campaign will be severely criticised by military students, because the men were exposed to the hardships of occupying for a week a line of trenches in a swampy and malarious country unnecessarily, and that men were wounded and killed in unnecessary fights, when the fleet might have brought the city into submission, and troops could have been landed in the Pasig River without the loss of a single man. Indeed, from the side of mere good policy our land movement was a mistake, for it brought our troops in conflict with the insurgents, and began the unpleasant feeling which now exists between the Filipinos and our men.

The march of the army was full of dramatic incidents. The detachment of the First Colorados, who were the first to advance along the beach against Fort San Antonio, passed through a stream and had advanced to the fort, kneeling and firing by platoons, to keep in any of the enemy who might be still in the fort without drawing their fire. It was only after we passed the fort that the enemy concealed in the wood on the right opened fire on us. Quickly we took to the line of trenches very conveniently run by the Spaniards from the fort to the outskirts of Malate. This trench faced the fire of the enemy, and bullets immediately hissed over our heads or imbedded themselves in the earth-works. Suddenly we heard the sound of martial music, and turning around, what was our astonishment to see the Colorado band coming around the corner of the fort, the fat band-master blowing his cornet with might and main in the lead, while in the hubbub of hissing bullets and shouted orders arose the strains of "There'll be a hot time in the Old Town to-night," etc. With difficulty the valiant band was persuaded to take refuge behind the earth-works and stop their patriotic but dangerous blowing, which drew the enemy's fire.

A little further towards our right, where the Eighteenth Regular Infantry awaited in the mud the signal for advance, the coffee-carriers, laden with a four-foot-long boiler strung on a pole from shoulder to shoulder, waited also, and when the attack was sounded these conscientious men went over the trenches too, still carrying their boiler full of coffee. It was literally coffee and bullets for two.

On our right, at the critical moment, General McArthur was left without orders. Unable to see what was going on at other points on account of the dense jungle where his troops had to manœuvre, he ordered an advance before our left wing had flanked the enemy. It is lucky, considering the resistance offered and the ground they had to advance over, that the first brigade did not suffer a greater loss. At one point the Astor Battery, which was stationed along a narrow road, were momentarily driven from their guns, with the loss of several wounded and two men killed. It is noteworthy that both these men had served in the English army; one of them, the first sergeant of the battery, had been a captain.

The colonels of each regiment have been requested to send in the names of those who distinguished themselves for gallant and meritorious service. Some have sent in long lists of men, while others refuse to send in a single name. Among these is Colonel Van Voltzen. He said that the occasion for gallant and meritorious action had not been offered, and that he saw no one who did anything beyond his duty. This view seems sound, at least so far as the second brigade is concerned, for although the troops were ready enough to perform gallant deeds, the rapid flight of the enemy prevented the possibility of extraordinary bravery. It would cheapen the army, which deserves collectively the greatest praise for the uncomplaining patience with which they have endured a month's campaign in a swamp, to give honorable mention to any one for the day's work on the 13th of August.

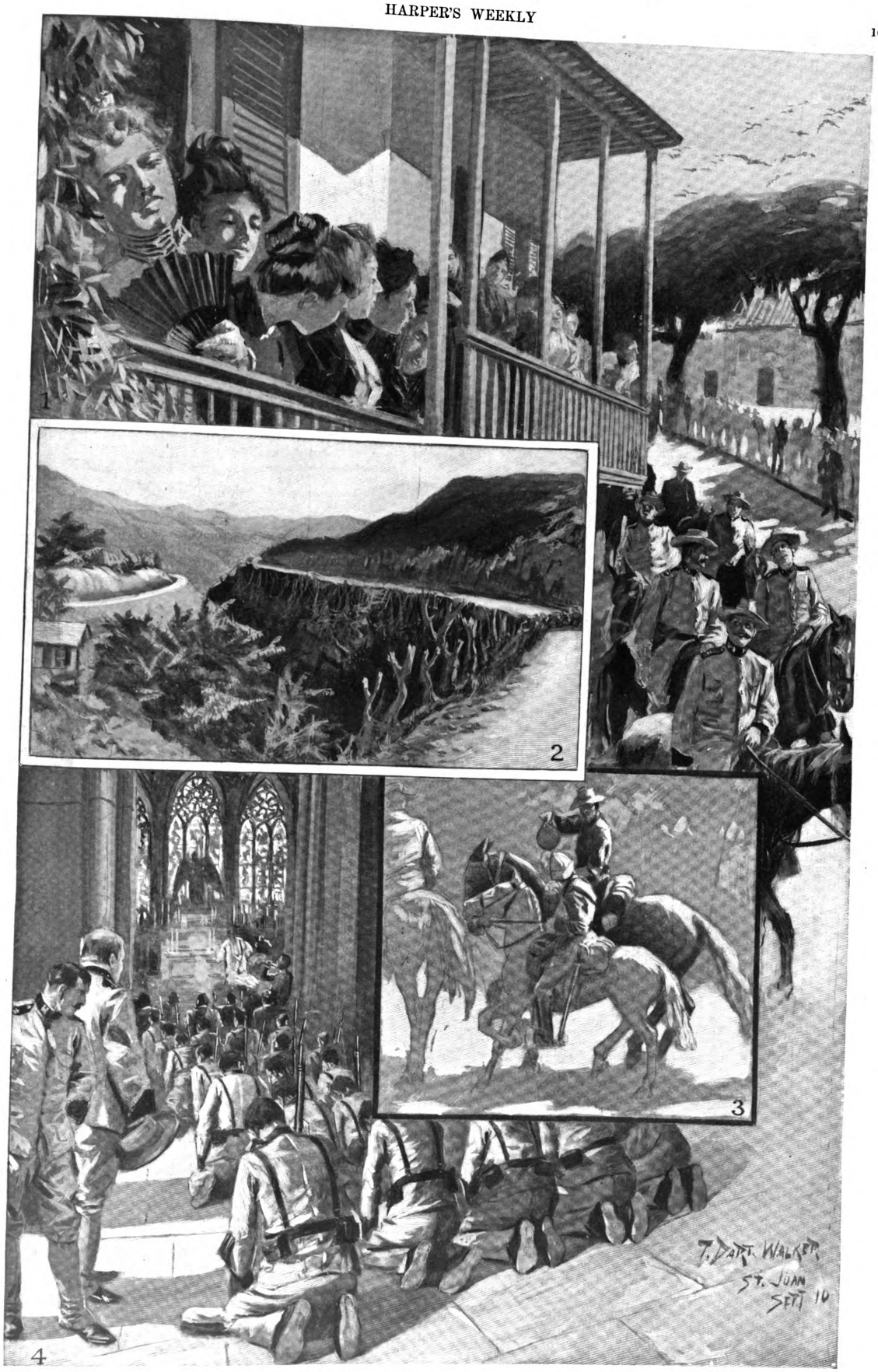
All the shops have now reopened. Natives, Spaniards, and half-breeds, in white suits, and the American soldier, in dirty duck overalls or hot blue uniform, move about in the usual course of business. One notices, for the first time, the black robe of the priest, and wonders where they have been all this while to spring so suddenly into public view. On investigation it comes to light that the priests, uncertain what treatment they would receive at our hands, had put on civilian's dress, and only after seeing the justness and impartiality—indeed, one might say leniency—of our rule over the city, have dared to resume their clerical costume. Now that we are here, every one seems satisfied—at least on the surface. Spanish, German, and English merchants constantly repeat that if the United States are to retain the islands they will remain in business; but if the burden of reconquering them from the natives is to fall back upon Spain, they will withdraw their capital and leave Manila. Our relation with the indigenous Filipino is a problematic matter.

The insurgents still remain in possession of all parts of Luzon, except Cavité and Manila. After the first glamour which surrounded our troops, a glamour due to an exaggerated and almost childish idea of the liberty and freedom we were bringing to the Philippines, the race differences have made themselves felt, which antagonize the native and exasperate our men. The Filipino is the true child of the East. His moral fibre is as flimsy as the web of the pineapple gauze of which the women make their dresses. He will cheat, steal, and lie beyond the orthodox limit of the Anglo-Saxon. His unreliability and the persistency with which he disobeys orders are irritating beyond description; besides this, his small stature and color invite abuse. There can be no doubt that our soldiers are spoiling for a fight. They hate and despise the native for the manner he has lied to and cheated them, and on the whole they are inclined to treat the Filipino the way a burly policeman treats a ragged street urchin. The native is like a child, unreasonable, and easily affected by small things. Unable to appreciate the benefits of a good government, he fiercely resents the rough manner in which the soldier jostles him out of the way.

In establishing our government over the city, General Merritt has followed as much as possible the old Spanish régime. Former clerks have been temporarily retained where they were willing to remain in the service. The old Board of Aldermen have resumed their duties. At the head of each department an American has been placed, and gradually Americans are being put into the minor offices. The investigation of the different branches of the government has now proved beyond a doubt the corruption of Spanish rule.

To-day the *China* carries off General Merritt and the three officers of his staff for Paris, General Greene for Washington, and Murat Halstead, after a three days' visit, to write on the Philippine Islands. Everybody regrets the departure of all these gentlemen. General Merritt's mild rule here has made him beloved by all save the fire-eaters. With the departure of General Greene, the Philippine expedition loses its keenest man. It will be difficult to find a successor so able in the management of the fiscal affairs of the government. It is greatly to be regretted that with General Merritt, no one is going to Paris who has had a long residence in the islands and understands the resources of the country and nature of the people.

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OUR OCCUPATION OF PUERTO RICO.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES.

1. General Brooke and Staff entering a Village—the fair Portorriqueñas watching "los Americanos." 2. Spanish Earthworks (on the Left) commanding the Military Road. 3. A comparison of American and Spanish Cavalry. 4. Spanish Soldiers at Mass—American Officers as interested Spectators.

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## FROM GUAYAMA TO ST. JOHN.

THE military road that winds among the mountains, and leads over them to join North with South—St. John with Ponce and (by a branch from Cayey) with Guayama—is broad and hard, and substantial withal. One is reminded that the Spaniard got his early instruction in the very important matter of road-making from that past master the Roman. It was not built to fade out from the hill-side and to be ploughed over eventually, like a New England highway. Day after day, forever, it may seem to be replying *mañana* to every destructive suggestion of the elements. And surely we should hope it will always be there, to lead many people to a wonderful point of view, near Cayey, where one stops if one is coming from the north, or turns if one is coming from the south, and looks down and out over intensely green plain and hill to the gray sea—to Guayama's two harbors, Arroyo and Jobos, beyond fields of sugar-cane like rich grass; beyond forests of hard-wood trees, among which palms bend like a vine to make their way upward to light and air above their sturdy companions, and then lift still higher a spear that, the natives say, is a natural lightning-rod; beyond groves where thousands of parrots in a flock are like a hovering green cloud. And perhaps you may stop or turn near Cayey, for the view, when it happens to be all hidden in mist; but in a moment the cloud lifts, not like a drop-curtain, but rather with such a disclosure as certain faces make in a smile of recognition.

No doubt when the Indians called this island Borinquen the view was as fair; but long life to a good road, I say, that leads easily to beautiful points, and leads many.

General Brooke preferred to go northward by the military road, rather than by sea, when his duties as president of the Puerto Rico Evacuation Commission called him to the neighborhood of the capital city, St. John.* Whether he chose the land journey for its greater convenience or for his greater pleasure is a question that does not concern us now; but certainly it was a trip worth taking and well worth description, if one only could dwell upon its interest. Just before he set out, a cloud that had hidden at least some things for centuries had at last lifted from the whole island....

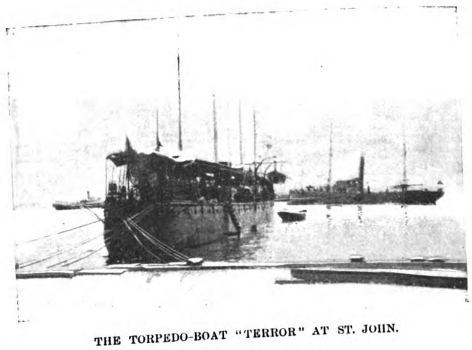
He was at Guayama, it will be remembered. At half past eight in the morning, on September 3, he started with his personal and general staff—about twenty-five members—and Company F of the Eighth Regiment of regulars and one troop of regular cavalry. About thirty army wagons carried supplies and baggage.

The first stop was made at noon on that day, when the peaceful cortége reached the Pablo Vasquez fortifications, which, less than three weeks before, our men had been about to attack, and did not attack merely because a message announcing the cessation of hostilities came in the nick of time. Here those who rode dismounted and those who drove alighted, and all were received by the Spanish troops drawn up in line, as shown in our first illustration. General Brooke, in the foreground, looking down the ranks that he fortunately had not been obliged to decimate, had his own thoughts, and kept them; seemed to admire the men, whose condition offered a striking contrast to that of the under-fed Spanish regiments in Cuba; walked the length of the line, as though the more fully to realize the change a fortnight had wrought.

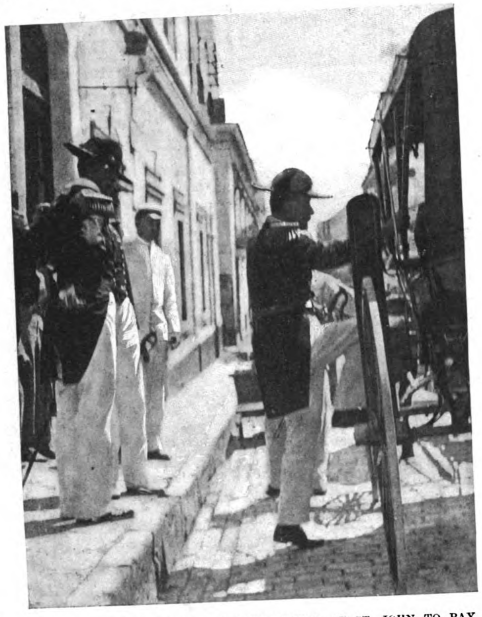
This point, between Guayama and Cayey, is as strong as possible for defensive purposes, and was strongly held. It is not too much to say that the principal battle of the war might have occurred there (certainly the principal battle of the Puerto Rico campaign) if the message of peace had arrived a few minutes later, when the fight had once gained headway. About one thousand Spaniards, with their Mausers and modern artillery, were posted with the utmost skill. The road winds about so that our advance would have been made for six miles up hill, and all the way in range. Our artillery was in a position to shell the first intrenchments easily, but not to reach still stronger intrenchments beyond the crest of the mountain, where the main body of the enemy waited, practically concealed. Our officers did not even know of the existence of the latter force. One whose word should have great weight—Colonel Goethals of the Engineer Corps—said that we could not have captured the position within a week, if at all, with the force that was so eager to make the attack on August 13. "I'd like to have had one hundred men there [in the Spanish trenches], and I could have staved off any army"—such was his comment.

Now, instead of such a battle, see this exchange of hand-shakes and of gifts....

As soon as General Brooke had passed, the Spanish soldiers gathered on bluffs overlooking the road and waved good-by to the cavalry. Such gluttons for a view of their enemy were they! The visit was all too short; in fact, they would probably never have ceased being amazed at the size of the American horses, for their own were so small as to be almost covered up with the equipments.



THE TORPEDO-BOAT "TERROR" AT ST. JOHN.



ADMIRAL SCHLEY GOING FROM THE HOTEL AT ST. JOHN TO PAY AN OFFICIAL VISIT.

Striking northward, now on across the mountains.

At all the towns a certain uniformity of behavior; for the inhabitants of each had been instructed by a proclamation of Captain-General Macias to make no demonstration either for or against the Americans, but to receive them with the utmost courtesy. Accordingly, there was no cheering, but all the way through the heart of the island one might learn, on taking the trouble to talk with the people, that the sentiment was favorable to the new order of things, and to those who were to make the new order effective.

The townsmen of Cayey could be seen scurrying about to make hospitable preparation as the visitors approached; and when General Brooke arrived (this was at four in the afternoon, September 3) he found at his disposal the house of the principal citizen, and remained there overnight, while the troops went into camp on the outskirts.

At nine o'clock the next morning Cayey was left behind, and the way led to Caguas, a town in a valley that is said to contain about ten thousand persons. If that estimate is correct, then it may be stated that at least several thousand (to be quite moderate and well within the fact) were chiefly concerned to know "when the North Americans were going to get the Spanish troops out.... Why couldn't they be made to go immediately?"

At Caguas there were about two thousand Spanish troops, well paid, and with plenty of food, and yet anxious to get back to Spain. In the friendliness they manifested towards the visitors it was easy to distinguish a certain sense of relief, for they had had an idea, during the first two weeks of August, that twenty thousand men were to be sent against them. They had all expected to be killed. In the evening some of the American officers were entertained at the local club, while for the younger members of the staff there were music and conversation and refreshments at a private residence, and it was shown that Spanish throats are not incapable of American melodies, when the guitar accompanies them.

The third day's journey was from Caguas to Rio Piedras, from a region that is famous for its tobacco into a region that has more oranges—I was about to say, more than it knows what to do with, but that would be incorrect. The peasants would fill the carriages of correspondents and the officers' saddle-bags with oranges. A timid fellow would spill his basketful at a soldier's feet and run away in alarm. Approaching Rio Piedras, the cortége was met at five o'clock in the afternoon, September 5, by representatives of Captain-General Macias—a colonel and subordinate officers—who extended polite greetings, and conducted General Brooke to the Captain-General's summer home, which forthwith became headquarters. Spanish troops were drawn up all along the streets—an evidence of that concentration of forces near the capital mentioned in despatches during the campaign. It is fully eight miles from Rio Piedras to St. John, and, near the former, strong fortifications were seen in course of erection.

The *Seneca*, bringing the other members of the Evacuation Commission, Admiral Schley and General Gordon, arrived at the capital on September 6, and the commissioners' meeting with Macias took place promptly. The only Spanish officials present in the hall where the meeting occurred were two members of Macias's staff and the Captain-General himself.

The destroyer *Terror*, which was built in England, and was supposed to have a speed of about thirty-five miles an hour, is shown among our illustrations; and the story told by one of her crew gives a new version of her famous encounter with the *St. Paul*.

"There were articles in the papers for several days," he says, "announcing the intention of the brave Spanish commander to go out and sink the blockading vessel. On the day when she started on this errand regimental bands from the Plaza played inspiring airs and a great crowd of citizens hurrahed. And so she cast off and passed around Morro Castle, the crowd accompanying her as well as it could along the shore. Then the *Terror* made straight for the *St. Paul* under full speed—alone, although there were three gunboats in the harbor at the time. She was hit at a distance of about three miles, by a six-pounder once, and again by a five-inch shell. The latter crippled her, killing four (among these the chief engineer) and wounding seventeen. Then the *Terror* returned to the harbor; but the bands still played, for it was claimed that instead of finding one boat she had engaged the American fleet. The survivors were heroes."

MARRION WILCOX.



GENERAL BROOKE EYING CRITICALLY THE TROOPS THAT OPPOSED HIM NEAR CAYEY.



GENERAL BROOKE ARRIVES AT RIO PIEDRAS, AND IS RECEIVED BY SPANISH OFFICERS.

* "St. John," and not San Juan, the town has long been called by some of the Spanish-Americans when speaking English.

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

V.

"GOOD-BY. He's off," Mrs. Brookenham, who had remained quite on her own side of the room, explained to her friend.

"Where's he off to?" this friend inquired with a casual advance and a look not so much at her hostess as at the cushions just rearranged.

"Oh, to some places. To Brander to-day."

"How he does run about!" And the Duchess, still with a glance hither and yon, sank upon the sofa to which she had made her way unaided. Mrs. Brookenham knew perfectly the meaning of this glance: she had but three or four comparatively good pieces, whereas the Duchess, rich with the spoils of Italy, had but three or four comparatively bad. This was the relation, as between intimate friends, that the Duchess visibly preferred, and it was quite groundless, in Buckingham Crescent, ever to enter the drawing-room with an expression suspicious of disloyalty. The Duchess was a woman who so cultivated her passions that she would have regarded it as disloyal to introduce there a new piece of furniture in an underhand way—that is without a full appeal to herself, the highest authority, and the consequent bestowal of opportunity to nip the mistake in the bud. Mrs. Brookenham had repeatedly asked herself where in the world she might have found the money to be disloyal. The Duchess's standard was of a height—! It matched, for that matter, her other elements, which were as conspicuous as usual as she sat there suggestive of early tea. She always suggested tea before the hour, and her friend always, but with so different a wistfulness, rang for it. "Who's to be at Brander?" she asked.

"I haven't the least idea—he didn't tell me. But they've always a lot of people."

"Oh, I know—extraordinary mixtures. Has he been there before?"

Mrs. Brookenham thought. "Oh yes—if I remember—more than once. In fact her note—which he showed me, but which only mentioned 'some friends'—was a sort of appeal on the ground of something or other that had happened the last time."

The Duchess was silent a moment. "She writes the most extraordinary notes."

"Well, this was nice, I thought," Mrs. Brookenham said—"from a woman of her age and her immense position to so young a man."

Again the Duchess reflected. "My dear, she's not an American and she's not on the stage. Aren't those what you call positions in this country? And she's also not a hundred."

"Yes, but Harold's a mere baby."

"Then he doesn't seem to want for nurses!" the Duchess replied. She smiled at her friend. "Your children are like their mother—they're eternally young."

"Well, *I'm* not a hundred!" moaned Mrs. Brookenham as if she wished with dim perversity that she were. "Every one, at any rate, is awfully kind to Harold." She waited a moment, to give her visitor the chance to pronounce it eminently natural, but no pronouncement came—nothing but the footman who had answered her ring and of whom she ordered tea. "And where did you say *you're* going?" she inquired after this.

"For Easter?" The Duchess achieved a direct encounter with her charming eyes—which was not, in general, an easy feat. "I didn't say I was going anywhere. I haven't, of a sudden, changed my habits. You know whether I leave my child—except in the sense of having left her an hour ago at Mr. Garlick's class in Modern Light Literature. I confess I'm a little nervous about the subjects and am going for her at five."

"And then where do you take her?"

"Home to her tea—where should you think?"

Mrs. Brookenham declined, in connection with the matter, any responsibility of thought; she did indeed much better by saying after a moment: "You *are* devoted!"

"Miss Merriman has her afternoon—I can't imagine what they do with their afternoons," the Duchess went on. "But she's to be back in the school-room at seven."

"And you have Aggie till then?"

"Till then," said the Duchess cheerfully. "You're off, for Easter, to—where is it?" she continued.

Mrs. Brookenham had received with no flush of betrayal the various discriminations thus conveyed by her visitor, and her only revenge, for the moment, was to look as sweetly resigned as if she really saw what was in them. Where were they going for Easter? She had to think an instant, but she brought it out. "Oh, to Pewbury—we've been engaged so long that I had forgotten. We go once a year—one does it for Edward."

"Ah, you spoil him!" smiled the Duchess. "Who's to be there?"

"Oh, the usual thing, I suppose. A lot of my lord's tiresome supporters."

"To pay his debt? Then why are you poor things asked?"

Mrs. Brookenham looked, on this, quite adorably—that is most wonderingly—grave. "How do I know, my dear Jane, why in the world we're ever asked anywhere? Fancy people wanting Edward?" she quavered with stupefaction. "Yet we can never get off Pewbury."

"You're better for getting on, *cara mia*, than for getting off!" the Duchess blandly returned. She was a person of no small presence, filling her place, however, without ponderosity, with a massiveness indeed rather artfully kept in bounds. Her head, her chin, her shoulders were well aloft, but she had not abandoned the cultivation of a "figure," or any of the distinctively finer reasons for passing as a handsome woman. She was secretly at war, moreover, in this endeavor, with a lurking no less than with a public foe, and thoroughly aware that if she didn't look well she might at times only, and quite dreadfully, look good. There were definite ways of escape, none of which she neglected and from the total of which, as she flattered herself, the air of distinction almost mathematically resulted. This air corresponded superficially with her acquired Calabrian sonorities, from her voluminous title down, but the colorless hair, the passionless forehead, the mild cheek and long lip of the British matron, the type that had set its trap for her earlier than any other, were elements difficult to deal with, and were all, at moments, that a sharp observer saw. The battle-ground then was the haunting danger of the *bourgeois*. She gave Mrs. Brookenham no time to resent her last note before inquiring if Nanda were to accompany the couple.

"Mercy, mercy no—she's not asked." Mrs. Brookenham, on Nanda's behalf, fairly radiated obscurity. "My children don't go where they're not asked."

"I never said they did, love," the Duchess returned. "But what then do you do with her?"

"If you mean socially"—Mrs. Brookenham looked as if there might be in some distant sphere, for which she almost yearned, a maternal opportunity very different from that—"if you mean socially, I don't do anything at all. I've never pretended to do anything. You know as well as I, dear Jane, that I haven't begun yet." Jane's hostess now spoke as simply as an earnest, anxious child. She gave a vague, patient sigh. "I suppose I must begin!"

The Duchess remained for a little rather grimly silent. "How old is she—twenty?"

"Thirty!" said Mrs. Brookenham with distilled sweetness. Then with no transition of tone: "She has gone for a few days to Tishy Grendon's."

"In the country?"

"She stays with her to-night in Hill Street. They go down together to-morrow. Why hasn't Aggie been?" Mrs. Brookenham went on.

The Duchess handsomely stared. "Been where?"

"Why, here—to see Nanda."

"Here?" the Duchess echoed, fairly looking again about the room. "When is Nanda ever here?"

"Ah, you know I've given her a room of her own—the sweetest little room in the world." Mrs. Brookenham never looked so happy as when obliged to explain. "She has everything there that a girl can want."

"My dear woman," asked the Duchess, "has she sometimes her own mother?"

The men had now come in to place the tea table, and it was the movements of the red-haired footman that Mrs. Brookenham followed. "You had better ask my child herself."

The Duchess was frank and jovial. "I would, I promise you, if I could get at her! But isn't that woman always with her?"

Mrs. Brookenham smoothed the little embroidered tea-cloth. "Do you call Tishy Grendon a woman?"

Again the Duchess had one of her pauses, which were indeed so frequent in her talks with this intimate that an auditor could sometimes wonder what particular form of relief they represented. They might have been a habit proceeding from the fear of undue impatience. If the Duchess had been as impatient with Mrs. Brookenham as she would possibly have seemed without them, her frequent visits, in the face of irritation, would have had to be accounted for. "What do *you* call her?" she demanded.

"Why, Nanda's best friend—if not her only one. That's the place I *should* have liked for Aggie," Mrs. Brookenham ever so graciously smiled.

The Duchess, hereupon, going beyond her, gave way to free mirth. "My dear thing, you're delightful. Aggie *or* Tishy is a sweet thought. Since you're so good as to ask why Aggie has fallen off, you'll excuse my telling you that you've just named the reason. You've known ever since we came to England what I feel about the proper persons—and the most improper—for her to meet. The Tishy Grendons are far from the proper."

Mrs. Brookenham continued to assist a little in the preparations for tea. "Why not say at once, Jane"—and her tone, in its appeal, was almost infantine—"that you've come at last to placing even poor Nanda, for Aggie's wonderful purpose, in the same impossible class?"

The Duchess took her time, but at last she accepted her duty. "Well, if you will have it. You know my ideas. If it isn't my notion of the way to bring up a girl to give her up, in extreme youth, to an intimacy with a young married woman who is both unhappy and silly, whose conversation has absolutely no limits, who says everything that comes into her head, and talks to the poor child about God only knows what—if I should never dream of such an arrangement for my niece I can almost as little face the prospect of throwing her *much*, don't you see? with any young person exposed to such an association. It would be in the natural order certainly"—in spite of which natural order the Duchess made the point with but moderate emphasis—"that, since dear Edward is my cousin, Aggie should see at least as much of Nanda as of any other girl of their age. But what will you have? I must recognize the predicament I'm placed in by the more and more extraordinary development of English manners. Many things have altered, goodness knows, since I was Aggie's age, but nothing is so different as what you all do with your girls. It's all a muddle, a compromise, a monstrosity, like everything else you produce; there's nothing in it that goes on all-fours. I see but one consistent way, which is our fine old foreign way and which makes—in the upper classes, mind you, for it's with them only I'm concerned—*des femmes bien gracieuses*. I allude to the immemorial custom of my husband's race, which was good enough for his mother and his mother's mother, for Aggie's own, for his other sisters, for *toutes ces dames*. It would have been good enough for my child, as I call her—my dear husband called her *his*—if, not losing her parents, she had remained in her own country. She would have been brought up there under an anxious eye—that's the great point: privately, carefully, tenderly, and with what she was *not* to learn—till the proper time—looked after quite as much as the rest. I can only go on with her in that spirit and make of her, under providence, what I consider a young person of her condition, of her name, of her particular traditions, should be. *Voilà, ma chère.* If you put it to me if I think you're surrounding Nanda with any such security as that, I can't help it if I offend you by an honest answer. What it comes to, simply stated, is that really she must choose between Aggie and Tishy. I'm afraid I should shock you were I to tell you what I should think of myself for packing *my* child, all alone, off for a week with Mrs. Grendon."

Mrs. Brookenham, who had many talents, had none perhaps that she oftener found useful than that of listening with the appearance of being fairly hypnotized. It was the way she listened to her housekeeper at their regular morning conference, and if the rejoinder ensuing upon it frequently appeared to have nothing to do with her manner, that was a puzzle for her interlocutor alone. "Oh, of course I know your theory, dear Jane, and I dare say it's very charming and old-fashioned and, if you like, aristocratic, in a frumpy, foolish old way—though even upon that, at the same time, there would be something too to be said. But I can only congratulate you on finding it more workable than there can be any question of *my* finding it. If you're all armed for the sacrifices you speak of, I simply am not. I don't think I'm quite a monster, but I don't pretend to be a saint. I'm an English wife and an English mother, and I live in the mixed English world. My daughter, at any rate, is just my daughter—thank heaven, and one of a good English bunch; she's not the unique niece of my dead Italian husband, nor doubtless either, in spite of her excellent birth, of a lineage, like Aggie's, so very tremendous. I've my life to lead, and she's a part of it. Sugar?" She wound up on a still softer note as she handed the cup of tea.

"Never! Well, with *me*," said the Duchess with spirit, "she would be all."

"'All' is soon said! Life is composed of many things," Mrs. Brookenham gently rang out—"of such mingled, intertwisted strands!" Then still with the silver bell, "Don't you really think Tishy nice?" she asked.

"I think little girls should live with little girls, and young *femmes du monde* so immensely initiated should—well," said the Duchess with a toss of her head, "let them alone. What do they want of them 'at all, at all'?"

"Well, my dear, if Tishy strikes you as 'initiated,' all one can ask is 'Initiated into what?' I should as soon think of applying such a term to a little shivering shorn lamb. Is it your theory," Mrs. Brookenham pursued, "that our unfortunate unmarried daughters are to have no intelligent friends?"

"Unfortunate indeed," cried the Duchess, "precisely *because* they're unmarried, and unmarried, if you don't mind my saying so, a good deal because they're unmarriageable. Men, after all, the nice ones—by which I mean the possible ones—are not on the lookout for little brides whose usual associates are so up to snuff. It's not their idea that the girls they marry shall already have been pitchforked—by talk and contacts and visits and newspapers, and the way the poor creatures rush about and all the extraordinary things they do—quite into *everything*. A girl's most intelligent friend is her mother—or the relative acting as such. Perhaps you consider that Tishy takes your place!"

Mrs. Brookenham waited so long to say what she considered that, before she next spoke, the question appeared to have dropped. Then she only replied, as if suddenly remembering her manners: "Won't you eat something?" She indicated a particular plate. "One of the nice little round ones?" The Duchess appropriated a nice little round one, and her hostess presently went on: "There's one thing I mustn't forget—don't let us eat them *all*. I believe they're what Lord Petherton really comes for."

The Duchess finished her mouthful imperturbably before she took this up. "Does he come so often?"

Mrs. Brookenham hesitated. "I don't know what he calls it; but he said yesterday that he'd come to-day. I've had tea earlier for you," she went on with her most melancholy kindness—"and he's always late. But we mustn't, between us, lick the platter clean."

The Duchess entered very sufficiently into her companion's tone. "Oh, I don't feel at all obliged to consider him, for he has not, of late, particularly put himself out for me. He has not been to see me since I don't know when, and the last time he did come he brought Mr. Mitchett."

"Here it was the other way round. It was Mr. Mitchett, last year, who first brought Lord Petherton."

"And who," asked the Duchess, "had first brought Mr. Mitchett?"

Mrs. Brookenham meeting her friend's eyes, looked for an instant as if trying to remember. "I give it up. I muddle beginnings."

"That doesn't matter, if you only *make* them," the Duchess smiled.

"No, does it?" To which Mrs. Brookenham added: "Did he bring Mr. Mitchett for Aggie?"

"If he did they will have been disappointed. Neither of them has seen, in my house, the tip of her nose." The Duchess announced this circumstance with a pomp of pride.

"Ah, but with your ideas that doesn't prevent."

"Prevent what?"

"Why, what you call, I suppose, the *pourparlers*."

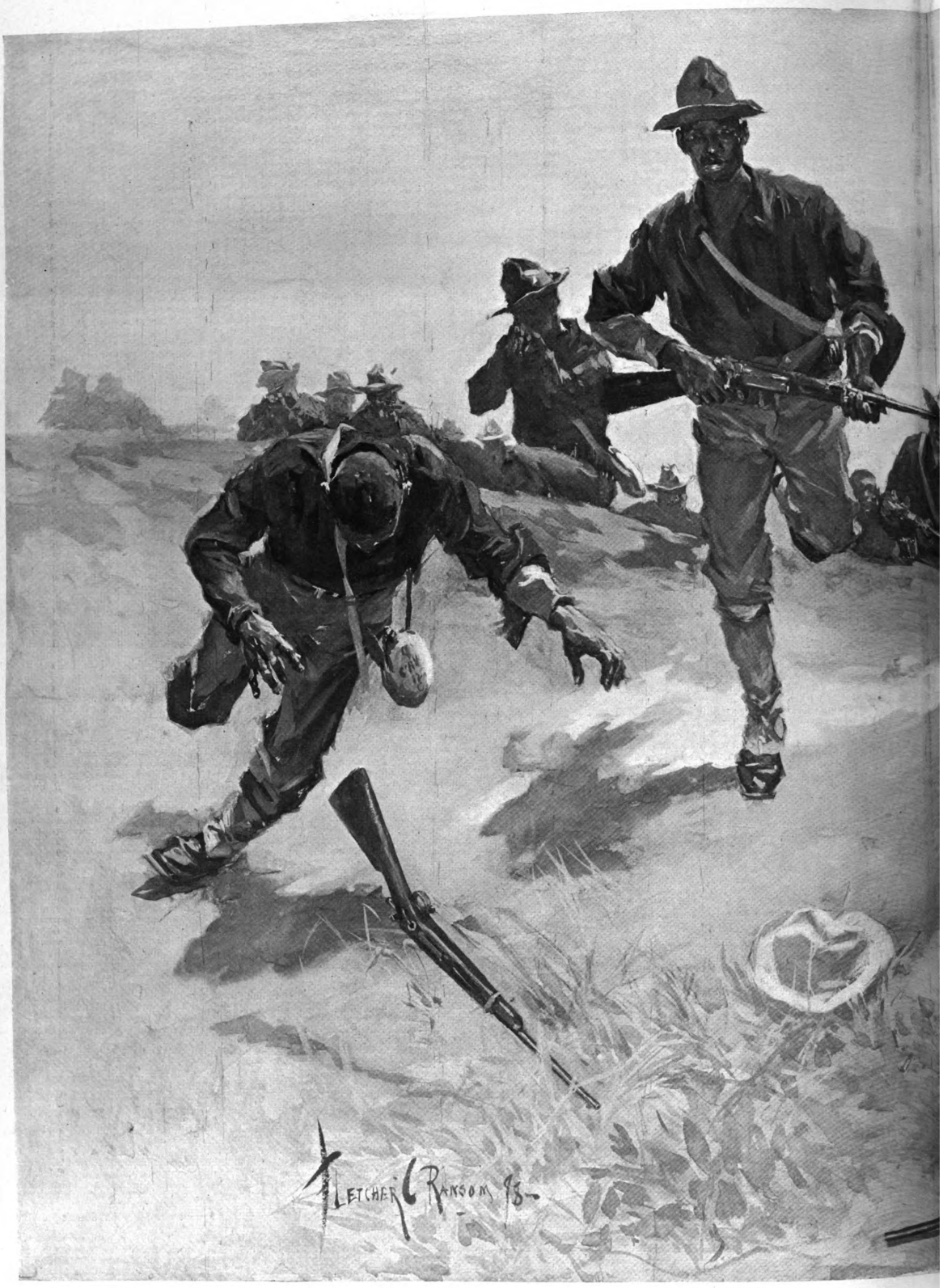
"For Aggie's hand? My dear," said the Duchess, "I'm glad you do me the justice of feeling that I'm a person to take time by the forelock. It was not, as you seem to remember, with the sight of Mr. Mitchett that the question of Aggie's hand began to occupy me. I should be ashamed of myself if it were not constantly before me and if I had not my feelers out in more quarters than one. But I've not so much as thought of Mr. Mitchett—who, rich as he may be, is the son of a shoemaker and superlatively hideous—for a reason I don't at all mind telling you. Don't

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

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FORGOT

TROOP C, 9TH U. S. CAVALRY, CAPTAIN TAYLOR, LEADING

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HEROES.

Charge at San Juan.—Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

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be outraged if I say that I've for a long time hoped you yourself would find the right use for him." She paused—at present with a momentary failure of assurance, from which she rallied, however, to proceed with a burst of earnestness that was fairly noble: "Forgive me if I just tell you once for all how it strikes me. I'm stupefied at your not seeming to recognize either your interest or your duty. Oh, I know you want to, but you appear to me—in your perfect good faith, of course—utterly at sea. They're one and the same thing, don't you make out? your interest and your duty. Why isn't it as plain as a pikestaff that the thing to do with Nanda is simply to marry her—and to marry her soon? That's the great thing—do it while you *can*. If you don't want her downstairs—at which, let me say, I don't in the least wonder—your remedy is to take the right alternative. Don't send her to Tishy—"

"Send her to Mr. Mitchett?" Mrs. Brookenham unresentfully quavered. Her color, during her visitor's allocution, had distinctly risen, but there was no irritation in her voice. "How do you know, Jane, that I don't want her downstairs?"

The Duchess looked at her with an audacity confirmed by the absence from her face of everything but the plaintive. "There you are, with your eternal English false positions! *J'aime, moi, les situations nettes—je n'en comprends pas d'autres.* It wouldn't be to your honor—to that of your delicacy—that with your impossible house, you *should* wish to plant your girl in your drawing-room. But such a way of keeping her out of it as throwing her into a worse—"

"Well, Jane, you do say things to me!" Mrs. Brookenham blandly broke in. She had sunk back into her chair, her hands, in her lap, pressed themselves together, and her wan smile brought a tear into each of her eyes by the very effort to be brighter. It might have been guessed of her that she hated to seem to care, but that she had other dislikes too. "If one were to take up, you know, some of the things you say—" And she positively sighed for the fulness of amusement at them of which her tears were the sign.

Her friend could quite match her indifference. "Well, my child, *take* them up; if you were to do that with them, candidly, one by one, you would do really very much what I should like to bring you to. Do you see?" Mrs. Brookenham's failure to repudiate the vision appeared to suffice, and her visitor cheerfully took a further jump. "As much of Tishy as she wants—*after*. But not before."

"After what?"

"Well—say after Mr. Mitchett. Mr. Mitchett won't take her after Mrs. Grendon."

"And what are your grounds for assuming that he'll take her at all?" Then as the Duchess hung fire a moment: "Have you got it by chance from Lord Petherton?"

The eyes of the two women met for a little on this, and there might have been a consequence of it in the manner of the rejoinder. "I've got it from not being a fool. Men, I repeat, like the girls they marry—"

"Oh, I already knew your old song! The way they like the girls they *don't* marry seems to be," Mrs. Brookenham mused, "what more immediately concerns us. You had better wait till you *have* made Aggie's fortune, perhaps, to be so sure of the working of your system. Excuse me, darling, if I don't take you for an example until you've a little more successfully become one. The sort of men *I* know anything about, at any rate, are not looking for mechanical dolls. They're looking for smart, safe, sensible English girls."

The Duchess glanced at the clock. "What is Mr. Vanderbank looking for?"

Her hostess appeared to oblige her by anxiously thinking. "Oh, *he*, I'm afraid, poor dear—for nothing at all!"

The Duchess had taken off a glove to appease her appetite, and now, drawing it on, she smoothed it down. "I think he has his ideas."

"The same as yours?"

"Well, more like them than like yours."

"Ah, perhaps then—for he and I," said Mrs. Brookenham, "don't agree, I think, on two things in the world. You think poor Mitchy then," she went on, "who's the son of a shoemaker and who might be the grandson of a grasshopper, good enough for my child."

The Duchess appreciated for a moment the superior fit of her glove. "I look facts in the face. It's exactly what I'm doing for Aggie." Then she broke into a certain conscious airiness. "What are you giving her?"

But Mrs. Brookenham took without wincing whatever, as between a masterful relative and an exposed frivolity, might have been the sting of it. "That you must ask Edward. I haven't the least idea."

"There you are again—the virtuous English mother! I've got Aggie's little fortune in an old stocking, and I count it over every night. If you've no old stocking for Nanda, there are worse fates than shoemakers and grasshoppers. Even *with* one, you know, I don't at all say that I should sniff at poor Mitchy. We must take what we can get, and I shall be the first to take it. You can't have everything for ninepence." And the Duchess got up, shining, however, with a confessed light of fantasy. "Speak to him, my dear—speak to him!"

"Do you mean offer him my child?"

The Duchess laughed at the intonation. "There you are once more—*vous autres!* If you're shocked at the idea, you place *drôlement* your delicacy. I'd offer mine to the son of a chimney-sweep if the principal guarantees were there. Nanda's charming—you don't do her justice. I don't say Mr. Mitchett is either beautiful or noble, and he hasn't as much distinction as would cover the head of a pin. He takes, moreover, his ease in talk—but that," added the Duchess with decision, "is much a matter of whom he talks with. And after marriage, what does it signify? He has twenty thousand a year, an excellent idea of how to take care of it and a good disposition."

Mrs. Brookenham sat still; she only looked up at her friend. "Is it by Lord Petherton that you know of his excellent idea?"

The Duchess showed she was challenged, but also that she was indulgent. "I go by my impression. But Lord Petherton *has* spoken for him."

"He ought to do that," said Mrs. Brookenham—"since he wholly lives on him."

"Lord Petherton—on Mr. Mitchett?" The Duchess stared, but rather in amusement than in horror. "Why, hasn't he a—property?"

"The loveliest. Mr. Mitchett's his property. Didn't you *know*?" There was an artless wail in Mrs. Brookenham's surprise.

"How should I know—still a stranger as I'm often rather happy to feel myself here, and choosing my friends and picking my steps very much, I can assure you—how should I know about all your social scandals and things?"

"Oh, we don't call *that* a social scandal!" Mrs. Brookenham inimitably returned.

"Well, if you should wish to, you'd have the way that I told you of to stop it. Divert the stream of Mr. Mitchett's wealth."

"Oh, there's plenty for every one!"—Mrs. Brookenham kept up her tone. "He's always giving us things—bonbons and dinners and opera boxes."

"He has never given *me* any," the Duchess contentedly declared.

Mrs. Brookenham waited a little. "Lord Petherton has the giving of some. He has never in his life before, I imagine, made so many presents."

"Ah then, it's a shame one has nothing!" On which, before reaching the door, the Duchess changed the subject. "You say I never bring Aggie. If you like, I'll bring her back."

Mrs. Brookenham wondered. "Do you mean to-day?"

"Yes, when I've picked her up. It will be something to do with her till Miss Merriman can take her."

"Delighted, dearest; do bring her. And I think she should *see* Mr. Mitchett."

"Shall I find him too, then?"

"Oh, take the chance."

The two women, on this, exchanged, tacitly and across the room—the Duchess at the door, which a servant had arrived to open for her, and Mrs. Brookenham still at her tea table—a further stroke of intercourse, over which the latter was not, on this occasion, the first to lower her lids. "I think I've shown high scruples," the Duchess said, "but I understand, then, that I'm free."

"Free as air, dear Jane."

"Good." Then just as she was off, "Ah, dear old Edward!" the visitor exclaimed. Her kinsman, as she was fond of calling him, had reached the top of the staircase, and Mrs. Brookenham, by the fire, heard them meet on the landing—heard also the Duchess protest against his turning to see her down. Mrs. Brookenham, listening to them, hoped that Edward would accept the protest and think it sufficient to leave her with the footman. Their common sense, not devoid of satisfaction, that she was a kind of cousin, was quite consistent with a view, early arrived at, of the absurdity of any fuss about her.

VI.

When Mr. Brookenham appeared his wife was prompt. "She's coming back for Lord Petherton."

"Oh!" he simply said.

"There's something between them."

"Oh!" he merely repeated. But it would have taken many such sounds on his part to represent a spirit of response discernible to any one but his wife.

"There have been things before," she went on, "but I haven't felt sure. Don't you know how one has sometimes a flash?"

It could not be said of Edward Brookenham, who seemed to bend, for sitting down, more hinges than most men, that he looked as if he knew either this or anything else. He had a pale, cold face, marked and made regular, made even in a manner handsome, by a hardness of line in which, oddly, there was no significance, no accent. Clean-shaven, slightly bald, with unlighted gray eyes and a mouth that gave the impression of not working easily, he suggested a stippled drawing by an inferior master. Lean more over and stiff, and with the air of having here and there in his person a bone or two more than his share, he had once or twice, at fancy balls, been thought striking in a dress copied from one of Holbein's English portraits. But when once some such meaning as that had been put into him it took a long time to put another, a longer time than even his extreme exposure, or anybody's study of the problem, had yet made possible. If anything particular had finally been expected from him it might have been a summary of the things he had not said, but there was something in him that had long since pacified impatience and drugged curiosity. He had never in his life answered such a question as his wife had just put him and which she would not have put had she feared a reply. So dry and decent and even distinguished did he look, as if he had positively been created to meet a propriety and match some other piece, his wife, with her notorious perceptions, would no more have appealed to him seriously on a general proposition than she would, for such a response, have rung the drawing-room bell. He was none the less held to have a great general adequacy. "What is it that's between them?" he demanded.

"What's between any woman and the man she's making up to?"

"Why, there may often be nothing. I didn't know she even particularly knew him," Brookenham added.

"It's exactly what she would like to prevent any one's knowing, and her coming here to be with him when she knows I know *she* knows—don't you see?—that he's to be here, is just one of those calculations that *are* subtle enough to put off the scent a woman who has but half a nose." Mrs. Brookenham, as she spoke, appeared to testify, by the pretty star-gazing way she thrust it into the air, to her own possession of the whole of such a feature. "I don't know yet quite what I think, but one wakes up to such things soon enough."

"Do you suppose it's her idea that he'll marry her?" Brookenham asked in his colorless way.

"My dear Edward!" his wife murmured for all answer.

"But if she can see him in other places why should she want to see him here?" Edward persisted in a voice destitute of intonation.

Mrs. Brookenham had plenty of that. "Do you mean if she can see him in his own house?"

"No cream, please," her husband said. "Hasn't she a house too?"

"Yes, but so pervaded all over by Aggie and Miss Merriman."

"Oh!" Brookenham observed.

"There has always been some man—I've always known there has. And now it's Petherton," said his companion.

"But where's the attraction?"

"In *him*? Why, lots of women could tell you. Petherton has had a career."

"But I mean in old Jane."

"Well, I dare say lots of men could tell you. She's no older than any one else. She has also such great elements."

"Oh, I dare say she's all right," Brookenham returned as if his interest in the case had dropped. You might have felt you got a little nearer to him on guessing that, in so peopled a circle, satiety was never far from him.

"I mean for instance she has such a grand idea of duty. She thinks we're nowhere?"

"Nowhere?"

"With our children—with our home life. She's awfully down on Tishy."

"Tishy?"—Brookenham appeared for a moment at a loss.

"Tishy Grendon—and her craze for Nanda."

"Has she a craze for Nanda?"

"Surely I told you Nanda's to be with her for Easter."

"I believe you did," Brookenham bethought himself, "but you didn't say anything about a craze. And where's Harold?" he went on.

"He's at Brander. That is he will be by dinner. He has just gone."

"And how does he get there?"

"Why, by the South Western. They'll send to meet him."

Brookenham appeared to view this statement, for a moment, in the dry light of experience. "They'll only send if there are others too."

"Of course then there'll be others—lots. The more the better for Harold."

This young man's father was silent a little. "Perhaps—if they don't play high."

"Ah," said his mother, "however Harold plays, he has a way of winning."

"He has a way, too, of being a hopeless ass. What I meant was how he comes there at all," Brookenham explained.

"Why, as any one comes—by being invited. She wrote to him—weeks ago."

Brookenham was discoverably affected by this fact, but it would not have been possible to say if his satisfaction exceeded his surprise. "To Harold? Very good-natured." He had another short reflection, after which he continued: "If they don't send, he'll be in for five miles in a fly—and the man will see that he gets his money."

"They *will* send—after her note."

"Did it say so?"

Mrs. Brookenham's melancholy eyes seemed, from afar, to run over the page. "I don't remember—but it was so cordial."

Again Brookenham meditated. "That often doesn't prevent one's being let in for ten shillings."

There was more gloom in this view than his wife had desired to produce. "Well, my dear Edward, what do you want me to do? Whatever a young man does, it seems to me, he's let in for ten shillings."

"Ah, but he needn't be—that's my point. *I* wasn't at his age."

Harold's mother took up her book again. "Perhaps you weren't the same success! I mean at such places."

"Well, I didn't borrow money to make me one—as I have a sharp idea our young scamp does."

Mrs. Brookenham hesitated. "From whom do you mean—the Jews?"

He looked at her as if her vagueness might be assumed. "No. They, I take it, are not quite so 'cordial' to him, as you call it, as the old ladies. He gets it from Mitchy."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Brookenham. "Are you very sure?" she then demanded.

He had got up and put his empty cup back upon the tea table, wandering afterwards a little about the room and looking out, as his wife had done half an hour before, at the dreary rain and the now duskier ugliness. He reverted, in this attitude, with a complete unconsciousness of making for irritation, to a question they might be supposed to have dropped. "He'll have a lovely drive for his money!" His companion, however, said nothing, and he presently came round again. "No, I'm not absolutely sure—of his having had it from Mitchy. If I were, I should do something."

"What would you do?" She put it as if she couldn't possibly imagine.

"I would speak to him."

"To Harold?"

"No—that might just put it into his head." Brookenham walked up and down a little with his hands in his pockets; then, with a complete concealment of the steps of the transition, "Where are we dining to-night?" he brought out.

"Nowhere, thank Heaven. We grace our own board."

"Oh—with those fellows, as you said, and Jane?"

"That's not for dinner. The Baggers and Mary Pinthorpe and—upon my word I forget."

"You'll see when she comes," suggested Brookenham, who was again at the window.

"It isn't a she—it's two or three he's, I think," his wife replied with her indifferent anxiety. "But I don't know what dinner it is," she bethought herself; "it may be the one that's after Easter. Then that one's this one," she added with her eyes once more on her book.

"Well, it's a relief to dine at home"—and Brookenham faced about. "Would you mind finding out?" he asked with some abruptness.

"Do you mean who's to dine?"

"No, that doesn't matter. But whether Mitchy *has* come down."

"I can only find out by asking him."

"Oh, *I* could ask him." He seemed disappointed at his wife's want of resource.

"And you don't want to?"

He looked coldly, from before the fire, over her pretty, brown, bent head. "It will be such a beastly bore if he admits it."

"And you think poor I can make him not admit it?" She put the question as if it were really her own thought too, but they were a couple who could, even face to face and unlike the augurs behind the altar, think these things without laughing. "If he *should* admit it," Mrs. Brookenham threw in, "will you give me the money—?"

"The money?"

"To pay him back."

She had now raised her eyes to her husband, but, turning away, he failed to meet them. "He'll deny it."

"Well, if they all deny it," she presently remarked, "it's a simple enough matter. I'm sure *I* don't want

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them to come down on us! But that's the advantage," she almost prattled on, "of having so many such charming friends—they *don't* come down."

This again was a remark of a sweep that there appeared to be nothing in Brookenham's mind to match; so that, scarcely pausing in the walk into which he had again fallen, he only said: "Who do you mean by 'all'?"

"Why, if he has had anything from Mitchy, I dare say he has had something from Van."

"Oh!" Brookenham returned, as if with a still greater drop of interest.

"They oughtn't to do it," she declared; "they ought to tell us, and when they don't it serves them right." Even this observation, however, failed to rouse in her husband a response, and, as she had quite formed the habit of doing, she philosophically answered herself. "But I don't suppose they do it on spec."

It was less apparent than ever what Edward supposed. "Oh, Van hasn't money to chuck about."

"Ah, I only mean a sovereign here and there."

"Well," Brookenham threw out after another turn, "I think Van, you know, is your affair."

"It *all* seems to be my affair!" she exclaimed with too dolorous a little wail to have other than a comic effect. "And of course then it will be still more so if he should begin to apply to Mr. Longdon."

"We must stop that *before* he applies," said Brookenham.

"Do you mean by warning Mr. Longdon and requesting him immediately to tell us? That won't be very pleasant," Mrs. Brookenham sighed.

"Well, then, wait and see."

She waited only a minute—it might have seemed that she already saw. "I want him to be kind to Harold, and I can't help thinking he will."

"Yes, but I fancy that that will be his notion of it—keeping him from making debts. I dare say one needn't trouble about him," Brookenham added. "He can take care of himself."

"He appears to have done so pretty well all these years," his wife mused. "As I saw him in my childhood I see him now, and I see now that I saw then even how awfully in love he was with mamma. He's too lovely about mamma," Mrs. Brookenham pursued.

"Oh!" her husband replied.

This delicate past held her a moment. "I see now I must have known a lot as a child."

"Oh!" her companion repeated.

"I want him to take an interest in us. Above all in the children. He ought to like us"—she followed it up. "It will be a sort of 'poetic justice.' He sees, himself, the reasons, and we mustn't prevent it." She turned the possibilities over a moment, but they produced another soft wail. "The thing is that I don't see how he *can* like Harold."

"Then he won't lend him money," said Brookenham.

This contingency too she considered. "You make me feel as if I wished he would—which is too dreadful. And I don't think he really likes *me*," she went on.

"Oh!" her husband again ejaculated.

"I mean not utterly *really*. He has to try to. But it won't make any difference," she next remarked.

"Do you mean his trying?" Brookenham inquired.

"No—I mean his not succeeding. He'll be just the same." She saw it steadily. "On account of mamma."

Her husband also, with his perfect propriety, put it before himself. "And will he—on account of your mother—also like *me*?"

Mrs. Brookenham weighed it. "No, Edward." She covered him with her loveliest expression. "No, not really, either. But it won't make any difference." This time she had pulled him up.

"Not if he doesn't like Harold, or like you, or like me?" Brookenham, clearly, found himself able to accept only the premise.

"He'll be perfectly loyal. It will be the advantage of mamma!" Mrs. Brookenham exclaimed. "Mamma, Edward," she brought out with a flash of solemnity—"mamma *was* wonderful. There have been times when I've felt that she's still with us, but Mr. Longdon makes it vivid. Whether she's with me or not, at any rate, she's with *him*—so that when he's with me, don't you see—?"

"It comes to the same thing?" her husband intelligently asked. "I see. And when was he with you last?"

"Not since the day he dined—but that was only last week. He'll come soon—I know from Van."

"And what does Van know?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. He has taken the greatest fancy to him."

"The old man—to Van?"

"Van to Mr. Longdon. And the other way too. Mr. Longdon has been most kind to him."

Brookenham still moved about. "Well, if he likes Van and doesn't like *us*, what good will that do us?"

"You would understand soon enough if you felt Van's loyalty."

"Oh, the things you expect me to feel, my dear!" Edward Brookenham lightly moaned.

"Well, it doesn't matter. But he *is* as loyal to me as Mr. Longdon to mamma."

The statement produced on Brookenham's part an unusual vision of the comedy of things. "Every Jenny has her Jockey!" Yet perhaps—remarkably enough—there was even more imagination in his next words. "And what sort of means—?"

"Mr. Longdon? Oh, very good. Mamma wouldn't have been the loser. Not that she cared. He *must* like Nanda," Mrs. Brookenham wound up.

Her companion appeared to look at the idea and then meet it. "He'll have to see her first."

"Oh, he shall see her!" Mrs. Brookenham affirmed. "It's time for her, at any rate, to sit downstairs."

"It was time, you know, *I* thought, a year ago."

"Yes, I know what you thought. But it wasn't."

She had spoken with decision, but he seemed unwilling to concede the point. "You admitted yourself that she was ready."

"*She* was ready—yes. But I wasn't. I am now," Mrs. Brookenham, with a fine emphasis on her adverb, proclaimed, as she turned to meet the opening of the door and the appearance of the butler, whose announcement—"Lord Petherton and Mr. Mitchett"—might, for an observer, have seemed immediately to offer support to her changed state.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AN AMERICAN RAILROAD IN CHINA.

A COMBINATION of British and American capitalists is to take an important part in the opening of China. A syndicate, headed by Calvin S. Brice and F. P. Olcott, has obtained a concession to build a railroad from Han-kow, at the head of navigation on the Yang-tse-kiang River, south to Canton, and thence to the sea. The company has coal-mining privileges and other concessions, and it plans to develop trade between England and the United States and all the southern part of China, much of which has been until this time inaccessible to the white man. The surveying party, which sails from San Francisco for the Orient about the 10th of October, will carry on much of its work on ground heretofore unexplored, and in provinces which have furnished much of the seed of rebellion in China.

This concession, following quickly on the concession to a Belgian syndicate to complete the line from Peking to Han-kow, promises to give China, within five or six years, means of communication between the capital and the most southerly province of the empire by a railroad which will be so far inland as to be protected from a foreign foe except at its termini. It will afford a means of sending troops into the rebellious provinces to the south, and in that way will help assure the security of the reigning dynasty. But, what seems more important, this concession, providing for the construction of a road by American capitalists through the chief British sphere of influence, may give China that guarantee of the integrity of her empire which she has hoped to achieve by a combination of British and American trade interests, and through the joint influence of British and American diplomacy. This feature of the arrangement is one which will probably not be made public in detail. The concession will be a matter of public record in this country as soon as the report of our minister at Peking is received. Already it has been made public there through an imperial decree.

The concession has been granted to the American China Development Company, T. Sanford Beatty secretary and treasurer, an organization incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital of a million dollars; the stock of this company is owned by the Chinese Railway Syndicate. The chief members of this syndicate are representatives of the Standard Oil Company, the American Sugar-Refining Company, the Arbuckle Coffee Company, the Carnegie Steel and Iron Company (Limited); George F. Baker, president of the First National Bank; F. P. Olcott, of the Central Trust Company; E. R. Harriman, of the Union Pacific Railroad; C. A. Griscom, of the American Line; Arthur Sewall, of Maine; Edward R. Adams, John G. Moore, Grant B. Schley, Levi P. Morton, J. Pierpont Morgan, Sheldon & Company; Kuhn, Loeb, & Company; Maitland, Coppell, & Company; J. I. Waterbury, Henry W. Cannon, and James Stillman.

This syndicate has been in negotiation for a Chinese concession for three years, but some hitch has always occurred at critical moments, and nothing was accomplished. After $30,000 had been paid out for cable despatches, arrangements were made to carry on the negotiations at Washington instead of at Peking. The Chinese government gave authority to the minister at Washington, Mr. Wu Ting-Fang, to make a contract with the American China Development Company. The company authorized Mr. A. W. Bash to represent it at Washington. Mr. Bash went to Washington, accompanied by Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes, and, sitting at a table in the Chinese Legation, with pad of paper and a pencil before him, he negotiated with the representative of 400,000,000 people a contract involving the expenditure of $40,000,000.

The Chinese minister sat opposite Mr. Bash. No intermediary was needed. Mr. Wu speaks English fluently. He was for some years a member of the English bar. He is a man of keen intelligence, with a thorough knowledge of Western civilization, and perhaps better informed as to the needs of his country than any other of her people.

As soon as Mr. Wu and the representative of the Brice syndicate agreed to a proposition, it was written down. On the 14th of April the contract was completed and signed; on the 21st of April it was ratified by the Emperor. One of its requirements was that a forfeit of $100,000 should be deposited by the syndicate. The declaration of war with Spain intervened to prevent the performance of the contract, but the Chinese government granted the syndicate an extension of time. Recently the forfeit was deposited, and preparations were made for sending the first party of engineers to China, headed by General William Barclay Parsons, recently chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission. At the same time arrangements were begun for floating the bonds which the Chinese government will issue for the construction of the road.

The concession negotiated at Washington grants to the syndicate the exclusive privilege of building a railway from Han-kow, which is 700 miles west of the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang River, to Canton, and thence to the sea. There will be two southern termini, one at each side of the mouth of the Chu-kiang, or Canton River.

It is stipulated that the American company shall lend the money for the construction of the road, the amount depending on the report of the American engineers now be ing sent out. The cost is estimated at about $40,000,000, as the railway is to be built in a thoroughly substantial manner, on modern lines, and the company is to furnish docks and warehouses, and many connections to important towns. The main line will be about 900 miles long; the branches, 100 miles or more. The loan is to be based on an issue of imperial Chinese government guaranteed bonds, bearing five per cent. interest in gold. These bonds are issued to the syndicate at a small discount. They are to run for fifty years. At the expiration of that time the Chinese government has the privilege of cancelling the mortgage and taking possession of the entire property. It can retire the bonds in the interim in instalments at a fixed price above par. The work of survey is to be done at once, and the road is to be completed within three years of the time the survey is approved by the Director-General of Chinese Railways of the Southern District, Sheng Tajen.

Sheng is a very rich, able, and progressive Chinaman, a native of Canton, which is also the native city of Wu, and of Chang Yen-Huan, who was arrested just after the abdication of the Emperor, a few days ago. The progressive feeling in China seems to be centralized in Canton. Mutual loyalty in China is strong among the citizens of the same province or town. There is a strong Canton coterie in Peking, and it was through this influence that the American concession was obtained. Though Chang is in disgrace, Sheng is in favor with the Empress-Dowager, and Wu is a strong friend of Li Hung-Chang, whom he once served as legal adviser, so there seems little reason to fear that the change of administration will affect the standing of the American syndicate.

As to the security of the bonds, the members of the syndicate believe that is assured by the fact that all the great nations have now lent money to China, and are equally interested in preserving the integrity of her national debt.

The profits of the American company are to consist in part of preferential debenture bonds, which will be issued in consideration of the work of supervision, and the advance of capital for the building of the road. General Parsons's party, which will leave Han-kow in January or February to survey the route, will consist of about two hundred persons. There will be a military escort of more than one hundred soldiers, as the contract calls for government protection in the survey as well as during maintenance and operation. Sheng will co-operate with General Parsons, and will have Chinese delegated for this purpose. The American engineering force proper will consist of about ten men. Mr. Henry Frazier, late of Baltimore, the first assistant engineer, has preceded General Parsons. A. W. Bash, of Seattle, accompanies Mr. Frazier in a general advisory capacity as agent of the syndicate.

Chinese labor is to be used in the work of construction, and the American company is to establish a school for the education of Chinamen in railway management and operation, so that natives eventually can participate in positions of trust and responsibility. As they have good heads for mathematics, the natives will be used chiefly as station agents, bookkeepers, etc., not in the mechanical operation of the road.

The concession provides that the American company shall carry government troops, arms, and munitions of war at half rates in time of war or insurrection, and China stipulates that no interference or aggression from natives or any foreign source shall be permitted in the survey or operation of the road. A small commission is allowed the American company on the purchase of materials and the work of construction, except in respect to earth-work, which is to be done by natives.

The Belgian concession provides for a five-per-cent. loan of $21,712,500 at a discount of ten per cent., and gives the contractors the right to furnish supplies "at the lowest prices," but without the addition of any commission. The supplies are to be ordered equally from French and Belgian firms. In the case of the American contract, the business of furnishing supplies will be divided between England and America in proportions not determined. The Belgian line is to be completed to Han-kow in 1903. At present there are in operation in the Chinese Empire only a line from Tien-tsin to Peking, and a coal railroad fifteen miles long from Han-kow to Han-yang.

The provinces through which the railroad will pass contain nearly 120,000,000 inhabitants, and with improved sanitary regulations, which will follow civilization, this should increase greatly, as has the population in India under British rule. GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

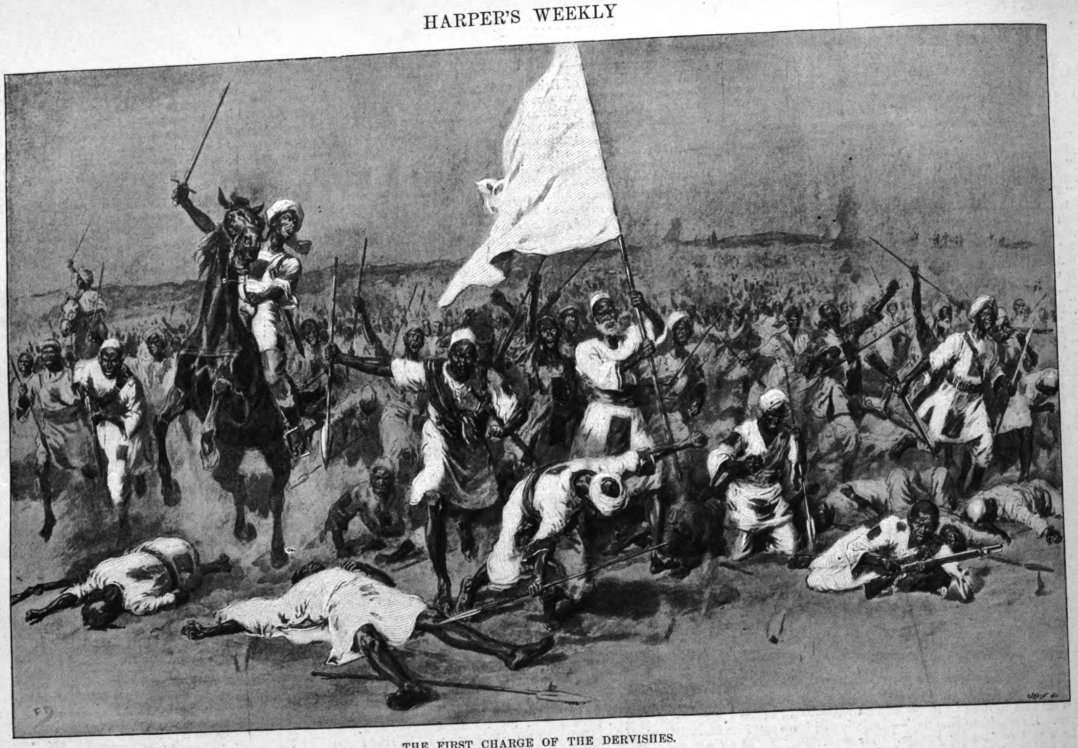
## THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

To get the full dramatic force of the event, one must turn back in the records of the Sudanese campaign to the page which tells of the battle of the Atbara, on the 8th of April (Good-Friday) of this year; for, in spite of the public interest in the Anglo-Egyptian advance, the fact has not been realized, until within the last few days, that the advance was unopposed. From a point just beyond the confluence of the Atbara River with the Nile, Sir Herbert Kitchener's army, proceeding southward, expected the enemy from week to week, almost from day to day, but the enemy did not appear. There was no opposition at the head of the Shabluka Cataract, nor even at Kerreri. Twenty-seven thousand men were suffered to draw near to the great city; at last they were in sight of it; then came the savage onslaught of the Khalifa, his son, his generals, and thirty-five thousand—or, as some of the estimates have it, fifty thousand—of his fanatic followers. The whole armed strength of Mahdism was disclosed at once, at last, at the gates of the capital. The Khalifa's choice was to leave no middle ground; to conquer and to annihilate the invaders as Hicks's army was annihilated in Kordofan in 1883; or, through defeat, to see the downfall of his religion, government, and country in one day.

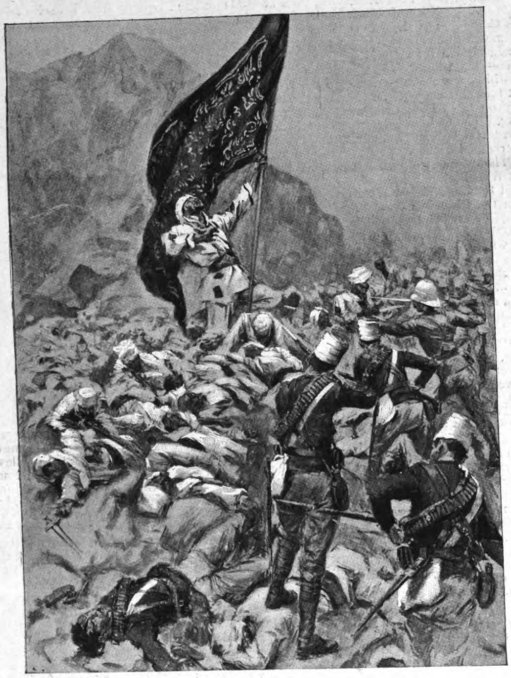
And so, on another Friday, September 2, we find the Sirdar's army of Egyptian and Sudanese—but with a nucleus of British troops, all perfectly trained in every detail of the military art, with modern artillery, and with the support of five gunboats on the river—drawn up in a semicircle, resting on the west bank of the Nile just below Omdurman. The Dervishes confronted him with a much larger army; and they, too, had their own military art, which proved itself terribly effective little more than a decade ago, when the Mahdi conquered at pleasure and held vast districts, from the Blue Nile to the unexplored interior of the continent, against all comers.

Early in the morning the English general's scouts reported that the entire Dervish army was advancing. They had not cared to wait behind the strong walls of the city; they came on and on with an impetuosity which they believed nothing could withstand. But "we received their bold and determined attack in position," writes the Sirdar, "and after an hour's fighting, during which they endeavored to envelop both our flanks, we drove them off, about 6.30 A.M." This is the victor's very modest reference to the first charge of the Dervishes, which forms the subject of the largest drawing on page 1016. From the ranks of the invaders, British and Sudanese, poured a fire, beginning with section volleys at 2000 yards, that simply slaughtered line after line, until there were no more in that division of the Khalifa's army to come on. When the plain was covered with bodies of slain or wounded, and, as one English observer puts it, the linen garments of the dead made "a still carpet of white in front," General Kitchener ordered an advance against Omdurman, but was again heavily attacked on the right by a great force under the personal command

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THE FIRST CHARGE OF THE DERVISHES.



THE FIGHT FOR THE KHALIFA'S STANDARD.



THE CHARGE OF THE 21st LANCERS.

THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN, SEPTEMBER 2, 1898.—[See Page 1015.]

of the Khalifa. The charge of these men, "with sword and spear, with banners flying, and the war-cries 'God is most great!' and 'The Mahdi is God's prophet!' on their lips," is described as the most impressive spectacle that Europeans ever witnessed. But the sternly significant feature of it all is in danger of escaping observation. The men who showed this reckless unavailing courage were largely Arabians—of a conquering strain; the men who repulsed the rushes were largely Sudanese—blacks who had never been able to resist Arabians, until British officers took them in hand and made soldiers of them.

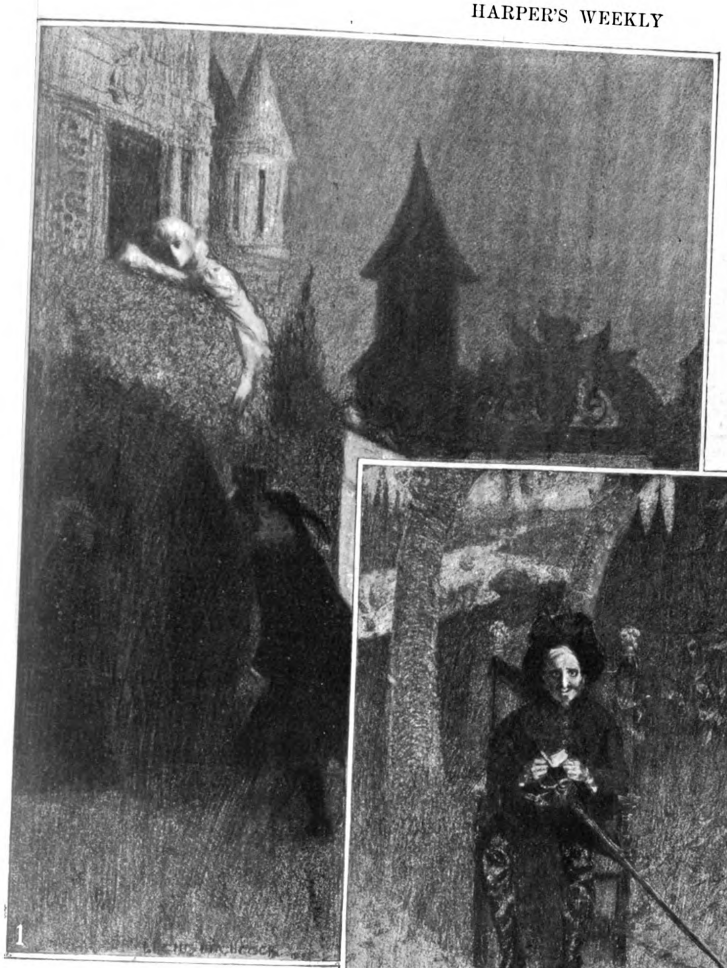
They were Sudanese who captured the Khalifa's black flag, at that crisis in the engagement when the standard-bearer's heroic conduct became conspicuous, even among a thousand examples of perfectly unshaken courage and savage daring. "His comrades all around him had been mowed down," writes one who was looking on, "and he himself alone was standing erect and unarmed, until, apparently riddled with bullets, he sank slowly to the ground, his master's flag still floating proudly over his mangled body."

A splendid charge of the Twenty-first Lancers has been singled out for special praise, by universal consent; and with excellent reason, because, to speak truth quite plainly, it was a conspicuous demonstration of pure bravery on a day which gave the honors, so far as courage alone is considered, aside from achievement and organization and equipment, to the barbarians. The Dervishes got twelve or fifteen thousand of themselves killed, and never flinched; again and again, from sunrise to high noon, they charged with mounting fervor; not upon an enemy that they had a fair prospect of routing—no, but upon Death itself made visible. The Twenty-first Lancers, however, when they were caught in a position for which neither rule nor plan provided, did develop an instinctive joy in an unequal fight for the fight's own sake—a courage like Beówulf's. They also could be savages at a pinch.

The orders to Colonel Martin, who commanded the regiment, were to prevent the Dervishes from returning to the city. Now, in their zeal, they fixed their attention upon a small body of the enemy, about three hundred, and overlooked three thousand hidden in a ravine. Riding ahead so intently, they rode straight into the ambush. It was not then a question of turning the Dervishes back: they must get back themselves: they must go through. And so they did, plunging, slashing, thrusting till lances broke, shooting—employing every trick of horsemanship, using every weapon, laying about them with bent sword or stump of lance—until they got through.

And then they wanted to go back and through once more.

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"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE.

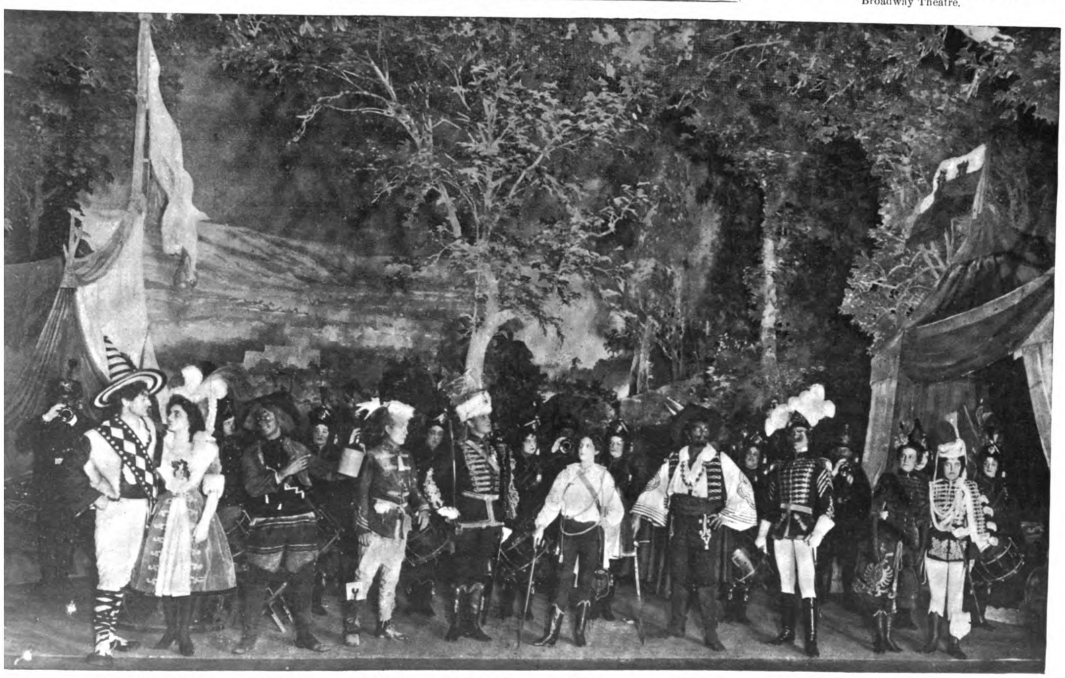
1. Act III., The Kiss. "Must I then bid thee mount?" Miss Margaret Anglin as *Roxane*. 2. The Death-Scene, Act V Mr. Richard Mansfield as *Cyrano* reading his last Letter to *Roxane*, supposed to have been written by *Christian*.



FRANCIS WILSON AS *PETITPAS* IN "THE LITTLE CORPORAL."



DENIS O'SULLIVAN AND LILLIAN BERRI IN "THE LITTLE CORPORAL,"
As performed by Francis Wilson's Company at the Broadway Theatre.



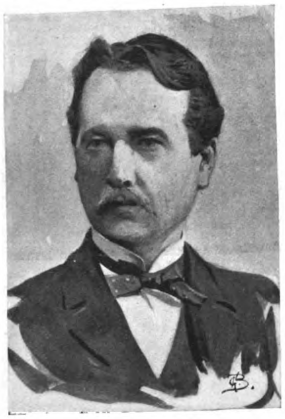
Mr. Herbert. Miss Sylva. Mr. Cawthorne. Mr. Golden. Mr. Rushworth. Miss Nielsen. Mr. Cowles. Mr. Nicholson.

THE CAMP TABLEAU IN ACT III. OF "THE FORTUNE-TELLER" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

AT THE PLAYHOUSES OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 1018.]

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# MUSIC



GEORGE W. CHADWICK.

## THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL—"THE FORTUNE-TELLER."

A GENEROUS-MINDED pleasure should stir the hearts of many musical people besides those resident in that cheerful Massachusetts city, Worcester, in reading the critical record of its Forty-second Annual Festival. The occurrence occupied, according to custom, pretty much the whole of September's closing week. The audiences often were overflowing, and the usual influx of guests from New England in general was large. The deliverance of the fine old institution from the ignorances, from the prejudices, from the cant of a false attitude to their community's intelligence, on the part of the festival's ancient generalissimi, has been carried far. The judicious can regard the present policy not only as stable, but as honored by the city's hearty endorsement. The present festival directory have shown how clean a new broom can sweep, even where heavier refuse than cobwebs and dust must be sent flying. Last year a beginning was made, but with a qualified result. The festival lost money, too, and the conservative party—to give it as amiable a name as possible—in the town stood like Job's war-horse among the trumpets and said, "Ha, ha!" This year they are not neighing.

The Festival's Progress.

The changes made by the present management of the festival are surprisingly radical, when the apparent hopelessness of effecting them, even three or four seasons ago, is measured. They extend to the lessening of the festival's cumbersomeness—its crowded scheme of rehearsals and concerts. A high-handed rejection has gone forward as to music that is time-worn and trivial—so distinct a policy of putting into the programmes works less familiar and more dignified (especially in the purely orchestral numbers) that those of us who remember the old Worcester programme-books rub our eyes, and ask, "Can that be Worcester that delighted in Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt,' that rescued Spohr's 'Consecration of Tones' symphony from its harmless desuetude, that loved Tosti's ballads at a matinée, and de Kontski's 'Réveil de Lion' as a pianistic encore?" The festival is fairly in train to catch up with the music of the fullest modernity. Before long we shall expect to see Rimsky-Korsakov, Perosio, Bourgault-Ducoudray, Franck, and Bungert on its lists. Mr. Carl Zerrahn has been retired to that repose, so far as concerns Worcester, due to so patriarchal a conductor. Mr. George W. Chadwick, a sterling American composer and a conductor of decisive abilities, reigns in Mr. Zerrahn's stead. The festival's course has been redeemed also from its old office as a trial trip for new and ambitious youthful talent, or a dry dock in which leaking and ancient musical vessels were taken in to receive a critical overhauling. The soloists are selected from the ranks of authoritative or really rising artists; in any case competency and a proper *ensemble* are kept in view. The encore nuisance is discouraged—discouraged successfully in Worcester, where audiences of old always expected double work for their pay, and if they could have done so would have taken pattern from Leopold II. of Austria, who, when "The Secret Marriage" was produced, commanded "supper to be served to the artists—and the opera to be repeated."

The Improvements under the New Board.

It would appear by the consensus of trustworthy reports of the festival of 1898 that the chorus needs further pruning and building up, a more effective and leisurely system of private rehearsing, and many lessons in refinement and in self-dependence. These Mr. Zerrahn did not enough inculcate. There seems to be also the need of—what will surely come—a finer understanding of the spirit and methods of Mr. Chadwick. His own graceful cantata "The Lily Nymph" is spoken of as especially a victim of circumstances. I cannot see why the festival committee chose that work rather than Mr. Chadwick's stronger one, "Phœnix Expiranus," which has a high place among American scores, any more than I can understand the cause of their selecting Grieg's utterly unattractive "Olaf Trygvason." In that slate-colored score, Grieg's limitations as a composer in the largest forms are irritatingly plain. But the choral misfortunes of the conductor's own music were liberally expiated in the concerts which brought forward "Elijah" and Mr. Horatio Parker's "Hora Novissima." The orchestral repertory of the whole week was of an eloquence novel at Worcester. It spoke a volume in praise of the reformists—of what Schumann has called the March of the Davidites against the Philistines.

What the Festival still Needs.

The singers at this festival were, especially, Mesdames Johanna Gadski and Carl Alves; the Misses Marie Dow-ney, Gertrude May Stein, Sara Anderson, Minna Molka-Kellogg; Messrs. Ffrangcon Davies, Evan Williams, Mac-kenzie Gordon, Gwillym Miles, and Dudley Buck, Jr. The pianist was that sterling player and interpreter Miss Adele aus der Ohe, lately absent from America; the violinist was Mr. Ovide Musin, and the organist was Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich. The chorus was in numbers slightly below the announced four hundred. The orchestra was, as hitherto, from the Boston Symphony's force, and Mr. Franz Kneisel again acted as the assistant conductor. The work of Madame Gadski, Miss aus der Ohe, and Mr. Davies is spoken of by the Boston and New York reviewers with a warmth that leaves no doubt of the dignity with which those artists sustained their responsibilities. But it is of especial interest to New-Yorkers to read of a most particular success gained by one of the younger and relatively little-known soloists. This was Miss Anderson. Her Worcester appearances may be said to have suddenly directed to her the notice of the Eastern musical public as not before—almost to a youthful artist's "making a reputation" in an evening and afternoon of song. She is only about twenty-one. From this festival, she is likely to be a personality of distinction on the American concert-stage. Miss Anderson is a daughter of Mrs. Sarah Baron Anderson, one of our own city's local choir-singers, and an instructress of ability.

The Festival's Artists.

What, pray, are the objects and duties of a music festival, whether it be at Birmingham, or along the Lower Rhine, or in Yankee Worcester? To raise and to keep on raising the standards of local taste; to maintain in healthful movement the currents of sound musical feeling that make for art's righteousness; to publish, by the best possible performances, the new works of merit and mark, or to deal worthily with old ones of perennial life and undiminishable value. In a word, a music festival must educate and confirm. On these commandments hang such minor ones as are proper to one or another community's special musical tutelage. The mistake that the old government of the Worcester Festival made (and was determined to make *in perpetuo*) was its undervaluation of a great city's intelligence; the idea that a musical initiative was successful in proportion to its pecuniary profits; and, regretfully be it added, the mistake of loving charlatanism and of leaning toward inner personal considerations in the matter of a public performance. But the spirit of a new existence has been breathed into the Worcester Festival almost at an eleventh hour. There is yet much to be remedied, many elements of change to be demonstrated that will advance on its present aid toward health. But the outlook is bright for a new era in a large New England city's chief musical concern—one that can be potent far beyond Worcester—and for a gracious estate that by no possibility could have come to it under the former control.

What any Festival should Mean.



SARA ANDERSON.

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In operatic jottings, a word more should be given the merits of Mr. Victor Herbert's "The Fortune-Teller" at Wallack's. Musically, "The Fortune-Teller" is incomparably the best of the five or six comic operas now in the local notice. Mr. Herbert is a composer of no ordinary invention and much technical security. He has shown this in at least one serious concert-work. The libretto of "The Fortune-Teller," by Mr. Harry B. Smith, is sufficiently amusing, but it is not a firm enough basis for the musical structure that Mr. Herbert builds. Mr. Smith's muse is not one of fire, and in making up its pages of text it ascends no nearer to the highest realms of libretto invention than an ordinary two pair front. The subject, as a fact, goes back to the early growth of comic-opera plots, and though it still diverts, it is of the Sandstone stratum of libretto geology. But Mr. Herbert has written a first act, and much of a second one, with a richness of melodic contents and with a solidity in his orchestration and voice-writing unusual in such a piece—worthy of a more serious subject. Only in the last act do cheapness and indeed vulgarity of operatic utterance betray themselves. "The Fortune-Teller" being nominally Hungarian in scenes, Mr. Herbert has imitated or imported a Magyar accent to several of his numbers with beautiful success, though, oddly enough, he has failed, quite, in giving a genuine cast to a little negro-melody episode later in the score. "The Fortune-Teller" is likewise the best done of all its fellowship now with us. Principals, chorus, and a really artistic mounting unite in this effect. Miss Alice Nielsen has not merely beauty, piquancy, and a great deal of *gaminerie*, but a fresh and trained voice. Doubtless her provincialisms of accent will pass away in time. Mr. Frank Rushworth, who, along with Mr. Eugene Cowles, has most of the singing allotted to the male voices, is as agreeable and manly an English tenor as we have heard in many seasons—a singer hitherto identified with the musical pieces at Daly's Theatre, whither he came from London. Furthermore, scenery that has actual composition, that looks like the landscape of a particular foreign land, and shows "atmosphere" is so rare an embellishment of operatic pieces here that "The Fortune-Teller" may be praised for standing out from the crowd in this detail. The humor of the piece, after its opening scenes, is more dependent than it should be on skill to make bricks without straw. Mr. Joseph Herbert, Mr. Joseph Cawthorne—*item*, his concertina—and Mr. Richard Golden jointly and severally show great good-will in their labors, Mr. Cawthorne in especial.

"The Fortune-Teller."

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

# DRAMA

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" at the Garden Theatre was so interesting in all respects, and so excellent in many, that it deserves to be judged by the highest poetic and dramatic standards. So judged, it had marked defects.

Mr. Mansfield made his initial mistake in the nose. It will be remembered that M. Coquelin and M. Rostand staged the play in conference and in harmony, not to say mutual adoration. That bulbous nose of Coquelin's, then, is double half-marked. Why did Mr. Mansfield make it long and thin? Apparently to make it agree with the lines. It surely comes nearer to preceding him by a quarter of an hour; it would dip in his cup when he drank; little birds could light on it—as they could not on Coquelin's nose. But what has become of that splendid rhetoric of *Cyrano's*—that wonderful speech in which he instructs the *Viscount* as to what flowers of hyperbole the nose might have inspired in a man of imagination? It has become plain fact. The little birds could have lighted on that nose; to mention the fact is to be almost as literal as the *Viscount* was when he called it "very big." Or perhaps Mr. Mansfield had another reason. In the full-face view the nose is scarcely noticeable, and in the most affecting passages Mr. Mansfield kept his nose to the front. Unfortunately, in making it fit the lines, or his convenience, Mr. Mansfield has departed so far from the possibilities of nature that the nose has ceased to be legitimately grotesque. It is neither hideous nor amusing. It is not the nose of Cyrano, the nose to hang a play on.

A Prosaic Nose.

To carry off Coquelin's nose requires an actor so full of force and exuberance that the grotesque becomes a normal mode of expression. Every syllable of the original spits fire; every speech moves like a rocket. The part has the mental exaltation of France in it, that runs wild at times in Gascon madness. Mr. Mansfield lacks the gayety and valor of the South, the ebullient virtue of irresponsibility. At vital moments in the play the vital touch is lacking. One wonders why one is not amused and cheered when *Cyrano* is cheering the hungry cadets, why one does not shed tears outright when *Cyrano* dies. Mr. Mansfield's manner is quite British. He has repose, but it is not the repose the fulness of nature brings; it is a sort of triple-expansion repose that makes his voice sharp and choppy. In the death-scene it fairly barks. There is scarcely a gleam of the fire that burns and blazes; one looks in vain for the oil and wine of the South. His performance is clever, interesting, stirring in places; but unless one is forced to give himself over to the intoxication of the play, he has not known that impossibly splendid thing *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the Gascon soldier-poet.

Cyrano de Piccadilly.

Having made detractions, the mind turns irresistibly to the extenuations. A drama that is also a poem must inevitably lose much on the stage—Shakspere loses almost as much as he gains. Not a few of Mr. Mansfield's shortcomings are chargeable to the translation. The original is of course in rhymed Alexandrines, which has been the conventional dramatic form in France for centuries, and is used for the lightest modern comedy as well as for the heaviest tragedy. In the English drama, rhyme has always proved a failure. Shakspere worked away from it early in his apprenticeship, and Dryden acknowledged, near the end of his life, that it was a mistake. Even blank verse, our national form, is in its last throes. If Mr. Mansfield's translator had tried to put into English the varied swing, the edge and the fire, of M. Rostand's verse, that would have been interesting; if he had tried to translate the traditional French form into the traditional English form, that would have been respectable. It is probable, however, that a skilfully modulated prose, such as our ears are used to on the stage, would have succeeded in preserving most of the quality of the original. Mr. Mansfield's translator has jumbled prose, blank verse, and rhymes into unspeakable chaos. The rhymed passages, when they occur, sound like improvisations of the kind *Cyrano* indulges in during the duel. And part of the audience, at least, naïvely construed them as such! And that doggerel crops out throughout the death scene!

Cyrano, thou art translated!

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As for the poetry of the lines, when *Cyrano* says:

"Grâce à vous, une robe a passé dans ma vie,"

Mr. Mansfield's translator ambles into—

"Thanks to you, I have at least a friend."

That is literary slaughter. Pope's rhymed version of Homer reminded Macaulay of *Peter Quince's* outcry when he saw bully *Bottom* with an ass's head: "Bless thee, *Bottom!* bless thee! thou art translated." ....Bless thee, *Cyrano!* bless thee!

Yet, in spite of his limitations, Mr. Mansfield triumphed. His scenes were truly gorgeous, and the multitudes that thronged the stage were marvellously well drilled. It is probable that no more thoroughly artistic staging has been done by an American manager. Mr. A. G. Andrews conceived the part of *Ragueneau* with admirable sympathy, and played it with thorough command of his powers. As *Roxane*, Miss Margaret Anglin has established herself as an unusually competent leading lady, playing with a certainty of effect far beyond her meagre experience. In the Balcony scene and at *Christian's* death there was a fulness of passion thoroughly adequate to the part. As for Mr. Mansfield, his many and varied services to our stage make it easy for us to forgive him for not being a Gascon! Whatever his limitations, there is no actor in America that could approach him in the part, and the English stage would have to prove its superiority. He is virile always, and always expert in his effects. And we all owe it to the dignity of his ambition that we are reading and seeing the most beautiful poem and the best play in many a year.

A Dignified Ambition.

The production of "Cyrano" in America has raised certain most difficult and delicate questions of professional etiquette and honor. The fact that the text of the play had been published and not copyrighted made it impossible for M. Rostand to guarantee protection against piracy. When Mr. Mansfield was negotiating for the authorized production this fact was made clear. Nevertheless, Mr. Mansfield paid a thousand dollars in advance royalties, and contracted to pay M. Rostand five per cent. on the first five thousand dollars gross weekly receipts, and ten per cent. on all sums above. These terms M. Rostand's representative, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, officially characterizes as "liberal." Miss Marbury relates that when she warned Mr. Mansfield that M. Rostand could not guarantee him against piracy, he replied, "I should not dream of presenting the play without paying the author, and I do not believe there is a manager in this country who will not respect M. Rostand's rights and mine in accordance with every rule of professional etiquette, courtesy, and honor." With this opinion M. Rostand, if we can trust a rumor, does not agree. He is quoted as saying: "My play can be stolen by Yankees in spite of my moral ownership. They will steal it, for they are a nation of thieves."

Professional Etiquette and Honor.

When Mr. Daly decided to produce the play, he heeded professional etiquette to the extent of assuring Mr. Mansfield's manager that he would not produce it in competition with Mr. Mansfield. On hearing of Mr. Daly's intention, Mr. W. A. Brady, who is known to fame for many things, notably his management of Mr. James J. Corbett, and who has not for some time been on good terms with Mr. Daly, decided to put six companies on the road—6 Cyranos 6. Mr. Brady did not promise to heed the professional courtesy even to the extent of avoiding Mr. Daly's towns. It rather appears that he is to get up his six Cyranos chiefly to annoy Mr. Daly. Mr. Daly and Mr. Brady are of course both shielded by the law. Mr. Mansfield is suffering from the fact that he did not choose to live up to the name M. Rostand has given us.

Give a Dog a Name.

Some of the features of the Daly-Brady combinations are almost humorous. "Cyrano" is perhaps the most wonderful example extant of a play in which a multitude of scenes and characters are calculated to throw into prominence a single figure. Whenever *Cyrano* appears he is the dominating character, and he appears in about seven out of every ten pages. Mr. Daly has altered the book so that the leading figure is Miss Ada Rehan, who takes the part of *Roxane*. He has cut the famous speech describing a kiss out of *Cyrano's* part and given it to Miss Rehan, and has eliminated the great death-scene. One can only hope that M. Rostand does not share *Cyrano's* repugnance to having his verse tampered with—"My blood freezes at the idea of any one changing a comma!" Mr. Brady has surpassed even this. Not satisfied with six Cyranos six, he has announced that if Mr. James J. Corbett pulls off his fight with Mr. Kid McCoy, he will cast Mr. James J. Corbett in the part of *Cyrano*. When M. Rostand hears of the honors thrust upon his work in America, he may perhaps revise his opinion of us as a nation. I say perhaps.

Cyrano de James J. Corbett.

It is announced that W[illegible] & Fields will burlesque *Cyrano* in the manner of "Tess of the Weberfields" and "The Corn-Curers."

Cyra-nit uf de Weberfields.

When a humble member of Mr. Daly's company heard of this, he is said to have quietly remarked: "Thank Heaven! We are two weeks ahead of them." JOHN CORBIN.

## THE "BROOKLYN" AT SANTIAGO.

LIEUTENANT A. C. HODGSON, U.S.N., the navigator of the U.S.S. *Brooklyn*, writes to say that HARPER'S WEEKLY has done an injustice to that ship in the statement that during the chase of Cervera's fleet she was "so far out at sea....that the distance between her and the *Colon* was five miles, so that her 8-inch shots could not reach the Spanish ship. Indeed, the only shots that carried to the *Colon* were the 13-inch shots of the *Oregon*." Lieutenant Hodgson says that, instead of this being true, the *Brooklyn* was within range of the *Colon* after 12.45, and until she hauled down her colors. He also says that the *Brooklyn* had drawn to within eight thousand yards of the Spanish ship at that time, and that the last gun fired from her was from the forward 8-inch gun at a range of 6800 yards—"not quite three and a half miles." He adds that this shot carried to the *Colon*. We do not wish to be guilty of any injustice to the *Brooklyn*, nor to any other ship that participated in this splendid action, but we are inclined to think—although Lieutenant Hodgson is firmly convinced of the accuracy of his observation—that he is mistaken. No one has claimed that the *Brooklyn* was at any time inside the *Oregon* during the run which ended in the destruction of the Spanish ships. Indeed, she has always been stated to have been outside the *Oregon* from eight hundred yards, which is the estimate of some of the officers of the *Brooklyn*, to fifteen hundred or two thousand yards, which is the estimate of other officers in a position to judge. She was, by all accounts, a little forward of the *Oregon's* port beam when the *Colon* turned inshore. The statement that was made by the WEEKLY is supported by the official report of the *Oregon*, which is to be read in connection with the fact already mentioned as to the relative positions of the two ships. The *Oregon* reports that her 8-inch guns did not reach, and that she fired her 13-inch guns first at 8500 yards, then at 9000 yards, then at 9500 yards, and finally at 8900 yards. The last shot is reported generally as falling near the starboard quarter of the *Colon*. If the *Oregon* fired at such ranges—and it is to be presumed her officers knew the distances, as they had fired several times—it would hardly seem possible that a ship considerably further seaward could be as close as Lieutenant Hodgson thinks the *Brooklyn* was.

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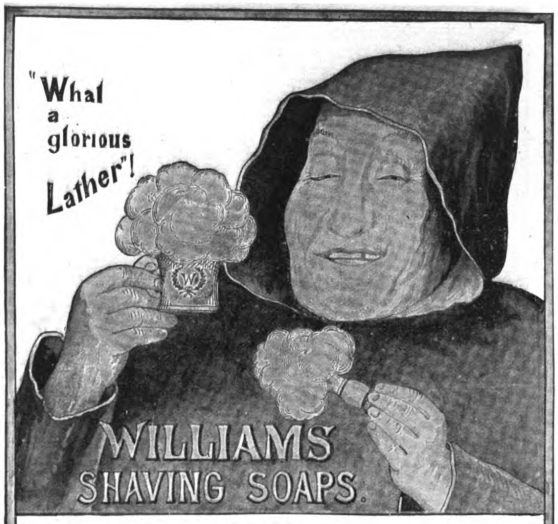
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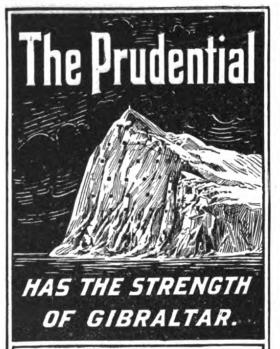



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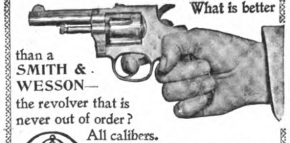



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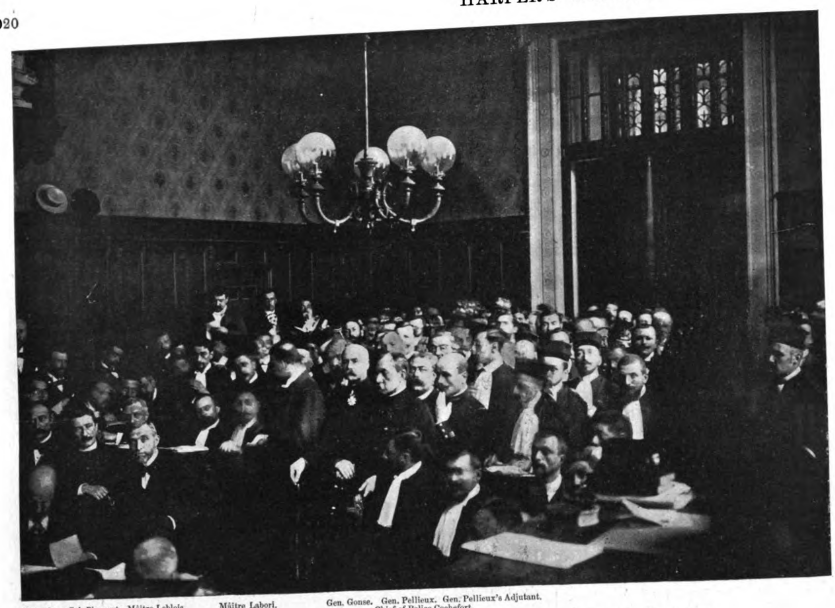
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Detective. Col. Picquart. Maître Leblois. Maître Labori. Gen. Gonse. Gen. Pellieux. Gen. Pellieux's Adjutant. Chief-of-Police Cochefort.

COLONEL PICQUART'S HEARING ON THE CHARGE OF SLANDERING THE FRENCH ARMY.
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1006.]

## THE FUNERAL OF AN EMPRESS.

IT was night in Vienna when the body of the murdered Empress was brought home to the old palace; flaming torches lighted the open space between the black lines of people, held back by soldiers.

A troop of Hungarian horsemen in their brilliant uniforms, a broad open space, and then came the great hearse, drawn by eight black horses. Silk-stockinged grooms in black cocked hats walked at their side. Astride the front left horse was another servant, and, on either side of the hearse, two mounted bearers of torches. The giant household guards walked in two lines on each side, broadening out the front of the procession to the curbs; mounted guards brought up the rear; and so, darkly, the Empress was brought home to the walls which, for more than three hundred years, have looked upon the sorrows and joys of the royal family. "Nothing has been spared me. I had hoped that the jubilee year would pass in peace," said the Emperor, when this last grief came to him.

Early upon the morning after the arrival of the funeral train the streets about the palace were busy with preparations for the crowd, which had begun to gather in line to file past through the chapel where the body lay in state. The sidewalk was blocked with people held in by mounted policemen; for hours they stood packed tightly, the sun burning down on their heads; women fainted, as usual, and the struggle continued all day and part of the next. Inside the chapel the air was still and heavy with the perfume of flowers and the smoke of dozens of large candles arranged about the coffin and throwing into relief the figures of the guards, who stood like statues, with spear and sword. The Hungarians were given the post of honor at the head of the coffin, and in their bewildering splendor looked unreal; with large fur busbys from which rose a great plume, a leopard-skin thrown over the left shoulder, red uniform completely covered with gold lace and decorations, a crape sash across the breast, and glittering sword held rigid, they were like two wax-work figures, as far as movement was discernible.

Giants with long spears, immense white-plumed helmets, red tunics with white facings, tight white leggings with enormous boots half-way up the thigh—the inner palace guards—stood next in rank; and the outer palace guards, in black-plumed helmets, black tunics, and swords, completed the picture. The plain people wound around in solemn line, passing without pause, and gazing their fill at the splendors relieved in the candle-light against the jet black hangings of the chapel.

The final funeral procession wound out of the palace at four o'clock in the afternoon, after a great deal of elaborate preparation and coming and going of priests and nobles, lackies and civil functionaries.


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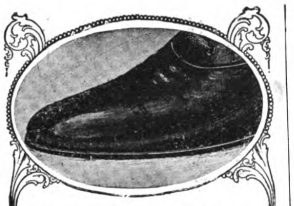
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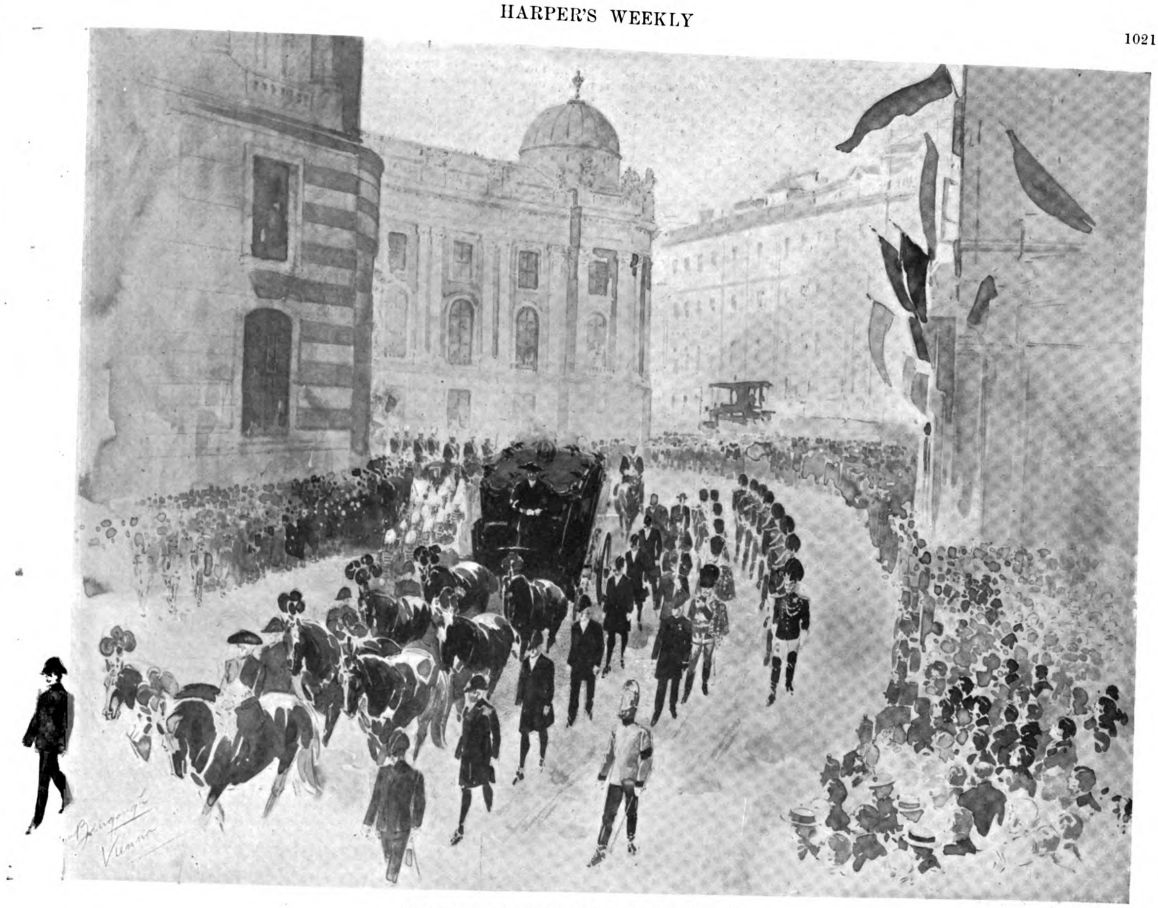
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THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE PALACE.



THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE HOFBURG.



SOME PICTURESQUE FIGURES AT THE FUNERAL.

## THE CLOSING CHAPTER IN THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS—SCENES AT THE FUNERAL OF ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN VIENNA.

As the route was a very short one, there was a dense mass of people packed at every accessible point. I was fortunate enough to secure an excellent view, through the courtesy of Consul-General Hurst and the Mutual Insurance Company officials. Large sums were offered for points of view, and the police insisted upon having the record of every one allowed at any window overlooking the procession. The formation was similar to the night arrival, except that there were added a great number of church dignitaries, who led the line, followed by representatives of the city guilds, dressed in evening clothes and carrying ancient banners. The most picturesque figures of all were the Hungarians—the nobles in their black flowing gowns, and the officers in their brilliant uniforms. As a rule, the royal visitors rode in closed carriages, as the Emperor did. His was covered with crape, and was guarded by two footmen, who stood behind. The most impressive feature was the company of palace guards—those giants with spears. In their great boots and towering plumes, they moved along with an even, deliberate stride, and were the admiration of the populace, as indeed they had a right to be, for no man enters their ranks who has not distinguished himself by some act of bravery. Vienna streets were draped in black. The magnificent city seemed paralyzed by this last great sorrow to their sovereign. Only the necessary business was carried on. All amusements were given up, theatres closed. Groups of sad-faced people gathered around the simple proclamation from the Emperor, which was pasted on the walls of the public buildings, addressed to "All Vienna Folk," and announcing in the quaint old style the bereavement which had befallen him.

The body of the Empress rests in one of the plainest whitewashed old churches in the city. Indeed, all the surroundings of the old palace here are extremely plain, but the new unfinished palace is a magnificent pile, and will be finished soon; but the dream of the royal couple to occupy it in the year of their jubilee has melted away, as even the dreams of kings will vanish, and now from the flag-staffs in front of the unfinished splendor the black banners of mourning are flying.

WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

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## TAKE THE ARMY OUT OF POLITICS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

This grand nation is working out its immortal purposes, and I sometimes believe it contains the great hope of mankind. We have been slowly and reluctantly dragged into a war with Spain—one which we have averted for many years, but which was sure to come.

It came, and we grappled with it. After a severe struggle Spain was whipped into seeking peace terms, and now that we can mop our heads and breathe easier for a few moments, what do we find? We find we have a small modern navy which is better and more efficient than our wildest hopes could dream. Very well; it is not tinctured with politics. At least there has not appeared on the surface any of the scheming of politics. Its operations have been characterized by straightforward professional work on the part of every one connected with the Navy Department. Every possible detail seems to have been thought out, every want anticipated. The Secretary pressed the button, and the war-ships did the rest.

We found our army in different shape. We find nothing but disappointment, nothing to be proud of except the fighting ability of the line-officers and the enlisted men. The staff corps lay peacefully down on their backs at the beginning, and generals and colonels commanding troops had to detail line lieutenants to "hustle" up necessities in the open market to keep troops from starving to death. The volunteers have had a most destructive summer in the camps of instruction, and they now clamor to be mustered out. A victorious army comes home "on its back." The administration of the War Department is hopelessly discredited before the people. The deadening hand of selfish politics is laid over all.

We are enjoying an armistice at present, and with our newly acquired islands, which we desire to hold, we have almost unanimously concluded that we must have an army.

Now what will our new army be like? Will it be built along the lines dictated by military minds thinking only of effectiveness, or will ignorant and selfish politicians create it along their own lines? I am in great doubt about this matter. I only know for certain that a politico-military system will bring disaster.

However, if we are to have an army which is to do the work expected of it properly, we must at least do the following things, and doubtless many others, or we will *not* have such an army. Of which fact you can be absolutely sure.

The general of the army, or whatever major-general commands it from Washington, must be the head of the army—not in theory, but in fact. He must be the responsible head of the army—one whom we can praise if things go well, or one whom we can condemn if things go ill.

At the beginning of this Spanish war, when we should have had so much, we had nothing. The press and Congress turned hysterically on General Miles, the head of the army. It bitterly denounced him, and bade him come forward and tell them why.

He laughed at both. He could afford to do it. There was nothing else to do. Then he explained that he knew nothing more of the administration of the army than any Congressman could find out by applying to the Secretary of War. All the heads of the staff corps reported to that quaint creature, and not to him. This has been so since Grant laid down his complete control at the end of the civil war. Sherman had, as general of the army, gone to live in St. Louis because he regarded his presence in Washington as useless and humiliating. Sheridan fought various Secretaries of War with all his ardor during his incumbency; and so it has gone on to the present time despite protests and recommendations. The generals commanding our armies, after arriving at that distinction—the result of a life-long service in every grade of the establishment—after surviving fights, marchings, hunger, disease in a dozen climates, and with characters as clean as new-washed linen, come to Washington only to find themselves thrust aside by a powerful intrigue.

The high-water mark of this condition was reached when the general commanding the army had to reply to a corps commander before Santiago that he did not supersede him; he could not supersede a subordinate! So used have our soldiers become to the political head of the army that they become grotesquely mixed in their military relation; they have lost the unities. From a military standpoint the thing is funny.

The Secretaries of War have been always prominent working politicians—to a greater extent than other cabinet members. They have, with one exception since the civil war, used the department along political lines, and even this exception jealously guarded the department prerogatives. The adjutant-general has been responsible to the Secretary alone, and has come to be regarded in the army as the real working head. The fact that the adjutant-general should be the private secretary of the general in command is a long-forgotten truth.

During all these years the generals of the army have been "jollied" into making an annual report to Congress, but they were compilations of the reports of heads of staff corps, with which the generals may have had sympathy or not. In General Miles's case, he has made many recommendations to Congress which it did not act on, but which will relieve him from responsibility in cases like the present war.

The initiative of the general of the army, its natural head, is lost. For the solicitude of the tried soldier is substituted the ignorance of politicians—men who would not know a government wagon if they saw one; men who conserve their own well-being in time of peace, and who in time of war are in a state of frantic bewilderment. The adjutant-general readily succumbs to the powers he finds at his disposal in being the under-study of the Secretary, and is usually a mere tool. A tool he should be—he is nothing else, anyway—only he serves the wrong master, if you consider the well-being of the army.

So if we are to have a proper army in the future, it should have a proper head, and to him should go the heads of staff corps, utterly subservient to his orders, and the adjutant-general should be at his elbow, performing the proper functions of an adjutant. The Secretary of the War Department should be the political head and the intermediary head between the army and the President and Congress. Then the people will know who to blame if the army is not effective.

The next important thing which must come to pass before we have a good army is "an interchangeable line and staff." This should be true of every staff corps except the medical one and possibly the paymaster's.

In regard to a general staff—or more properly a war board—it is an institution which prospers best under a czar or kaiser. It needs a monarch over it who is the head of the army above all else, and who is so independent of all hampering, and so vitally solicitous of its effectiveness, that he, kinglike, can demand the "best." To a czar or a kaiser the general staff is second only to God.

We Americans remark that the generals and admirals do best who have the worst signal-service staff-officers at their command. A wire to Washington is the *bête noire* of our commanders. It is an open secret that the best generals England sends out have always good communications, perfectly established, with the home government, but always, unfortunately, two days ahorseback in the rear. They consequently are two days away from interfering politicians who are at any time liable to become hysterical, and who, under such conditions, would not hesitate to sacrifice the reputations and lives of soldiers.

England has suffered from all the afflictions which we are going through, but time has taught her to let Kitchener go ahead in his own way. She only demands that he be successful, and not sacrifice troops unnecessarily. She has learned to let her tried soldiers do their duty without tricky little political pups getting under their legs when they are performing.

At present the heads of the staff are not responsible to the general of the army, and indeed things have so arranged themselves that they are responsible to no one, in a true sense. They do not and cannot be made to work together as the interests of the army dictate. So we have a lot of staff establishments going it higgledy-piggledy, and the poor line gets along as best it can. The idea that a staff is nothing but an arrangement to do the business of the army and to administer to its necessities is almost lost sight of. It is utterly independent of the fighting line, which it ignores, in fact. It is not necessary in these days to try and demonstrate that, for every day brings instances to our notice. It is inefficient; it does not do what is expected of it, and it sits up on its hind legs and tenders its excuses, and even tells us that it is doing what it should do very well, knowing that if it were under the direction of a commanding general he would break every "head" in Washington.

Generals who come from the "fighting line" do not know anything about "excuses." Such conveniences are unknown in that part of the army. If you do not do, you will not do, there.

If a general commanded the whole army, a President of the United States would not have to go to camps asking sick soldiers if they had food enough or medical attendance. He would be kept busy in Washington signing new commissions to the successors of the men whom a general would remove.

If a man came from Fort Adobe to do his three years' detail in a Washington staff corps, he would not go into a trance or a Rip Van Winkle nap. He would, in case he was in the Ordnance Bureau, take a most active interest in the introduction of smokeless powder. He would expect to have to personally use powder in the future, and he would bestir himself about the thing. Of course there could be no "close corporation"—it could not be "Ordnance Company (limited)"—because there would not be time to arrange that. He would not send Maxim, Whitehead, Lee, and the Lord only knows how many other geniuses, abroad to help fight us while trying to adopt their inventions for a close corporation to which he belonged. In short, he would be active instead of passive, and he would be in sympathy and in touch with the men who fire the powder, eat the pork when the thermometer is 100°, get lugged wounded from battle-fields on improvised poles instead of proper litters. He would know what it is not to be paid promptly, and if he got a quartermaster detail, he would think out some of the problems which are in the future to confront the army. If he were in the inspector-general's department, he would inspect, and "boards of survey" would be sitting on many an incompetent officer's case who should go on the retired list for physical or mental incapacity. In short, the staff would look after the line, which it does or does not at present, as the spirit moves it. Also, favoritism would have had its day, and a big bunch of coffee-cooling cripples would find their way into private life. And he would wear his uniform in Washington as a matter of pride.

These two changes would insure us effectiveness in our army, as every good and experienced soldier with whom I have talked has told me.

There should be, either at West Point or elsewhere, an infantry and cavalry school, if we are to increase our army, where officers could be turned out for those branches. It is quite unnecessary to make engineers out of such, and for many reasons I believe it is a bad thing. I know many a fellow who is ideally fitted by instinct and physique to command infantry or cavalry who would not and could not be an engineer. I could never see even a remote connection between building an iron bridge and jockeying a troop of cavalry into form.

I might go on into a hundred details regarding a proper army organization; but let a general command an army, the staff of which is alive, and they would straighten out these things, because they would be responsible, and if let alone they would know how.

Herein lies the rub. The best foreign military experts have said that we could never have a good military administration, because of the selfish and unintelligent interruption of our legislators. Dozens of men doing dozens of things at different times cannot have a policy, nor could they maintain one if they had it.

Congress is charged by the Constitution with the duty of making rules and regulations for the government of the army and navy; and it has made such rules and regulations, especially touching the care and the distribution of government property, that red tape and inefficiency are quite inevitable. The strongest executive genius that ever lived could not administer the affairs of the army of the United States in a satisfactory way unless he disobeyed the laws which were passed by Congress. The first thing that must be done in securing such a reform in military administration as will make an efficient army will be the elimination of Congressional rule. Congress must abdicate; it must give up its power over the army, which it maintains now by making such rules and regulations that efficient administration in any staff corps is impossible. Besides that, Congressmen insist upon filling the staff corps with their favorites; so that they not only prevent proper executive action through their laws, but weaken the staff by forcing improper persons upon it.

Before this war there was an apathy on the part of the people concerning the army, which was reflected in Congress, living as it did in Washington, with nothing but an inanimate staff to remind it of the army's existence; but they have seen now that we have not 125,000 militia available for war at the drum-tap; they have seen inexperienced volunteer officers let hundreds of volunteer soldiers die uselessly or become insubordinate in camps of instruction; they have seen medical, quartermaster, ordnance, and commissary staffs standing stupidly helpless in the middle of what would have been a "licking" for us had Spain been some live power; they have seen our best two generals—Miles and Merritt—shipped off to unimportant side tracks while a "king's favorite" was allowed to puff and sweat over the only important military problem thus far presented; they have seen the politician Alger set the soldier Miles aside, while he ran the war; they have doubtless observed the cunning, the astute Secretary do his own undoing, and they will conclude that there is nothing in allowing a politician to run so important a function as a foreign war when he knows nothing about such things.

It is greatly to be hoped that when Congress takes up the new army, it will not let this discredited staff influence it. What Miles and Merritt and Wade and Henry and Lawton and Chaffee and men of that kind recommend will be right.

Another fact might as well be recognized—for it is a great truth. Militia is a broken reed. History will prove to any one who cares to go into the matter that militia has never done what was claimed for it. The extreme war-like function of which militia is capable is a "month's riot duty." This statement will doubtless come as a shock to many people, but if they go carefully over the books they will reach this conclusion, upon which all soldiers, both here and abroad, are agreed. In our case, however, they must not consider our early frontier population of Indian-fighters, because these men were born, raised, and died in forest warfare, and had nothing in common with peaceful communities.

I think probably we would best retain our militia, or State police, but I deprecate the idea that it is in any sense to be taken into account when real soldier duty is to be expected.

When Congress meets, this problem must be grappled with, and if any ignorance or peanut politics gets into the consideration of it, you can bet all your personal property that "the chickens will come home to roost." An army which has to operate in our new tropical possessions must have the decayed fingers of selfish intrigue taken from its throat, or national disaster and national disgrace will come to us, in the shape of either a foreign repulse or a killing distrust at home.

In the case of volunteer regiments having incompetent officers, which generally is bound to happen, a proper inspector-general's department reporting to the general of the army will bring forth the inevitable court martial, and all such will get their "final statements" on the spot. This is one of those matters which, I said before, will take care of itself if politics are eliminated.

I have no sympathy with idle complaining of soldier suffering which one sees so much of in the pervading newspaper. A soldier gets what God sends him. Soldiers are bound to suffer, and the most elaborate system—even the German military perfection—cannot and does not expect to remove the stones and thorns from the paths of glory. That is a part of the very hard business of war; but America will be a bad ground for the recruiting sergeant if it is not thought that good generals and good staffs are going to alleviate what God sends.

I do not intend in this paper to specifically arraign either the staff or the present administration of the army. They are both dead, and I respect the dead. All soldiers—yes, and many of them in the staff corps—have known for years that everything would break down in the event of war. They knew also that it was useless to struggle for reforms until the people had witnessed and suffered from the collapse. The poor old neglected "line" has gone on doing its duty despite every discouragement. It is more cheerful nowadays. It knows the people will not let Secretaries or mummy staff heads or Congressmen—yea, even Presidents—trifle with an institution charged with the lives of the boys which mothers lay down on the altar of the republic.

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On the commonplace bit of the way.
'Tis the average man, may God bless him,
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Over land, over sea, as we travel,
Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,
All mingling in shadow and shine,
We may count on the every-day hero,
Whom haply the gods may divine,
But who wears the swarth grime of his calling,
And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at the last with the noblest,
The commonplace average man.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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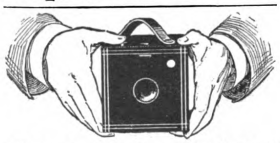
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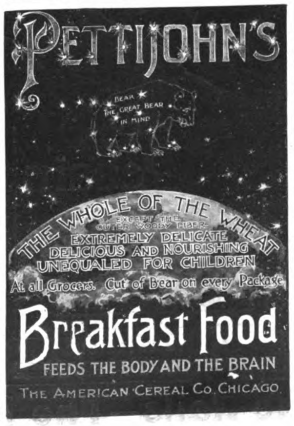
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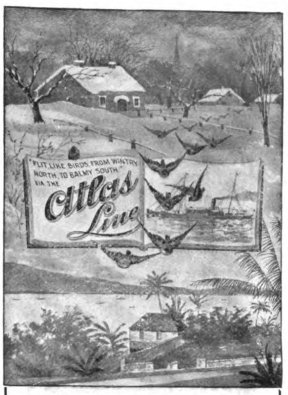
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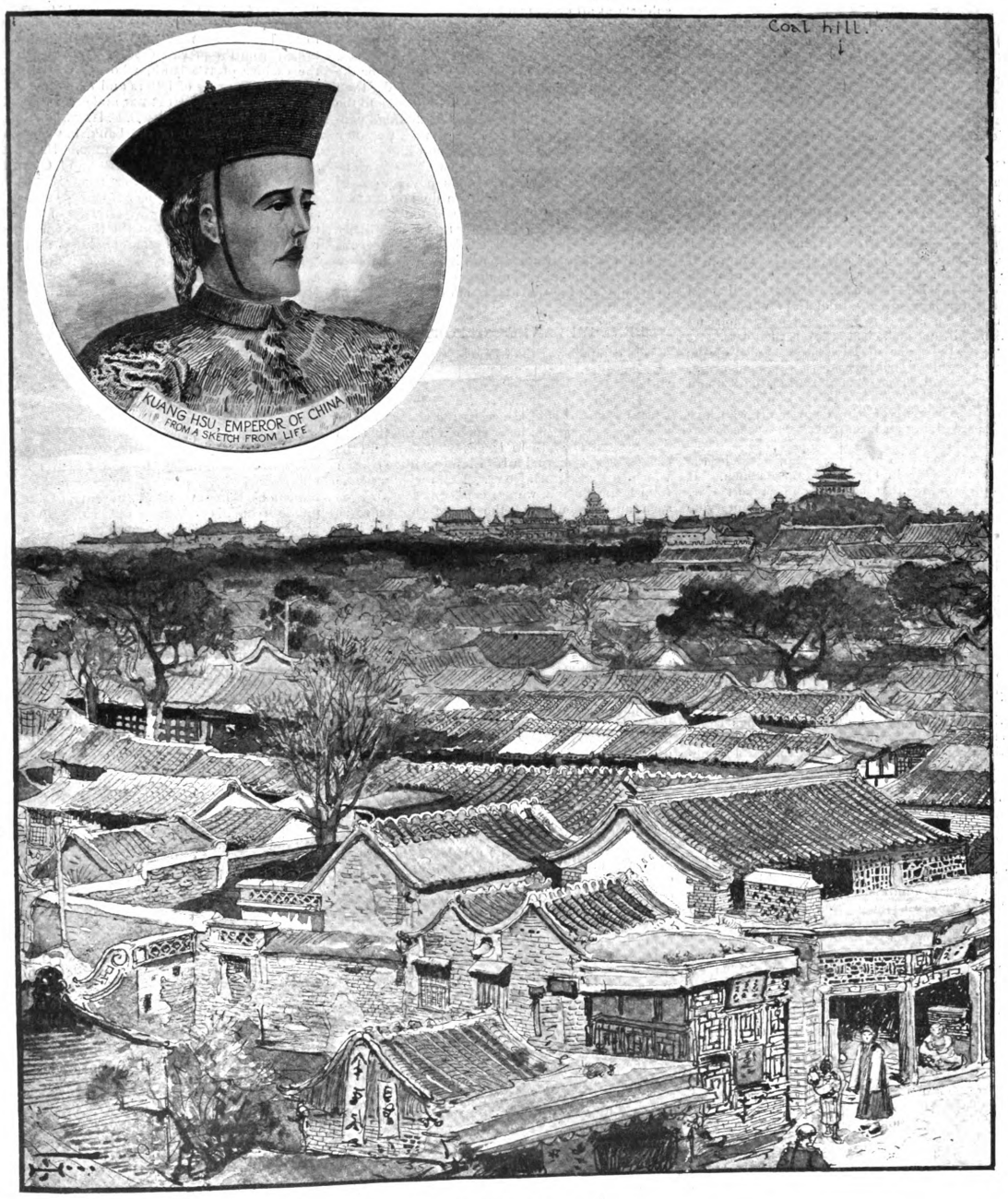

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"WIDE-OPEN" NEW YORK.—[See Page 1045.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2183.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

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THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

PEKING—THE FORBIDDEN CITY, AS SEEN FROM THE IMPERIAL CITY.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN OF THE PROHIBITED ENCLOSURE.—[SEE PAGE 1031.]

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 22, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

*Subscriptions may begin with any Number*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris


WHETHER we are in a position to govern distant peoples is a serious question, and one on which a good deal of light is thrown by the insurrection of the Pillagers in Minnesota and the reasons for their uprising. A careful reading of our article on this subject, on another page, will be instructive to such expansionists as desire to have a rational basis for their creed.

THE beauties of militarism in a republic are being strongly manifested in Paris. The army has been called into the city, to the number of sixty thousand or more, for the purpose of preventing violence. But the army is under a cloud. It has been accused of committing a grave injustice, and sustaining it by forgery and perjury. If the Court of Cassation finds in favor of a revision of the DREYFUS case, the army will need friends, for it seemingly intends to vindicate its honor by an appeal to force, and forty thousand strikers will not make bad allies in such case. At any rate, the peace of Paris seems to be at the mercy of violent strikers and a discredited army, and republican France has apparently built up an armed force which has the power to overthrow it, and to the exercise of which power all who love justice are giving an incentive.

THERE should be great care manifested by the voters this year in choosing Congressmen. It does not follow that because one supports Mr. ROOSEVELT for Governor he should therefore vote for the Republican candidate for Congress in his district. Mr. ROOSEVELT may be voted for on State issues. In other words, one need not vote against him because he has so little faith in the American character as to believe that we will become Chinamen unless we spend our nights in plotting war and our days in fighting battles. But if any Republican candidate for Congress believes in this sort of nonsense, he ought to be opposed, and especially if his opponent is a Democrat who believes in sound money. Many of the Republican candidates for Congress in New England and in some other parts of the country are opposed to the expansion policy, and, other things being equal, it is to be hoped that they will be elected. In the State of New York we fancy that gold Democrats are the safest. There is, in fact, a great good to be gained possibly by the election of non-expansionist, sound-money Democrats to the House of Representatives, and that is that we may through them secure a thorough investigation of army administration during the war.

IT is altogether too early to say that the investigation of army administration will turn out valueless. There are some officers of volunteers who apparently are too grateful for their commissions, but their ignorance or blindness cannot possibly overcome the effect of authentic stories of hardship, cruelty, indifference, and incapacity which have come to us from officers of the line and from the men. General F. V. GREENE struck a true note the other day in his testimony when he said that the army was organized for peace, and could not move in an emergency. Major GALLAGHER also told some wholesome truths about the inefficiency of civilian officers and the inadequacy and unfitness of the rations. The fact is that no testimony like that of General WHEELER, intended to show that conditions were good, can square with the reports of the general and other officers from the field, nor with the effort of the heads of the War Department to turn the blame of the hasty movement from Tampa upon Admiral SAMPSON and the navy. It will be impossible for General SHAFTER and those who are supporting him to make the country believe that the navy, which did everything itself so well, is responsible for his own incapacity, or for the incapacity and ignorance of the men under whose immediate orders he was. If they are to try this experiment, it will be, as an officer of the navy has already remarked, a very dangerous one for them.

THE sole excuse that can be offered—or that is offered—for taking the Philippines is that their people are not fit for self-government. The revolutionary constitution adopted by AGUINALDO and his followers, however, which provides for fairly effective executive and legislative government, does not seem to warrant the fear that the affairs of the Philippines would not be well administered in the hands of their own people. It is true that we know nothing that would lead us to believe that the savages of the smaller islands of the archipelago could govern themselves; but neither could we govern them without constant war upon them, and, furthermore, without constant difficulties growing out of their piracies and other outbreaks. They would be our subjects, at all events, and we would be responsible for their international conduct. While there is no evidence either that these Malays and Tagals would be peaceable citizens under the rule of the Filipinos, why would it not be better for the Filipinos or the Spaniards to undertake to keep them in order than to assume that responsibility ourselves? As to the rights and the safety of Europeans (including Spaniards) and Americans under Filipino rule, we fancy that the powers would look after them with the same interest and vigor that they and we have just displayed in meeting the storm supposed to have arisen in China. In a word, we do not suppose for a moment that our presence in the East will remove or prevent any difficulty that is now likely to spring up. It will simply make us a participant in and a sufferer from all the international dangers, troubles, wars, and oppressions that are likely to accompany the transformation of eastern Asia.

## PENNSYLVANIA'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE commonwealth of Pennsylvania is on trial. The question at issue in the pending campaign, which is to determine primarily her State officers, her Legislature, and the return of QUAY to the United States Senate, concerns the virtues of her people. Is there character enough in the State to defeat QUAY? If there is, Dr. SWALLOW will be elected Governor, and a Legislature will be chosen which will not return QUAY. From what we hear from Pennsylvania, we are confident that there is such an awakening of the public conscience as the State has not known for years. Surely it is high time that this should be. Surely it is high time that this freebooting boss should be tumbled ignominiously out of the high places which he has soiled so long, and so greatly to the disgrace of the State.

The people of Pennsylvania who are supporting Dr. SWALLOW and endeavoring to compass the overthrow of QUAY are struggling for the restoration of self-government, as well as for the punishment of a corrupt boss and his corrupt gang of public plunderers. For twenty years or more QUAY has dominated the politics of Pennsylvania. Before him were SIMON CAMERON and his son DON CAMERON, but the pupil and follower has not only bettered their instruction, but has retired the son to private life. QUAY nominates whom he will in both parties. This year, for example, both the Republican and the Democratic candidates are of his own selection. The Legislature is composed for his profit, and the State's delegation in Congress obeys his commands. The people of Pennsylvania have nothing to say in the selection of their candidates, and up to this time they have not had sufficient public virtue or their consciences have not been sufficiently aroused to defeat their ruler at the polls. Apparently they are at last waking up to the fact that QUAY has made their government a blot on civilization, and a strong count in the indictment which has been drawn by its critics and enemies against democracy.

Not only is QUAY omnipotent in the politics of Pennsylvania, he wields a great influence at Washington, so that the whole nation is interested in the contest that is going on for his downfall. Not only does he exercise a power which no man ought to possess in this republic, a power which destroys self-government and threatens personal liberty, but he is himself an odious creature of odious conditions, and his rule is the rule of a bandit. Not so many years ago, the New York *World* published an account of QUAY'S life, which, if true, should have consigned him and some of his political associates to prison. It was particularly charged that he had embezzled the public moneys for his own use. The accusation was made with great particularity, and QUAY was boldly challenged to bring an action for libel. When he replied that he could not procure justice in the State of New York or in the United States courts, the offer was made to him that the editor of the *World* would go to Pennsylvania in order to be served with process, so that the case might be tried in the courts of the State which was ruled by QUAY as absolutely as Russia is ruled by the Tsar. But QUAY did not take advantage of this confidence of the editor in the justice of his cause.

QUAY is now before the courts of his State by process—a criminal process—issued against him. He is prosecuted by District-Attorney GRAHAM, [illegible] many years the Republican district attorney of Philadelphia. Once more the charge against him is the use of the public funds for his private gain; and, on the evidence which was produced before the magistrate on the preliminary hearing, he and the other defendants, including his son RICHARD, were held in bonds of $5000 each to appear for trial before the November term of the court. The charge, in brief, is that QUAY and his friends have used the funds of the State which were deposited in the People's Bank of Philadelphia, which is now in the hands of a receiver. The evidence was obtained from the private desk of JOHN S. HOPKINS, the cashier of the bank, who committed suicide. It consists largely of letters and telegrams written by Senator QUAY to HOPKINS, and one letter at least written by State-Treasurer B. F. HAYWOOD to JAMES McMANES, president of the bank, but directed by and evidently received by HOPKINS. HAYWOOD is one of the accused, and he is one of QUAY'S political followers. This letter from HAYWOOD to McMANES encloses a check for $100,000, which added to the public money already in the bank made the State's deposit at the time of writing the letter $600,000. The letter concludes as follows: "The understanding is that I am not to draw against any part of this $600,000 deposit until the Hon. R. R. QUAY [Senator QUAY'S son] has paid or arranged satisfactory [*sic*] to you, the loan of $100,000 which you are to make to him next week." Other letters and telegrams from QUAY to HOPKINS seem to show that the dead cashier was in the habit of buying stock for QUAY, and the character of the stock ordered by the Senator, sugar figuring in the list, recalls the charges that have been made against United States Senators of legislating in the interest of their own speculations. In one telegram to HOPKINS, QUAY says, "If you buy and carry a thousand Met. for me, I will shake the plum-tree." This phrase is likely to become as famous as some others in the current history of public scandals. Where did HOPKINS get the money "to carry" stocks for QUAY? The district attorney contends that memoranda made by HOPKINS in a private book, called the "Red Book," show that by the connivance of the bank QUAY had the use for 184 days of $200,000 of the amount of the public funds on deposit in the People's Bank, that amount ranging from $525,000 to $50[illegible] 000. In other words, this Senator of the United States, his son, and some of his henchmen are charged with conspiracy to embezzle the money of the State of Pennsylvania, and the evidence against them is strong enough, in the opinion of the magistrate, to warrant their commitment. It is an interesting fact that the capital of the People's Bank was only $150,000.

QUAY is charged with other offences. Dr. SWALLOW charges that in the last fifteen years he and his henchmen have stolen $3,000,000 interest on the public moneys. It is charged that the [illegible] which upholds QUAY has held back the school appropriations for a year or more before paying them over to the school authorities. It is charged that the old Capitol was burned by an incendiary, and that the State was robbed at every step of rebuilding, and in arranging temporary quarters for the government's accommodation. Dr. SWALLOW challenged his opponent, QUAY'S candidate, to meet many of these charges, and to defend the negation of them. But as QUAY remained silent under accusations and taunts of the *World*, as he produced no evidence before the magistrate in answer to the charge that he has used the public money deposited in the People's Bank for his own profit and for the profit of his son and his friends, so STONE, QUAY'S candidate for Governor, declined the challenge of Dr. SWALLOW.

We have mentioned but part of the charges made against QUAY and his party. It is only necessary to add that he is accused of crimes against the Federal government as well as against State government, not the least among them being the sale of Federal offices for money and for votes. His silence under the charges is significant. He entertains a cynical contempt for the people of his State. He believes that they have not virtue enough to punish him. He feels safely intrenched in his castle of vice. We hope that he is about to find himself mistaken, and we believe that the beginning of his end has come.

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# THE POLICY OF EXPANSION—CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

LETTERS FROM EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY J. G. CARLISLE, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER JOHN R. PROCTER, EX-ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE G. L. RIVES, AND SENATOR DONELSON CAFFERY.

BY the terms of the protocol all the territorial questions growing out of the war with Spain are substantially settled, except that which relates to the disposition of the Philippines, but concerning them the United States may soon be confronted with a problem of the gravest character. The sole avowed purpose for which the war was commenced has been accomplished by the agreement to abandon Cuba, and in addition Puerto Rico is to be surrendered to the United States. If our representatives in Paris should also demand the abandonment or cession of the Philippines, or any part of them, and the Spanish representatives should refuse to comply, the question of reopening the war for the sole purpose of conquest would be directly presented for the consideration of our government and people.

Ought we to make such a demand, or, if made and rejected, ought we to resume hostilities, and make further sacrifices of life and property in order to acquire these remote and semicivilized islands for ourselves, or to free them from the domination of Spain? We are under no obligations whatever to either emancipate or annex the islands. The fortunes of a war, prosecuted for the single purpose of securing the independence of Cuba, have given us military possession, for the time being, of a city and harbor in a distant part of the world; but until the armistice was established they were held subject to the right of the other belligerent to retake them by force, and resume its original authority over them. Our occupation was hostile at the beginning, and is so still, though military operations have been suspended in order to afford opportunity for negotiation. By this hostile act we incurred no obligation to the inhabitants, who were then and still are subjects of Spain. Their condition, politically or otherwise, did not have the least influence one way or the other in determining the question of peace or war, and we have made no promises to them. It is true they are badly governed, but so are the people of many other countries, even in our own hemisphere, and if it is our duty to overthrow all the bad governments in the world, we had better begin on our own side of the globe.

That the present inhabitants of the Philippines are not qualified for self-government is generally conceded, and that the hot and unwholesome climate will prove fatal to a very large percentage of emigrants and colonists from this latitude seems also to be admitted; but, in fact, we do not need new lands for colonization, no matter how fertile or salubrious they may be. Our own country affords ample space for an enormous increase of population, and ample opportunities for the investment of capital and the employment of labor for many years to come. Even if our people could go to the Philippines with their capital and labor, the effect would be to diminish our industrial forces at home and retard the development of our own resources. But they will not go, and if the islands are acquired we will simply have on our hands, for such governmental control as we may be able to exercise under our political system, a cluster of about fourteen hundred tropical islands, six or seven thousand miles away, inhabited by eight or ten millions of ignorant, superstitious, and slavish people, who have no interests in common with us, no knowledge of our institutions, no appreciation of our civilization, no sympathy with our ambitions and aspirations, and no capacity to materially improve their own condition under any plan of government that might be devised for them.

Such an acquisition would not strengthen us in any respect. On the contrary, it would be a constant drain upon our resources without any substantial compensation for the outlay. Even when not in a state of actual insurrection, the people are turbulent, cruel, and unmindful of the rights of person and property, and it will require a most vigilant administration of the law by honest and capable officials to preserve order among them, even in the most enlightened parts of the islands, while in some parts it is at least doubtful whether this can be done at all. Spain has tried it for more than three centuries, except in the Sulu group, and has signally failed. Millions of dollars have been expended and thousands of lives have been lost in a vain effort to enforce obedience to the laws and customs of a country having a form of ecclesiastical and civil government which they were at least partially able to understand, and yet, when the hour of trial came, Spain found them her most malignant and savage enemies. If we acquire the islands we may have the same experience. Being incapable of self-government, they must be controlled for a long time, even as to their local concerns, by legislative and executive authorities of a government six thousand miles distant. No matter what name may be given to the system established, it will be quasi-military in its character; an army must be employed to assist the civil authorities in the administration of the laws; and in order to provide effectually against aggressions from the outside, a strong naval force must be always ready for active duty.

They will constitute the most exposed parts of our national domain, and will require a much larger expenditure for protection than any other equal area within its limits. In all great wars the nations having colonies and outlying dependents have found them to be their most vulnerable parts; and nearly every island in the seas has passed, at some period in its history, from one sovereign to another by the operations of war, most of them having changed masters many times. If we acquire the Philippines, we will find it more difficult to defend them against any great European naval power than it will be to defend the whole coast of the United States against the same power. They will add comparatively nothing to our strength or prosperity in time of peace, and they will be a positive weakness to us in time of war.

JOHN G. CARLISLE.

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

Having been requested to give my opinion as to whether this country should retain all of the Philippines, or a part of them, and if a part, how much and for what purposes, I submit the following suggestions:

If the entrance to the harbor of Manila had been successfully defended by the Spaniards, the American fleet under Dewey would have had no harbor of refuge for repair and coaling nearer than San Francisco. This effective object-lesson has taught the absolute necessity of a coaling and repair naval station in Asian waters. The necessity will increase from year to year with our increasing commercial relations with China and other Eastern countries, and because of the complications growing out of European aggressions in the Far East. The most virulent opponents of expansion now admit the necessity of retaining the harbor of Manila as a naval station, and the only question now to be decided is how much contiguous territory is necessary to make secure this holding. Should we retain the entire Philippine group, our only neighbors would be Japan on the north at Formosa, and Great Britain on North Borneo, Labuan, and the Straits Settlements, and Holland on the Dutch islands. We have along the northern border of the United States, from ocean to ocean, the British territory of Canada, and on this border it is not necessary to retain a single regiment or an armored war-ship for the purposes of defence. The English and Dutch get along peacefully as neighbors and control the native tribes of Borneo with a small military force, and so long as Holland and Great Britain are our only European neighbors in the Far East, a like condition will prevail should we assume the responsibility of good government over the entire Philippine group. Should we, however, retain only one or more of these islands, the remainder will inevitably fall to the possession of one or more of the European powers, and a disturbing element will be the result, necessitating the keeping of a larger military force on the portion retained. It would be folly to retain a coaling-station and be forced to carry coal across the Pacific Ocean to this station in times of war, while surrendering to other powers the islands of Cebu, Negros, Batan, and Masbate, on which coal is known to exist, and other islands on which it is believed future explorations will develop coal.

Should we retain all of these islands, then this country, Great Britain, and Japan can control all the coal easily accessible to the Pacific and Indian oceans, and these powers can, by proper co-operation, confine hostile naval movements of European powers to European waters. There will be less danger of foreign complications and less danger of wars in retaining the entire group of islands than there will be should we retain only a part.

These islands should be retained, not with a view of incorporating them into our system of States, but with a determination to give to them good government, opening their ports to all the world on equal terms, and expending every cent of revenue collected on the islands for the improvement and benefit of the native population, and when, in the future, the natives have been educated in the principles of self-government, allowing them to organize local self-government, remaining always subject to the protection and control of this country. For years the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Cuba will have to be governed as England governs her numerous crown colonies—under the entire control of the home government. Gradually some of these may be merged into colonies possessing representative institutions, the home government retaining a veto on legislation; but later some may become self-governing colonies, like New Zealand, the home government having no control over any public officer—save the appointment of the governor—and being only responsible for the conduct of all relations between the colonies and foreign powers. It would be unwise for the United States to ever surrender the right to control the foreign relations of each of the above-named islands. The great success of our vast industrial enterprises has demonstrated that we have in abundance men of large administrative ability. The services of such men can be secured by placing our diplomatic service on a basis of stability of tenure for efficient service, and abandoning altogether our idiotic, unbusinesslike spoils system.

It has been suggested that colonial expansion will give opportunity for "carpet-bag" misrule, such as was imposed upon the Southern States during the "reconstruction" period following our civil war. The fact that this evil was cured from within by the aroused conscience of the American people, and was not permitted to last more than ten years, notwithstanding the political passions incident to a civil war, is a sufficient evidence that any party responsible for misrule in colonies will be hurled from power by the voters of this country. Misrule and oppression of her colonies have existed in Spain for nearly four hundred years, with no power to correct the abuses from within, and no political party in this country will dare to return any territory to the evils of Spanish misrule.

The people of Maine and Texas feel no personal responsibility for municipal corruption in Philadelphia and New York, but the people of the entire country will feel a sense of personal responsibility for the good government of Manila, Havana, Santiago, and other cities coming under our protection. I believe the increased responsibilities will have a most beneficial effect upon our home government, and provincial politics will give place to a broader statesmanship.

JOHN R. PROCTER.

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

I am asked what, in my opinion, ought to be the policy of our government with reference to Cuba and the Philippines. The true inquiry is rather what our policy *must* be; for we are not any longer free to accept or to reject a national policy concerning the acquisition of these islands. In the first place, the war is not over, and as yet we are by no means masters of either Cuba or the Philippines; and in the second place, we have incurred certain obligations which we cannot now honorably refuse to discharge.

It seems to be generally assumed by our people that a treaty of peace has already been signed, under which we are to have possession of Cuba at once, and are to get just so much of the Philippines as we choose to ask for. No idea can be more fallacious. Hostilities are suspended, not ended. Spain has indeed promised that she will evacuate all her West Indian possessions, but she has given no guarantees of performance, and the time and manner of evacuation are still the subjects of discussion. Thus far matters have proceeded pleasantly and promptly enough, so far as published reports indicate; but it needs no great knowledge of Spanish history to appreciate the unrivalled capacity of her officials in protracting such negotiations whenever delay shall seem desirable.

And as to the Philippines, is it not possible that the Spanish commissioners in Paris may try to delay and haggle and drive a hard bargain? And what reply can we make if they refuse our demands? Have we now at hand that final argument of nations, a powerful army ready and eager to take the field? Our navy is indeed obviously equal to any demands that can be made upon it; but our troops are broken with sickness, and the government seems bent on rapidly disbanding such forces as still we possess. Once scattered, these same men can never be collected again. Nor can it be supposed that the country—horrified by the apparently well-authenticated stories of awful and utterly needless suffering in camps of instruction—will be ready to supply recruits or to accept cheerfully a renewal of hostilities. These facts must, of course, be quite as well known to the Spanish Foreign Office as they are to every one of us; and although the Spanish policy concerning the Philippines is not yet declared, it may well be that they will not cede any more of those islands than the point we now occupy, unless, indeed, we can show ourselves really ready for a resumption of the war in the West Indies as well as the East. It follows, therefore, that the question which has interested so many people here and abroad, as to whether we ought to take the whole or only a part of the Philippines, is, to say the least of it, somewhat premature.

It may, however, be assumed that we shall not surrender Manila. We are probably in no humor to begin fighting again for the sake of Panay or Mindanao; but, weary and sickened as this nation is with our recent experiments in foreign warfare, public opinion will sustain the government in going to any extremity for the retention of the territory we actually hold. Our fleet might have steamed away from Manila with honor on the 2d of May; but since that course was not adopted, it will hardly be possible now to withdraw and leave the city to its fate.

If, however, we are to establish ourselves in a sort of Asiatic Gibraltar at Manila, or even if we get the whole of Luzon, Spain retaining the other Philippines, the Carolines, and all but one of the Ladrones, certain consequences may be pretty clearly foreseen. For one thing, insurrection in all the Spanish islands will become chronic, and Manila—in spite of the sincerest efforts on our part—will always and inevitably be a base of operations for filibusters. We may thus shortly find ourselves again compelled to interfere by force, just as public opinion compelled intervention under analogous circumstances in Cuba. On the other hand, if we do not intervene, some of the colonizing nations will be very apt, under such conditions of persistent anarchy, to find "humanitarian" or other reasons for acquiring islands or ports in unpleasant and dangerous proximity to our establishments. The acquisition of Manila or Luzon alone will therefore tend to bring about a condition of unstable equilibrium; so that if we do not obtain the whole of the islands now (which at present seems unlikely) we may be driven into fighting for them later on, and perhaps against more formidable opponents.

Cuba, of course, we are publicly pledged to surrender to its inhabitants as soon as they have formed a stable government. It is perfectly plain that we are also bound, by every dictate of prudence and humanity, to administer that unhappy island until a government really stable is secured. How long that may be, nobody can guess. If we reasoned from the analogy of the other Spanish American republics, a century would not be too much to allow; but a firm and honest administration by us will doubtless shorten the period of apprenticeship. Before that period is ended, both countries may perhaps prefer annexation.

Whatever the extent of our insular possessions ultimately proves to be, it is at any rate apparent that we must very soon decide upon some general policy as to the method of administering them. Examples of colonial policies during the past three hundred years, some good and mostly bad, are numerous. Spain, still retaining almost unchanged the typical colonial policy of the eighteenth century, represents one extreme, embodying a ghastly record of misery and disaster. England, successful after many trials and many calamities, and prompt to profit by the lessons of experience, represents the other extreme. If we wish to emulate the example of England and not the example of Spain, we must begin with an earnest and honest and unswerving determination that the three fundamental features of the Spanish colonial policy shall not be applied to our possessions, and these three fundamentals are the spoils system, the navigation laws, and the protective tariff.

G. L. RIVES.

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

You ask whether, in my opinion, "we should retain all the Philippines or part of them, and if a part, how much?"

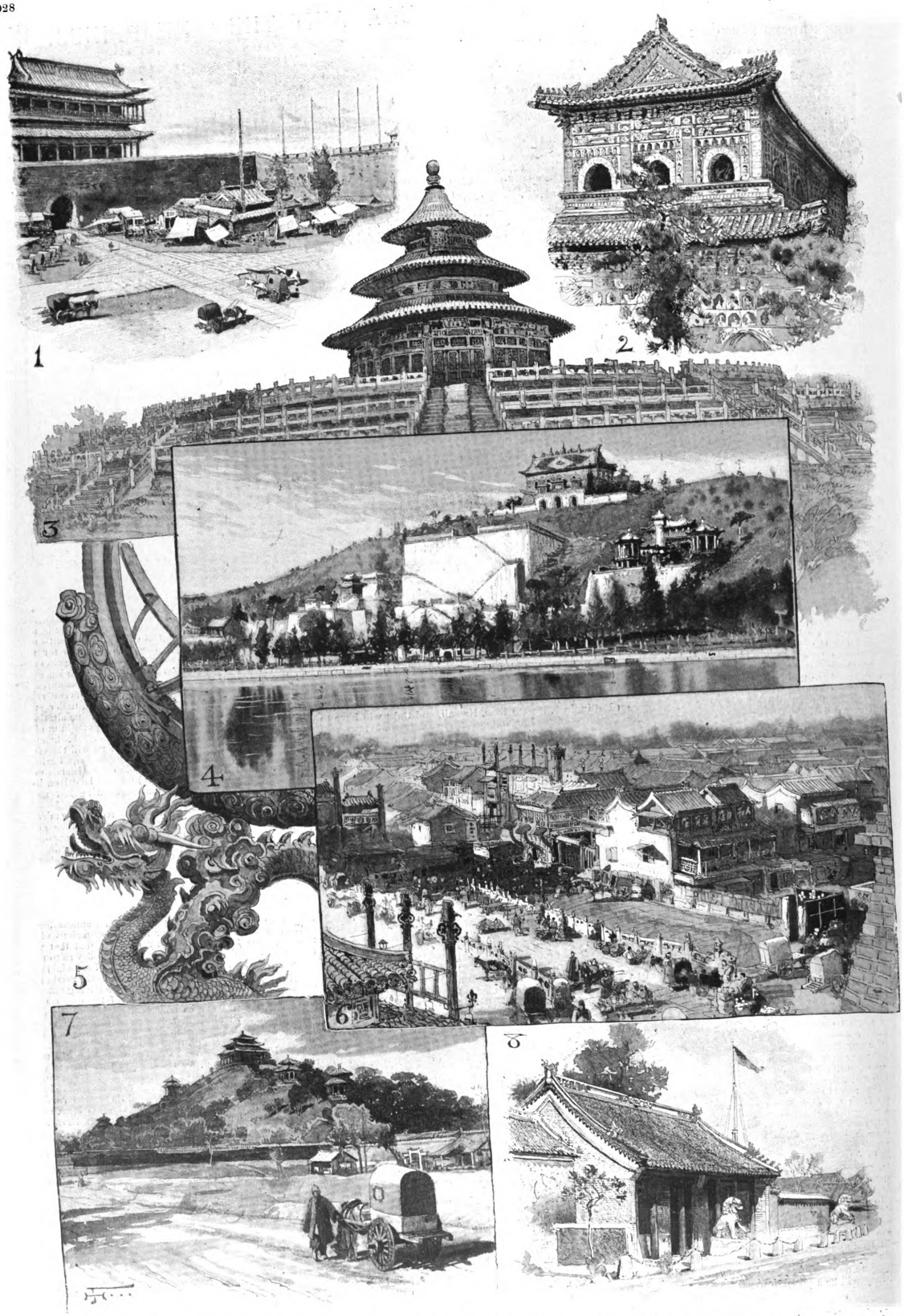
I answer that we should retain no part of the Philippines, except a coaling-station, with the free consent of Spain. It is necessary to go back to the declaration of war against Spain as the foundation of our *right* to retain the Philippines. That declaration was made on the sole ground of the inhumanity that characterized the war between Spain and a part of her subjects in the island of Cuba. We disclaimed, *ex industria*, any intention of acquiring the island. Our purpose was to pacify it, and establish then a free government for its people.

Being a war unique in its kind, one of humanity, undertaken to put a stop to war and butchery, and not for conquest, or defence, or revenge, or glory, its results must be determined by the principle on which it was waged.

We stand on high ground of disinterestedness to justify our intervention between the parent country and its rebellious subjects. We invite the intelligent judgment and approval of mankind as to the purity of our motives.

(*Continued on page 1016.*)

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PEKING—PLACES OF INTEREST IN AND ABOUT CHINA'S CAPITAL.—Drawn by Harry Fenn from Photographs.—[See Page 1031.]

1. Chien-Mën, from Gate of Northern City. 2. Temple of Universal Fragrance, on Summit of Wan-Sho-Shan—Hill of Myriad Ages. 3. Temple of Heaven—Covered Altar. 4. Present Residence of Empress Dowager, 16 Miles north of City, showing Hill of Myriad Ages and Temple of Universal Fragrance. 5. Instrument at the Observatory on the City Wall. 6. Market Square—the Centre of City Life. 7. Coal Hill of the Imperial Palace. 8. American Legation.

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BRIG.-GEN. JOHN M. BACON, U.S.A.,
Commanding U. S. Troops at Leech Lake.



MAJOR MELVILLE C. WILKINSON, U.S.A.,
Killed by the Pillagers.
Photograph by Zimmerman.



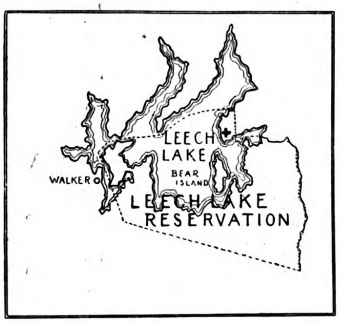
CAPTAIN T. J. SHEEHAN,
The famous Indian Fighter Wounded in the Encounter.



BOGONAGESHIK,
Whose resistance to Arrest was the immediate Cause of the Uprising.

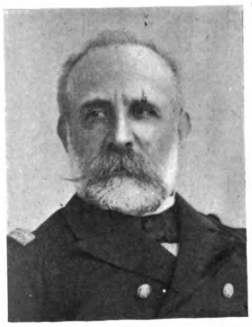


DRAWING BY A CHIPPEWA, SHOWING HOW THE FIRST WHITE MAN MET A CHIPPEWA INDIAN.




LEECH LAKE RESERVATION.

THE PILLAGER INDIAN OUTBREAK AT LEECH LAKE, MINNESOTA, OCTOBER 5, 1898.



ADMIRAL PASTOR Y LANDERO.

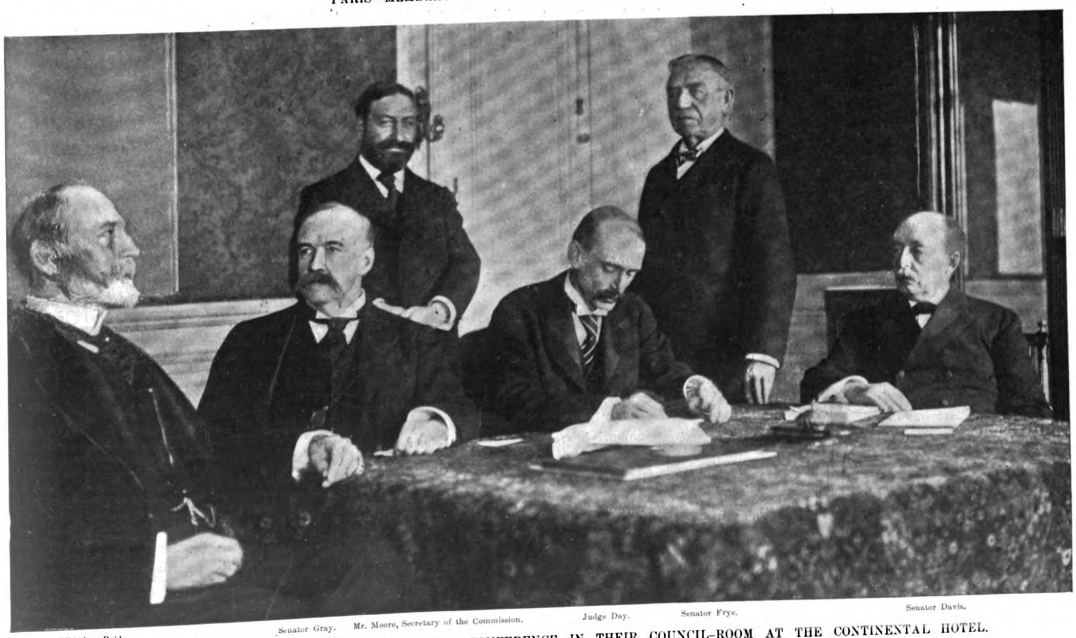


SEÑOR MONTERO RIOS. SEÑOR GUARMIA Y DIAZ.



MARQUIS MONTORO.

PARIS—MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH PEACE COMMISSION.



Whitelaw Reid. Senator Gray. Mr. Moore, Secretary of the Commission. Judge Day. Senator Frye. Senator Davis.

PARIS—THE AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSION AT A CONFERENCE IN THEIR COUNCIL-ROOM AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

Massachusetts seems to lose more than her share of promising young men who have made a start in public life. Russell, Andrew, Butler, and others have died prematurely within the last three years, and now Sherman Hoar is taken from her. He died at Concord on October 7, of typhoid fever contracted during his visits this summer to the military camps as agent of the Massachusetts Volunteers' Aid Association. One of his Harvard classmates, who writes to the WEEKLY about him, speaks of him as one of the heroes of the war, and says:

> He used to be a captain in the National Guard, and was as keen for this war as any schoolboy. He organized two companies for it in Concord, but at last promised not to go himself, on account of his four little children. The oldest is only ten. There was no keeping him back from the hospital service later, though. To many it would seem finer to die saving the lives of American soldiers than to die killing Spaniards, but fame gives fewer bays for it. I hope his name will be on the Harvard memorial gate.

Mr. Hoar was the son of Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, Attorney-General in Grant's first cabinet, and was born in 1860. He distinguished himself in Harvard College (where he graduated in 1882), studied law, and after a year of practice joined the firm of Storey, Thorndike, & Hoar, of which Moorfield Storey was the senior partner. He was sent to Congress as a Democrat in 1890, and when his term expired President Cleveland appointed him United States District Attorney for Massachusetts. He served with exceptional ability and distinction in that office, and when he left it settled down to the practice of law in partnership with his brother. He was regarded as one of the ablest of the younger lawyers in the State, and his death has been mourned in Massachusetts as a serious public loss. Some verses he wrote five years ago, in memory of a friend who died, are remembered now as applicable to himself. They begin:

> God, give unto Thy servant rest!
> Who, finding sorrow all around,
> Gave of his strength, until he found
> He'd given of it all he had
> To make the sorrowing less sad.
> Yes, give unto Thy servant rest!

There must be some millions of Americans still alive who remember A. Oakey Hall as one of the men who gained permanent publicity from Thomas Nast's pictures in HARPER'S WEEKLY of the Tammany Ring in the days of Tweed. He was Mayor of New York from 1869 to 1872, and his portrait was grouped by Nast along with those of Tweed, Connolly, and Sweeny. He was tried for complicity in the Tweed frauds and acquitted, and he lived long enough to have it admitted by men who knew —by Judge Noah Davis, for one—that he was not a guilty accomplice of Tweed. At all events, he kept bad company, and paid a heavy penalty for it, for the men with whom he was associated in Nast's pictures are those with whom every one has associated him ever since.

He was an interesting man, and lived a checkered and eventful life. He was born in 1826, the son of a New York merchant, who died of yellow fever when his boy was three years old. The lad, as he grew up, insisted on having a classical education, and earned money by newspaper writing to pay his way through the New York University, where he graduated in 1844. Then he studied law zealously, in spite of poverty, and was admitted to the bar in New Orleans in 1846. Two years later he came back to New York, and worked for a time at newspaper writing, but practised law also, won reputation at it, and became a member of the firm of Brown, Hall, & Vanderpoel. From 1850 until 1854 he served as assistant district attorney. For many years after that he had an excellent law practice. After Lincoln beat Seward for the Republican nomination for President, Hall joined the Democratic party, and fought Tammany hard until it made terms with him. Three times he was elected district attorney on the Tammany ticket, and in 1868 and again in 1870 he was chosen Mayor. His political career ended with the collapse of Tweed. For a time he disappeared, and it turned out that he went to England. He came back to New York, and occupied himself with newspaper work, playwriting, and to some extent with the practice of law, until his death on October 7.

Blanche Willis Howard, who died in Germany on October 7, wrote a successful story when she was twenty-six years old, which made her literary fortune and determined the course of her life. The story was *One Summer*, published in 1874. The Boston *Transcript* says that 54,000 copies of it were sold, and paid the author twenty-five cents each. The next year Miss Howard, abetted by her publishers, and encouraged by a contract to write weekly letters for the *Transcript*, went abroad to continue a literary career. Most of her life after that was spent abroad. Among her later books were *Aunt Serena*, *Guenn*, *Aulnay Tower*, and a book of travels. In 1890 she was married to Baron von Teuffel, a German physician of note, who died two years ago. For several years she edited an English magazine published in Stuttgart. Besides her other interests and abilities she had a strong bent for music, and herself became an accomplished musician. At the time of her death she was about starting for her winter home on the island of Guernsey. It is told of her that her home life was delightful, and that she had great enjoyment in all out-of-door pleasures—walking, bicycling, swimming—and loved the sea. She was born in Bangor, Maine, in 1847.

A reader of the WEEKLY who believes in high license, and has been to Maine and seen how prohibition works there, suggests these new definitions for Maine's next speller and definer: *License*—the privilege of selling liquor, obtained by the payment of money; *Prohibition*—the right to sell liquor without any payment.

Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute has $300,000 worth of property, of which $58,000 came to it during the year ending June 1. It needs at present $24,000 for heating, lighting, and an increased water-supply, and about $60,000 for new buildings and equipments. Most of all, it needs an endowment fund of $500,000. So says Principal Washington in the Seventeenth Annual Report.

Columbia University starts her 145th year richer and more populous than ever before, with about 2800 students on her rolls. The Freshman class of about 135 is twenty-five per cent. larger than its predecessor. There is a large gain, too, in the university's medical school, and increased attendance in all departments. The new gymnasium, which has just been opened, is exceedingly satisfactory.

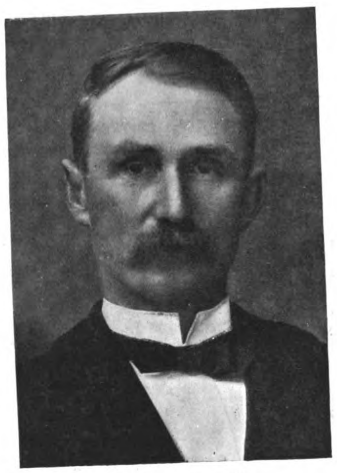
Columbia intends to erect on Amsterdam Avenue a memorial gate to her sons who died in the war. The list includes Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Dr. John Blair Gibbs, Dr. Lindheim, and perhaps others.

Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, who is known to newspaper-readers as a frequent contributor to the *Sun* of articles about our colored brethren and their interests, is a representative colored citizen, and is president of the Afro-American League, and editor of the *Age*. In a speech made in Rochester the other day, at the time of the dedication of the monument to Frederick Douglass, he said:

> "The management of the colored people of the South has been a conspicuous failure. The race has been educated, but race prejudice has not abated. I see other black and yellow peoples about to come under the care of this government. If you rule the black and yellow people in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines as the South has been and is being ruled, you will have revolution upon revolution, and you ought to have it."

It is the open season for prophets, and Mr. Fortune's forebodings are worth recording.

The summer brought many examples of the friction between blacks and whites in the South. One of the most interesting cases was that of the Second Texas Volunteers, who refused for a time to accept their pay from Major Lynch, a colored paymaster, but presently relented, and found by a practical test that the money lost none of its



HON. THEODORE T. GEER,
Oregon's Farmer, Gold Standard Republican, Governor-Elect.

value in passing through a negro's hands. A few days ago there was a clash in color lines at the camp at Huntsville, Alabama, which cost three lives; and in Illinois there has been serious fighting over a question of negro labor, as elsewhere told.

A great many persons besides Mr. Fortune feel that the future of the negro in this country is a problem that is yet to be solved, and many minds are busy with it all the time. Bishop Turner of Georgia is strongly in favor of negro emigration, and believes that there will presently be a great exodus of American negroes to Africa, where, he thinks, the black men will have a fairer chance, and will prosper better than will ever be possible for them here. An obstacle to the exodus is that few of our negroes have any inclination to go to Africa, but much prefer to stay at home. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, who writes from Birmingham, Alabama, believes that relief for such of the Southern negroes as are not content with their social condition will come presently in the form of counties here and there in the South which shall be owned, populated, and administered exclusively or almost altogether by negroes. This reasoner objects strongly to a negro State, but thinks that negro counties would be very useful in providing refuges for negroes who dislike contact with the whites, and want to get out of the shadow of the dominant race. The suggestion is interesting, though its originator admits that it will be long before it is put into practice, as the transfer of the property of any Southern county into negro hands would necessarily be a slow process.

Newspaperdom is interested in the resolution of the New York *Times* to bestow itself daily (except Sundays) upon New York readers for a consideration of one cent. The *Times* of late has been a three-cent paper, and reports a constant gain of readers at that price. But it says that it would prefer to see its circulation increase still faster, so, for the benefit of Greater New York alone, it has reduced its price. It is supporting the Democratic candidate for Governor, and that brings it into competition, so far as politics are concerned, with the *World* and the *Journal*, both one-cent papers. Undoubtedly it will get many more readers at one cent than it can at three, and as it does not intend that any change in its character shall follow the change in its price, the public is to be congratulated in getting a newspaper of so good a quality for so little money. All the same, one cent is not enough to pay for a first-rate morning paper, and possibly the movement of the *Times* may prove to be the first step towards putting that journal and its two competitors aforesaid on a two-cent basis.

There are old business houses in New York, but not many that have been able as yet to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of their establishment in business. The firm of Oelrichs & Co., which achieved that distinction on October 12, was started on that date in 1798 by Casper Meier, who came from Bremen to New York, then a city of 30,000 inhabitants, with a modest stock of goods, mostly consigned to him for sale by friends at home. He began business in Gouverneur Lane, and prospered, in time becoming the American agent of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, whose president and founder, H. H. Meier, had been his first partner. On Casper Meier's death, in 1839, the firm name had, under the State laws, to be changed, and became L. H. von Post & Oelrichs. The firm has always been engaged in transatlantic commerce, and for years its chief business has been the importation of wool and hides. For a time it was the agent of the German post-office department for the payment of money-orders issued by the German post-offices. The present senior member of the firm, Herman Casper von Post, is a grandson of Casper Meier, the other members being Gustav and Benjamin Schwab, great-grandsons of Meier, and Herman Oelrichs, nephew and namesake of one of his partners.

What with Indian fights in Minnesota and battles with striking miners in Illinois, we hardly miss the excitements of the late war. Late developments in Illinois have been exceedingly grave. There has been trouble at two points —at Pana, forty-two miles southeast of Springfield, and at Virden, twenty-one miles southwest of Springfield. The basis of the rioting is the same at both points. Miners have demanded better wages, have been refused, and have struck. Mine-operators have then attempted to bring in negro laborers from the adjacent States. The striking miners have objected, and fighting has ensued. At Pana, on September 1, the miners captured the president of the mining company and his brother, and held them for some hours as prisoners. On September 30 they stopped a railroad train bringing negro laborers from Indiana, and compelled its return to that State. On October 2 one hundred masked miners from Pana went over to Washington, Indiana, and attacked negroes working in a mine there. Then Governor Tanner reluctantly sent a battery of militia to Pana to keep order.

At Virden the miners struck for an increase of pay from twenty-eight cents to forty cents a ton. The mining company refused the advance, and prepared to bring in negroes. President Louch of the company asked for military protection, and not getting it, employed armed guards of his own. On October 12 a train bringing negro laborers from Alabama was attacked, on its arrival at Virden, by armed miners. A brief but very brisk engagement followed, in which miners, guards, deputy-sheriffs, and negroes took part. Eight men were killed, at least four were mortally wounded, and not less than twenty others were hurt. Four companies of the First Illinois Volunteer Cavalry and other troops were immediately ordered to Virden from Springfield. Governor Tanner has expressed strong sympathy for the strikers, has denounced the policy of the coal companies in importing laborers from outside the State, and has been unwilling to furnish troops to aid in carrying that policy out. The mine-owners blame him for the loss of life. He declares that the trouble is due to "avaricious mine-owners, who have forgotten their duty to society."

Last winter the newspapers in New York made game very freely of the lady whose whim it was to have herself crowned Queen of the Holland Dames. "Queen" was thought to be a somewhat absurd title for an American woman to assume. They seem less squeamish in the boundless West, for one reads that President McKinley, who has been visiting the Omaha Fair, was received, on his arrival at Omaha, by King Ak-Sar-Ben IV. and the board of governors of the King Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben. The festival of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben was prevailing at the fair at the time, and the King seems to have been for the time being the head man in the community.

The President had an interesting journey to Omaha, and made many speeches, which were received with boundless enthusiasm. The fair is a very successful show. The buildings and their setting are praised as exceedingly beautiful. There is much to see, and there are great crowds of visitors.

An element of personal interest has been lent to Chinese politics by the belief that for weeks past the Emperor of China has been hiding under a bed, while the Dowager Empress has paraded through the palace with a bowl of poison and a dirk. To most of us the personality of Chinese dignitaries used to be very vague. The only Chinaman that the average newspaper-reader feels that he knows is Li Hung-Chang. Lately we have begun to understand that the Dowager Empress is a real person and an exceedingly effectual one. We would like, at a safe distance, to know her better. News which comes by way of London, dated October 11, says that the Dowager has set up a new Emperor in place of Kuang Hsu, recently discharged. What Kuang Hsu's fate was does not yet appear.

On October 12 the Emperor of Germany started from Berlin on his journey to Constantinople and Jerusalem. He seems to have arranged for a junket besides which the most elaborate Congressional funeral seems simple and insignificant. The Empress goes with him, and his outfit includes a dozen eminent state officers, three ladies of the court, eighteen equerries, a squad of gendarmes armed with cameras, six horses, one hundred and ten trunks, many of them of large size, and a big box containing $800,000 worth of jewels, decorations, and valuable gifts. The Sultan has made exceedingly elaborate and costly preparations to receive him in Constantinople, and forward him by way of Damascus and Joppa to the Holy City. We read of roads two thousand years old being

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widened and rebuilt in Palestine, and of a tremendous furbishing up at Jerusalem, even to the replacing of old buildings with new ones that will look better. Banks in Judea are being stocked with money for William. Horses, tents, camels, hotels, silver plate, carpets, and every sort of supply have been made ready beforehand. He is going to Bethlehem, doubtless, with a brass band. He is the one eminent man on earth who could go to Bethlehem with a brass band and feel that he had honored the place.

It will be remembered that his ostensible errand in Jerusalem is to dedicate a German chapel there. His real purpose, folks say, is to start a German colony in Syria. His journey should be vastly interesting, especially on its comic side. One wishes that Mark Twain and Richard Harding Davis might go with him.

Mr. John M. Forbes, who died at the age of eighty-five, on October 12, at his home at Milton, Massachusetts, would have been amply justified in living much longer, since he had shown himself exceedingly competent in his management of the affairs of this world, and in promoting his own comfort and happiness and the prosperity of persons associated with him. He was a notable American, and acquaintance with the incidents of his career really helps to make one feel that success is a pretty good thing even in this world. The Forbes family is of Scotch origin, but Mr. John M. Forbes's grandfather was a Massachusetts clergyman, and his father a merchant. He himself was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1813, but started for home when he was three months old, and eventually reached Boston after being in one successful sea-fight, and being captured by the British next day. He was successful as a merchant, and later grew very rich by able management of railroads and other large concerns. About fifty years ago he bought the island of Naushon, between Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound, and made it his summer home. The island is famous for its harbors, its yachts, its deer-shooting, and its hospitalities. The family of which Mr. Forbes was the head has great renown in the worlds of business and of sport, being strong in yachtsmen, horsemen, patriots, fighting-men, and men of affairs.

E. S. MARTIN.

## THE PILLAGER INDIAN OUTBREAK.

ON Wednesday, October 5, a fight occurred on the Leech Lake Indian reservation, in northern Minnesota, between a number of Pillager Indians and a party of whites composed of a company of regulars and a marshal's posse. The immediate cause of the trouble is still involved in some doubt, no two persons concerned giving just the same version of it; but most accounts agree in ascribing the collision, in general terms, to an attempt by the United States marshal, R. T. O'Connor, to arrest an Indian named Bogonageshik, belonging to the Pillager band of Chippewas inhabiting Bear Island and the neighboring mainland. The portrait here given is reproduced from one taken several years ago, when Bogonageshik was much more under white influence than now, and shows him in Caucasian clothing. He never, however, ceased to cling to the blanket, even when it had to be used as an adjunct to the costume of civilization. Bogonageshik was one of several Indians required in court as principals or witnesses in prosecutions under the liquor laws. The others had surrendered themselves; but he had first proved very hard to arrest, and then had been forcibly rescued from the marshal's custody by a party of his friends and followers. In trying to capture him a second time, the marshal encountered resistance so formidable that he applied for military aid. General John M. Bacon responded, on orders from the War Department, with Company E, Third United States Infantry, led by Major Melville C. Wilkinson. The posse and soldiers left Walker, the only railroad town on the edge of Leech Lake, and proceeded by boat to a promontory on the mainland just north of Bear Island. Landing in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, they found and captured one Pillager who had been identified as a member of the rescuing party, but saw no signs of a hostile force anywhere. After a march about the shore of the promontory they were about preparing for dinner, when they were surprised by a fusillade from Indians concealed in the woods near by. A sharp exchange of shots followed, but the Indians were able, as a rule, to keep out of sight among the timber, and it is supposed that they carried off most of their dead and wounded, so as to hide the extent of their loss.

The official reports telegraphed to Washington, describing this fight and the skirmishes which followed during the next two days, were so meagre that neither the authorities of the War Department nor of the Interior Department could extract from them a complete story of the trouble. All they could learn positively was that Major Wilkinson, five soldiers, and one Indian policeman had been killed, and nine soldiers, one Indian policeman, and one deputy marshal wounded. The white settlers scattered through the country near Leech Lake were, as usual in such cases, utterly panic-stricken, most of them deserting their homes and making their way to the nearest towns, in fear of a general Chippewa outbreak. General Bacon sent word to Washington on Friday that he considered the insurrection subdued, but neither the Governor of Minnesota nor the terrified settlers agreed with him. Orders were therefore sent him to put the regulars of his command, and also the volunteer troops at Minneapolis, at the service of the State, if, on consultation with the Governor, he found such extra force necessary.

The Bear Island outbreak has caused much surprise in Washington, as the Chippewas have been from time immemorial the friends of the whites. The impelling grievance, it is thought, must have been much more serious than appears on the surface. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs was so impressed with this idea that he was unwilling to trust the handling of the matter to Indian-Agent Sutherland and Inspector Tinker, who had hastened into the Leech Lake country at the first alarm, but started at once for Minnesota to take personal charge of it. Those persons who know most of the conditions prevailing among the Minnesota Chippewas believe that we will find the causes of friction cumulative. The origin of the whole difficulty probably dates back to a purchase of land made by the government from the Pillagers in 1847. The tract contained nearly 700,000 acres, and the Indians let it go for $15,000, with the understanding that the government was buying it to make a home for the Menominee Indians, who were friends of the Pillagers, and also of the hereditary foes of the Chippewa nation, the Sioux. The reason the Pillagers were willing to part with the land was that it lay between their home and the home of the Sioux, so that the presence of the friendly Menominees there would serve as a barrier against the predatory raids of the Sioux, and insure a permanent peace for all parties concerned.

But the government had, as so often before and since, made a promise it was unable to fulfil. The Menominees refused to remove to their proposed new reservation. Instead, they relinquished their claim upon it in consideration of receiving back a part of their old lands in Wisconsin and a generous sum of money. It has never been possible to make the Pillagers believe that they were not shamelessly cheated in this labyrinth of bargains. As they accepted the $15,000 agreed upon, their strict legal rights in the land have of course been extinguished, though their moral claim survives against the government for its failure to carry out what they deemed the most important feature of the agreement of 1847. Their more progressive men, who have adopted the ways of civilization, and consented to let bygones be bygones for the sake of keeping the peace with the whites, have held the smaller restless element in check, but the sense of injustice has never ceased to rankle sorely even in their breasts.

The tract purchased for the Menominees, when rejected and ceded to the government by the latter tribe, was thrown open to white settlement, with the usual result. Lawless men swarmed into the villages and small towns, and opened dram-shops for the sale of "Indian whiskey," in contemptuous defiance of the statutes. The white man's whiskey is bad enough in its effect upon the red man, but "Indian whiskey" is a compound of crude alcohol, strychnine, and a variety of other ingredients, which, united, make a fiery but quickly stupefying drink. Indians who came into town with something to sell would, as soon as they had got their money, spend a quarter or a half dollar for this liquor, and, when overcome by it, be robbed of whatever they had still in their pockets.

But the outrage did not end here. Deputy marshals of the United States, often recruited from behind the illicit bars, made a fat living by arresting men engaged in the Indian whiskey traffic, subpœnaing Indian witnesses by the dozen, and carrying both prisoners and witnesses off to St. Paul, where the Federal courts were held. The largest part of this business was collusive. One dram-seller would be fined or sentenced to a brief imprisonment; another would be discharged for lack of competent evidence against him; in both cases the officers would pocket large sums of government money under the guise of mileage, witness fees, charges for hotel accommodations, and the like, sharing their plunder with their friends the prisoners. The Indian witnesses were encouraged to respond to their subpœnas by being given a free excursion to the city, a "good time" while there, and perhaps a trifle in cash by way of a makeweight. At one time this abuse became so gross that the Secretary of the Interior felt compelled to protest against it to the Attorney-General, some three hundred Indians being simultaneously absent from their reservations and in charge of deputy marshals at St. Paul, to their own demoralization and the downright robbery of the government.

The older and soberer Indians realized that the lives of their young men were being wrecked by this practice, but their earnest appeals counted for little. At last, however, the marshals overreached themselves by trying to make too much money out of their speculation in witnesses. A member of the Bear Island band of Pillagers was carried off as a witness, and when he returned was sick and famished, having walked 160 miles without food. He explained that the deputy who had taken him away and made use of his testimony had refused him the money necessary to pay his fare back by the cars or buy meals on the journey. This aroused great indignation among the Indians, and is said to have been at the bottom of the recent resistance to the authority of Marshal O'Connor. The marshal denies the Indian's story, but the outbreak will undoubtedly bring about an investigation, which may not be wholly barren of good results.

The Minnesota Chippewas at large have another grievance against the government in the way the Department of the Interior has permitted them to be robbed right and left under the pretence of disposing of their timber. The outrages perpetrated upon the Chippewas of the Red Lake country were exposed a year ago last winter, when it was discovered that the so-called expert estimators appointed by the government to appraise their growing timber, preliminary to its purchase by white lumbermen, were not experts at all, but were political heelers who knew nothing about the business, and wasted the Indians' money in salaries and expenses while making worthless guesses at the quantities, varieties, and values of the timber. Sitting in the bar-room of a backwoods hotel, or while playing cards in a comfortable camp, they would make up their reports out of nothing tangible. As typical of these frauds may be cited one case where they reported 65,000 feet of pine as growing on a tract which, on investigation, was found to contain 782 feet; or another, where the report showed 25,000 feet and investigation showed 75,000; or a third, where the estimators reported 45,000 feet, and the tract was found to contain none at all! Swindling as bad in kind, though possibly somewhat modified in degree, has been, and probably still is, in progress in other parts of the Chippewa country.

In the mind of the educated white man one grievance does not necessarily lap over upon another, and wrongs perpetrated by individuals are not charged up against a whole race. The Indian's mind works differently. His patriarchal system has trained him to regard the family, the band, the tribe, or the race as a unit, and to regard all the men of one color, or all representatives of one government, as sharing responsibility for the sins committed by a single element or a single person in the same category with them. Keeping this difference in view, it will be easier to understand why one of the less progressive bands of Pillagers, cherishing memories of the broken compact of 1847, seeing their fellow-tribesmen turned over to the spoilers in the logging-camps, and being themselves victims of the rapacity of dram-sellers and law officers, should reach a point of desperation where they are willing to resort to the one remedy which seemed open to them—the shedding of white blood.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

## THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

A CHINESE phrase, for which we shall hardly find an exact equivalent in the English language, will help us to separate truth from error—or at least the probable from the unlikely—when we read such despatches as those recently published in regard to the flight, assassination, or suicide of the Chinese Emperor. The phrase may be literally translated, "to save his face." Any high official of the empire may apply it to himself in certain contingencies, and may think that he defends his personal credit and that of his office by committing suicide when threatened with removal. In the case of the Emperor his sense of propriety and the rule of etiquette would leave him no choice. If his successor has been chosen, or it becomes quite certain that a successor is to be appointed immediately, he must "save his imperial face." It will not be necessary to murder him.

In his Forbidden City, which is surrounded by the Imperial City, and that in turn by the walled town commonly known as the Tartar City, the Emperor has less real security than the poorest Canton fisherman, who can at least foresee a danger, if he cannot control his surroundings.

The towers and larger buildings of the Purple Forbidden City are shown in the illustration on the first page of this number of the WEEKLY—a view which will have the added interest of complete novelty for our readers. On another page the Market Square, the busy centre of the city's life, contrasts with the residence of the Dowager Empress, which, although in a sense the central point of the Orient, is about sixteen miles north of the capital, on Wan-sho-shan (the "Ten Thousand Years Hill"); and the drawing of the "Coal Hill" of the Imperial Palace recalls one of those extraordinary stories which may be repeated without apology. Briefly told, it is this: The city was besieged, on a time; the supply of fuel gave out; it became impossible to boil the drinking water, and a pestilence carried off soldiers and simple folk with that prodigality which seems to be strictly Asiatic. So, then, when the protocol had been signed, a mountain of coal was taken from the greatest mine in the world, little by little, and by cart-load and basketful placed where you see it—covered with rich earth, planted, decorated, and still a coal-mine, aboveground, and at hand for use in future sieges. It seems to be rather queer, but that is because our point of view is Occidental. The Temple of Heaven, of which we see the characteristic part in the illustration No. 8, is in the centre of the southern or Chinese city, which does not grow around the other cities which we

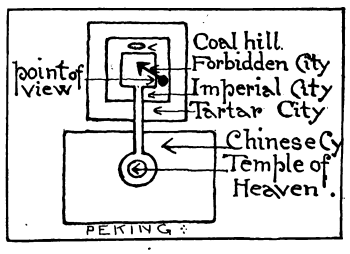



DIAGRAM OF THE CITY OF PEKING.
Showing the Point of View from which the Front-Page Illustration in this number was taken.

have mentioned. The little diagram given herewith has a political significance that should not be missed. The Chinese and their conquerors have not amalgamated. If you travel into the heart of the continent, after having mastered the language of the capital, you must master dialects like distinct languages. It is a country now to be broken up, not merely because it is unprogressive, but because it has been rent and riven by successive invasions.

An American long resident in Peking, who secured these uncommon views, has had opportunities for acquainting himself with the true sentiment of the ruling class in China at the present time. He asserts that the Chinese do not love Russia, but regard America as their natural ally, and prefer England to the sullen neighbor on the north—from which quarter the kingdom's enemies have come from time immemorial. Li Hung-Chang and Prince Kung, the Prime Minister and substitute for Li in the latter's absence, have coquetted with Russia in order to bring England to the point—that is, a substantial guaranty of the integrity of China against Russian aggression; and no arrangement that has been entered into would be allowed to stand in the way of a favorable convention with the United States. The ninth Emperor of the Manchu dynasty of Tsing, a young man of twenty-seven years, was gravely indiscreet when he let it be known that he entertained opinions in regard to the development and modernization of his nation. The Dowager Empress and Li were engaged in certain preliminary matters that appeared to have a wholly different tendency. The crisis had reached the diplomatic stage, when this licensed idler, from within his triple walls, where the most pampered existence out of Christendom seemed absolutely secure, lifted a puny voice in favor of reforms in the fashion of the West.

With this situation in mind, it is worth while to re-read the conflicting despatches which were sent out to those regions visited by the sun after it has spent its force upon the Celestial Empire. Toward the end of last month an imperial edict regretted the increasing ill health of the Emperor, and the fact that the succession had been provided for was not long withheld. Three weeks later the world was still in doubt as to his fate, the report on October 14 being that he lay at the point of death in a small building near the palace of the Empress.

The old Empress Dowager has virtually ruled China, as well as controlled the young Emperor, during half a lifetime. She had appointed him to succeed to the throne on her son's death, had supervised his education, and chosen his wives for him. He had no contact with the outside world, and was supposed not to know or care what happened beyond the Tartar City walls, which are sixty feet thick.

M. W.

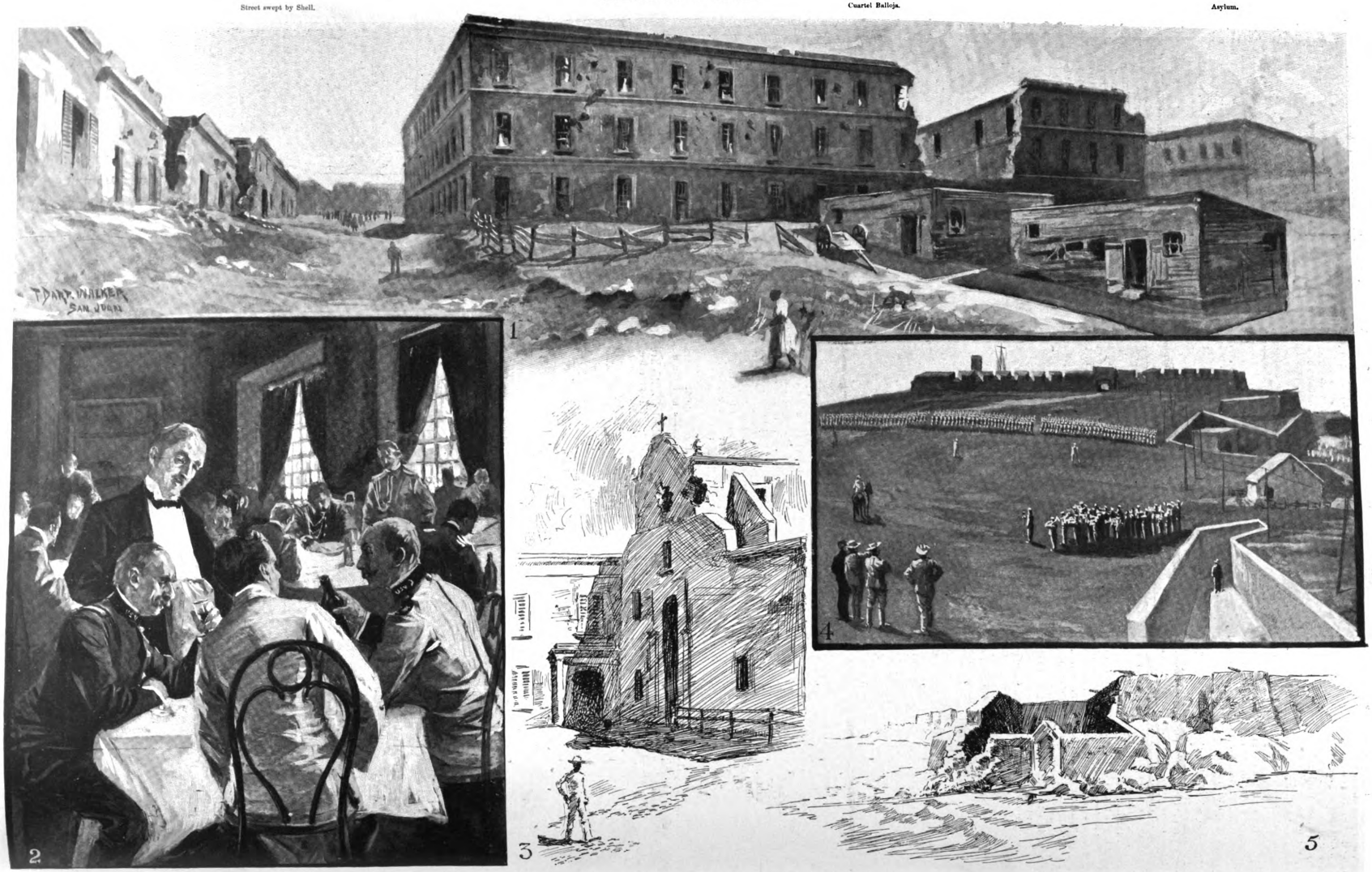
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Street swept by Shell. Cuartel Balloja. Asylum.




SCENES IN PUERTO RICO.

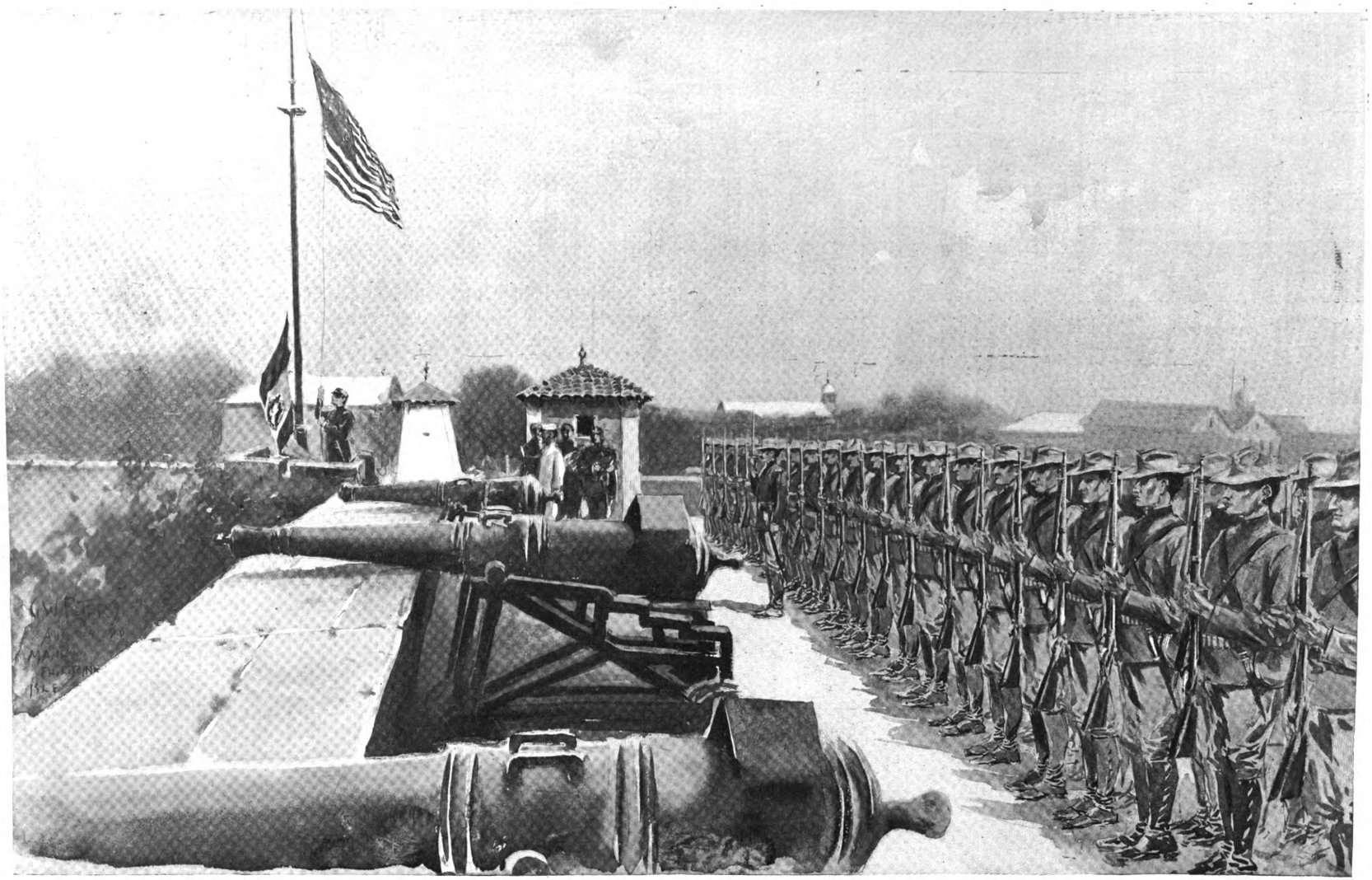
SKETCHES BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

San Juan. 3. Church of San José, struck by a Shell. 4. American Officers watching Spanish Troops drilling near Morro Castle.

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THE FALL OF MANILA—RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG OVER FORT SANTIAGO ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 13, 1898.

Drawn by G. W. Peters, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Merritt's Forces.—[See Article "The Fall of Manila," by John F. Bass, in last Week's Number.]

Original from PENN STATE

# LONDON.

*October 1, 1898.*

THE month of September in England is generally known as the silly season. Discussions on the marriage-tie, descriptions of the sea-serpent, and rumors of gigantic turnips are the topics that usually fill the newspapers. The month that closed yesterday has drained our nervous force. The Tsar's manifesto, the fresh dismissal of the traitor Li Hung-Chang and his restoration to power, the abdication or removal of the Chinese Emperor, the rebellion in South China, the battle of Omdurman, the violation of Egyptian soil by the French, the murder of the Austrian Empress, the Cretan massacres of British troops, the English ultimatum to Turkey, the Anglo-German agreement, the sensational development of the conspiracy against Captain Dreyfus, the revelation of a military camarilla in France, the accession and attempted assassination of the Queen of Holland, the defeat of Mr. Rhodes in South Africa, the Bismarckian revelations, the opening up of public discussion on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the death of the Queen of Denmark are seventeen events which will make September, 1898, memorable in the annals of our time. Of all these incidents, probably the concurrence of the Dreyfus exposure and the Fashoda affair is likely to have the most far-reaching historical consequences. Although neither the French nor the English newspapers openly refer to the sinister prospects of France in the near future, many intelligent Frenchmen—both revisionists and anti-Dreyfusards—expect barricades in the streets of Paris before many months have passed. The anti-Semites and those who from various causes are opposed to the revision of the Dreyfus trial declare that revision is only a cloak to hide the revolutionary spirit that has begun to show its head, and that the "Intellectuals," the Jews, and the Socialists are all concerned in a conspiracy for the overthrow of the French constitution. It is impossible to induce an average Frenchman to speak calmly on the supporters of Dreyfus. It is an axiom that they are animated by the basest of motives; that Zola, for instance, published his article, "J'accuse," in the *Aurore* merely in return for pecuniary gratification from the syndicate; that the "Intellectuals" only mix in the affair from ambition and pride, and the Socialists from love of change and communistic predilections for anarchy and petroleum. "Traitor" is the synonym of a supporter of justice to Dreyfus; "patriot," of the docile Frenchman who believes what his newspaper tells him, and who shouts, "*Vive l'armée!* Down with the traitors!" whenever it is suggested that an innocent man has been illegally condemned.

The Fashoda incident, under these circumstances, becomes specially interesting, because it is probably the final episode in the long struggle between England and France for the trade belonging to the great river valleys of the world. Fashoda belongs historically to the great struggle with France which began under William of Orange and was erroneously supposed to end with the battle of Waterloo. For one hundred and twenty-six years, from 1689 to 1815, we were engaged in seven great wars. These wars either began as wars with France or soon became so. There is, therefore, some reason, apart from the folly of kings, which forces the English continually to be in conflict with the French. These wars were caused by the instinct of self-preservation—the strongest instinct of humanity. They were mercantile wars, and the fundamental reason for each of them was that the English were afraid that the French would take from them the colonies they had, and so close their markets; and they also saw a good chance of enlarging their own markets, first at the expense of the French, and latterly by maintaining the "open door." The historic meeting of Kitchener and Marchand at Fashoda is possibly the last occasion on which the French and English will meet for the division of a continent. The result will be the same on the Nile as it was in India when Clive met Dupleix; in Canada when Wolfe met Montcalm; in Australia when Governor Philip was enabled to lay the foundations of a great English nation in consequence of the wreck of the French expedition under La Pérouse; at Trafalgar when Nelson met Villeneuve, and gave to the British eighty years start in the race for trade and empire; and lastly, in Cairo when Lord Cromer, in the teeth of fifteen years of almost intolerable provocation from successive French residents, founded an Egyptian empire, over which our flag will float as long as it floats over the Tower of London. The interior affairs of France are notoriously in a deplorable condition. The news of a military *coup d'état* would be surprising to nobody. Faith in their rulers has deserted the French people. The usual device of baffled and incompetent governments has always been to invoke trouble from abroad to distract attention from domestic difficulties. In France the plan is consecrated by frequent use. Not one Frenchman in a hundred thousand ever heard of Fashoda before Lord Kitchener saved Major Marchand's life by distracting the attention of the Khalifa by the battle of Omdurman. But for Kitchener, Marchand's party would have been butchered to a man. Even in the hour of impending attack the Khalifa found time and opportunity to despatch two steamers in order to ascertain the extent and position of the French force.

The meeting of the Sirdar and Marchand has done credit to both. Lord Kitchener acted wisely and with tact, while Major Marchand behaved like a gentleman of France. Nothing would have been easier than for Kitchener, by the tyrannous use of overwhelming force, to have hurried England into her twenty-fifth war with France by wounding the susceptibilities of the brave soldier explorer. I am told that Kitchener's language to Marchand was prescribed for him by Lord Salisbury. The attitude of the English press is one of reserve, although the fear is strongly expressed in society and political circles that Lord Salisbury, who suffered the Russians to require British men-of-war to leave Port Arthur, will enter into a discussion with the French government as to whether the French flag should fly at Fashoda. It is, however, somewhat extraordinary that the British public have been allowed to obtain their first authoritative news as to the presence of the French on the Nile from a statement of M. Delcasse, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. There seems to be no sense in keeping the public in the dark. There is no elaborate policy to shape which must be concealed from the British tax-payer. British policy on the Nile is unalterable. The case is beyond discussion, for there is no *modus vivendi* possible between the most gallant and honorable of invaders and the lawful owner of the territory upon which he has trespassed. Withdrawal from Fashoda is the only avenue of escape for the French government. If they are humiliated they have themselves or their predecessors to thank. If the French refuse to withdraw—and at this time anything may happen—the respective governments of England and France will be supported by an enthusiastic public on both sides of the Channel, if the newspapers of both countries are to be believed. Sensible men in France, however, those with a stake in the country and a care for the future, are fully aware of the impossible position in which France has placed herself. Even if Fashoda were to be retained, which is as likely as that the Isle of Wight will be ceded to France, it would be useless to her. Annoyance to England was the sole motive of the Marchand expedition. To send an armed party of Frenchmen absolutely without a base to occupy Egyptian territory and defy the joint power of England, Egypt, and India—for Indian forces could land at Suakim within ten days from the date of an order from London—is so wild a scheme that it can end in nothing but futility. When the Fashoda incident is settled, the French power of annoyance in Egypt will probably be considerably curtailed before the coming winter is over. The French, aided by the Russians, who have no interests in Egypt, block the way by opposing grants being allowed for the Egyptian War Department by the Caisse de la Dette. In January next the existing international arrangements will be modified.

In English government circles it is maintained that everything has passed off at Fashoda exactly as was anticipated, and that the French flag at Fashoda means no more than the display of a British union-jack from the window of an English shop in Paris. There is nothing in British or Egyptian law to prevent Major Marchand from displaying the tricolor, so long as he refrains from any act of hostility against the country in which he is sojourning. I have reason to believe that while Lord Salisbury is resolute in maintaining the British contention as to the whole length of the Nile Valley, he is inspired with every wish to assist the French to extricate themselves from the false position in which they are placed. The British government will not allow armed re-enforcements to reach Major Marchand, and without stores or assistance he will not find it easy to remain where he is. Courteous and patient adherence to our declarations of policy on the subject of the Nile Valley is not considered incompatible with the neutralization of the Nile from the Great Lakes to the Mediterranean. The Suez Canal is already neutralized under international law, and the principle which has proved so successful there is likely to be extended to the Egyptian waterway. While, therefore, it is impossible that England should admit any other power to a share of the protectorate of Egypt, the policy of the "open door" will be illustrated by an object-lesson in the shape of an "open river." When Lord Salisbury proclaims that the Nile is one of the highways of the world in which all comers have equal rights of trade, our rivals will see that England seeks no exclusive advantages in territories which her arms have won back to civilization. Antecedent to any such declaration, however, must be the recognition of the inevitable by France. Close observers will note that England at the present juncture is specially polite to France, and the latter would be well advised to remember Mr. Kipling's hint—

"But oh! beware of my country when my country grows polite."

Now that the Egyptian Sudan has been conquered, English commercial men are beginning to ask whether the game is worth the candle. It will be a long time before any considerable demand is created for goods of British or American manufacture. Such demand as there is will probably be met by the peddling of cheap and nasty German wares by Greek agents. The population of the Sudan has no money to buy Anglo-Saxon goods. At the same time nearly $5,000,000 a year are being spent in the Nile Valley through the Egyptian army alone, and the result of this will be to awaken the dormant trading passion in the Sudanese. The trade in wild beasts, which has been closed for fourteen years, will be reopened. A certain amount of ivory will find its way down the Nile, but gum-arabic, which was formerly one of the staple products of the Sudan, has been superseded during the Mahdist rebellion by chemical substitutes. Minerals in the only form in which they can be worked adjacent to fuel, do not exist. Precious stones and gold have yet to be discovered. The probability is that the assistance of a large number of Greeks, who already monopolize such commerce as exists, will have to be called in to the help of the British or American merchant attempting to open up commercial relations with the territory now thrown open to the world.

Lord Kitchener is shortly to leave Egypt, and will be the guest of the Lord Mayor on November 4. His eyesight is grievously affected. For fifteen years he has worked at small things and done great ones. He is to-day a junior major-general, and has commanded an army of six brigades in the field. Few of his senior officers have ever done as much. For fifteen years he has worked his officers and men mercilessly. The regulations of the Egyptian army allow no married men on the staff or in places of responsibility. In this Kitchener adopts the same rule as Mr. Rhodes. Marriage interferes with tropical work. Sick-leave has been given to any officer who breaks down once. A second illness severs the connection between any officer in Kitchener's force and the Egyptian army. To serve Kitchener as he will be served, a man must be wax to receive, marble to retain, and iron to execute. He must be obedient as a member of the Order of Jesus, endowed with a will of steel, and possess nerves of wire. If the Sirdar is not much loved, and has made no friends in recent years, he is not unpopular. No general is unpopular who is always successful. The men who have fought under Kitchener, and who are now returning by twos and threes to London, say that when one goes forth to battle under our Iron General victory is assured, and when men trust their leader it is equivalent to the addition of many battalions to the army. Kitchener was cold as ice when there was work to do, but he broke down and wept bitterly at the burial service on Gordon, which was held on the ruins of the palace at Khartum on Sunday, September 4. He is a Liberal, and his stern character is strengthened by profound religious conviction. There is the greatest fear at the War Office that he will be appointed to high administrative office. The civilian clerks, about whom I have something to say later on, will get short shrift if Kitchener is let loose among them.

The disturbed state of the world is turning the thoughts of intelligent people to the state of the British army, and especially to the control exercised by the British War Office. The Indian and Egyptian armies, being exempt from the bureaucratic control of Pall Mall, are in a state of efficiency, but the deplorable nature of the system in force at headquarters in London is gradually being brought home to the people, and should be a solace to Americans who do not regard General Alger and perfection as convertible terms. A droll document has just been presented to Parliament under the title of a "Report of a Committee appointed by the Secretary of State for War to consider the Decentralization of War Office Business." In this blue-book broad farce is mingled with the seeds of tragedy. To Americans, angered with the defective organization of their own army, some passages from the farce disclosed by the latest blue-book on the British army may prove both interesting and amusing. The principal fact brought out by the evidence is that the home army is strangled by red-tape wielded by hundreds of civilian clerks, who have managed to snatch the real control of the army out of the hands of experienced generals. All power is concentrated in London. A general officer commanding a district in the United Kingdom is not trusted to expend a larger sum than five dollars on his own judgment. Mr. Ismay stated in evidence that a White Star captain with a salary of $4000 a year may be trusted with the unfettered expenditure of $100,000. The New York agent of the same firm is allowed to control $2,000,000 a year. A British lieutenant-general is trusted by the civilian staff of the War Office to the extent of twenty shillings. Some time ago the Admiralty was afflicted in the same way as the War Office, and there is a story of a post-captain whose claim for a cab fare from the dock-yard gates to Portsmouth Railway Station was refused on the ground that there was no evidence of his having made the journey. The reply of the gallant officer is historical. He is reputed to have said, "In the first place, I am a post-captain in her Majesty's navy, and I have in fact taken the cab, but if evidence is required I can produce the testimony of a beggar and a street-walker, who were on the spot at the time, and who would doubtless satisfy their lordships."

A story illustrating red-tape was told me the other day by an engineer officer. In the course of his duties, which involved travelling over the country, he sent in a bill which contained a charge, "porter, 6*d*." The word porter is one of those dubious terms in the English language which are capable of two interpretations. One signifies the man who carries one's baggage at a railway station; the other is the form of black beer which is known under the name of "porter." When my informant, therefore, claimed a return of the sixpence he had expended, he was told by the War Office authorities that alcoholic drinks were not to be included in the travelling allowance of officers. He rejoined that he was not claiming for alcoholic drink, but for the hire of a man to transport his baggage at a station. Upon which the sapient official rejoined that in future he should not claim for porter, but porterage. On the next occasion on which this officer, who was a wag, was travelling on behalf of his country, he sent in a bill which included the item, "cabbage, 2*s*." The bill was promptly returned by the War Office authorities, with the statement that green vegetables were not to be included in the travelling allowance of officers. The officer replied that he did not mean to imply that he had bought green vegetables, but that he had taken a cab, and that as when he had asked for the hire of a porter he was instructed to call it porterage, he could only presume that he was carrying out their lordships' wishes in claiming for the return of the sum he had laid down on the transport of his person and goods from the station under the head of "cabbage." The real trouble in the British War Office is that the regulations and warrants under which the British army now serves have grown up entirely for the benefit of War Office clerks, and serve to find work for them at the War Office rather than to find control for the army. If the ridiculous regulations were abolished to-morrow, as they will be if Lord Kitchener is installed in power, the War Office clerks will find in practice that they have nothing to do. Some months ago certain buildings at Dover Castle were burnt down. The general in command was Major-General Sir William Butler, K. C. B., the husband of Elizabeth Thompson, who painted the "Roll Call." Sir William Butler has a pretty wit, and when under examination by the recent War Office committee the incident referred to furnished the general with an opportunity for the following trenchant remark:

"The certificate and report system is in its nature misleading. On the occasion of the recent fire at the officers' quarters, Dover Castle, the reports and certificates dealing with the prevention of fire were of the most satisfactory nature. *Everybody had done his duty. The place was burnt strictly according to regulation.*"

The theatrical season has reopened, the most important item being the introduction of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum by Mr. Forbes Robertson. The conception is founded on Irvingite lines, and although full of feeling and charm, the representation is not equal to the "Hamlet" produced by the same artist earlier in the year. The tendency to decry Sir Henry Irving and to belittle the immense service he has rendered to Anglo-Saxon dramatic art begins to attract attention. Sir Henry Irving is more than an interpreter of dramatic art. He is a personal force of the period, and has won the affectionate regard of his fellow-countrymen. The constant streams of attack from both sides of the Atlantic directed against him and against Miss Ellen Terry are, as I have reason to know, as unfounded as they are distasteful. The rumors of a dissolution of the theatrical partnership between Sir Henry and Miss Terry are devoid of foundation, and the imputation of strained relations between the two artists is equally unveracious.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

BY HENRY JAMES, AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

VII.

LORD PETHERTON, a man of five-and-thirty, whose robust but symmetrical proportions gave to his dark blue double-breasted coat an air of tightness that just failed of compromising his tailor, had for his main facial sign a certain pleasant brutality, the effect partly of a bold, handsome parade of carnivorous teeth, partly of an expression of nose suggesting that this feature had paid a little, in the heat of youth, for some aggression at the time admired and even publicly commemorated. He would have been ugly, he substantively granted, had he not been happy, he would have been dangerous had he not been warranted. Many things, doubtless, performed for him this last service, but none so much as the delightful sound of his voice, the voice, as it were, of another man, a nature reclaimed, supercivilized, adjusted to the perpetual "chaff" that kept him smiling in a way that would have been a mistake, and indeed an impossibility, if he had really been witty. His bright familiarity was that of a young prince whose confidence had never had to falter, and the only thing that at all qualified the resemblance was the equal familiarity excited in his subjects.

Mr. Mitchett had so little intrinsic appearance that an observer would have felt indebted, as an aid to memory, to the rare prominence of his colorless eyes and the positive attention drawn to his chin by the precipitation of its retreat from detection. Dressed, on the other hand, not as gentlemen dress, in London, to pay their respects to the fair, he excited by the exhibition of garments that had nothing in common save the violence and the independence of their pattern a suspicion that, in the desperation of humility, he wished to make it public that he had thrown to the winds the effort to please. It was written all over him that he had judged, once for all, his personal case, and that as his character, superficially disposed to gayety, deprived him of the resource of shyness and shade, the effect of comedy might not escape him if secured by a real plunge. There was comedy therefore in the form of his pot-hat and the color of his spotted shirt, in the systematic disagreement, above all, of his coat, waistcoat and trousers. It was only on long acquaintance that his so many ingenious ways of showing that he recognized his commonness could present him as secretly rare.

"And where's the child, this time?" he asked of his hostess as soon as he was seated near her.

"Why do you say 'this time'?—as if it were different from any other time!" she replied, as she gave him his tea.

"Only because, as the months and the years elapse, it's more and more of a wonder, whenever I don't see her, to think what she does with herself—or what you do with her. What it does show, I suppose," Mr. Mitchett went on, "is that she takes no trouble to meet me."

"My dear Mitchy," said Mrs. Brookenham, "what do *you* know about 'trouble'—either poor Nanda's, or mine, or anybody's else? You've never had to take any in your life, you're the spoiled child of fortune, and you skim over the surface of things in a way that seems often to represent you as supposing that everybody else has wings. Most other people are sticking fast in their native mud."

"Mud, Mrs. Brook—mud, mud!" he protestingly cried as, while he watched his fellow-visitor move to a distance with their host, he glanced about the room, taking in afresh the Louis Quinze secretary, which looked better closed than open, and for which he always had a knowing eye. "Remarkably charming mud!"

"Well, that's what a great deal of the element really appears, to-day, to be thought; and precisely, as a specimen, Mitchy dear, those two French books you were so good as to send me and which—really, this time, you extraordinary man!" She fell back, intimately reproachful, from the effect produced on her, renouncing all expression save that of the rolled eye.

"Why, were they particularly dreadful?"—Mitchy was honestly surprised. "I rather liked the one in the blue cover—what's the confounded thing called?—I thought it had a sort of a something-or-other." He had cast his eye about as if for a glimpse of the forgotten title, and she caught the question as he vaguely and good-humoredly dropped it.

"A kind of a morbid modernity? There *is* that," she dimly conceded.

"Is that what they call it? Awfully good name. You must have got it from old Van!" he gayly declared.

"I dare say I did. I get the good things from him and the bad ones from you. But you're not to suppose," Mrs. Brookenham went on, "that I've discussed your horrible book with him."

"Come, I say!" Mr. Mitchett protested; "I've seen you with books from Vanderbank which, if you *have* discussed them with him—well," he laughed, "I should like to have been there!"

"You haven't seen me with anything like yours—no, no, never, never!" She was particularly positive. "He, on the contrary, gives tremendous warnings, makes apologies, in advance, for things that—well, after all, haven't killed one."

"That have even perhaps a little disappointed one?"

Mrs. Brookenham took no notice of this pleasantry; she simply adhered to her thesis. "One has taken one's dose, and one isn't such a fool as to be deaf to some fresh, true note, if it happens to turn up. But for abject, horrid, unredeemed vileness, from beginning to end—"

"So you read to the end?" Mr. Mitchett interposed.

"I read to see what you could possibly have sent such things to me for, and because so long as they were in my hands they were not in the hands of others. Please to remember in future that the children are all over the place and that Harold and Nanda have their nose in everything."

"I promise to remember," Mr. Mitchett returned, "as soon as you make old Van do the same."

"I do make old Van—I pull old Van up much oftener than I succeed in pulling you. I must say," Mrs. Brookenham went on, "you're all getting to require, among you, in general, an amount of what one may call editing—!" She gave one of her droll universal sighs. "I've got your books, at any rate, locked up, and I wish you'd send for them quickly again; one's too nervous about anything happening and their being perhaps found among one's relics. Charming literary remains!" she laughed.

The friendly Mitchy was also much amused. "By Jove, the most awful things *are* found! Have you heard about old Randage and what his executors have just come across? The most abominable—"

"I haven't heard," she broke in, "and I don't want to; but you give me a shudder, and I beg you'll have your offerings removed, for I can't think of confiding them, for the purpose, to any one in this house. I might burn them up in the dead of night, but even then I should be fearfully nervous."

"I'll send then my usual messenger," said Mitchy, "a person I keep for such jobs, thoroughly seasoned, as you may imagine, and of a discretion—what do you call it?—*à toute épreuve*. Only you must let me say that I like your terror about Harold! Do you suppose he spends his time over Dr. Watt's hymns?"

Mrs. Brookenham just hesitated, and nothing, in general, was so becoming to her as the act of hesitation. "Dear Mitchy, do you know I want awfully to talk to you about Harold?"

"About his reading, Mrs. Brook?" Mitchy responded with interest. "The worse things are, let me just mention to you about that, the better they seem positively to be for one's feeling up in the language. They're more difficult, the bad ones—and there's a lot in that. All the young men know it—those who are going up for exams."

She had her eyes for a little on Lord Petherton and her husband; then, as if she had not heard what her interlocutor had just said, she overcame her last scruple. "Dear Mitchy, has he had money from you?"

He stared with his good goggle eyes—he laughed out. "Why on earth—? But do you suppose I'd tell you if he had?"

"He hasn't really borrowed the most dreadful sums?"

Mitchy was highly diverted. "Why should he? For what, please?"

"That's just it—for what? What does he do with it all? What in the world becomes of it?"

"Well," Mitchy suggested, "he's saving up to start a business. Harold's irreproachable—hasn't a vice. Who knows, in these days, what may happen? He sees further than any young man I know. Do let him save."

She looked far away with her sweet world-weariness. "If you weren't an angel, it would be a horror to be talking to you. But I insist on knowing." She insisted now with her absurdly pathetic eyes on him. "What kind of sums?"

"You shall never, never find out," Mr. Mitchett replied with extravagant firmness. "Harold is one of my great amusements—I really have awfully few; and if you deprive me of him you'll be a fiend. There are only one or two things I want to live for, but one of them is to see how far Harold will go. Please give me some more tea."

"Do you positively swear—?" she asked with intensity as she helped him. Then without waiting for his answer: "You have the common charity to *us*, I suppose, to see the position you would put us in. Fancy Edward—!" she quite austerely threw off.

Mr. Mitchett, at this, had, on his side, a hesitation. "Does Edward imagine—?"

"My dear man, Edward never 'imagined' anything in life." She still had her eyes on her interlocutor. "Therefore if he *sees* a thing, don't you know? it must exist."

Mitchy, for a little, fixed the person mentioned as he sat with his other guest, but, whatever this person saw, he failed just then to see his wife's companion, whose eyes he never met. His face only offered itself, like a clean, domestic vessel, a receptacle with the peculiar property of constantly serving, yet never filling, to Lord Petherton's flow of talk. "Well, only don't let him take it up. Let it be only between you and me," Mr. Mitchett pleaded; "keep him quiet—don't let him speak to me." He appeared to convey, with his pleasant extravagance, that Edward looked dangerous, and he went on with a solemnity of levity: "It must be *our* little quarrel."

There were different ways of meeting such a tone, but Mrs. Brookenham's choice was remarkably prompt. "I don't think I quite understand what dreadful joke you may be making, but I dare say if you *had* let Harold borrow, you would have another manner, and I was at any rate determined to have the question out with you."

"Let us always have everything out—that's quite my own idea. It's you," said Mr. Mitchett, "who are by no means always so frank with me as I recognize—oh, I do *that*!—what it must have cost you to be over this little question of Harold. There's one thing, Mrs. Brook, you do dodge."

"What do I ever dodge, dear Mitchy?" Mrs. Brook quite tenderly asked.

"Why, when I ask you about your other child, you're off like a frightened fawn. When have you ever, on my doing so, said 'My darling Mitchy, I'll ring for her to be asked to come down, and you can see her for yourself'—when have you ever said anything like that?"

"I see," Mrs. Brookenham mused; "you think I sacrifice her. You're very interesting among you all, and I've certainly a delightful circle. The Duchess has just been letting me have it most remarkably hot, and as she's presently coming back you'll be able to join forces with her."

Mitchy looked a little at a loss. "On the subject of your sacrifice—?"

"Of my innocent and helpless, yet somehow at the same time, as a consequence of my cynicism, dreadfully damaged and depraved daughter." She took in, for an instant, the slight bewilderment against which, as a result of her speech, even so expert an intelligence as Mr. Mitchett's had not been proof; then, with a small jerk of her head at the other side of the room, she made the quickest of transitions. "What *is* there between her and him?"

Mitchy wondered at the other two. "Between Edward and the girl?"

"Don't talk nonsense. Between Petherton and Jane."

Mitchy could only stare, and the wide noonday light of his regard was at such moments really the redemption of his ugliness. "What 'is' there? Is there anything?"

"It's too beautiful," Mrs. Brookenham appreciatively sighed, "your relation with him! You won't compromise him."

"It would be nicer of me," Mitchy laughed, "not to want to compromise *her*."

"Oh, Jane!" Mrs. Brookenham dropped. "*Does* he like her?" she continued. "You must know."

"Ah, it's just my knowing that constitutes the beauty of my loyalty—of my delicacy." He had his quick jumps too. "Am I never, never to see the child?"

This inquiry appeared only to confirm his companion in the contemplation of what was touching in him. "You're the most delicate thing I know, and it crops up, in the oddest way, in the intervals of your depravity. Your talk's half the time impossible; you respect neither age nor sex nor condition; one doesn't know what you'll say or do next; and one has to return your books—*c'est tout dire*—under cover of darkness. Yet there's in the midst of all this, and in the depths of you, a little deep-down delicious niceness, a sweet sensibility, that one has actually, one's self, shocked as one perpetually is at you, quite to hold one's breath and stay one's hand for fear of ruffling or bruising. There's no one with whom, in talking," she balmily continued, "I find myself half so often suddenly moved to pull up short. You've more little toes to tread on—though you pretend you haven't: I mean morally speaking, don't you know?—than even I have myself, and I've so many that I could wish most of them cut off. You never spare me a shock—no, you don't do that: it isn't the form your delicacy takes. But you'll know what I mean, all the same, I think, when I tell you that there are lots I spare *you*!"

Mr. Mitchett fairly glowed with the candor of his attention. "Know what you mean, dearest lady? How can a man handicapped to death, a man of my origin, my appearance, my general weaknesses, drawbacks, immense indebtedness, all round, for the start, as it were, that I feel my friends have been so good as to allow me: how can such a man not be conscious, every moment, that every one about him goes on tiptoe and winks at every one else? What *can* you all mention in my presence, poor things, that isn't personal?"

Mrs. Brookenham's face covered him for an instant as no painted Madonna's had ever covered the little charge at the breast beneath it. "And the finest thing of all in you is your beautiful, beautiful pride! You're prouder than all of us put together." She checked a motion that he had apparently meant as a protest—she went on with her muffled wisdom. "There isn't a man but *you* whom Petherton wouldn't have made vulgar. He isn't vulgar himself—at least not exceptionally; but he's just one of those people, a class one knows well, who are so fearfully, in this country, the cause of it in others. For all I know he's the cause of it in me—the cause of it even in poor Edward. For *I'm* vulgar, Mitchy dear—very often; and the marvel of you is that you never are."

"Thank you for everything. Thank you above all for 'marvel'!" Mitchy grinned.

"Oh, I know what I say!"—she didn't in the least blush. "I'll tell you something," she pursued with the same gravity, "if you'll promise to tell no one on earth. If you're proud, I'm not. There! It's most extraordinary, and I try to conceal it, even to myself; but there's no doubt whatever about it—I'm not proud *pour deux sous*. And some day, on some awful occasion, I shall show it. So—I notify you. Shall you love me still?"

"To the bitter end," Mitchy loyally responded. "For how *can*, how need, a woman be 'proud' who's so preternaturally clever? Pride's only for use when wit breaks down—it's the train the cyclist takes when his tire's deflated. When that happens to *your* tire, Mrs. Brook, you'll let me know. And you do make me wonder just now," he confessed, "why you're taking such particular precautions and throwing out such a cloud of skirmishers. If you want to shoot me dead, a single bullet will do." He faltered but an instant before completing his sense. "Where you really want to come out is at the fact that Nanda loathes me, and that I might as well give up asking for her."

"Are you quite serious?" his companion, after a moment asked. "Do you really and truly like her, Mitchy?"

"I like her as much as I dare to—as much as a man can like a girl when, from the very first of his seeing her and judging her, he has also seen, and seen with all the reasons, that there's no chance for him whatever. Of course, with all that, he has done his best not to let himself go. But there are moments," Mr. Mitchett ruefully added, "when it would relieve him awfully to feel free for a good spin."

"I think you exaggerate," his hostess replied, "the difficulties in your way. What do you mean by 'all the reasons'?"

"Why, one of them I've already mentioned. I make her flesh creep."

"My own Mitchy!" Mrs. Brookenham protestingly moaned.

"The other is that—very naturally—she's in love."

"With whom, under the sun?"

Mrs. Brookenham had, with her startled stare, met his eyes long enough to have taken something from him before he next spoke. "You really have never suspected? With whom conceivably but old Van?"

"Nanda's in love with old Van?"—the degree to which she had never suspected was scarce to be expressed. "Why, he's twice her age—he has seen her in a pinafore, with a dirty face, and well slapped for it: he has never thought of her in the world."

"How can a person of your acuteness, my dear woman," Mitchy asked, "mention such trifles as having the least to do with the case? How can you possibly have such a fellow about, so beastly good-looking, so infernally well turned out in the way of 'culture,' and so bringing them down on every side, and expect, in the bosom of your family, the absence of history of the reigns of the good kings? If *you* were a girl, wouldn't *you* turn purple? If I were a girl shouldn't I—unless, as is more likely, I turned green?"

Mrs. Brookenham was deeply affected. "Nanda does turn purple—?"

"The loveliest shade you ever saw. It's too absurd that you haven't noticed."

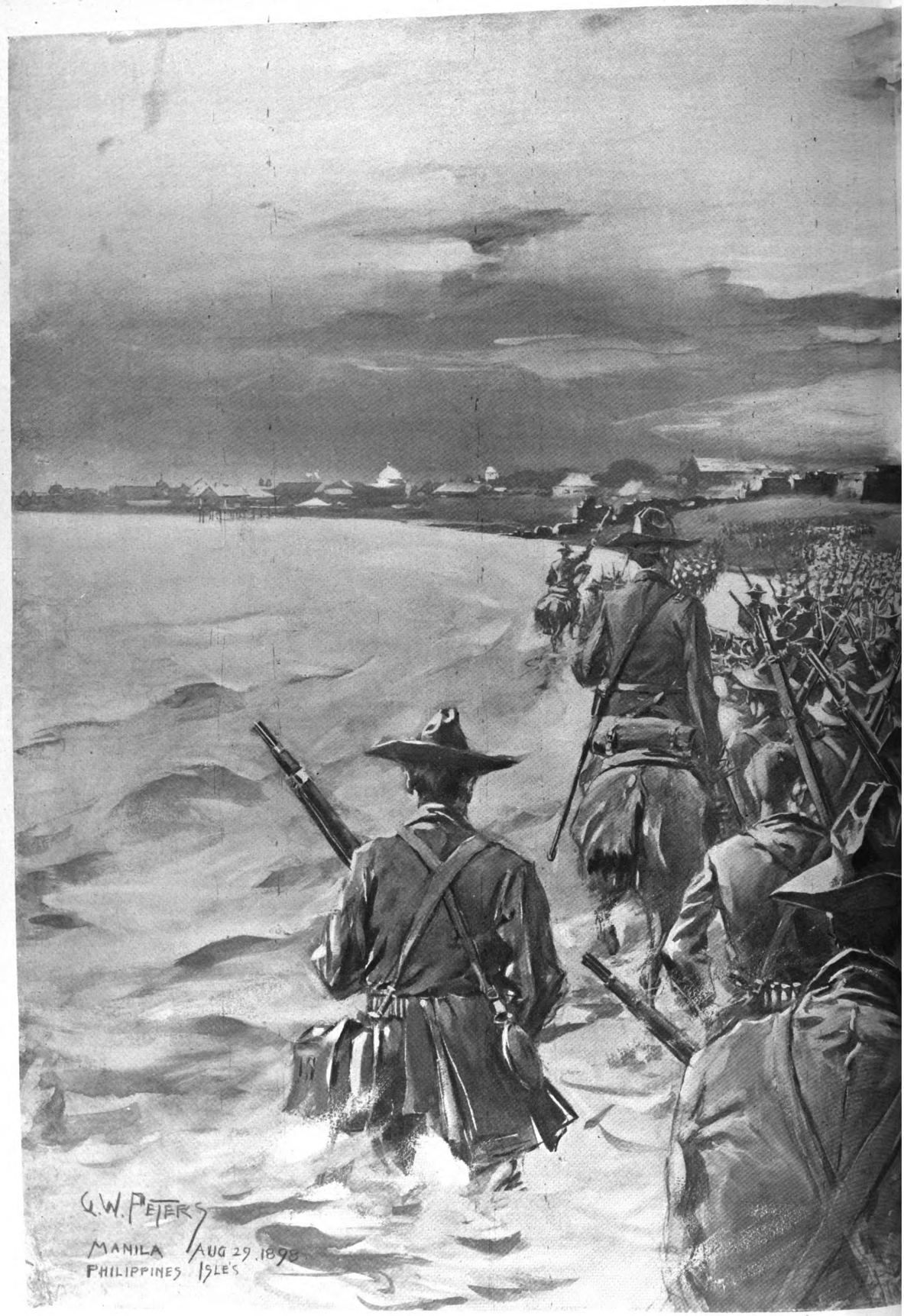
It was characteristic of Mrs. Brookenham's amiability that, with her sudden sense of the importance of this new light, she should be quite ready to abase herself. "There are so many things in one's life; one follows false scents; one doesn't make out everything at once. If you're right, you must help me. We must see more of her."

"But what good will that do me?" Mitchy inquired.

"Don't you care enough for her to want to help

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

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THE FALL OF MANILA—OUR TROOPS MARCHING

Drawn by G. W. Peters, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General

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Malate.

NG THE BEACH INTO THE CITY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

RITT'S FORCES.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE FALL OF MANILA" IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.]

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*her?*" Then before he could speak, "Poor little darling dear!" his hostess tenderly ejaculated. "What does she think or dream? Truly she's laying up treasure!"

"Oh, he likes her," said Mitchy. "He likes her in fact extremely."

"Do you mean he has told you so?"

"Oh no—we never mention it! But he likes her," Mr. Mitchett stubbornly repeated. "And he's thoroughly straight."

Mrs. Brookenham, for a moment, turned these things over; after which she came out in a manner that visibly surprised him. "It isn't as if you wished to be nasty about him, is it?—because I know you like him yourself. You're so wonderful to your friends"—oh, she could let him see that she knew!—"and in such different and exquisite ways. There are those, like *him*"—she signified her other visitor—"who get everything out of you and whom you really appear to like, or at least to put up with, just *for* that. Then there are those who ask nothing—and whom you like in spite of it."

Mitchy leaned back, at this, fist within fist, watching her with a certain disguised emotion. He grinned almost too much for mere amusement. "That's the class to which *you* belong."

"It's the best one," she returned, "and I'm careful to remain in it. You try to get us, by bribery, into the inferior place, because, proud as you are, it bores you a little that you like us so much. But we won't go—at least *I* won't. You may make Van," she wonderfully continued. "There's nothing you wouldn't do for him or give him." Mitchy admired her from his position, slowly shaking his head with it. "He's the man—with no fortune, and just as he is, to the smallest particular—whom you would have liked to be, whom you intensely envy, and yet to whom you're magnanimous enough to be ready for almost any sacrifice."

Mitchy's appreciation had fairly deepened to a flush. "Magnificent—magnificent Mrs. Brook! What *are* you, in thunder, up to?"

"Therefore, as I say," she imperturbably went on, "it's not to do him an ill turn that you maintain what you've just told me."

Mr. Mitchett, for a minute, gave no sign but his high color and his queer glare. "How could it do him an ill turn?"

"Oh, it *would* be a way, don't you see? to put before me the need of getting rid of him. For he may 'like' Nanda as much as you please: he'll never, never," Mrs. Brookenham resolutely quavered—"he'll never come to the scratch. And to feel that as *I* do," she explained, "can only be, don't you also see? to want to save her."

It would have appeared at last that poor Mitchy did see. "By taking it in time? By forbidding him the house?"

She seemed to stand with little nipping scissors in a garden of alternatives. "Or by shipping *her* off. Will you help me to save her?" she broke out again after a moment. "It isn't true," she continued, "that she has *any* version to you."

"Have you charged her with it?" Mitchy demanded with a courage that amounted to high gallantry.

It inspired, on the spot, his interlocutress; and her own, of as fine a quality now as her diplomacy, which was saying much, fell but little below. "Yes, my dear friend—frankly."

"Good. Then I know what she said."

"She absolutely denied it."

"Oh yes—they always do, because they pity me," Mitchy smiled. "She said what they always say—that the effect I produce is, though at first upsetting, one that, little by little, they find it possible to get used to. The world's full of people who are getting used to me," Mr. Mitchett concluded.

"It's what *I* shall never do, for you're quite too delicious!" Mrs. Brookenham declared. "If I haven't threshed you out really *more* with Nanda," she continued, "it has been from a scruple of a sort you people never do a woman the justice to impute. You're the object of views that have so much more to set them off."

Mr. Mitchett, on this, jumped up; he was clearly conscious of his nerves; he fidgeted away a few steps, then, with his hands in his pockets, fixed on his hostess a countenance more controlled. "What does the Duchess mean by your daughter's being—as I understood you to quote her just now—'damaged and depraved'?"

Mrs. Brookenham came up—she literally rose—smiling. "You fit the cap—you know how she would like you for little Aggie!"

"What does she mean, what does she mean?" Mitchy repeated.

The door, as he spoke, was thrown open; Mrs. Brookenham glanced round. "You've the chance to find out from herself!" The Duchess had come back and little Aggie was in her wake.

VIII.

Little Aggie, in this relation, was certainly a figure to warrant the highest hopes. As slight and white, as delicately lovely, as a gathered garden lily, her admirable training appeared to hold her out to them all as with precautionary finger-tips. She presumed, however, so little on any introduction that, shyly and submissively, waiting for the word of direction, she stopped short in the centre of the general friendliness till Mrs. Brookenham fairly became, to meet her, also a shy little girl—put out a timid hand with wonder-struck, innocent eyes that hesitated whether a kiss of greeting might be dared. "Why, you dear, good, strange 'ickle' thing, you haven't been here for ages, but it *is* a joy to see you, and I do hope you've brought your doll!"—such might have been the sense of our friend's fond murmur while, looking at her up and down with pure pleasure, she drew the rare creature to a sofa. Little Aggie presented, up and down, an arrangement of dress exactly in the key of her age, her complexion, her emphasized virginity. She might have been prepared for her visit by a cluster of doting nuns, cloistered daughters of ancient houses and educators of similar products, whose taste, hereditarily good, had grown, out of the world and most delightfully, so queer as to leave on everything they touched a particular shade of distinction. The Duchess had brought in with the child an air of added confidence for which, in a moment, an observer would have seen the grounds, the association of the pair being so markedly favorable to each. Its younger member carried out the style of her aunt's presence quite as one of the accessory figures effectively thrown into old portraits. The Duchess, on the other hand, seemed, with becoming blandness, to draw from her niece the dignity of a kind of office of state—hereditary governess of the children of the blood. Little Aggie had a smile as softly bright as a Southern dawn, and the friends of her relative looked at each other, according to a fashion frequent in Mrs. Brookenham's drawing-room, in free communication of their happy impression. Mr. Mitchett was, none the less, scantly diverted from his recognition of the occasion Mrs. Brookenham had just named to him.

"My dear Duchess," he promptly asked, "do you mind explaining to me an opinion that I have just heard of your—with marked originality—holding?"

The Duchess, with her head in the air, considered an instant her little ivory princess. "I'm always ready, Mr. Mitchett, to defend my opinions; but if it's a question of going much into things, perhaps we had better, if you don't mind, choose our time and our place."

"No 'time,' gracious lady, for, my impatience," Mr. Mitchett replied, "could be better than the present—but if you've reasons for wanting a better place, why shouldn't we go, on the spot, into another room?"

Lord Petherton, at this inquiry, broke into instant mirth. "Well, of all the coolness, Mitchy!—he does go at it, doesn't he, Mrs. Brook? What do you want to do in another room?" he demanded of his friend. "Upon my word, Duchess, under the nose of those—!"

The Duchess, on the first blush, lent herself to the humor of the case. "Well, Petherton, of 'those'—I defy him to finish his sentence!" she smiled to the others.

"Of those," said his lordship, "who flatter themselves that when you do happen to find them somewhere your first idea is not quite to jump at a pretext for getting off somewhere else. Especially," he continued to jest, "with a man of Mitchy's vile reputation."

"Oh!" Edward Brookenham exclaimed at this, but only as if with quiet relief.

"Mitchy's offer is perfectly safe, I may let him know," his wife remarked, "for I happen to be sure that nothing would really induce Jane to leave Aggie five minutes among us here without remaining herself to see that we don't become improper."

"Well then, if we're already pretty far on the way to it," Lord Petherton resumed, "what on earth *might* we arrive at in the absence of your control? I warn you, Duchess," he joyously pursued, "that if you go out of the room with Mitchy, I shall rapidly become quite awful."

The Duchess, during this brief passage, never took her eyes from her niece, who rewarded her attention with the sweetness of consenting dependence. The child's foreign origin was so delicately but unmistakably written in all her exquisite lines that her look might have expressed the modest detachment of a person to whom the language of her companions was unknown. The Duchess then glanced round the circle. "You're very odd people, all of you, and I don't think you quite know how ridiculous you are. Aggie and I are simple stranger-folk; there's a great deal we don't understand; yet we're none the less not easily frightened. In what is it, Mr. Mitchett," she asked, "that I've wounded your susceptibilities?"

Mr. Mitchett hesitated; he had apparently found time to reflect on his precipitation. "I see what Petherton's up to, and I won't, by drawing you aside just now, expose your niece to anything that might immediately oblige Mrs. Brook to catch her up and flee with her. But the first time I find you more isolated—well," he laughed, though not with the clearest ring, "all I can say is, mind your eyes, dear Duchess!"

"It's about your thinking, Jane," Mrs. Brookenham placidly explained, "that Nanda suffers—in her morals, don't you know?—by my neglect. I wouldn't say anything about you that I can't bravely say *to* you: therefore, since he has plumped out with it, I do confess that I've appealed to him on what, as so good an old friend, *he* thinks of your contention."

"What in the world *is* Jane's contention?" Edward Brookenham put the question as if they were "stuck" at cards.

"You really, all of you," the Duchess replied with excellent coolness, "choose extraordinary conditions for the discussion of delicate matters. There are decidedly too many things on which we don't feel alike. You're all inconceivable just now. *Je ne peux pourtant pas la mettre à la porte, cette chérie*"—whom she covered again with the gay sollicitude that seemed to have in it a vibration of private entreaty: "Don't understand, my own darling—don't understand!"

Little Aggie looked around with an impartial politeness that, as an expression of the general blind sense of her being, in every particular, in hands at full liberty either to spot or to spare her, was touching enough to bring tears to all eyes. It perhaps had to do with the sudden emotion with which—using now quite a different manner—Mrs. Brookenham again embraced her, and even with this lady's equally abrupt and altogether wonderful address to her: "Between you and me straight, my dear, and as from friend to friend, I know that you'll never doubt that everything must be all right!—what I spoke of to poor Mitchy," she went on to the Duchess, "is the dreadful view you take of my letting Nanda go to Tishy—and indeed of the general question of any acquaintance between young unmarried and young married females. Mr. Mitchett is sufficiently interested in us, Jane, to make it natural of me to take him into our confidence in one of our difficulties. On the other hand we feel your solicitude, and I needn't tell you, at this time of day, what weight, in every respect, we attach to your judgment. Therefore it *will* be a difficulty for us, *cara mia*, don't you see? if we decide suddenly, under the spell of your influence, that our daughter must break off a friendship—it *will* be a difficulty for us to put the thing to Nanda herself in such a way as that she shall have some sort of notion of what suddenly possesses us. Then there'll be the much stiffer job of putting it to poor Tishy. Yet if her house *is* an impossible place, what else is one to do? Carrie Donner's to be there, and Carrie Donner's a nature apart; but how can we ask even a little lamb like Tishy to give up her own sister?"

The question had been launched with an argumentative sharpness that made it for a moment keep possession of the air, and during this moment, before a single member of the circle could rally, Mrs. Brookenham's effect was superseded by that of the reappearance of the butler. "I say, my dear, don't shriek!"—Edward Brookenham had only time to sound this warning before a lady, presenting herself in the open doorway, followed close on the announcement of her name. "Mrs. Beach Donner!" —the impression was naturally marked. Every one betrayed it a little but Mrs. Brookenham, who, more than the others, appeared to have the help of seeing that, by a merciful stroke, her visitor has just failed to hear. This visitor, a young woman of striking, of startling appearance, who, in the manner of certain shiny house doors and railings, instantly created a presumption of the label somewhere "Fresh paint," found herself, with an embarrassment oddly opposed to the positive pitch of her complexion, in the presence of a group in which it was yet immediately evident that every one was a friend. Every one, to show no one had been caught, said something extremely easy; so that it was after a moment only poor Mrs. Donner who, seated close to her hostess, seemed to be in any degree in the wrong. This, moreover, was essentially her fault, so extreme was the anomaly of her having, without the means to back it up, committed herself to a "scheme of color" that was practically an advertisement of courage. Irregularly pretty and painfully shy, she was retouched, from brow to chin, like a suburban photograph—the moral of which was simply that she should either have left more to nature or taken more from art. The Duchess had quickly reached her kinsman with a smothered hiss, an "Edward dear, for God's sake take Aggie!" and at the end of a few minutes had formed for herself in one of Mrs. Brookenham's admirable "corners" a society consisting of Lord Petherton and Mr. Mitchett, the latter of whom regarded Mrs. Donner, across the room, with articulate wonder and compassion.

"It's all right, it's all right—she's frightened only at herself!"

The Duchess watched her as from a box at the play, comfortably shut in, as in the old operatic days at Naples, with a pair of entertainers. "You're the most interesting nation in the world. One never gets to the end of your hatred of the *nuance*. The sense of the suitable, the harmony of parts—what on earth were you doomed to do that, to be punished sufficiently in advance, you had to be deprived of it in your very cradles? Look at her little black dress—rather good, but not so good as it ought to be, and, mixed up with all the rest, see her type, her beauty, her timidity, her wickedness, her notoriety, and her *impudeur*. It's only in this country that a woman is both so shocking and so shaky." The Duchess's displeasure overflowed. "If she doesn't know how to be good—"

"Let her at least know how to be bad? Ah," Mitchy replied, "your irritation testifies more than anything else could do to our peculiar genius, or our peculiar want of it. Our vice is intolerably clumsy—if it can possibly be a question of vice in regard to that charming child, who looks like one of the new-fashioned bill-posters only, in the way of 'morbid modernity,' as Mrs. Brook would say, more extravagant and funny than any that have yet been risked. I remember," he continued, "Mrs. Brook's having spoken of her to me lately as 'wild.' Wild?—why, she's simply tameness run to seed. Such an expression shows the state of training that Mrs. Brook has reduced the rest of us to."

"It doesn't prevent, at any rate, Mrs. Brook's training, some of the rest of you being horrible," the Duchess declared. "What did you mean just now, really, by asking me to explain before Aggie this so serious matter of Nanda's exposure?" Then instantly, taking herself up before Mr. Mitchett could answer: "What on earth do you suppose Edward's saying to my darling?"

Brookenham had placed himself, side by side with the child, on a distant little settee, but it was impossible to make out from the countenance of either whether a sound had passed between them. Aggie's little manner was too developed to show, and her host's not developed enough. "Oh, he's awfully careful," Lord Petherton reassuringly observed. "If you or I or Mitchy say anything bad, it's sure to be before we know it and without particularly meaning it. But old Edward means it—!"

"So much that, as a general thing, he doesn't dare to say it?" the Duchess asked. "That's a pretty picture of him, inasmuch as, for the most part, he never speaks. What, therefore, must he mean?"

"He's an abyss—he's magnificent!" Mr. Mitchett laughed; "I don't know a man of an understanding more profound, and he's equally incapable of uttering and of wincing. If, by the same token, I'm 'horrible,' as you call me," he pursued, "it's only because, in every way, I'm so beastly superficial. All the same, I do sometimes go into things, and I insist upon knowing," he again broke out, "what it exactly was you had in mind in saying to Mrs. Brook, about Nanda, what she repeated to me."

"You 'insist,' you silly man?"—the Duchess had veered a little to indulgence. "Pray, on what ground of right, in such a connection, do you do anything of the sort?"

Poor Mitchy showed but for a moment that he felt pulled up. "Do you mean that when a girl liked by a fellow likes him so little in return—?"

"I don't mean anything," said the Duchess, "that may provoke you to suppose me vulgar and odious enough to try to put you out of conceit of a most interesting and unfortunate creature; and I don't quite, as yet, see—though I dare say I shall soon make it out!—what our friend has in her head in tattling to you on these matters as soon as my back is turned. Petherton will tell you—I wonder he hasn't told you before—why Mrs. Grendon, though not perhaps herself quite the rose, is decidedly, in these days, too near it."

"Oh, Petherton never tells me anything!" Mitchy's answer was brisk and impatient, but evidently quite as sincere as if the person alluded to had not been there.

The person alluded to, meanwhile, fidgeting frankly in his chair, alternately stretching his legs and resting his elbows on his knees, had reckoned as small the profit he might derive from this colloquy. His bored state indeed —if he was bored—prompted in him the honest impulse to clear, as he would have perhaps considered it, the atmosphere. He indicated Mrs. Donner with a remarkable absence of precautions. "Why, what the Duchess alludes to is my poor sister Fanny's stupid grievance—surely you know about that." He made oddly vivid for a moment the nature of his relative's allegation, his somewhat eyeical treatment of which became peculiarly derisive in the light of the attitude and expression, at that minute, of the figure incriminated. "My brother-in-law's too thick with her. But Cashmore's such a fine old ass. It's excessively

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unpleasant," he added, "for affairs are just in that position in which, from one day to another, there may be something that people will get hold of. Fancy a man," he robustly reflected while the three took in more completely the subject of Mrs. Brookenham's attention—"fancy a man muddled up in such a quarter as that! The beauty of it is that the two women seem never to have broken off. Blest if they don't still keep seeing each other!"

The Duchess, as on everything else, passed succinctly on this. "Ah, how can hatreds comfortably flourish without the nourishment of such regular 'seeing' as what you call here bosom friendship alone supplies? What are parties given for in London but that enemies may meet? I grant you it's inconceivable that the husband of a superb creature like your sister should find his requirements better met by an object *comme cette petite*, who looks like a pen-wiper—an actress's idea of one—made up for a theatrical bazar. At the same time, if you'll allow me to say so, it scarcely strikes one that your sister's prudence is such as to have placed all the cards in her hands. She's the most beautiful woman in England, but her *esprit de conduite* isn't quite on a level. One can't have everything!" she philosophically sighed.

Lord Petherton met her comfortably enough on this assumption of his detachments. "If you mean by that her being the biggest fool alive, I'm quite ready to agree with you. It's exactly what makes me afraid. Yet how can I decently say in particular," he asked, "of what?"

The Duchess still perched on her critical height. "Of what but one of your amazing English periodical public washings of dirty linen? There's not the least necessity to 'say'!" she laughed. "If there's anything more remarkable than these purifications, it's the domestic comfort with which, when it has come and gone, you sport the articles purified."

"It comes back, in all that sphere," Mr. Mitchett instructively suggested, "to our national, our fatal want of style. We can never, dear Duchess, take too many lessons, and there's probably at the present time no more useful function performed among us than that dissemination of neater methods to which you are so good as to contribute."

He had had another idea, but before he reached it his companion had gayly broken in. "Awfully good one for you, Duchess—and I'm bound to say that, for a clever woman, you exposed yourself! I've at any rate a sense of comfort," Lord Petherton pursued, "in the good relations now more and more established between poor Fanny and Mrs. Brook. Mrs. Brook's awfully kind to her and awfully sharp, and Fanny will take things from her that she won't take from me. I keep saying to Mrs. Brook—don't you know?—'Do keep hold of her, and let her have it strong.' She hasn't, upon my honor, any one in the world but me."

"And we know the extent of *that* resource," the Duchess archly exclaimed.

"That's exactly what Fanny says—that *she* knows it," Petherton good-humoredly assented. "She says my beastly hypocrisy makes her sick. There are people," he pleasantly rambled on, "who are awfully free with their advice, but it's mostly fearful rot. Mrs. Brook's isn't, upon my word—I've tried some myself!"

"You talk as if it were something nasty and home-made—gooseberry wine!" the Duchess laughed; "but one can't know Fernanda, of course, without knowing that she has set up, for the convenience of her friends, a little office for consultations. She listens to the case, she strokes her chin and prescribes—"

"And the beauty of it is," cried Lord Petherton, "that she makes no charge whatever!"

"She doesn't take a guinea at the time, but you may still get your account," the Duchess returned. "Of course we know that the great business she does is in husbands and wives."

"This then seems the day of the wives!" Mr. Mitchett interposed as he became aware, the first, of the illustration that the Duchess's image was in the act of receiving. "Lady Fanny Cashmore!"—the butler was already in the field, and the company, with the exception of Mrs. Donner, who remained seated, was apparently conscious of a vibration that brought it afresh, but still more nimbly than on Aggie's advent, to its feet.

IX.

"Go to her straight—be nice to her: you must have plenty to say. You stay with me—we have our affair." The latter of these commands the Duchess addressed to Mr. Mitchett while their companion, in obedience to the former and affected, as it seemed, by an unrepressed familiar accent that stirred a fresh flicker of Mitchy's grin, met the new arrival in the middle of the room before Mrs. Brookenham had had time to reach her. The Duchess, quickly reseated, watched an instant the inexpressive concussion of the tall brother and sister; then while Mitchy again subsided in his place, "You're not, as a rule, clever, you're not delicate, you're not sane, but you're capable of extraordinary good looks," she resumed. "*Vous avez parfois la grande beauté.*"

Mitchy was much amused. "Do you really think Petherton has?"

The Duchess withstood it. "They've got, both outside and in, the same great general things, only turned, in each, rather different ways, a way safer for him, as a man, and more triumphant for her as—whatever you choose to call her! What *can* a woman do," she richly mused, "with such beauty as that—"

"Except come desperately to advise with Mrs. Brook"—Mitchy undertook to complete her question—"as to the highest use to make of it? But see," he immediately added, "how perfectly competent to instruct her our friend now looks." Their hostess had advanced to Lady Fanny with an outstretched hand, but with an eagerness of greeting merged a little in the sweet predominance of wonder as well as in the habit, at such moments most perceptible, of the languid lily-bend. Nothing, in general, could have been less poorly conventional than the kind of reception given in Mrs. Brookenham's drawing-room to the particular element—the element of physical splendor void of those disparities that make the questions of others tiresome—comprised in Lady Fanny's presence. It was a place in which, at all times, before interesting objects, the unanimous occupants, almost more concerned for each other's impressions than for anything else, were apt rather more to exchange sharp and silent searchings than to fix their eyes on the object itself. In the case of Lady Fanny, however, the object itself—and quite by the same law that had worked, though less profoundly, on the entrance of little Aggie—superseded the usual rapt communion very much in the manner of some beautiful tame tigress who might really coerce attention. There was in Mrs. Brookenham's way of looking up at her a dim, despairing abandonment of the idea of any common personal ground. Lady Fanny, magnificent, simple, stupid, had almost the stature of her brother, a forehead unsurpassably low and an air of sombre concentration just sufficiently corrected by something in her movements that failed to give it a point. Her blue eyes were heavy in spite of being perhaps a couple of shades too clear, and the wealth of her black hair, the disposition of the massive coils of which was all her own, had possibly a satin sheen depreciated by the current fashion. But the great thing in her was that she was, with unconscious heroism, thoroughly herself; and what were Mrs. Brook and Mrs. Brook's intimates, after all, in their free surrender to the play of perception, but a happy association for keeping her so? The Duchess was moved to the liveliest admiration by the grand, simple sweetness of her encounter with Mrs. Donner, a combination indeed in which it was a question if she or Mrs. Brook appeared to the higher advantage. It was poor Mrs. Donner—not, like Mrs. Brook, subtle in sufficiency, nor, like Lady Fanny, almost too simple—who made the poorest show. The Duchess immediately marked it to Mitchy as infinitely characteristic that their hostess, instead of letting one of her visitors go, kept them together by some sweet ingenuity and, while Lord Petherton, dropping his sister, joined Edward and Aggie in the other angle, sat there between them as if, in pursuance of some awfully clever line of her own, she were holding a hand of each. Mr. Mitchett, of course, did justice all round, or at least, as would have seemed from an inquiry he presently made, wished not to fail of it. "Is it your real impression then that Lady Fanny has serious grounds—?"

"For jealousy of that preposterous little person? My dear Mitchett," the Duchess resumed after a moment's reflection, "if you're so rash as to ask me in any of these connections for my 'real' impression, you deserve whatever you may get." The penalty Mitchy had incurred was apparently grave enough to make his companion just falter in the infliction of it; which gave him the opportunity of replying that the little person was perhaps not more preposterous than any one else, that there was something in her he rather liked, and that there were so many different ways in which a woman could be interesting. This further levity it was, therefore, that laid him fully open. "Do you mean to say you've been living with Petherton for so long without becoming aware that he's shockingly worried?"

"My dear Duchess," Mitchy smiled. "Petherton carries his worries with a bravery! They're so many that I've long since ceased to count them; and, in general, I've been disposed to let those pass that I can't help him to meet. *You're* made, I judge," he went on, "a better use of opportunities perhaps not so good—such as, at any rate, enables you to see further than I into the meaning of the impatience he just now expressed."

The Duchess was admirable, in conversation, for neglecting everything not essential to her present plausibility. "A woman like Lady Fanny can have no 'grounds' for anything—for any indignation, I mean, or for any revenge worth twopence. In this particular case, at all events, they've been sacrificed with such extravagance that, as an injured wife, she hasn't had the gumption to keep back an inch or two to stand on. She can do absolutely nothing."

"Then you take the view—?" Mitchy, who had, after all, his delicacies, pulled up as at sight of a name.

"I take the view," said the Duchess, "and I know exactly why. *Elle se les passe*—her little fancies! She's a phenomenon, poor dear. And all with—what shall I call it?—the absence of haunting remorse of a good house-mother who makes the family accounts balance. She looks—and it's what they love her for here when they say 'Watch her now!'—like an angry saint; but she's neither a saint, nor, to be perfectly fair to her, really angry at all. She has only just enough reflection to make out that it may some day be a little better for her that her husband shall, on his side too, have committed himself; and she's only, in secret, too pleased to be sure whom it has been with. All the same I must tell you," the Duchess still more crisply added, "that our little friend Nanda is of the opinion—which I gather her to be quite ready to defend—that Lady Fanny is wrong."

Poor Mitchy found himself staring. "But what has our little friend Nanda to do with it?"

"What indeed, bless her heart? If you *will* ask questions, however, you must take, as I say, your risks. There are days when, between you all, you stupefy me. One of them was when I happened, about a month ago, to make some allusion to the charming example of Mr. Cashmore's fine taste that we have there before us: what was my surprise at the tone taken by Mrs. Brook to deny, on this little lady's behalf, the soft impeachment? It was quite a mistake that anything had happened—Mrs. Donner had pulled through unscathed. She had been but a day or two, at the most, in danger, for her family and friends—the best influences—had rallied to her support: the flurry was all over. She was now perfectly safe. Do you think she looks so?" the Duchess asked.

This was not a point that Mitchy was conscious of freedom of mind to examine. "Do I understand you that Nanda was her mother's authority—?"

"For the exact shade of the intimacy of the two friends and the state of Mrs. Brook's information? Precisely—it was 'the latest before going to press.' 'Our own correspondent!' Her mother quoted her."

Mr. Mitchett visibly wondered. "But how should Nanda know?"

"Anything about the matter? How should she *not* know everything? You've not, I suppose, lost sight of the fact that this lady and Mrs. Grendon are sisters. Carrie's situation and Carrie's perils are naturally very present to the extremely unoccupied Tishy, who is unhappily married into the bargain, who has no children, and whose house, as you may imagine, has a good thick air of partisanship. So, as with Nanda, on *her* side, there is no more absorbing interest than her dear friend Tishy, with whom she's at present staying and under whose roof she perpetually meets this victim of unjust aspersions—"

"I see the whole thing from here, you imply?" Mr. Mitchett, under the influence of this rapid evocation, had already taken his line. "Well," he said bravely, "Nanda's not a fool."

A momentary silence on the part of the Duchess might have been her tribute to his courage. "No. I don't agree with her, as it happens, here; but that there are matters as to which she's not in general at all befogged is exactly the worst I ever said of her. And I hold that in putting it so—on the basis of my little anecdote—you clearly give out that you're answered."

Mitchy turned it over. "Answered?"

"In the quarrel that, a while back, you sought to pick with me. What I touched on, to her mother, was the peculiar range of aspects and interests she's compelled to cultivate by the special intimacies that Mrs. Brook permits her. There they are—and that's all I said. Judge them for yourself."

The Duchess had risen as she spoke, which was also what Mrs. Donner and Mrs. Brookenham had done; and Mr. Mitchett was on his feet as well, to act on this last admonition. Mrs. Donner was taking leave, and there occurred among the three ladies, in connection with the circumstance, a somewhat striking exchange of endearments. Mr. Mitchett, observing this, expressed himself suddenly as diverted. "By Jove, they're kissing—she's in Lady Fanny's arms!" But his hilarity was still to deepen. "And Lady Fanny, by Jove, is in Mrs. Brook's!"

"Oh, it's all beyond *me*!" the Duchess cried; and the little wail of her baffled imagination had almost the austerity of a complaint.

"Not a bit—they're all right. Mrs. Brook has acted!" Mitchy went on.

"Oh, it isn't that she doesn't 'act'!" his interlocutress ejaculated.

Mrs. Donner's face presented, as she now crossed the room, something that resembled the ravage of a death-struggle between its artificial and its natural elegance. "Well," Mitchy said with decision as he caught it—"I back Nanda." And while a whiff of derision reached him from the Duchess, "Nothing *has* happened!" he murmured.

As if to reward him for an indulgence that she must much more have divined than overheard, the visitor approached him with her bravery of awkwardness. "I go on Friday to my sister's, where I shall find Nanda Brookenham. Can I take her any message from you?"

Mr. Mitchett showed a tint that might positively have been reflected. "Why should you dream of her expecting one?"

"Oh," said the Duchess, with a gayety that but half carried off her asperity, "Mrs. Brook must have told Mrs. Donner to ask you!"

The latter lady, at this, rested strange eyes on the speaker, and they had perhaps something to do with a quick flare of Mitchy's wit. "Tell her, please—if, as I suppose you came here to ask the same of her mother—that I adore her still more for keeping in such happy relations with you as enable me thus to meet you."

Mrs. Donner, overwhelmed, took flight with a nervous laugh, leaving Mr. Mitchett and the Duchess still confronted. Nothing had passed between the two ladies, yet it was as if there were a trace of something in the eyes of the elder, which, during a moment's silence, moved from the retreating visitor, now formally taken over at the door by Edward Brookenham, to Lady Fanny and her hostess, who, in spite of the embraces just performed, had again subsided together while Mrs. Brook gazed up in exalted intelligence. "It's a funny house," said the Duchess at last. "She makes me such a scene over my not bringing Aggie, and still more over my very faint hint of my reasons for it, that I fly off, in compunction, to do what I can, on the spot, to repair my excess of prudence. I reappear, panting, with my niece—and it's to *this* company I introduce her!"

Her companion looked at the charming child, to whom Lord Petherton was talking with evident kindness and gayety—a conjunction that evidently excited Mitchy's interest. "May *we* then know her?" he asked with an effect of drollery. "May I—if *he* may?"

The Duchess's eyes, turned to him, had taken another light. He even gaped a little at their expression, which was, in a manner, carried out by her tone. "Go and talk to her, you perverse creature, and send him over to me." Lord Petherton, a minute later, had joined her; Brookenham had left the room with Mrs. Donner; his wife and Lady Fanny were still more closely engaged; and the young Agnesina, though visibly a little scared at Mitchy's queer countenance, had begun, after the fashion he had touched on to Mrs. Brook, politely to invoke the aid of the idea of habit. "Look here—you must help me," the Duchess said to Petherton. "You can, perfectly—and it's the first thing I've yet asked of you."

"Oh, oh, oh!" her interlocutor laughed.

"I must have Mitchy," she went on without noticing his particular shade of humor.

"Mitchy too?"—he appeared to wish to leave her in no doubt of it.

"How low you are!" she simply said. "There are times when I despair of you. He's in every way your superior, and I like him so that—well, he must like *her*. Make him feel that he does."

Lord Petherton turned it over as something put to him practically. "I could wish for him that he would. I see in her possibilities!" he continued to laugh.

"I dare say you do. *I* see them in Mitchett, and I trust you'll understand me when I say that I appeal to you."

"Appeal to *him* straight. That's much better," Petherton lucidly observed.

The Duchess wore for a moment her proudest air, which made her, in the connection, exceptionally gentle. "He doesn't like me."

Her interlocutor looked at her with all his bright brutality. "Oh, my dear, I can speak for you—if *that's* what you want!"

The Duchess met his eyes, and so, for an instant, they sounded each other. "You're so abysmally coarse that I often wonder—" But, as the door reopened, she caught herself. It was the effect of a face apparently directed at her. "Be quiet. Here's Edward."

[To be continued.]

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THE FALL OF MANILA—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SAN ANTONIO ABAD, AUGUST 13, 1898.

As seen from a Newspaper Despatch-Boat by G. W. Peters, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Merritt's Forces.—[See Article "The Fall of Manila" in last Week's Number.]

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# MUSIC



LINDA MONTANARI,
Prima Donna of the Royal Italian Grand Opera Company.

## OCTOBER NOTES.

THERE are as yet no musical first nights of any novel quality in this city—nor many even serious in a routine way. Few such will occur before the first week in November. Then the opening Philharmonic concerts, the re-established concerts of the Astoria's second series, at least, will take place. Mr. Carl Loewenstein, by-the-bye, after diligent searching for a better name than "permanent" for his newly organized band, has selected and announced another. His orchestra will be called "The New York Orchestra," and as such it is now incorporated. This title leaves something to be desired, but it is an improvement. Good local names for symphonic bands are hard to find, and I congratulate Mr. Loewenstein on his good sense and pains. Always misapplied, the name "permanent" is one that just now all music critics feel like repudiating. The return of Mr. Rosenthal and of Miss Adele aus der Ohe will furnish the nearest pianistic incidents of consequence. Mr. Emil Sauer is not to reach New York before January. At Chickering Hall another group of light afternoon musicals has been begun. A set of symphonic concerts detached from the Astoria group is to be undertaken under the Loewenstein auspices in Carnegie Hall, led by Mr. Paur, and to begin next Saturday night.

The First Autumn Musical Affairs.

We are not, however, operaless. The Castle Square Company last week showed that its management have the courage of their convictions, by taking up nothing less than "Aïda." Miss Yvonne de Treville, Miss MacNichol, and Messrs. Sheehan and Stewart fill the larger rôles, alternating with Miss Stewart, Miss Grace Romaine, Mr. William Lavin, and Mr. Chase. The performance stands for, by far, the most successful venture into a serious opera, imperative in its demands on a company that the Castle Square people have made. It ranks as one of the best representations in English of a work, safely to be called classic, yet on record with us. There were shortcomings; but the serious spirit and the effectiveness of all the chief artists mentioned deserve most generous praise. At the Casino, the Royal Grand Italian Opera Company, reorganized and strengthened since their local début last May, have been repeating Puccini's latest score, in four acts, "La Bohème," and a familiar selection of Italian works. To the principals in this independent little troupe—whose efforts last spring were kindly given all the credit that such direful unevenness in its performances could expect—a better orchestra and chorus and wardrobe, likewise a new conductor, Moreale of Turin, and several capable repertory singers, have been added. Mesdames Linda Montanari, Rosalia Chalia, Rita Elandi, Cleopatra Vicini, E. Danti, and Messrs. Agostini, Collenz, Scolari, Cantori, and Fumagalli are firm dependencies. A curious tangle over the organization's right to produce the Puccini score named suddenly arose a fortnight ago, but was finally adjusted by some arrangement of an amicable sort. Why there should be any bona-fide question of the rights here in works apparently long ago arranged for, and performed for months, I fail to see.

The Castle Square Company.
The Royal Italian Company.



YVONNE DE TREVILLE,
Soprano Castle Square Opera Company.



EFFIE STEWART,
Of the Castle Square Opera Company, as *Aïda*.

"La Bohème" grows with each hearing, so far. Its present exposition is so improved that one can study the opera with some closeness. It has been received again with unfeigned interest. It is, perhaps, the extremest flowering of the new Italian operatic tree. Spontini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini would have conspued it, in their angry inability to endure it, perhaps even to understand it. The cuts and the patterns of Italian opera as they made it are thrown to the winds. Certain climaxes give an approach to detached episodes like arias, duets, concerted pieces in general. But for the most part everything is subordinate compared with treating a play like a play, whether it happens to be for music or not—to setting quickly spoken dialogue into a rapid, melodious stream, almost equally fluent and distributed. Recitative hardly obtains at all—that is to say, on the lines on which the old school established it—save when burlesque is meant. Rhythms are broken into all sorts of facets. The aim is to be natural—in an absurd vehicle. Verdi's exquisite "Falstaff" typifies the manner. Around all flows a ceaseless stream of instrumentation of the most dexterous, modern, delicate, subtle,

Puccini's "La Bohème."



THE FOUR DRUMMER-BOYS IN "THE LITTLE CORPORAL," AS PERFORMED BY FRANCIS WILSON'S COMPANY AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

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FRANZ SCHALK.

probably is past the experimental stage. The dates are the successive Fridays and Saturdays, November 4–5, November 25-26, December 16–17, January 13–14, February 3–4, February 24–25, March 17–18, April 7–8. The soloists thus far arranged are Miss Adele aus der Ohe, Madame Gadski, Madame Schumann-Heink, Mr. Willy Burmeester, Mr. Emil Sauer, and Madame Carreño—three pianists, two vocalists, and one violinist, each of the first rank. The repertory does not as yet announce any more specific novelty than Richard Strauss's new fantasia, "Don Quixote," a three-part score, which, in view of its subject, is all the more singularly sub-titled, "Introduction; Theme with Variations; Finale."

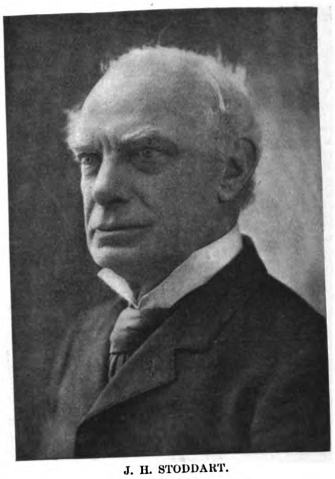
The Philharmonic Society.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.



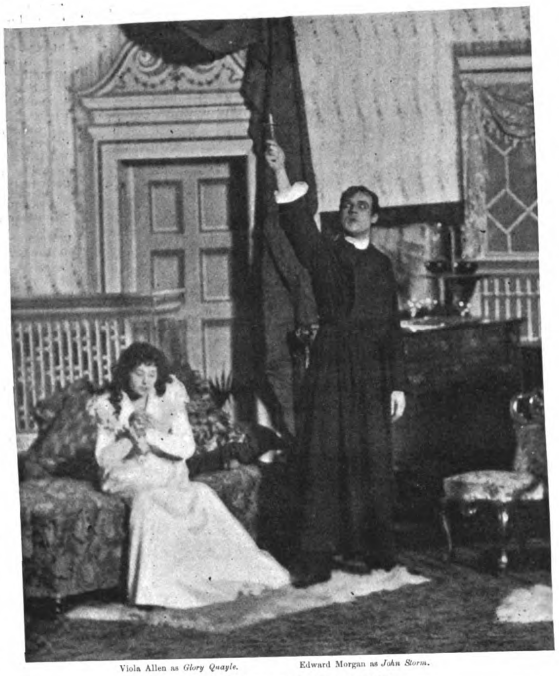

IF any cheerful grumbler at our modern stage wants to justify the lack of faith there is in him, he has only to go to see Mr. J. H. Stoddart at Keith's Union Square Theatre and Mr. Joseph Jefferson at the Fifth Avenue. Mr. Stoddart, it will be remembered, was well known, not so many years ago, as a member of the Union Square company, and in the quality of his acting belongs to an elder generation. For some years he has been living comfortably in retirement, but has fortunately been prevailed upon to give the famous telegraph scene from "The Long Strike" as the feature in Keith's continuous performance. He is to be seen at a quarter of three and at nine. The part he plays, *Moneypenny*, is

Two Youthful Actors.



J. H. STODDART.

one learns to love *Acres*, and to mourn his disappointments even while one is laughing at them. That, too, is a triumph belonging to an elder generation! It was a generation richer in sympathy than ours, and younger in everything. Or may we hope, as time goes by, to divine the secret of eternal youth?



Viola Allen as *Glory Quayle*. Edward Morgan as *John Storm*.

"SAY YOUR PRAYERS, GLORY!"

Scene from Act III. of "The Christian" as performed at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

and masterly embroidery. A chorus is used only briefly, and as if for decoration. Puccini's work is not always eloquent; he has few robust themes to work up. But he makes much of them. The last act is the strongest, and it is deeply pathetic. The composer's gayety is never genuine. But, then, is there not fine art in this? Murger's famous novel is not truly gay. The libretto of "La Bohème," by-the-bye, is also of the newest Italian model; excessively literary—foolishly so; adapting Murger's text with indefatigable piety. As to the way in which the work is sung by this Royal —et cætera—troupe, kindly words again are due the singers. All are sincere, earnest, interesting in the Italian way; and they have good voices and good looks, even if they often sing badly. What their work lacks in refinement is compensated by vitality.

A long letter comes to me from a writer unknown, except so far as his signature stands, I fear, for a rather captious identity. He states that he has "been carefully seeing every comic opera, such and so called (*sic*), now to be heard on the stage in New York," and that he "cannot find a single thing in any one of them pleasant to hear or look at." Naturally, he rebukes me for having discovered not a little good music, mirth, and pleasing stage-pictures in one or another, as lately set forth in this journal. We must all lament the atrabilious temperament. Our enemies say that it is quite American. If "The Fortune-Teller," "The Charlatan," "The Little Corporal," or "Patience" has not cheered my correspondent, I fear that it is because he is a convinced dyspeptic, with the melancholy of Jaques himself. Or else he is one who, indeed, has been "seeing carefully," all too carefully, his comic operas. The trouble is not that the scores or libretti aforesaid are so much at fault. As for their stage-pictures, another page makes a passing reference to a small one that may be construed as a touch of argument.

A Matter of Taste.

In the general kaleidoscope of conductors now to be viewed, special interest naturally hangs about the coming here of Mr. Franz Schalk to lead the German-sung performances at the Metropolitan during Mr. Grau's complex season. Mr. Schalk's responsibilities will be heaviest when our Wagner in German is to be dealt out to us. But he is as yet very much an unknown quantity even to the many Americans who go far and abroad, hearing opera and concert and picking up handy impressions of leaders. He was born in Vienna in 1863. After his musical pupilage, under several good teachers, he came to stand toward Anton Bruckner, the great Viennese symphonist, in much the same relation as did Seidl to Wagner—as secretary, confidant, and scholar withal. He gradually became a stationed conductor—first in that pleasant and very musical Austrian city Graz, and then at Prague and in Berlin, in posts of active concert and operatic care. His last German relationship was with Berlin. Mr. Schalk is, by-the-bye, a "Bungert leader"; so if Mr. Grau wishes to take up the vast spectacularity of the "Odysseus" operas, here is precisely his gentleman for it. Mr. Schalk is of good repute as a concert-director, and is claimed as a Wagnerian bâton of ability. The only occasion on which I have heard him chanced not to be one of enough significance to give him a decisive individuality in present remembrance. He has, as his picture indicates, an alert, decisive manner, and a typical Austrian face.

Mr. Franz Schalk.

The delay in the formal issue of the prospectuses of our most active concert organization was general, and has been a cause of many little uncertainties. The Philharmonic Society, however, has issued the scheme of its fifty-seventh season with promptness and considerable completeness. Last year's experiment of eight rehearsals and eight concerts, in place of the traditional six apiece, still holds, and an old lawyer, whose crusty manner covers a warm heart, and who goes to all lengths to help a young woman in distress, scolding and abusing her at every step. The conception is old-fashioned, if you will, but to those who knew our stage in its earlier days the sketch must bring memories of many a "precious friend hid in death's dateless night"; and some even of a younger generation may be seen blowing their noses.

Mr. Jefferson in "The Rivals" is supported by a company so excellent that to name them gives a guarantee of excellence. Mr. Verner Clarges plays *Sir Anthony Absolute;* Mr. Otis Skinner, *Captain Absolute;* Mr. Wilton Lackaye, *Sir Lucius O'Trigger;* Mr. Joseph Warren, *Faulkland;* Walter B. Woodall, *Fag;* Miss Ffolliett Paget, *Mrs. Malaprop;* and Blanche Bendêr, *Lucy*. Miss Elsie Leslie, so long famous as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, makes her first appearance, after several years of retirement and study, as *Lydia Languish*. If she is a trifle cramped in her gestures, and if her varying moods lack thoroughly natural transitions, the defect is to be laid to inexperience. She gives promise of an unusually intelligent *mimique* and rare personal charm. The version of the play is Mr. Jefferson's well-known adaptation, which, by eliminating several episodes and the character of *Julia*, brings *Bob Acres* into greater prominence. The sacrifice would be none too great merely for the pleasure of seeing the remaining passages from Sheridan upon the boards. As for the *Bob Acres* Mr. Jefferson has divined in Sheridan's lines, no price would be too great for the privilege of feeling again the spell of his sweet and penetrating humor. Without knowing how, he has made a melodrama that in the end simmers down to this: you must not be a music-hall singer, and you must be a philanthropist's wife.

"The Christian," Mr. Hall Caine's dramatization of his novel, is a play with a moral. It has been remarked a thousand times that by having a moral a play is precluded from being a pure work of art. "Both at the first and now" the end of a work of art "was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." If a play holds ever so small and fragmentary a mirror up to nature, if it has any gleam of the myriad joys of life or of its myriad tragedies, it will adorn a thousand morals, though it will not point one of them. When the current of life runs true and strong, the last thing in men's minds is the doctrine of truth and strength. Yet in these palmy days of vaudeville and burlesque one had best be thankful perhaps for even a single moral, however unadorned. Mr. Hall Caine's one moral is that you must not be a music-hall singer, but a philanthropist's wife. If "The Christian" had been a work of art, the temptation in the life of *Glory Quayle* might have been made any one of a thousand beautiful and human things. It might have been the love of worldly sweetness and grace that won Praxiteles away from the sterner gods of Pheidias, or Titian from the austere faith of Giotto. Or, if this is too grand a theme, Mr. Hall Caine might have made us feel more of the love of independence and power that is alluring our young women from the ideals and the firesides of their mothers—and of their husbands! He might have shown the love of out-of-doors and of manly sports that is beguiling our young women from the parish church to the parish links. Any or all of such temptations Mr. Hall Caine might have made us feel if he had been working as an artist, and there would have been an appeal to the wayward love of the world in the heart of every one of us. In the end *Glory's* renunciation would thus have had the touch of true heroism, the vital appeal which it lacks in "The Christian" as it is playing at the Knickerbocker. Mr. Hall Caine has left his theme unglorified;

A Christian with only one Moral.

As a play with a purpose, however, "The Christian" is cleverly designed for popularity. It appeals to that very large class of people who are so uncertain of their perception of beauty and nobility that they would rather have one moral pointed at them than trust their own intelligence to apprehend two or three, or more, of a possible thousand. And then there are the people to be interested in the religious side of the play. How many these are is witnessed by the fact that, until a few years ago, the total yearly output of tracts and sermons and such books in England exceeded the total output of novels. And ever since the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith chucked a Bible into that Venetian porcelain stove, people have become more and more accustomed to seeing the church upon the stage. At one point in "The Christian" the doxology is casually played in the R. U. E. As a melodramatic tract, "The Christian" is a work of unusual power. There is probably no church in town that can compete on even terms with the Knickerbocker in the line of moral screaming.

The Knickerbocker Reform Church.

For what the actors have to do in the play they are more than adequate. The part of *Glory Quayle* is excellently suited to the somewhat lachrymose quality of Miss Viola Allen's powers, and her début as a leading lady is more than a success. Her reading is always intelligent and firm. If she fell short of embodying the cheerful worldly-mindedness one in-

The Preachers.

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nctively looks for in the part, the fault is probably more the author's than her n. There is not any really cheerful world-mindedness in the lines. As *The Hon. hu Storm*, Mr. Edward J. Morgan was sim-, dignified, and altogether sufficient. The *ratio Drake* of Mr. John Mason had mo-ents in which it seemed the best bit of ultimate acting in the play.

Mr. Mason was so good that one sighed to nk of the dramatic possibilities that might ve been developed in *Glory's* hesitation tween *Drake's* worldly manliness and *John orn's* commanding Puritanism. To de-velop that human situation to its fullest, however, would have been to take point from moral, for if you give an audience full oice between latter-day asceticism and the undant life of a normal man, there is little ubt as to how it will choose. It was an-unced that the ending of the book had en changed in dramatization so that the ay ends happily. Of course *Glory* is hap-r married, and perhaps she is happier rried to *John*. But when Mr. Mason was ing at his best there was a shadow of a ubt, and the shadow lingered long after curtain fell. Can it be that Mr. Hall ine has lacked the art to make even the stere and noble life of the spirit real and utiful to us? Or is a play with only one ral necessarily so thin-blooded that the st touch of human nature submerges the ral in a flood of vital feeling?

The Touch of Nature.

One of the leading signs of the times is success of young American actors in gland. Ever since those early days when American girl became famous abroad we ve felt that her father and her brother had only to be known to be liked thoroughly, if not as well; but for the most part the men have spent their lives at home the pursuits that furnish forth their wives' d daughters' establishments. If our actors the first to be discovered abroad (I ex-ot our ministers at the Court of St. James!), is because their business takes them there. e success of Mr. William Gillette's thor-gh-going Americanism has been duly her-ed, and it is gratifying to know that his rts were discovered before he went abroad. ith Mr. Robert Taber the case is some-at different. In company with his wife, s. Julia Marlowe Taber, he travelled oughout the leading American cities, but ugh always liked, he received scant rec-ition from the critics. In London he has n given a place in Sir Henry Irving's com-ny, and his acting has received distin-ished mention. His latest and greatest cess is in the part of *Macduff*, which he ys to Forbes Robertson's *Macbeth*, being ured for the nonce from Sir Henry Irving's npany. His performance is said to be as od as the part has ever known. That *cduff* is a "fat" part is an open secret of profession, and many an actor has done ll in it who has not later been heard of; judging from the scholarship and sin-rity of Mr. Taber's attitude toward his art, ould guess his success to be legitimate. e latest American to come into prominence London is Mr. Paul Arthur, long known e as a light comedian, who has the lead-part in a new play by Mr. Anthony pe. In "Hurly Burly," at Weber & lds', there is a song the purport of which hat all good things in the world grow on adway, and one stanza plainly says that theatres supply England with actors. h statements are at least still open to dis-sion, but they are interesting as suggest-that our influence is widening no less idly in the arts than in statecraft. Every r Broadway grows more kaleidoscopic, re like a cosmopolitan thoroughfare. ien we shall send forth as many and as d actors as our neighbors send to us, re will be no doubt that New York is a rld city.

The Brother of the American Girl.

The latest London success is a version Dumas's "Three Musketeers," by Mr. ary Hamilton. As Mr. Hamilton first ved the problem of focussing the novel o a play, the book was so long that it is said to have been seriously proposed to give it in succes-sive evenings, somewhat after the manner of "Wallenstein." its present curtailed form, however, it ns to show no lack of coherence. In the production at the Theatre Metropole, nberwell, Mr. Lewis Waller played *d'Ar-nan* with applause. It is announced that Tree will appear in Sydney Grundy's sion at Her Majesty's later in the season. America Mr. Sothern has already begun rehearse Mr. Hamilton's version of the y, which he prefers, and will take it on road, opening at Philadelphia. An al-st inevitable result of dramatization in glish is that the main love episode has n made over to suit the sympathies and sibilities of an Anglo-Saxon audience. that is nothing. Has not Mr. Hall Caine le over his own story to fit the require-nts of the stage! JOHN CORBIN.

Three Musketeers in one Evening.

## HE SANTIAGO SEA-FIGHT.

HE navigators of the *Indiana*, *Texas*, *n*, *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *New York* were ointed a board, with Lieutenant-Com-nder Wainwright of the *Gloucester* as irman, to determine the relative positions of the ships engaged in the fight with Cer-vera's fleet, to the end that the glory and other emoluments arising from that engage-ment might be justly distributed. They have prepared a report, and there is good reason to believe that "the substance of it," as freely set forth last week in the news-papers, is not to be found in it at all. As to the facts of the fight off Santiago, however, there is very little room for uncertainty left. The conclusions reached nearly three months ago by the WEEKLY, and confirmed by the letter published in WEEKLY of August 13, still hold. The plans were Admiral Samp-son's; the execution was the work of the several captains, unaffected by orders other than those of Sampson.

## A FIELD ETCHING.

UPON soft-footed steeds the cyclers pass,
Seeking new joys along these quiet ways
Where timid Autumn comes and fondly lays
A gold and purple robe on Summer's bier:
And drowsing by the tomb I dimly hear
A spirit voice of silence in the grass.

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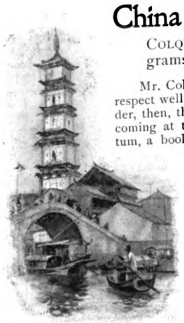
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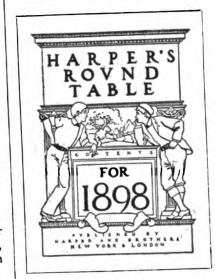
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# "WIDE-OPEN" NEW YORK.

## WHAT RENEWED CROKER GOVERNMENT MEANS, AND WHAT IS TO BE EXPECTED.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

NEW YORK is wide open once more. Tammany Hall has at last secured its "terrible revenge," Richard Croker and his assistants have set in full operation a system of Tammany government under which vice flourishes openly for a price. The old days have come again, and Tammany leaders are fattening their pocket-books through the privilege of selling the right to violate law and through extortion and forced tribute. Devery, Richard Croker's friend, is Chief of Police. According to a message to the Legislature from Governor Black, he was selected for the place "to repeat the infamous practices which had tarnished his previous career." Devery knows the town is wide open. Croker cannot help knowing it, the Police Commissioners must know it, and if Mayor Van Wyck does not know it, a short investigation will prove it to him.

Despite the safeguarding provisions of the Raines liquor law, the saloons have been seized and made part of the Tammany machine; gambling in all its forms is going on, and the backers are paying for it; scores of pool-rooms are running in town, the most lucrative of all the sources of revenue for certain Tammany leaders; the profits from prize-fighting belong to other leaders, and through the Police Board a monopoly of this business goes to a Tammany man in Manhattan Borough, and to certain McLaughlin followers in Brooklyn Borough; the doors of dives swing open to throngs, especially on Saturday and Sunday nights, and for the delectation of their patrons a new "dance," a diabolism beside which the dance imported from the southern shores of the Mediterranean to this country five years ago is a model of virtue and propriety, has been set to music for nightly exhibition, making a performance so depraved that it would seem as if the lowest depths of infamy in that direction had been reached; theatrical performances are tolerated compared with which those which were condemned as indecent by the courts three years ago would be considered refined, and the theatre at which the worst of these is given, conducted by State-Senator Timothy D. Sullivan, displays a daily and nightly insult to the entire nation by the appropriation of the name of the hero of Manila as its own; the green goods men are already in the suburbs, and are preparing to come into town again; especially significant is the fact that the woman who was used in the attempt made by the friends of Devery to break down the Parkhurst case against him, and who, because of its failure, had to flee to Chicago, has come back again, and almost within the shadow of the Tenderloin station-house the doors of her abiding-place are open once more, as are those of a dozen or more of others of her grade in life; slot-machines are running in protected places; most important of all is the fact that the police are demoralized.

Last winter, in an article on "Wide-open Chicago," which was printed in the WEEKLY, I tried to reveal not so much the wickedness of that city—that would be a task beyond the power of print—as the fact that it was the direct result of an alliance for political power and personal profit between the Democratic politicians of that city and those who conduct the dens of vice. At the time I made my investigation in Chicago, under the conduct of a police official and a police reporter, Mayor Carter Harrison said to me that Chicago was not so wide open as New York. That was not true at that time; it is true now. And, as in the case of Chicago, it would not be worth while for a respectable journal to reveal the infamous condition of affairs in New York—indeed, no publication in existence would dare print it—for the mere sake of exposing frightful evils, nor even to indicate their nature to some extent, were it not that Richard Croker's face is set toward Albany at this time, and that it seems desirable to call attention to what may be expected if Tammany Hall gets control of the government of the State of New York. It is proper to say that the investigation upon which this article is based was made in company with those alert and trustworthy men the Tenderloin and police reporters, and that what information I did not gather personally was given to me by men who have knowledge of these matters, and the confidence of many of the most reputable men in New York.

### RATES CHARGED FOR LAW-BREAKING.

To make sure not only that the old system of extortion by Tammany is in full swing again, but to obtain a list of prices charged, I went under proper auspices to one who, because of his actual connection with the police force, knows whereof he speaks, and who, if I were at liberty to give his name, would be recognized as an authority by every one who reads the newspapers. This man, so far as I know, does not share in any police plunder—indeed, I was sent to him because of that belief—but he knows all about it. This is the rate of prices that he furnished: pool-rooms, $300 to open, and from $100 to $300 a month; gambling, from $50 to $300 or more a month, according to the size of the receipts; keeping open a dive, $10 to $50 a week; running disorderly resorts, $50 to $150 a month; selling liquor from 1 to 5 A.M., the moderate charge of only $5 a month.

But it is not necessary to take the word of a man, whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be made public, to make it certain that the old system of tribute is in force again. There is one absolutely unanswerable line of reasoning that proves it practically beyond shadow of doubt. It is this: Every man who has ever had any knowledge of the inner workings of politics in any large city in the United States knows that not for one hour would a wide-open condition be permitted unless the police, or the men behind the police, were paid for it. It has been the invariable rule in all American cities at all times. It is the rule to-day in Chicago, and it is the rule in New York and other places. The privilege of breaking the law must be paid for; the power to be able to laugh to scorn the effort of honest policemen—and there are many of them—must be paid for; the opportunity to grow rich on the exploitation of vice must be paid for. There are two ways of paying, as has been said. One is by cash, and the other is by votes. Generally both cash and votes are paid. The low rates which are charged to saloon-keepers for violating the Raines law by selling all night, instead of paying a nightly revenue of $10 to the authorities, as required by the law, would indicate that Tammany just now is as anxious to get payment with votes as with cash. This view is more than strengthened by the fact that the pool-rooms have been allowed to be opened again in the city, when it was only a few years ago, as is well known, that Mr. Croker and Tammany Hall closed them, "for good and moral reasons," and sent the patrons to the race-tracks to bet.

### THE TENDERLOIN'S PROFESSIONAL BONDSMAN.

To see what wide-open New York means, and to obtain an illustration of what Tammany's "terrible revenge" really is, one should go to the Tenderloin station-house in West Thirtieth Street about eleven o'clock some evening. From ten to twenty creatures of the streets are brought in, and, within an hour or two, are released under bail furnished by a professional bondsman, a Tammany Hall leader, William R. Nelson, proprietor of the famous "black and tan" saloon on Seventh Avenue. The next day these creatures are fined in the police court. According to newspaper accounts, Nelson gets at least $5 for every bond that he signs. No other man is permitted to have the actual privileges he enjoys. The street sinner probably pays another $5 for her fine, and to make up for what has been taken from her under due process of law, and with the co-operation of the police for Nelson's profit, she must prowl the streets again, only to fall into the clutches of Nelson's pull again. Nelson's most intimate friend is the famous "ward-man" Schill, now back at his old station for "police duty," and with all indictments against him dismissed. In other words, a distinct part of the earnings of the creatures of the Tenderloin are diverted every night—a sum amounting from $50 to $100—to the coffers of "Bob" Nelson, Tammany leader.

But one should go deeper when considering the case of Nelson. The records show that when Devery was indicted, as the result of the Lexow investigation disclosures, Nelson was one of his bondsmen. Devery has come back into power, has taken the highest seat in police business in the country, and Nelson, his friend and bondsman, is sharing in the terrible revenge against Parkhurst in a way that is swelling Nelson's bank account. I had the honor of an introduction to Nelson and his friend ward-man Schill, in Nelson's saloon not long ago. His place reeks. Degraded blacks and whites may be found there. His hardened face shows signs of shrewdness and intelligence, and one can understand, after a study of him, why he has been able to accumulate a fortune.

I do not know what arrangement Mr. Nelson may have—if indeed he has any—with the Tenderloin police, but I know reporters who assert that the police have been sent to Nelson's place to get him to come to the station-house and sign bail-bonds. It may be that he has the run of the station-house business simply because he is close by, and, being a humane person, dislikes to see persons kept in confinement when he can secure their release. Certainly I cannot charge that the police get a share of Mr. Nelson's earnings. If such should be the case, no one could prove it (even the Lexow Committee could not prove many things), and so I do not assert it, and disclaim all intimation on my part to that effect. But I call attention to the close association between Nelson and the police.

### THE EXCISE-LAW VIOLATION.

But it is in the general aspect of the Tenderloin that one sees a change since Devery came into full power. Reporters of twenty years' experience there say it is "worse than ever before." This famous centre is widest open, however, in regard to the enforcement of the excise law. With a reporter I went into Silver-Dollar Smith's club over his saloon on Sixth Avenue at 1.15 A.M. in the early part of this month. Admission was free to all. There was no book to be signed at the door. A lookout "sized" us up when we went in. The place upstairs was filled. A negro quartette furnished music. Beer was five cents a glass, and other liquors were sold at the usual rates. There was no pretence at serving a sandwich, probably because it was a "club." Of course Silver Dollar is a shining Tammany light. His place is typical of other saloons. It is a fact that cannot be disputed that any saloon in the centre of town may be kept open all night, in violation of law. Thousands of them are so kept open. One of the city magistrates was quoted recently as saying that the Liquor-Dealers' Association—the association to which saloon-keepers may belong for $5 a month—was hounding men who would not come into it, and was using the police to hector and annoy them. The magistrate afterward modified the reported speech, but if he had gone about the Tenderloin and other parts of the city he could have seen that some power was at work which gives saloon-keepers the fullest right to violate the law, and being a man of much experience in affairs of the world, he could understand that some one was paying for such privileges, and paying to those who could grant them. It is as true in politics as it is in business that you cannot get something for nothing, and especially true is that fact when that "something" is the violation of law.

Not every saloon-keeper violates the law, but it is said that most of them pay $5 a month so as to be let alone, and they let it go at that. Where the tribute from saloons, and they let it go at that. Where the tribute from saloons, estimated at from $50,000 to $60,000 a month, goes finally I am unable to say, but certain it is that none of it gets lost. The police get little or none of it. They obey orders to shut their eyes, and if saloon-keepers hand out a dollar or two occasionally, or send out a drink to those policemen who will take it, such must be their reward.

### DIVES MORE DEPRAVED THAN BEFORE.

The dives are not yet in full blast in the Tenderloin. They are in full swing further down town. A magistrate of the city met me a month ago, and said, in surprise,

"Did you know that the dives have invaded Fourth Avenue?"

I did not know it, but it is true. Within the shadow of Cooper Union, and flaunting its scenes of shame almost in the face of the statue of the great philanthropist who founded that institution, is an open dive, under the guise of a club, than which no more depraved place ever existed in New York. I have a ticket of membership in that club —cost twenty-five cents, good for one year. The dance-hall of the club is like all those of the dives, and it is unnecessary to go into particulars.

A new dive on the Bowery, however, should be mentioned. It has a naval name. About its walls are naval pictures exclusively. Portraits of Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Hobson, Sigsbee, Evans, and a lot more look down from the walls. At the far end of the room are two mural paintings done in Bowery style. One represents the sinking of the *Merrimac* at the entrance of Santiago Harbor, and the other represents Hobson and his companions, resplendent in full uniforms, on a raft, waving defiantly the American flag amid shot and shell in the broad daylight. Flags decorate the places where there are no naval pictures. The first impression, as one enters this place and sees what is going on, is not one of astonishment so much as shock. The names and pictures of naval heroes are being used as decoys for vice. Tammany Hall permits such a desecration, and for revenue.

The place has the open approval of the police. While I was going in the doorway at three o'clock one morning recently, under the escort of a famous Bowery character, two policemen stood at the doorway, and each was receiving a drink of whiskey from the manager of the place. I could give the numbers of the policemen if necessary. They could see inside the dance-room, through the narrow hallway, and of course knew all that was going on.

The matter of the existence of dives should not be dismissed without reference to the East Side. That region just now is sprinkled with them, under the guise of cafés. They are there actually by the hundreds. Infamous and open as is their traffic, the greatest shame of it all is that they are permitted to exist where the children swarm and cannot escape them. There can be no greater crime against a rising generation than to permit such a condition of affairs. Any one can see it on a stroll through the leading streets. The minds of boys and girls must be debauched by this constant contact with vice. Tammany Hall permits it, and the man who could examine into the matter and say that Tammany does not profit by this slaughter of the innocents must lack reasoning powers. I saw more than a dozen of these hell-holes on a block.

### FORTUNE IN THE POOL-ROOMS.

Turn now to another source of political revenue for Tammany—the existence of pool-rooms. There are probably one hundred and fifty of them in the present city limits. A leader close to Mr. Croker is said to be the man who must be "seen" before a pool-room is opened. I do not use his name, because I cannot prove any assertion against him. Any one who wishes to know it can find out from the patrons of the places for the asking. It is necessary to go back a little to understand the significance of the opening of the pool-rooms. It is only a few years ago, when Tammany controlled legislation at Albany and abolished the lobby, that Mr. Croker closed the pool-rooms, with the exception of one or two small affairs. It was proclaimed a move in the interests of virtue. It was said to have been due really to a difference between certain Tammany men and a certain pool-seller. Whatever the motive, whatever the cause, the pool-rooms were closed, and those who wished to bet had to go to the race-tracks to do it.

Curiously enough, just about that time Richard Croker, who had been a poor man, began to take an interest in horse-racing. There are those who say that the closing of the pool-rooms and the advent of Mr. Croker in racing were mere coincidents, and that is all. That may be so. After a time Mr. Croker transferred his racing interests to England, and the report is common that he has no interest—that is, personal interest—in American tracks. After he came back from Europe this year the pool-rooms were in full operation, in violation of law. Strangely enough, the day after Dr. Parkhurst came home from Europe the tip went from one end of town on the West Side to close, and for part of that afternoon these places were shut.

I went into one of these pool-rooms and spent an afternoon recently. It was within three minutes' walk of the Aquarium at the Battery. From two to three hundred men thronged the place. A little partition at one end of the room hid the telegraph-operator and the cashier and manager. Liquor was sold in the place. The odds were posted on a printed card. There were all sorts and conditions of men there. It was pitiful to see the wrecks—victims of betting—thumbing the pages of their books and systems, eager to borrow a dollar, and confident that some day they would get rich. There were scores of young fellows there, clerks from neighboring offices, and business was brisk all the time. Betting on races at four tracks was going on. The frequent posting and changing of odds, the voice of the manager calling off the description of the races as they were being run, and then urging those present to bet on other events, the confusion in investing or in collecting money, the frequent calls for the waiter to supply drinks—all indicated the wisdom in prohibiting such places, and also displayed the reason why they are now permitted to exist by Tammany Hall, in violation of law, and for the profit of a man high in the councils of that organization. Of course the police know that these places are open. Chief Devery knows it; the Police Commissioners must know it; if Mr. Croker does not know it, he is too busy with other matters; and if Mayor Van Wyck does not know it, it is because he is absorbed in the contemplation of the corruption and utter rottenness of his political opponents. Mayor Van Wyck is ready at all times to denounce and arraign Republican wickedness, and if in collecting his data for that purpose he is too busy to know that under his administration the most monstrous violations of law are sold by politicians in Tammany Hall, he must not be judged too harshly for not knowing what is going on about him. Public rascality must be put down, and if Mayor Van Wyck can only put it down among the Republicans, he should have full credit for that work. The man who took me into the pool-room I visited said there were twenty others where he had admittance. He also said that there were probably one hundred in Manhattan Borough alone. I have no personal knowledge about them except what I have written here.

### PRIZE-FIGHTING MONOPOLY.

Then there is the prize-fighting revenue for Tammany followers! They have a monopoly of it in Manhattan.

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and the McLaughlin men have the monopoly in Brooklyn. State-Senator Timothy D. Sullivan is the favored Tammany man. Of course he has had an acquaintance with Mr. Croker for some time. It was during Mayor Strong's administration that the Horton boxing law was passed. At once numerous clubs sprang up, and for a time the law was observed strictly. After a while there was great rivalry between the clubs, and there arose a war to the death. Certain men wanted to control the boxing of the town; it was fast approaching prize-fighting. Finally it did become prize-fighting and the police shut down on it.

When Tammany came into power seventeen clubs applied to the Police Commissioners for permission to conduct boxing exhibitions. The night after Mayor Van Wyck took the oath a fight was stopped because it was not settled then who was to control prize-fighting. A dead-lock ensued for several months. It is common talk that Tim Sullivan wanted the rights for all of New York. State-Senator McCarren, chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, appeared before the Police Board in behalf of certain clients who wanted permission to run affairs in Brooklyn. The matter was compromised, Sullivan taking the rights in Manhattan, and the McLaughlin men those in Brooklyn. As a result, just four clubs are running. No others can get permission from the Police Board. The law requires the Commissioners to issue these permits under certain conditions. Each of the clubs which has fulfilled those conditions could mandamus the commissioners and probably compel them to issue the amusement permits, but what would be the use of that? The place would probably be raided on the ground of "brutality," and the business would be broken up. Even the New York Athletic Club, a club that is respected, and has respected the laws, could not get permission from the Police Commissioners to conduct boxing. There are plenty of technicalities whereby the Police Commissioners may delay issuing these permits, and one must be sure of his facts before he accuses them of dereliction of duty. But it is a most singular thing that only those clubs which Mr. Sullivan conducts, or those in which Mr. McCarren has an interest—at least so far as being counsel for the ostensible proprietors goes—are permitted to run. Some light may be thrown on this matter when it is known that in the last year that boxing was allowed there was a profit of $50,000 at the club that was patronized most. The reason why I say that Senator Sullivan owns the prize-fighting rights in Manhattan is because such ownership is common talk, and because I know men who have seen him counting the receipts, and who have it from Tom O'Rourke, the ostensible manager of the Manhattan outfit, that Sullivan is the real owner. Hundreds of men in Brooklyn and elsewhere will tell you that Mr. McCarren owns the Brooklyn rights, but inasmuch as he has appeared openly only as counsel for the Coney Island Club, those alone who know the full facts in the matter can make such an assertion about him. How much money there is in the club's treasury after his counsel fees are paid, of course, is not a public matter.

There has not been a profit thus far in prize-fighting this year, even with a monopoly. O'Rourke and his associates, however, expect to make one. They expect to get control of a Broadway club building for which another club is paying, according to report, $1200 a month rent, and paying it without being able to secure a license for fighting. To show how thoroughly O'Rourke controls affairs in this line, through the influence of Sullivan, I may repeat what he said to a well-known pugilist, one of the famous sluggers, in the presence of the man who has given me information for part of this article, and who, as a newspaper reporter of sporting events, is thrown constantly with such men. O'Rourke said,

"If you don't fight in my club, you don't fight anywhere else in THE STATE!"

There is a hint of what Tammany will do should it ever get control in Albany. There are other Tammany men whose names are associated with the prize-fighting revenue system, through the aid of the Tammany Police Board, but as it is mere talk, although probably correct in every respect, there is no warrant for mentioning them.

#### GAMBLING STILL RESTRAINED IN PART.

There remains the gambling privilege. The Tenderloin reporters say that all sorts of games are being played. The device of forming clubs is used as a shield. Half a dozen establishments are in full operation. No one who wants to gamble need go without satisfying that want in New York. I have not been in any of these places, because they are not open as yet to the general public, and therefore I must take hearsay as to them. The word of police officials and expert reporters, however, should be sufficient for most persons.

Of course policy-playing is carried on. It was carried on during the anti-Tammany régime, because it is next to impossible to stop it. It is the invariable rule of the "policy kings," however, to make terms of peace with municipal authorities whenever possible. There is no check on this form of gambling now. I went into one of the places with a policy fiend, the other day, to see how such places were conducted. We went up a long and narrow stairs, entered a room apparently devoted to the business of plumbing, crossed a narrow hallway, and entered what looked to be an upstairs bar-room. Behind a counter that filled one end of the room sat the policy-writer. There were dream-books, and scrap-books of former drawings, and the list of lucky numbers, and there was a throng passing in and out. Policy, like the other forms of gambling, is not yet wide open, but it is fast approaching that condition. The present state of affairs could not exist without police toleration, and the fact that a Tammany leader of more than ordinary importance is associated with this business, as a sort of special partner for the time being, may account for this toleration.

Such is government under the renewed rule of Mr. Croker, the man who is eulogized as a "great leader" and as a great and upright and pure statesman. He may be all that and many of us not know it, but the first noticeable effect on officials of the renewed rule is the complete demoralization of the police. Even if they would do their full duty they dare not, because the "pull" is abroad again. They are timid and shiftless, and one effect of this is an increase of crime in other directions than in the toleration of certain kinds of vice. Only a few days ago Magistrate Cornell said from the bench:

"In all my experience as a city magistrate I never knew highway robbery so prevalent as at present. It is a disgrace to the city that a respectable man cannot walk its streets without the danger of being held up and robbed."

In the early part of 1898 New York's police force was almost in a model condition. Here and there a scamp was found at work in it. It was run almost like a business in 1898 it is in a demoralized condition, as any man with eyes to see can observe, and duty is a matter subservient to the opportunity for political plunder. In a short time it will probably be thoroughly rotten again, thus adding to Tammany's income and happiness. Even now the tip has gone around that everything must be done to elect Van Wyck Governor, because if Roosevelt is elected the power to levy tribute may be cut short. Every office-holder has not only contributed money, but he is expected to work almost to the limit of exhaustion to secure votes. This is what Tammany has done in ten months. Around and through and over and under its administration runs a branching trail of vice, corruption, filth, and extortion. The trail leads straight up to Tammany Hall, as straight and as unerringly as the magnetic needle points towards the pole. There is no other place for it to go. Along its course the money-chariot, bearing tribute, rolls. It leaves in its wake a debauched police force, and hundreds, yes, thousands of young lives—men and women—the "come-ons" in vice, the fresh supply without which the system of plunder could not exist. What cares Tammany for police discipline, what cares Tammany for the lives that are being ruined and the thousands that are yet to be ruined, so long as blood-money and tribute roll in for distribution in political work or for personal enrichment? Tammany has set its eyes on the plunder of the State capital. There are saloons all over the State. State gambling privileges should be worth something. Votes are to be controlled by contracts, and money is to be gathered in by scores of ways. Mr. Croker is *de facto* Mayor of New York city; Robert A. Van Wyck is *de jure* Mayor. Who can doubt that it is Mr. Croker's intention to become *de facto* Governor of New York when he succeeds in making Augustus Van Wyck *de jure* Governor? And who can then doubt that Croker government in New York city will be repeated in New York State affairs?

## THE POLICY OF EXPANSION—CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

(*Continued from page 1027.*)

Our foe is conquered. The strength displayed by us amazes ourselves and the world. Our victory is so complete as to compel compliance with any demands we may make in regard to Puerto Rico and the Philippines. A commission has been appointed to negotiate the terms of peace with our adversary. It seems that the President has decided to hold Puerto Rico, and the only open question now of paramount importance is the holding of the Philippines, wholly or partially. If we deflect from the path pointed out by the noble motive of humanity, and follow the road of greed and aggrandizement, what justification is there for our course?

The Jingo casuists say that, as we did not bind ourselves as to any other of Spain's possessions but Cuba, our hands are free as to them. Farther, that we must emerge from our hermit position among the nations; that we tower head and shoulders above our fellows, and should show our prowess at the moment of our triumphal entrance upon the grand stage of the world's theatre, by taking away from a foe, powerless to resist, all her possessions worth anything.

It is argued that Spanish rule is corrupt and tyrannical, that her subjects are ruined by taxation, are denied justice in the courts, and, in fine, that her possessions ought to be taken from her because she does not govern them according to our ideas. It is gravely asserted that new and unexpected responsibilities have fallen upon us by reason of the war, and to allow Spain to continue her tyrannous hold on subject peoples is contrary to justice and the eternal fitness of things.

These hollow pleas are supplemented by directing our cupidity to the prospect of gain in developing the trade of the Philippines, rich in minerals and in agricultural productions. A market for our surplus product in manufactures is claimed to flow from adding them to our domain. The expansionists claim that our traditional policy of isolation and hermitage must be abandoned; that the entangling alliances and acts against which we were warned by Washington were lullabys to sing the infant nation to sleep, lest its strength were unequal to the work of contending with the elder nations. But now look at us! The nations behold us with fear and admiration! We have crushed, as an egg-shell is crushed, one of the effete powers. Who can withstand our might? In order to see what daring power will try bloody conclusions with us, we will retain with the strong hand what the strong hand has taken.

The question therefore resolves itself into the right to hold the Philippines and the expediency and policy of holding them.

On the first point we are estopped by our own declaration and the doctrines of international law.

It is contemptible sophistry to hold that what binds us as to Cuba does not as to the Philippines.

The *casus belli* was the crime against civilization, committed by the Spaniards in their methods of warfare against the Cuban insurgents. We took no note of atrocities, if any existed, in Puerto Rico and the Philippines. There were none, then, beyond the ordinary misgovernment that has ever characterized Spanish rule at home and abroad for the last four centuries.

The annihilation of the Spanish fleet and the capture of Manila was a mere incident of the war. So was the surrender of Puerto Rico.

The end of the war was the expulsion of the Spaniards from Cuba, the pacification of the island, and the establishment of a *free* stable government there.

All else done by our ships and troops was means to accomplish the end. We have burden enough to accomplish the *end*.

To garrison the island, pacify the insurgents (all the remaining population being already pacified), and establish a permanent free government for all the *bona fide* residents of Cuba is as much work for humanity as we are called upon to perform. The tax-payers of the United States will find it a costly and a slow work.

It is now a well-recognized doctrine of international law that wars of mere conquest among civilized nations are unjustifiable. A powerful nation strong enough to defy the intelligent criticism of mankind can override all law, human and divine. But every Napoleon will, sooner or later, meet his Waterloo.

Our Jingo casuists can point out no responsibility of a moral character that we have assumed by the capture of the Philippines. We are not the Quixote of nations. We are not called upon to redress grievances and right wrongs all over the globe. If this be true, the murder of the Armenians, the woes of the Russian Jews, the oppression of the Irish, and a thousand enormities practised by the nations of the earth on defenceless subjects call on us to put on our armor and assail the perpetrators of every wrong everywhere. The Malays of the Philippines are the least worthy among all the sufferers to receive our unselfish humane assistance.

The appeal to our cupidity is without any strength. It is, however, a confession that the *home-market* principle of the protectionist is a failure. To carry it to perfection we must take the whole earth, especially the civilized portion of it. If the Philippines are good as a market, Europe and the white dependencies of Europe are much better. We ship ninety per cent. of our exports to the latter. Only about ten per cent. goes to Asia, Africa, South America, and the islands of the sea. If we want more and better markets of our own, according to the protective idea, we must do as the Romans did—conquer all the civilized world.

Trade flows between persons and states who have the products that each, reciprocally, desires to have. Savage and half civilized races are never, in large degree, profitable customers of civilized people.

They generally, if not universally, make all their food products. Their exports are raw materials. Their primitive and simple wants are easily supplied by a small amount of the surplus product of civilized countries.

The surplus of civilization is consumed by civilization. Our trade with the Philippines is small now. To develop it will cost infinitely more than it is or ever will be worth.

The Philippines are in the equatorial belt. They are inhabited by Malays. They are not equal now, and perhaps never will be, to our negroes.

No Southern man but knows the terrific struggle the whites went through in the reconstructed States to save their civilization and their liberties from the "humanities" of reconstruction.

No Southern man but knows the debauching effects on the whites of the methods adopted to save themselves and their civilization. No Southern man ought to view, without the gravest apprehension, the incorporation into our Union of sub-tropical countries inhabited by dark and ignorant races necessarily to be governed by force.

Who is there that wants more of Judge Lynch, more of ballot-box stuffing, and more of their necessary result—ring rule of the most tyrannous description?

To hold the Philippines perpetually as a Territory is repugnant to the genius of our institutions. Our Constitution contemplates no other than a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." The examples of New Mexico, Arizona, and the District of Columbia are not in point to prove the contrary. The latter is governed by Congress because of the danger of placing the exercise of the elective franchise in the hands of the colored population. Do we want to multiply dangerous factors? The former have not been admitted as States because of political considerations. No Spanish-American republic is self-governed, or can be. No archipelago in the Pacific inhabited by Malays is fit for self-government, or can be made so. The talk of Americanizing a population of 13,000,000 born in and adapted to the tropics is the merest vaporing. To maintain at such a distance standing armies and satraps is a constant menace to our liberties.

The policy that has developed us from weakness to strength, from a feeble republic into one of the most powerful and formidable nations of the earth, is that of isolation.

Nature has given us the most fertile and blessed region of all of man's dwelling-places. We have what no other nations have—the iron, the coal, and the fibres. We have the waterways to convey them to the ocean, so that the whole earth may share easily in our riches.

We have the inventive, active, energetic race, that utilizes all these gifts in greater degree than any other on the planet.

We are now forging our way into the markets of our civilized brethren, and exchanging with them our handiwork. The nations stand amazed not only at our prowess in war, but at our skill in all the arts and industries of peace.

Isolation and peace have wrought the wonders of our progress. We owe nothing to aggressive war. The war of the Revolution and the war of the States afford brilliant but bloody proof of the courage of our citizen soldiery. But in peace we have learned and practised the virtues and arts that will always safeguard us from attack, and fit us to cope with our brethren throughout the earth for whatever man desires of use or ornament or luxury, mental or physical.

In isolation was planted the infant republic. In isolation it has grown and expanded and flourished beyond the dreams of its founders. In isolation is our security for the future, as it has been our glory and security in the past.

Our chief glory has been, as it always ought to be, to have the only spot on earth where freemen govern free men. Let it always be so.

Washington announced and taught the profound policy of isolation. Shall folly and vainglory plunge us into the dangerous policies and entanglements of the Old World?

To sum up, I hold that we violate our solemn declaration if we retain the Philippines, either under full sovereignty or under a protectorate.

2. That even if we violated no faith, their incorporation into the body of our territory is a step pointing directly to a central government with absolute power.

3. That no just argument can show the material gain of such an acquisition.

With much respect.

DONELSON CAFFERY.

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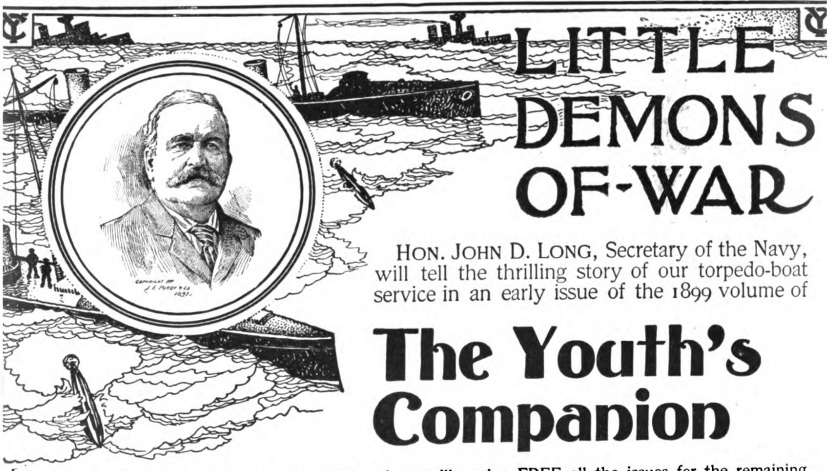
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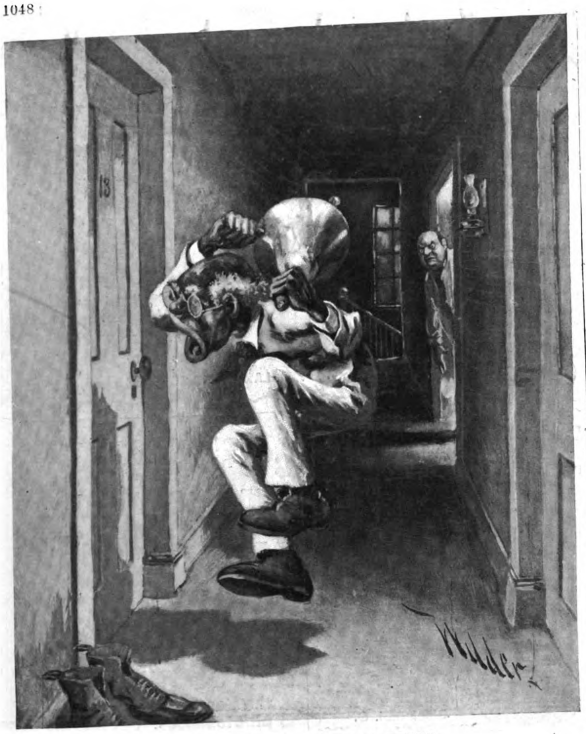
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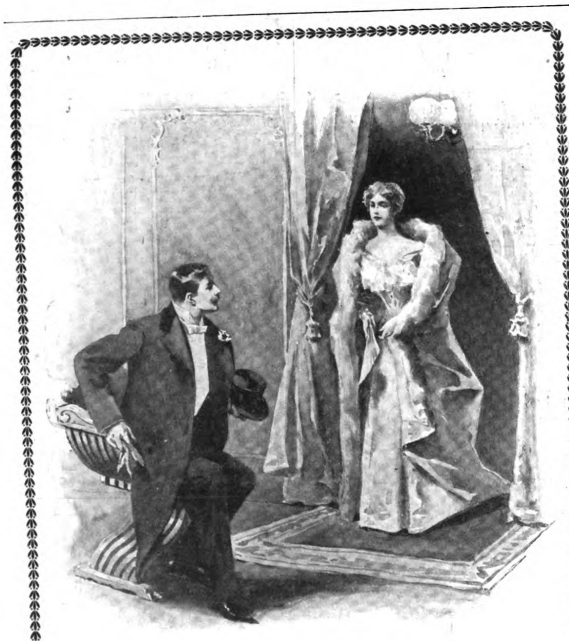



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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

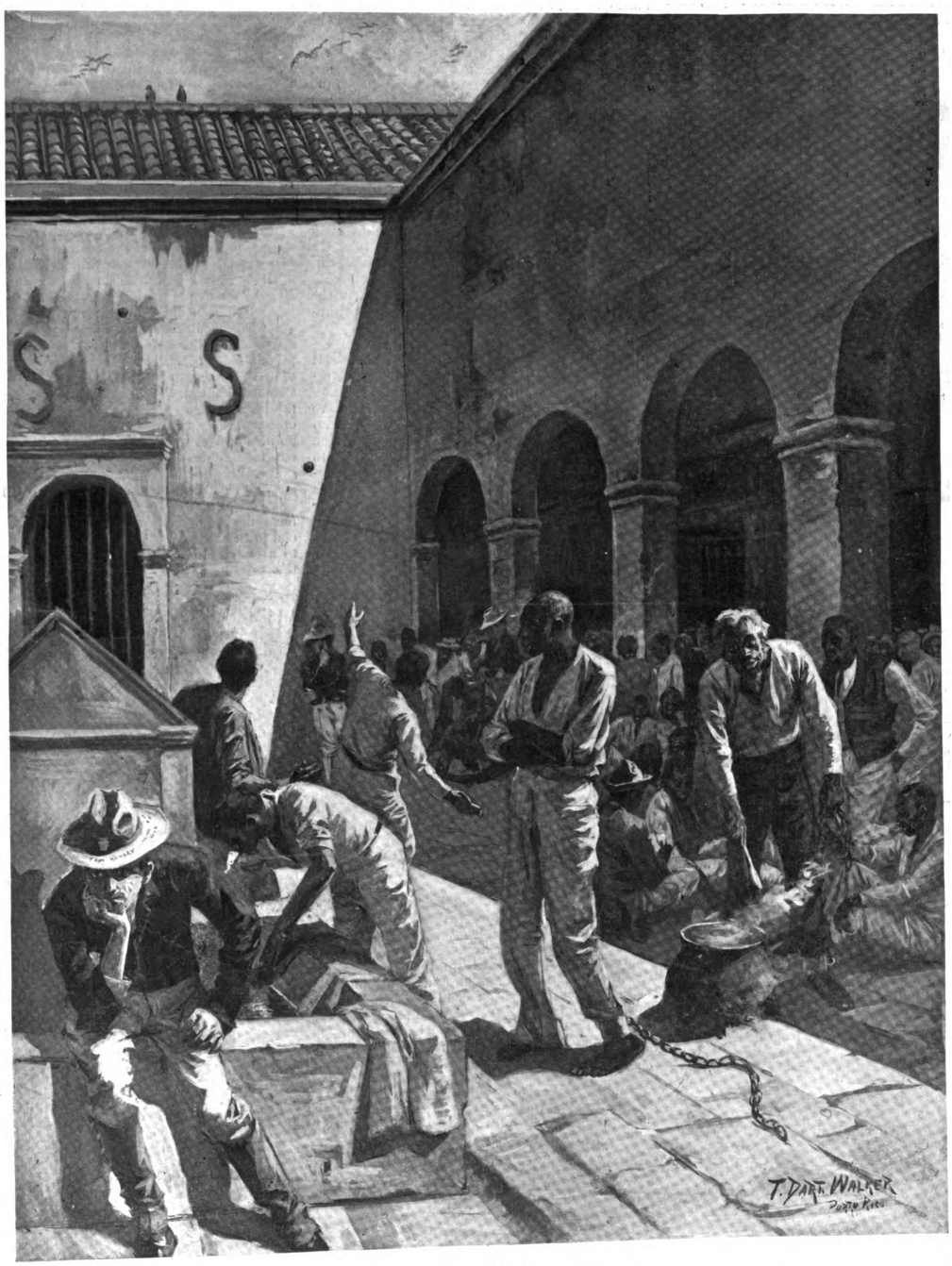
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 29, 1898

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New York City: Franklin Square

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IT will be regrettable if the silver Democrats of this State do not finally succeed in getting their ticket printed on the official ballot. It is charged that the necessary petitions to that end were not filed because one of them was destroyed in the office of DAVID B. HILL. It is decidedly for the interests of the cause of sound money that the full silver vote of this State should be polled. Nothing could more seriously disconcert the politicians who now believe in the cause of free silver.

MR. CROKER denounces the article by MR. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS on "'Wide-Open' New York," which appeared in the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, as "absolutely false in every particular." Now there are several particulars in which every one knows it is not false. The first is that Tammany rules the city; the second is that CROKER rules Tammany; the third is that New York is wide open. These facts being known, as they are, Mr. CROKER will find it difficult to make people believe that the purveyors of vice are not paying for the privilege of violating the law, and that this state of affairs is not made possible by his rule.

WE have spoken elsewhere of the difficulty of determining Mr. MCKINLEY'S position on the expansion policy from his speeches in the West; but he made a speech at a dinner in Chicago on Wednesday night of last week in which he used this sentence:

> The war with Spain was undertaken not that the United States should increase its territory, but that the oppression at our very door should cease. This noble sentiment must continue to animate us, and we must give to the world full demonstration of the sincerity of our purpose.

The expansionists have not received a more direct repulse than this. The President in these words has pronounced against them, and has declared that the nation will be dishonored by the adoption of their views.

Mr. ROOSEVELT declares that a vote against him will be a vote against expansion. People who wish to vote for Mr. ROOSEVELT on rational grounds need not be disturbed by this. Their votes will not count for expansion, but in favor of an honest State administration and an independent judiciary.

THE Republican party and the sound-money Democrats both should rejoice in the fact that the National Democratic organization is to be maintained. The national committee of the party has issued an address announcing that they propose that the party which nominated PALMER and BUCKNER in 1896 shall remain a political organization for the purpose of combating the free silver heresy, and for maintaining the effort to secure freer trade. Such an organization is absolutely essential as a refuge for those who cannot accept either Bryanism or Dingleyism.

WE do not know exactly, from his speeches made during his tour through the West, whether or not Mr. MCKINLEY has come to the conclusion that we must take all the Philippines. In his general terms he often used phrases that are employed by the expansionists. He talked about the "fruits of our conquest" as if they imposed some obligations upon us that did not exist before the war, and as if we were bound to extend the blessings of humanity wherever we thought they were lacking. There is room to hope, however, that he has not yet become an expansionist; and in this, if the hope is justified, we are quite sure that he will be sustained by public opinion, if time is given public opinion to form itself definitely on this subject. We are sure, in other words, that the drift of public opinion is against the taking of the Philippines, and we are glad to see that the Peace Commissioners at Paris are denying that we intend to exercise sovereignty in Cuba. This looks as if it were the intention of the administration to keep the promise of the declaration of war, and therefore it is much more significant than the general expressions of the President, who naturally desires to avoid committing himself on a grave issue during a friendly call at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, and at other places on his route.

MAJOR MARCHAND and his five companions are, it is said, at Fashoda still. What they are doing there is not very clear, but the fact that they have not taken their passage by a Nile boat for Cairo appears to give much satisfaction to the Parisian press, which clings to the hope that they will not only be brought down, free of expense, by Great Britain, but that she will be prepared to pay something to get rid of them. French sentiment on most questions where the honor of the nation is concerned is an article so fearfully and wonderfully made that few of its developments need surprise anybody, but this open chaffering for a trifle in hand, as a salve to the honor of France, has something about it almost too suggestive of the shop. The precedent, however, is a thoroughly bad one, and we cannot but hope that Lord SALISBURY, under the threat of the national displeasure of Great Britain, will stand to his original and common-sense position in the matter. Put into plain English, the MARCHAND expedition was one of two things; either it was an exploration for purposes of science, like STANLEY'S—and in that case it can have no political significance whatever—or it was a deliberately planned filibustering expedition, aimed at secretly getting possession of territory claimed by Egypt, and at the very time in process of being forcibly reand at the very time claimed on her behalf by England. Where the honor of France comes in seems more of a conundrum than a question of state.

IT would almost seem as if something was about to come of the concert of Europe at last. The Turkish soldiers, after one more little playful exhibition of their propensity for killing people in Crete, are about to go. It was time; but then it has been universally admitted by everybody, except the Turks themselves and the Emperor WILLIAM, to be sure, that it was time years ago. It was perhaps fortunate that on this last occasion they made the mistake of murdering a British consular officer and shooting several British marines. England might go a long way in condoning little things like killing Cretans who chanced to be Christians, but to put a bullet into a British subject is a very different matter, and if he chanced to be a consular official in addition, something was bound to be done, whether the concert of Europe was agreeable or not. It is possible that, after all, this Cretan business may lead to some good results apart from anything it does to improve the condition of the Cretans themselves. If it only convinces European diplomatists that they have not yet reached the height of civilization necessary to bring about any effective concert whatever, it will have assisted in getting rid of one of the most remarkable shams which has disgraced modern civilization. Had England had the good sense to take the bull by the horns two years ago, and to insist on the withdrawal of the Turks from the island in favor of such a government as the Cretans might select, it is pretty safe to say that she would have come out of the matter with more credit and probably with no more expense than she has to-day.

THE election of THEODORE ROOSEVELT to the Governorship of the State of New York ought to be desired, it seems to us, by all good citizens. We have nothing to urge against Mr. VAN WYCK personally, except that he is willing to take a nomination from RICHARD CROKER, and is presumably willing to act as CROKER commands should the people elect him to the Governorship. It may be answered that PLATT is as much a boss as CROKER, and as bad a one. Perhaps he is; but just at present he is not so dangerous, because he has not yet had the temerity to try to bring the judiciary of the State under the rule of the machine. The judiciary is now the sole resort of honest people, and good men ought to fight for the maintenance of its integrity. Besides, Mr. ROOSEVELT is not only an honest man, but he promises in his speeches to administer the affairs of the State without regard to party or bosses, and to give us good government so far as it is in the power of the chief magistrate of the State to control its executive and administrative business. Mr. ROOSEVELT will pursue canal thieves quite as vigorously as VAN WYCK, and will endeavor to secure their punishment, if he finds them guilty, with quite as little consideration for the fact that they may be Republicans. What we want at the head of the affairs of this State is an honest and intelligent executive, and that we know Mr. ROOSEVELT to be. We are not supporting him because he was a Rough Rider, or because he went to the war at all, or because he has notions about expansion, which we regard as infantile, but because, notwithstanding this last serious blemish upon his character as a public man, we believe that the affairs of the State will be not only honestly but intelligently administered by him, because he knows what the State needs, and not only knows a thief when he sees him, but hates him because he is a thief.

GOVERNOR TANNER of Illinois is the product of political conditions that are becoming too prevalent in this country. A few years ago no existing machine in the Middle West, except possibly Ohio, would have dared to nominate such a man as TANNER for a great political office. Now he is actually Governor of one of the largest States in the Union. Whether he be corrupt or not, he is the product of corrupt conditions; and that he is ignorant and lawless are facts known to the world. Under the law the mine-owners at Virden had a perfect right to find their labor where they could. They may have been oppressive and unjust to their employees, but that is not a question which the Governor of the State had a right to determine or to act upon. The men who were employed and came to operate the mines have the right to be treated as citizens wherever they go in this country, because the Constitution of the United States declares that they, being citizens of Alabama, shall have the right of citizenship everywhere. The owners of the mines had the right to call upon the Governor to protect their property against violence, and the negroes who went to Illinois for employment had the right to demand from him protection for their lives and persons. He announced that he would not protect the property of the mine-owners, and that he would not permit the negroes to enter the State for the purpose of finding employment. In doing so he defied the Constitution and laws of the country, he violated the laws of his own State, and he broke his oath of office. He is not only a disgrace to American politics and to the high position which he holds, but to American citizenship. Similar, if not so grave, political conditions as those which produced TANNER in Illinois exist in other States. The efforts of good men throughout the country for some years have been directed to putting an end to this state of things by educating the people to a comprehension of its evils and by arousing the public conscience. Our expansionists call these things "parochial politics," but whether they are parochial or not they are essential to our comfort, to our credit in the world, and now at last they have been shown to be essential to the preservation of our institutions.

SPAIN holds out for the assumption of her Cuban debt by the United States, and is rather more inclined to insist on money relief than on the retention of territory, if the reports in the daily newspapers from Paris are to be credited. The debt was largely incurred by Spain for the purpose of putting down the insurrection against her rule in the island. If the United States is intervening simply to relieve the island from her rule, there is no reason in the world why we should repay the debt which has been incurred in aid of the oppressions which Spain has practised, and which have resulted in her final overthrow. If it were clear to the minds of Europe that our intervention was purely in the interest of the Cubans, Spain would not have a friend on the continent in support of her contention that we should assume her own obligations, and we are glad to see that the commissioners are so far fulfilling the promise made in our declaration of war that it was not to be a war of conquest as to insist that the United States does not propose to exercise sovereignty over Cuba. But the suspicion heretofore entertained that we intend to keep the island gave some support to the claim which the Spanish commissioners have made. The claim cannot possibly be complied with. If we finally keep the island it must be on the ground that the Cubans cannot establish a proper government, and therefore that we are forced to assume the task for which they are not prepared. We certainly have not incurred the horrors and hardships of war for the purpose of buying Cuba, and it is preposterous for Spain and her friends to assume that her defeat will relieve her from meeting obligations which are due from her to those who were foolish enough to lend her money to carry on a hopeless war. She incurred the obligations in aid of her effort to conquer Cuba, and she cannot ask us to assume them as a part of the responsibilities of sovereignty, since, when they were incurred, the sovereignty clearly rested in her. If her commissioners could succeed in extracting a promise from the United States

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government of the payment of the public debt, her defeat would turn out to be a very profitable one for her; for our retention of the island would not only relieve her of a debt, but would save her a large annual sum, the revenues that she has received from the island of late being considerably less than the government has cost her.

## THE PROBLEMS OF THE INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

ONE of the national projects of the immediate future which may be regarded as reasonably certain is the construction of a ship-canal through Central America. A large number of the State conventions of both parties have inserted in their platforms declarations in favor of this work, and have announced that the general government ought to undertake it. The importance of the project cannot be overestimated. The commerce of the Gulf States and of the Pacific coast would be especially benefited, while, in view of our new national responsibilities in the Pacific, it is eminently wise that we should see to it that a shorter passage be established for our vessels of war between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. The long and anxious voyage of the *Oregon* is properly pointed to as a warning against the continuation of existing physical conditions if these conditions can be bettered.

We have heretofore been of the opinion that national money aid to the canal enterprise would be of doubtful propriety—perhaps of doubtful constitutionality. So long as the canal was proposed merely in the interests of commerce, and so long as the government was approached on the plea that its investment in the stock of a canal company, or its guarantee of the bonds of the corporation, would be safe and might be profitable, the inevitable answer was that if the plea were true, private capital would undoubtedly build the canal, and would build it cheaper and manage it more economically and efficiently than the government would. Moreover, we are opposed in this as in other efforts to the practice of wringing money from the taxpayers for the profit of private citizens. But the question becomes different, as many questions will become, now that we are a colonial power, already possessing Hawaii, which vastly weakens us by the extension of our frontier, and by the pushing of it into a region remote from our mainland, where hostilities are always imminent. We are now much more vulnerable than we were a year ago, as Admiral COLOMB has already pointed out in the *North American Review;* and since we have thus exposed ourselves and rendered necessary the maintenance of a more formidable fleet than we have hitherto needed, we must assume other charges; and, among other things, we must probably pay, in whole or in part, for the construction of an interoceanic canal.

Hitherto it has been assumed that the only practicable route for a canal was across Nicaragua. The French had undertaken to build a canal at Panama, but had retired, baffled by the tumultuous Chagres River, the unhappy experiment producing a crop of scandals affecting French public men which made even the corruptions of the Second Empire hang their diminished heads. Nicaragua was not only thought to be the most practicable route, but concessions had been granted by the government of Nicaragua, and eminent statesmen and ex-statesmen of our own country had embarked in the project, and had expended large sums of money in preliminary work. Quite as important as any other consideration was the fact that under the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty this country and England had guaranteed the neutrality of the canal. It is true that our own Jingoes are now reviving an old contention, and are insisting that the treaty has become void by reason of Great Britain's breach of one of its provisions, but it is sincerely to be hoped, if a waterway is built, that it will be treated as part of the high seas.

While it is true that it has been assumed that the Nicaragua route is the one to be adopted, no satisfactory report has yet been made on the engineering problems involved, or as to the cost of the work, or, generally, as to the promise of the undertaking, or the possibility of maintaining the canal after completion at a reasonable cost. The enterprise is more or less involved in mystery, some of which may be cleared up by the forth-coming report of the WALKER commission; although, from the views expressed by members of it before the Senate select committee last June, some of the serious problems which presented themselves to the LUDLOW commission, whose report was distinctly unfavorable to the Nicaragua project, are still considered grave, and no solution of them has occurred to the new commission. After many years of investigation, including surveys by many different engineers and commissions, it is still uncertain if the canal can be constructed and properly maintained at a cost which would make it economically possible. All estimates as to the cost of the work are untrustworthy, expert opinion—or rather guessing—ranging from $100,000,000 to an indefinite but very much larger sum. Certainly if Congress is to authorize the expenditure of millions of the public moneys on this project it can only be after still further investigation, and a much more definite report and set of estimates than have yet been made.

To add to the confusion of mind, or to increase the already existing doubt as to the advisability of the Nicaragua route, now comes General HENRY L. ABBOT, one of the recognized authorities of the engineer corps of the army. In association with a number of engineers—French, German, English, and American, including the chief engineers of the Manchester and Kiel ship-canals—General ABBOT last spring visited the Panama Canal route, and he has come to the conclusion that this route is not only practicable, but that it is much the better of the two. He says that his judgment is "in some degree assisted by having formerly traversed Nicaragua." Not only does he think that the route is practicable and best, but he and his associates of the technical commission have made a plan for the completion of the canal. The revival of this old route as a practicable one will astonish a good many persons who have supposed that Panama was abandoned when the French government dropped it. But it seems that a company was formed in 1894, which has since been pushing the work of investigation, and is ready to complete the work, the result of the investigation being that its engineers believe that they have solved the problem which baffled DE LESSEPS and his predecessors.

In brief, the great problems of the Chagres River and of the climate have been theoretically, at least, overcome. The old plan of building the canal along the bed of the torrential stream which has already swept away so much human labor has been abandoned, and General ABBOT says that the stream is to be mastered by a perfectly practicable series of locks. This route possesses a decided advantage in two deep-water harbors at the termini of the canal, and in the railroad which runs alongside it for its whole length. On the Nicaragua route it will be necessary to build about one hundred and twenty miles of railway, mostly through a wilderness. Besides, two ports at the termini must be constructed; and the experiment in making an artificial harbor at Greytown has not been successful.

This is what General ABBOT says of the Nicaragua route:

> About 120 miles of railroad must be built, mostly traversing a wilderness. Almost nothing has been done in the way of construction or of preparation for the work. Of the whole length of 176 miles, 68 miles follow the bed of a crooked river, where the prevailing trade-winds and the currents resulting from the whole outflow of Lake Nicaragua will unite to aggravate the difficulties of shipping in transit. The length of the route is about four times that of the Panama Canal, adding proportionately to the time of passage. Finally, at least one dam is demanded, quite without precedent in our canal construction, besides several miles of huge embankments in the San Francisco basin, where the foundations are extremely bad, and where a rupture at any future time would entail veritable disasters.

He adds that the annual rainfall in Panama is much less than in Nicaragua, being 93 inches as against 256 inches, and concludes that—

> To the general relative merits of the two canals already considered must be added that the Panama route lies in the interior of Colombia, while that by Nicaragua lies near the Costa-Rican boundary, where hostilities are liable at any time to cause difficulties, as they already have done during the canal examination by the WALKER commission last spring. Also, that in respect to danger from possible earthquakes, which might easily cause trouble at the great locks, Panama is by far the more safe, because no active volcano is found within a distance of at least 200 miles from it, while three lie in the close vicinity of the route of the Nicaragua Canal, and one within only 40 miles of its western locks. Last April an earthquake destroyed substantial masonry buildings at Leon, only 100 miles distant from these lock sites.

The cost of the Panama Canal is stated by General ABBOT to be, in round numbers, $100,000,000, and he appropriately suggests that—

> before the government embarks on so important a work that the relative merits of the two routes will be examined and judged by a commission of expert engineers, for it is certain that only one canal is now needed, and that that one should be the best possible.

Certainly whatever is done in this direction ought to be done on the report of experts, and if Congress is really going to "rise to its new responsibilities," it cannot better prove it than by modestly retiring while engineers solve the problem of the relative merits of the two routes.

## THE BOSS AND THE BENCH.

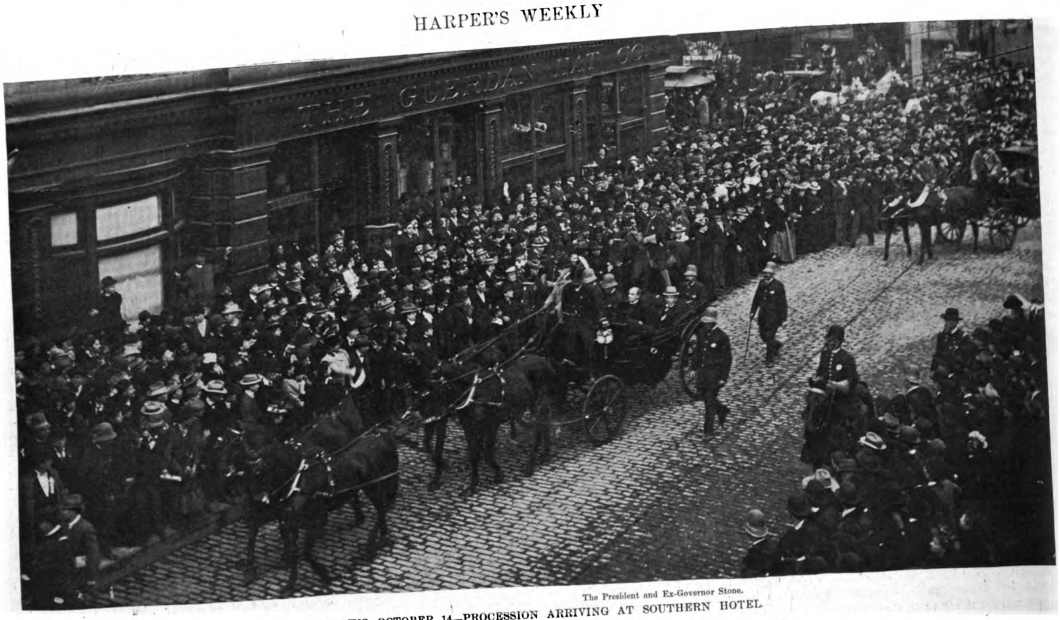
THERE is a salutary restriction placed upon the power of the bosses by the nature of things, which is expressed in the ancient saying that whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. Because a man who has secured possession of the political machine can commit with impunity many outrages and many infamies, he comes to think that there is no outrage and no infamy that he cannot commit with impunity. The day comes when he goes a step too far, when the public indignation which he has so often braved takes at last effective form, and he is overthrown.

Mr. RICHARD CROKER, the Tammany boss, is now trying an interesting and, for himself, a dangerous experiment upon the public patience. Tammany has not yet been in full power for a year, but it has already become as defiant of decency as when it was hurled out of power in consequence of the disclosures of the LEXOW committee. Mr. MATTHEWS'S detailed exposition of "'Wide-Open' New York," in the last number of the WEEKLY, shows that already Tammany is behaving with as cynical an impudence as if it had been intrenched in unchallenged power for a decade. The good work done by Mr. ROOSEVELT and his associates in the purification of the police has been all but undone already. The very appointment of the smirched DEVERY to be Chief of Police was accepted, as without doubt it was intended, as a notification to the force that the reign of merit was over and the reign of favor had been renewed. Vice and crime were no longer to be regarded as objects of an uncompromising prosecution, but as sources of revenue that had been for a time overlooked. Law-breakers, of all varieties, were not to be suppressed, as who should kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, but to be privately taxed for "all the traffic would bear." The tributary streams that had for a time been obstructed were to begin again to flow to the boss, irrigating the intermediaries on their way. The government of the city was to be again a compact between the payer and the receivers of blackmail, between men ready to pay bribes to break the law and perjured wretches sworn to enforce the law and banded to take bribes to allow it to be broken.

This is once more the municipal government of New York. Mr. MATTHEWS has shown us how it works. Already, after only ten months, things are ripe for another PARKHURST and another LEXOW. But it is at this juncture that the Tammany boss thinks it safe to make a still more daring attempt upon the public patience than the licensing of vice and crime. He thinks he can punish, by refusing him a renomination, a judge of his own party, whose party loyalty and whose judicial fitness are alike unquestioned, but who has refused to take the orders of the boss in the discharge of his official duties. With incredible insolence, CROKER has actually given this explanation of his refusal to renominate Judge DALY to a committee of the Bar Association which called upon him to urge the renomination! The action by which Judge DALY incurred his displeasure was a refusal to discharge an officer of the court to make room for a tool of CROKER'S. But of course it might equally have been a refusal to make a decision to CROKER'S order.

We repeat that this is a dangerous experiment. It ought to be a fatal experiment. For the people —even "the plain people"—are alive to the necessity of an honest and independent judiciary. They now have notice that before nominating candidates for the bench CROKER has satisfied himself that they will not be too honest or too independent to do his bidding. In attacking the independence of the judiciary he has laid his dirty hands upon what all Americans regard as the ark of the covenant. The experiment he is trying has been tried by another boss—another Democratic boss, another boss in this State. DAVID B. HILL is a man of much better education than CROKER, and is himself a lawyer. These facts made his attempt to prostitute the judiciary at once less excusable and more surprising than the present attempt made by a man who attaches no more sanctity to the administration of justice than to the business of squeezing the pool-sellers. HILL insisted upon nominating a man who had shown himself unfit to be a judge, while CROKER insists upon "turning down" a man who has shown his fitness to be a judge, among other ways, by refusing to submit to CROKER'S dictation. In 1893 HILL was quite as clearly the Democratic boss in the State as CROKER now is in the city. He felt so sure of victory that he made sure his ticket could carry MAYNARD. He was mistaken about MAYNARD to the extent of 100,000 votes, and MAYNARD dragged the rest of the ticket with him. It remains to be seen whether CROKER has not also reckoned without his host in assuming that he is strong enough to defy all decency.

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The President and Ex-Governor Stone.

ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 14—PROCESSION ARRIVING AT SOUTHERN HOTEL.



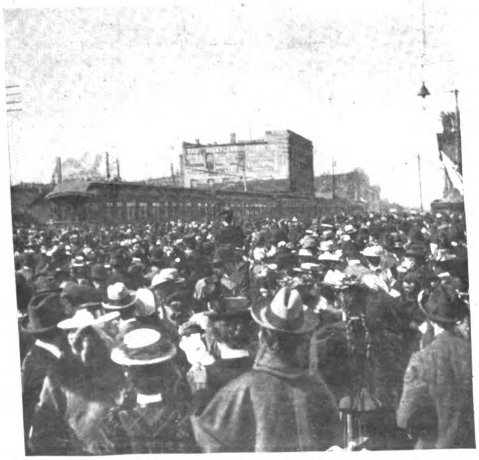
ST. LOUIS—CROWD WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT AT FOREST PARK.



OMAHA, OCTOBER 12—GENERAL MILES ON THE SPEAKERS' PLATFORM.



KOREAN MINISTER WAITING FOR HIS CARRIAGE AT THE OMAHA CLUB.



PRESIDENT'S TRAIN LEAVING CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.



THE PRESIDENT SHAKING HANDS AFTER A SPEECH.

THE PRESIDENT'S WESTERN TRIP—SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE.

Photographs by George G. Bain, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" with the President's Party.—[See Page 1054.]

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THE PRESIDENT DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS AT THE EXPOSITION-GROUNDS.



THE GREAT CROWD THAT GATHERED TO LISTEN TO THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S VISIT TO THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA, OCTOBER 12, 1898.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RINEHART.—[SEE PAGE 1054.]

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## THE PRESIDENT AT OMAHA.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, members of his cabinet, the general of the army, and other distinguished guests spent the day of October 12 at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. The event was colored with the enthusiasm which always greets a President in large assemblages, regardless of his personality. Probably there was an increased fervor due to Mr. McKinley's personal popularity; and the spectacular in the presence of General Miles with his staff, all in uniform, added much to the pleasure of the thousands who were drawn to Omaha by the event.

Two things were conspicuous in the reception of the President—the orderliness of the arrangements for his entertainment and the good-humor of the crowds that greeted him. Every feature of the programme went smoothly and without delay. The President was not overwhelmed by the rush of curious people at any point in the course of the entertainment. The eagerness of the throng to get near to him never passed reasonable bounds. If it had any disposition to do so it would have been held in check by the line of Nebraska volunteers stationed on each side of the route which his carriage followed.

Ninety-eight thousand people greeted the President at Omaha, composed chiefly of the agricultural population of the vicinage. The city people of Omaha had as much difficulty to see their distinguished visitor as the strangers within their gates, for the number of these made travel to the exposition-grounds by any sort of conveyance extremely difficult.

It was said by one of those who witnessed the entire programme that there were five acres of people at Omaha, and that only one acre of them saw the President. This was probably true of the occasion when he delivered a formal address from the platform on the East Midway; but it is not likely that many of the visitors failed of an opportunity to see him as he passed through the city or while he was seated on one or other of the stands from which he spoke or viewed the exercises in his honor. The occasions thus offered were made exceptionally good by the location of the stands. For the night parade of Tuesday, which followed the President's arrival, a platform had been built in front of the City Hall.

The sloping ascent about the great Court House building opposite was covered with spectators as closely as they could be packed together, and the windows and cornices were filled. Below, the street was crowded with a great throng.

The first feature of the President's entertainment at Omaha was the parade of Ak-Sar-Ben, a Western development of the Mardi-gras parades in the South. St. Louis was the first city to transplant the Mardi-gras festivities to Northern soil, and now every city of the West and Northwest has its fall festival and parade. That of Omaha is not deficient in merit and interest. Coupled with it on the night of the President's arrival was an electric parade, in which the floats were brilliant with incandescent lights. The President did not wait to see the electric floats, and the gods and goddesses of mythology looked for him in vain from their eminences. He had withdrawn to his carriage and gone to his quarters in the Omaha Club House. Here, with the members of his party, he was established in rooms especially fitted for his accommodation, and here he spent presumably a restful night.

From the club on the following morning he was taken in an open carriage, under the escort of President Wattles of the exposition, to the exposition-grounds. The scene in the club-house that morning was bright with color and brilliant with gold lace. The Chinese and Korean ministers and their families, clad in the many-hued silks of their native costumes, gave the needed touch of color to the assemblage, and the brass buttons and gold lace of General Miles and his staff made the scene brighter. There were women in gay costumes, too, with flowers in their hands. Officially the party was one of the most distinguished that ever gathered in a Western city. Of the President's official family there were present Secretary Gage of the Treasury, Secretary Bliss of the Interior Department, Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, and the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson. Mr. Gage and Mr. Smith were accompanied by their wives; Mr. Wilson by his daughter. Mrs. McKinley was not able to accompany the President, because of a domestic affliction. Of the less important officials of the administration there were present the Assistant Secretary of War, the Commissioner of Education, the chief of the Weather Bureau, and the chief of the Signal Corps of the army, General Greely. In the diplomatic party were the minister of the Argentine Republic and the secretary of the Cuban legation. Senators Thurston and Allen, Governor Holcomb, ex-Governor Saunders, and ex-Senator Manderson were of the receiving party.

At the exposition-grounds the President went directly to the stand from which he was to deliver an address. The crowd extended on each side almost to the limit of the wide space. In front it stretched in unbroken mass to the two buildings on each side of the viaduct, and to the summit of that bridge which connects the Midway with the large court of the exposition.

When the address of the President was finished, the Postmaster-General spoke for a few minutes. Then, one after another, the distinguished members of the party were introduced, and each was greeted with a good-natured cheer.

The incidents of the reception that followed the speech-making in quick succession were a luncheon, a circuit of the exhibition buildings, a view of the Indian Congress and sham battle, a dinner, a drive around the illuminated court, and an exhibition of fireworks.

To the visitors from the East the exposition inevitably suggested the World's Fair. But it was a subject of wonder with them that in this remote city of the West an exhibition could have been created which would bear comparison so favorably with that stupendous show. In one feature they found it unique, and that feature was probably the most interesting in the experience of the President. No one of the line of "Great Fathers" who have seen the gradual hemming in of the American Indian on Western soil has ever witnessed such an assemblage as Mr. Rosewater had brought together, with the aid of Congress and a $40,000 appropriation, to form the crowning glory of the Omaha show.

The Indians were deeply interested in the meeting. They had put in a request that the President would shake hands with them. But 600 hands were more than the President had time to grasp, so he compromised by taking off his hat and bowing to each of the delegations from the thirty tribes as they marched forward and saluted him. A more pronounced greeting met Geronimo, as the old warrior dashed forward on his pony, and removing the horned cap from his head, bowed with a grim smile to the chief of the white men. When the sham battle was concluded the President walked down the line of Indians, hat in hand, bowing and smiling.

The President's visit was the climax of the Omaha Exhibition. It saw the richest fruition of many months of labor, whose results have been successful beyond all expectation. In the face of unfavorable conditions created by the war, Major Clarkson, the secretary of the exposition, told me the treasury at the time of the President's visit contained $185,000, and there were no debts. On only three days had the gate receipts failed to meet the expenses of the show. Every bill had been paid when due, and the prospects were fair for a refund of the entire sum advanced by the stockholders.

As to the effect of the show on Omaha, Mr. Hitchcock, the editor of the *World-Herald*, who is the fusion candidate for Congress, said that it had recreated the city. It was a desperate resort of a community threatened with bankruptcy, and its result has been the stimulation of trade, the lifting of mortgages, an increase in the active population of the city, and the encouragement of enterprise which since the "boom" days has met with an inadequate reward. All this has been due, in large measure, to the untiring efforts of President Wattles and Secretary Clarkson, who have put in more than a laborer's day on the exposition's business for many months; to the publicity given to the enterprise through the work of Editor Rosewater of the *Bee*; and to the active assistance which every citizen has given to the managers of the exposition.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

## THE WEST INDIES.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

### I.—THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA.

WHEN England, in 1655, took Jamaica from the Spaniards, there were some two thousand slaves on the island, most of them pure Africans, but a few the hybrid offspring of negroes and the aboriginal Arawak Indians, whom the Spaniards had found in possession of the island, and, in the course of a century, had managed to exterminate. These slaves—known in history as Koromantyns, or, more commonly, "Maroons"—sided with their masters, and on the flight of the Spanish forces from Jamaica they took to the mountains, and for a century and a half maintained a harassing war against the English. But in 1795 the Jamaican government imported from Cuba a great number of mastiffs, trained like the blood-hound to track human beings by scent, but, unlike the blood-hound, to attack the victim of their ruthless quest with horrible ferocity. The knowledge that these animals were arrayed against them paralyzed the Maroons, and, rather than meet them in fight, they surrendered to the troops whom until then they had held in very scant respect. Not a shot was fired after the "blood-hounds" reached the English camp. The rebels capitulated on the single condition that their lives should be spared. Thus ended the troubles with the Maroons. Their leaders were eventually shipped off to Sierra Leone, and the rank and file, being confirmed in certain privileges which, after a previous "peace," had been granted to them, retired to their villages, and thenceforth not only lived in peace with the English, but during the negro insurrection, quelled with such merciful severity in 1865 by Governor Eyre, they fought on the side of the whites. The privileges referred to above were the grant of certain lands in perpetual freehold and exemption from all taxation, and modified "home-rule"—*quamdiu se bene gesserint*. On these terms the descendants of the Spaniards' slaves, still known as Maroons, live in the island, and one of their locations is Moore Town, about ten miles from Port Antonio, on the northern shore of the island. Their lines have certainly been cast, from a negro point of view, in very pleasant places. Well above sea-level, in the midst of superb scenery, this interesting human fragment of old world history lives a life very much its own and in some respects quite isolated, but year by year assimilating more and more with its surroundings. Ever since the suppression of Gordon's insurrection in 1865 the Maroons have been gradually ridding themselves of their "caste" prejudice, which held them aloof from the freed negroes and the half-castes, so that to-day the inhabitants of Moore Town possess scarcely any special characteristics of feature and suggest no special type. Here and there, frequently enough to arrest attention, one sees fine features, thin lips, oval faces, with a lithe and dignified bearing—a combination absolutely unknown among the negroes, and pointing back to a strong strain of blood other than African—probably that of the aboriginal Arawak Indians, who are recorded to have been a comely and graceful race. But the majority of the Maroons are as mongrel-looking a collection as could be picked up at the corner of any Port Antonio street, and though suggesting in appearance, strange to say, less of the negro than the coolie, are in gesture, temperament, and mental traits unmistakable Africans. They are very light-hearted and excitable, exceedingly simple, and surprisingly shrewd; a community which would follow and desert a leader with equal alacrity; impulsive but not purposeful, and morbidly superstitious. I confess I was greatly disappointed to find them becoming so "civilized"—to see roofs of corrugated zinc instead of palm-leaf thatch, Bass and Tennant their beers instead of pombe and cassava, and canned meats their delicacies instead of ubonni.

"What is your religion?" I asked a hoary old heathenish-looking person.

"Church of England," was the shocking reply; and later, when I expressed a wish to see his fetich, he flattened me out by asking, "*Fetich*—what *is* fetich?"

I had hoped, I confess, to interview a witch-finder, to see a medicine-man perhaps go through some dance, or at least hear an obeah-man curse a little. But no, they are all "Church of England," in proof of which in the valley below stood a dilapidated, half-roofed, no-windowed church, in and out of which some fat little children were chasing some fat little pigs, which had invaded the sacred premises for the sake of shade.

"So you are all thinking of joining the Americans," I said.

"No, sir, not me," was the reply.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because, sir, I think the Americans most unsuitable."

"*Unsuitable!*" said I, in surprise. "Unsuitable for what?"

"Unsuitable, sir, for the dominions of Queen Victoria!"

This led me to speak of loyalty, in the course of which my acquaintance informed me that "bullets do not kill you if you are fighting in the right cause," and in support of this startling generalization he adduced the case of his own brother, "now a dead man, sir, and buried by the missionary who lives on top of yonder hill," who, when fighting on the side of the English against the rebel slaves in 1865, "was twice struck by bullets, sir, on the head and on the chest, and they glanced off him, sir, because he was fighting for the right cause—for Queen Victoria, sir."

What the "loyalty" of the colored population of the island may spring from I would not undertake to guess, but it is an unquestionable fact that not one negro in a thousand, and probably not more than one "Jamaican" in a thousand, would, on plebiscite, vote for annexation. Somehow or another the very same apprehension of Americans exists everywhere among the black and half-black people of the island as of Russia among the natives of India. Some affect to explain this by rumors that have reached the island as to harsh treatment of the blacks in the southernmost States, others by the fact that from time to time colored youths, who have been educated as Baptist missionaries or doctors in the United States, return here and spread among the resident blacks exaggerated accounts of the disabilities and drawbacks incidental to negro life in America as compared with British dominions. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the colored population of Jamaica is to-day not in one district, but in all, unanimously "loyal" to the British government. In fact, more than one Englishman of long residence has told me that to take a vote on the question of annexation to the United States would be to provoke riots, and perhaps even run the risk of insurrection.

Is this "loyalty" only speech-deep? For myself, I frankly confess I believe it is. I cannot forget that history teaches us that the government of colored peoples by minorities of whites is periodically disturbed by outbreaks of popular ill feeling towards the authorities. These are due in special cases to fanaticism, or the spirit of unrest natural to fighting-races chafing under the tiresome monotony of law-abiding peace, but as often as not they arise from the curious frame of mind common to all humanity, expressed in the Bible in the phrase, "and Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked." Outbreaks apparently quite senseless have often occurred in British possessions when the people had "waxed fat," when prosperity under benevolent government had made them forget the benevolence and swelled their heads. The black is particularly subject to this weakness of "swelled head," whether as the individual servant of an intelligent master or the subject of a kindly government. He waxes fat and "kicks."

Now the Maroons, except for an incident that occurred some three years ago, when they tumultuously demanded certain lands, and, on being shown that they had no claim to them, peaceably accepted the fact and retired from the estate they had claimed, have lived in peace and plenty. Their hills and valleys are superbly fertile. The open lands afford excellent grazing, there is abundance of beautiful water, and the vegetation is largely composed of bananas and cocoanut-palms, bread-fruit trees, sugar-cane, mango, guava, and other fruit trees—a medley of valuable food-producing plants which, with occasional kola, pineapples, and oranges, is partly the result of their own planting, partly the surviving evidences of a departed prosperity, when these lands formed parts of rich plantations worked by slave laborers, but thrown out of culture by the emancipation of the negroes. In this black man's paradise they have thriven and multiplied, and though they have voluntarily abandoned their original isolation, they are still an individual community, and, taking all the world round, should be the most contented, as they are certainly the best-to-do, of all negro or negroid colonies living under white rule. Until quite recently the colony of Jamaica had looked upon the Maroons as thoroughly law-abiding, and indeed it was supposed that in case of any popular disturbance they might be counted upon as auxiliaries of British authority.

Some weeks ago the Maroons applied to government for and received a plan of the grounds which had been granted to their predecessors a hundred years ago in perpetuity and tax free. Their interpretation of this survey led them to assert that the tribe was not now in possession of all the lands that had been granted to it in 1795, and to claim certain portions of several estates. Among these was a certain "Fyfe Pen"—"pen" being the Jamaican equivalent for the American "ranch" or Australian "run"—which had since the death of Colonel Fyfe been split up and portions of it absorbed into the now existing Gibraltar, Iter Boreale, and Fort George plantations. This old pen the Maroons have reconstructed from the survey map, and are now asserting proprietorship over such portions of those three estates as had originally belonged to Colonel Fyfe. This gentleman, an Englishman, was selected by government to take charge of the Maroons in 1865, when, after assisting the authorities against the rebels, they made a kind of triumphal progress through portions of the island, fêted and applauded by the loyal population, and for some reason or another the Maroons now claim Colonel Fyfe's estate as their property. What other connection Fyfe may have had with the tribe, beyond organizing and marching with it in the parade, I have not been able to discover, either from the Maroons themselves or from officials, but it is evident that the community have satisfied themselves as to the existence of some sort of "rights," for they have committed the offence known technically, I believe, as "forcible entry and detainer"—that is to say, they marched on to the Gibraltar and Iter Boreale estates in body over a hundred strong, cut a wire fence as assertion of right of way, pulled some cocoanuts to prove proprietorship, and ordered the laborers to take no more log wood off the grounds, and to empty out the contents of wagons already loaded on to the ground. This was on Tuesday and Wednesday. The inspector-general of police

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was sent to Annotto Bay, and some forty constables collected at that place, and on Saturday, the necessary information having been laid, summonses were taken out against some twelve or fifteen of the leaders of the movement, and are made returnable for Tuesday next here at Annotto Bay, and on that day we shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile the Maroons remain in possession, and not one of them, if we are to believe what they say, intends to move. And nothing can be more precise and emphatic than their language. Suffice it to say that in my own hearing a Maroon said that if the negro constabulary tried to turn them off the grounds they had seized, they would kill every one of them, or die themselves to the last man. This may, of course, have been mere braggadocio, but it did not sound like it when it was said, and the speaker and his companions did not look like "blatherskites" when they said it. But, after all, there is no saying how far "tall talking" may be carried without any resultant violence. On the other hand, the Maroons are, as I have said, vain, excitable, easily swayed, and sentimental, not to say superstitious. Of the constabulary, who are all black, except their officers, the Maroons have a deplorably poor opinion, and every "Jamaican" of color you speak to on the subject tells you that the Maroons despise the negroes. For one thing, of course, they really obtained their present peculiar semi-independence by force of arms, and although they eventually succumbed in a kind of panic at the presence of "blood-hounds" in the English camps, they were never, as a matter of fact, thrashed, and they have not forgotten the fact.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

Annotto Bay, *October 2*.

## A PUERTO RICO PROBLEM.

### THE CROWDED PRISONS.

THE scene might be a prison-yard in any one of the larger towns of that island over which our flag was raised on Tuesday, October 18—in Ponce, San Juan, Guayama, and the other places which have come so suddenly into our consciousness during the last few months that it almost seems as though the war with Spain had created them.

There is a large square court-yard, or *patio*, open to the sky in fair and foul weather; it is paved with flag-stones, and surrounded by a colonnade. If the reader were making his observations from a point near the centre of the *patio* (or, as it were, in the foreground of the drawing on the first page of this number of the WEEKLY) he would see, between the arches and in the deep shadow, doors of the cells in which ordinary prisoners are locked at night. These are on a level with the ground, and above them is a row of little grated windows, where dark faces are seen pressed against the bars, and bare feet are thrust out. The solitary occupants are intently watching figures that move across the little square of sunlit pavement visible to them.

"Pablo is carrying his chain in his hand to-day; yesterday he dragged it"—that is about all they see.

The cells in this upper tier are reserved for prisoners held in close confinement. And often there is a barrier between the arches, to restrain an intermediate class, including political offenders and suspected persons, who are neither condemned to absolute solitude nor allowed to mingle with the common herd. In the sunny court are natives of high and low degree, white and black—but only natives, for the Spaniards have always been more leniently treated. The man who has been charged with murder and the man whose peasant neighbor has accused him of a theft of fruit are together here, and have equal privileges in most respects. But the more dangerous fellows must drag about heavy log-chains attached to their ankles. There is a game of handball for those who do not wear the chain, and for all, without exception, and at all hours of the day, there is the favorite pastime—gambling. Mere lack of money is no impediment; when the last piece of silver has vanished, there is still a button or a tin dish to be won or lost. From time to time friends of the prisoners come, bringing presents of uncooked food—of corn, or meat, or codfish, perhaps—and hand these things in through the bars, or throw them down from the flat roof—the *azotea*—to which any one has free access. And so the common supply of food in the large iron kettle receives frequent additions. It is rather like the old custom of the North American savages—all is soup meat that comes to this kettle; the fire is kept up; there is at least a spoonful of hot food for those that are hungry. A stone tank in the centre of the court is supplied with running water; and here at last is an object that the eye can rest upon with pleasure, for the artistic Spaniard has made of even this prison fountain a bit of architecture. Half-naked figures of the men who wash their clothing in the tank are in harmony with this classical suggestion.

Many of these prisoners are simple country people whom the Guardia Civil captured in highway and hedge. Some of them assert that they have been confined for a year or more without trial, and an American visitor is likely to hear that a fair proportion do not accurately know why they were committed. They all expected to be released on the arrival of the American army, and it is not too much to say that this expectation was shared by the inhabitants of the island generally. For, otherwise, what should the Americans do with the imprisoned? Could they investigate each case separately and take evidence once more? Would they have confidence in the old records and retain the old judges, virtually approving every scandalous sentence and reaffirming every old judgment by continuing the penalty it had involved? To the islanders this problem seemed very difficult.

One of those who thought the problem would prove too difficult was a Spanish volunteer at San Juan. He had lost an arm on May 12, when Admiral Sampson bombarded the capital's defences. On his visiting-card was inscribed, after his name and as a title or characterization, the word "Hero." And he was authorized to adopt that title.

As the native prisoners, when anticipating the advent of Miles and Brooke and their twenty thousand, pictured the event to themselves, the gates would be thrown open, they would flock out, guns would be placed in their hands, and they would be told to kill as many Spaniards as possible. Now, of course, there is bitter disappointment among them and their friends. The impression produced on their minds when they discovered that not only were they still prisoners pending investigation of the charges recorded against them, but even unruly members of the army of liberation shared their captivity, forms a curious subject for speculation. It is matched, however, by the reflections of offenders who wear Uncle Sam's uniform, but who find themselves shut in "such a place to put a man who came down here to fight!"

In view of the conjectures that have been mentioned above, the first steps in the development of the American policy are of special interest. After October 18 the Spanish civil authorities continued to hold office. It became evident that they were not to be replaced so long as they performed their duties satisfactorily. There was no such protest at San Juan as that which made itself heard at Manila, where it led General Merritt to modify his proclamation. It is thought that the perfect definition of the terms of the problem will make its solution comparatively easy, and, judging from present indications, we may expect hearty co-operation of Spaniards, Spanish-Americans, and Americans in the effort to understand the situation and to effect an easy transition.

MARRION WILCOX.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

*Bismarck's Autobiography* (Harper & Brothers), which is announced to appear next month, will come opportunely to qualify the impressions of Prince Bismarck's character and career which have been formed from works about him that have appeared since his death. It is the only work of the sort that he left. In 1889 the Cotta Publishing House in Germany asked the Chancellor to write down his recollections of his life and work. He declined at the time, but the following year, when he had unexpectedly gone out of office, he arranged with the Cottas for the book they had asked for, and began work on it. Its title, *Gedanken und Erinnerungen*, was his own choice. He dictated his recollections first to Lothar Bucher, and after Bucher's death went on with the help of Dr. Chrysander.

There are no sensational disclosures in this autobiography, but it includes the thoughts, memories, and reflections of the artificer of an empire, as he looked back in his age on the labors of his life, and on the history which he helped to make. Bismarck's most violent critics do not deny that his personality was exceedingly interesting. It enters into this work more largely than into any other that can be written.

One finds it harder and harder, as the campaign in New York State progresses, to locate the line which separates Colonel Roosevelt's share in beating Spain from what was done to that end by the other land forces of the United States. The Colonel's admiring friends keep shoving the boundary of his renown farther and farther along, incidentally leaving less and less credit to the regular army, the gallant correspondents, and his other helpers. The address calling for a Roosevelt League of German-Americans points out that—

> An officer at the head of his regiment, it was he who in the critical moment insured success. If we had had no Roosevelt at Santiago, and if we had been defeated in action there, who knows whether to-day we would be in a position to consider terms of peace?

So, in introducing the candidate at a meeting of colored voters, Mr. T. T. Fortune said, on October 14:

> When Colonel Roosevelt made his charge up San Juan Hill he was supported on the right and left by the colored troopers of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and the gallant Colonel won his victory with their aid.

The ignorant reader wonders whether there were no surviving officers of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and why they are not entitled to appear as part owners of the victory of San Juan. Moreover, there are close students of our recent military history who find in General Kent's report that a man named Hawkins, an obscure general in the regular army, who commanded a brigade, captured San Juan Hill with the Sixth and Sixteenth regular infantry, with extremely valuable assistance from the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth regular infantry. No doubt Colonel Roosevelt rode up one segment of the hill and General Hawkins another. At any rate, readers of General Kent's report maintain that Hawkins and his men had something to do with the San Juan victory; indeed, the portion of credit that they assign to General Hawkins is of appalling size, and not to be reconciled with the dimensions of the piece which the Colonel's friends claim for him, except on the theory that the aggregated parts of that victory are very much larger than the whole. No one doubts that the Colonel did his full duty according to his lights and abilities as a volunteer officer, but he must be mortified at the dissemination of the idea that he was the mainspring of the American forces at Santiago, and that if he had broken, the wheels of our military machine would have ceased to go round. No doubt many of these misleading impressions will be set right in the war articles for the magazines, the composition of which now engages the Colonel's scant leisure, as well as in the history of the late war which is soon to come from his near friend Senator Lodge.

A poem called "America, Beloved Land," published in the WEEKLY for October 8, was accompanied by a note saying that it was composed by Mr. Abbot Frederic as a substitute for "The Star-Spangled Banner," the words of which familiar song seemed to him "weak and inadequate."

Mr. Frederic desires that it should be stated that the note did not express his sentiments, and that he does not wish to appear as disparaging the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," or as assuming that his own composition is necessarily more worthy of the nation.

Reports of the American Peace Commission sitting in Paris represent the American commissioners to be in good health and spirits, and to be haggling actively with their Spanish brethren over the terms of peace. At last accounts discussion was still confined to Cuban concerns, and especially to the question of the Cuban debt, and whether responsibility for any part of it could be imposed upon the United States. The Spanish commissioners have asked that our government shall assume sovereignty in Cuba, and our commissioners have refused to do so, though willing to undertake to preserve order until a stable government is perfected. So far as public information goes, the Commission has not yet made a beginning of the settlement of the problem of the Philippines. News of the Commission and its doings creates no excitement in this country, the average citizen and newspaper reader feeling full confidence in our commissioners, and being very ready to believe that the conclusions they will reach will be the best obtainable.

The canon of the Episcopal Church relating to divorce is to remain unchanged. The amendment proposed by the party in the convention led by Bishop Doane proposed to forbid Episcopal clergymen to officiate at the marriage of either party to a divorce during the lifetime of the other party. An amendment offered by Bishop Potter prohibited remarriage after a divorce granted for a cause succeeding the marriage except in the case of the innocent party to such a divorce. In the preliminary vote Bishop Potter's amendment beat Bishop Doane's amendment by a vote of 32 to 31, but by a subsequent vote (31 to 24) it was determined to leave the present canon unamended. So the Episcopal Church will continue for at least three years more to countenance the remarriage of the innocent party to a divorce.

There is little to say about the loss of the *Mohegan* except that the *Mohegan* was lost. On Friday evening, October 14, at seven o'clock, on her course from London to New York, she ran aground on rocks near the Lizard, the southern extremity of Cornwall. A heavy easterly gale was blowing, which drove back tugs which put out to her rescue, and made it very difficult to launch her own boats. Of 158 persons aboard, 50 were saved. Of 54 passengers 11 were saved, among them five women. Out of the crew of 104, 39 were saved. Her commander, Captain Griffiths, and her first, second, and third officers were lost. How the vessel came to be six or seven miles north of her course is not yet explained. A coroner's inquest began on Monday, October 17, was adjourned for a week in order to insure the presence of a nautical expert from the Board of Trade. The surviving passengers, some of whom were present at the inquest, were not allowed to give evidence before the adjournment, and their testimony may not be taken at all. This action of the coroner in not taking the testimony of the passengers before they were scattered is criticised.

The *Mohegan* was a single-screw steamer of 4510 tons, and was one of five vessels lately bought by the Atlantic Transport Company to replace five vessels sold by that company to the United States to be used as army transports. She was a new ship, launched this year at Hull, England, and at first named *Cleopatra*.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* feels sure that it is mistaken policy for a high-class newspaper to cut its price to one cent. It does not believe "that intelligent, healthy-minded people are deterred from reading decent papers because of the difference of one or two cents in price." That is true enough, and it is also true that while intelligent people don't want what the *Ledger* calls "madhouse sheets" at any price, when an interesting and reputable newspaper can be bought for one cent a great many buyers add it daily to the paper or the group of papers they



ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINER "MOHEGAN," WRECKED OFF THE LIZARD, OCTOBER 14, WHEN 108 LIVES WERE LOST OUT OF 158.

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are taking already. Most persons in New York who really aspire to keep abreast of the times seem nowadays to feel the need of looking through from four to ten papers daily. Time was when a family that took in a newspaper felt that it got the news. Now every prudent family takes in a paper or two for the news, and a few more as a precaution against being taken in. When you buy one or two newspapers a day the price doesn't matter much, but when you buy five or six, the extra pennies are of more moment. A good many thrifty persons dislike as much to pay three cents for a newspaper as for a postage-stamp.

Mr. William G. Brown, the deputy keeper of the records of Harvard University, is trying to make a complete list of the Harvard men—officers, graduates, undergraduates, and temporary members of the university in any department—who have served in the war with Spain. The list is to be printed in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, and the documents on which it is based are to be kept in the university archives. It is thought that the list will include as many as three hundred and fifty names. "I am inclined to think," writes the deputy keeper, "that more Harvard men enlisted during the period of the war than during the corresponding early period of the civil war."

A Philadelphia correspondent, who thinks that the WEEKLY, while observant of Red Cross work, has not paid due attention to the labors of the National Relief Association, points out, in the name of justice, that the National Relief has had agents at Camps Alger and Wikoff, and at Tampa and other points in Florida; that it still has agents at Ponce, Santiago, and Camp Meade; that it is working through Consul Wildman at Hong-kong for the troops at Manila, and sends weekly tons of supplies; that its secretary, in company with Major Appel, meets every transport that comes to New York; that as late as October 15 it had charge, and doubtless still has charge, of a large number of sick soldiers in Philadelphia; that it has fed thousands of soldiers; and that it makes a business of locating missing men and sending them home. "Ask the soldiers from Cuba, Ponce, or the camps about the National Relief Commission," says this reproachful Philadelphian, "and see what answer you get."

Joseph Simon, the new Republican Senator from Oregon, was born in Germany in 1851, and is a Jew, as his name suggests. He came with his parents to Oregon in 1857, and got his schooling first at a private school in Portland kept by Sylvester Pennoyer (who was afterwards Governor), and later at the Portland public schools. In 1870 he entered the law office of John H. Mitchell and Joseph N. Dolph, both of whom have since been United States Senators. Two years later he was admitted to the bar, and has practised law ever since with ability and success. His political activities include five terms of service in the Oregon State Senate, over five sessions of which he presided. In 1879 he ran for Mayor of Portland, and missed election by one vote. In 1891 he was a strong candidate for the United States Circuit Judgeship, to which President Harrison eventually appointed William B. Gilbert.

Senator Simon has long been an active and influential



JOSEPH SIMON,
United States Senator-Elect from Oregon.

Republican, and is a strong and outspoken advocate of the gold standard. He has fought free silver from the beginning, and is credited with having done more than any one else to win Oregon's sound-money victories in 1896 and 1898.

No more bloodshed is expected to result from the miners' strikes in Illinois, but the situation continues to be very uneasy, with no settlement in sight. Governor Tanner has been using the State troops to prevent the importation of negro laborers into Virden and Pana, and his right to use troops for such a purpose and to search railroad trains and interfere with travel will probably be inquired into in suits to be brought against the State of Illinois. There has been talk of asking the President to send regular troops to the scene of disturbance, on the ground that the Governor has failed in his duty, and that the mine-owners and negro laborers have been deprived of their constitutional rights as citizens of the United States. Meanwhile the rejected negroes who were driven away from Virden have been left on the hands of the railroad which brought them, and after finding a temporary refuge at Springfield, were sheltered at last accounts in the jail at St. Louis.

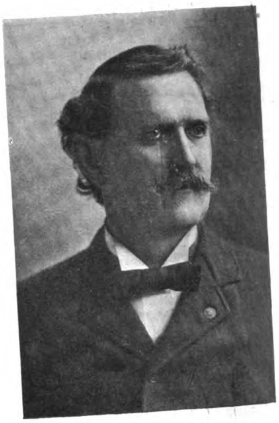
The news of the sudden death of Harold Frederic in London, on October 19, was extremely surprising to persons who only knew him as the London correspondent of the New York *Times* and as a writer of books. He was only forty-two years old, and started in life with an enviable physical and mental endowment, which should have lasted him far longer than it did. He was born on a farm in the Mohawk Valley, near Utica. When he was two years old he lost his father, and his boyhood and youth became a struggle with poverty. But he managed to get the rudiments of education, going to the public schools in Utica in the intervals of work. When he was fourteen he left school and became an office-boy in the employ of Editor Bailey of the Utica *Observer*. A little later, discovering a talent for drawing, he found lucrative employment in Boston in retouching photographic negatives. His eyes gave out under the strain of that work, and he returned to the Utica *Observer* as reporter. In 1882 he became editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and in 1884 left that paper to become the London correspondent of the New York *Times*. His work for the *Times* is well known. His first novel, *Seth's Brother's Wife*, was published in 1887. Of ten other novels that he wrote, eight have been published, one is now running as a serial, and the last is to be published next year. The scenes of several of his books are laid in central New York, and are of especial interest to persons to whom that region is familiar. His most notable novel was *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, published in 1896, which was widely read, and excited much attention.

In his life there were tragedies and grave blemishes, which marred a career in many respects so notable, and which doubtless contributed to his premature collapse under the pressure of hard work. Last August he suffered a stroke of paralysis, which left him ailing and partially crippled, though he kept up his work until a day or two before his death.

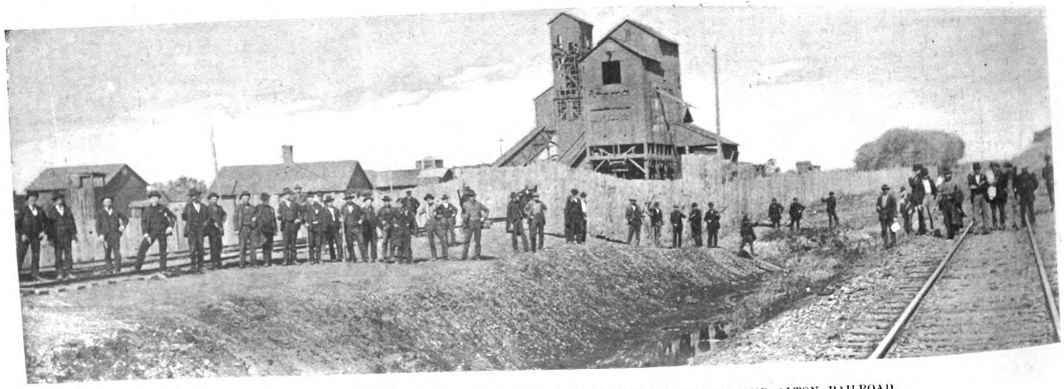
E. S. MARTIN.



MINER'S CABIN NEAR STOCKADE AT VIRDEN, WHERE WOMEN MADE COFFEE FOR THE STRIKERS.



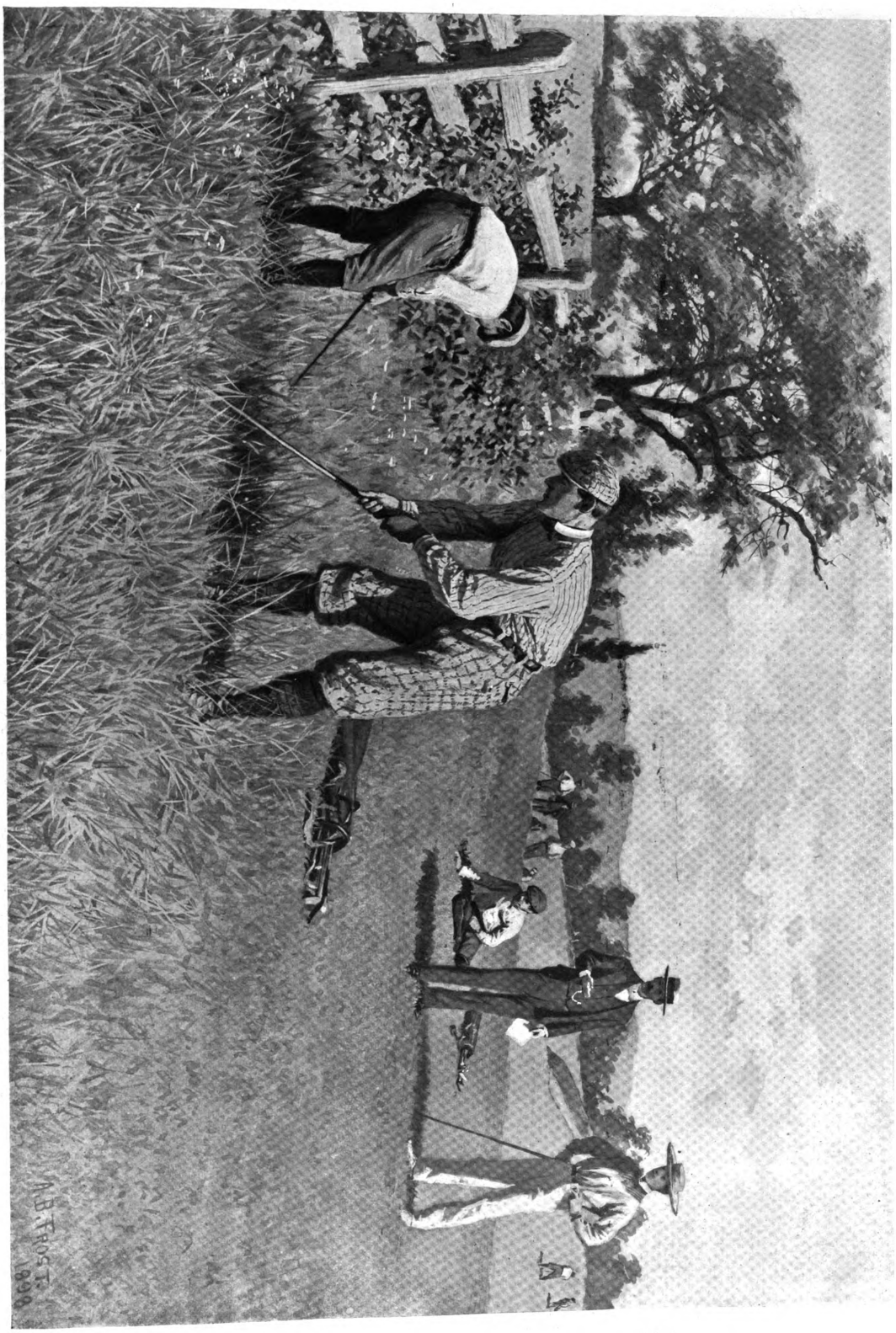
GOVERNOR JOHN R. TANNER.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF STOCKADE AT VIRDEN, SHOWING MAIN TRACK OF CHICAGO AND ALTON RAILROAD.

THE SCENE OF THE ILLINOIS LABOR TROUBLES.—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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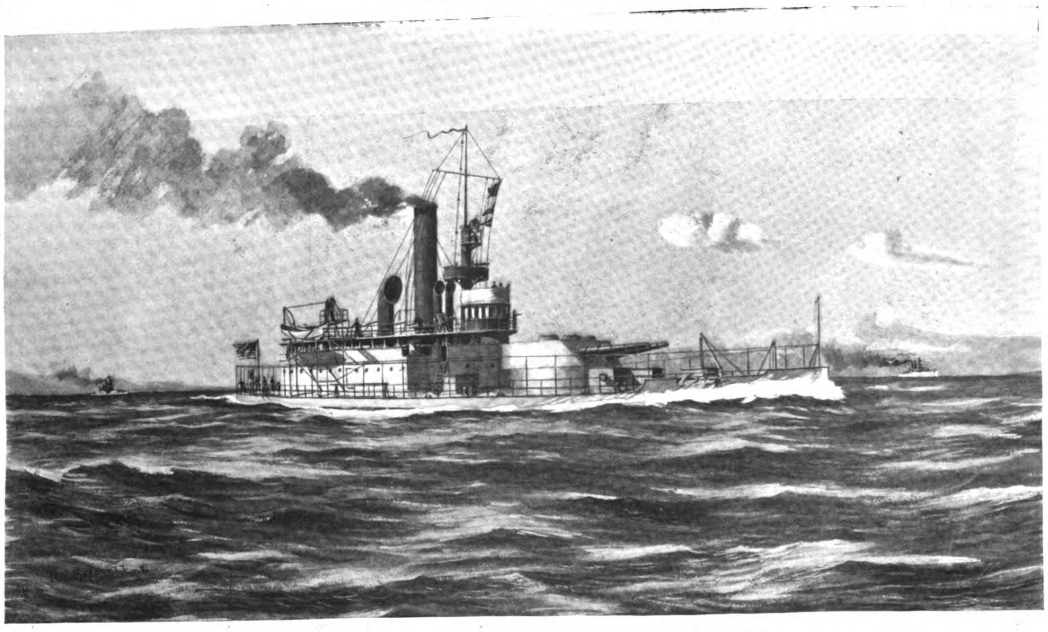
TOURNAMENT DAY.

THE LOST BALL.—TIME'S ALMOST UP.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

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THE NEW SINGLE-TURRET MONITORS LATELY AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS.
Drawn from the Plans by R. G. Skerrett.

## NEW HARBOR-DEFENCE VESSELS.

### THE SINGLE-TURRET MONITORS "ARKANSAS," "CONNECTICUT," "FLORIDA," AND "WYOMING."

While the Monitor is not the all-around superior fighting-machine claimed by some of its advocates, the order is one singularly adapted for special service, and within those limitations is more than a match, weight for weight, for any craft an enemy may bring to bear upon our coast.

Long before the lessons of the late conflict had been brought home to us—yes, even before the struggle had fairly begun—Congress made provision for four harbor-defence vessels of the Monitor type; and while experience has shown the ships unfitted for that cruiser service into which they were pressed through stress of circumstances, still the Monitor remains the ideal vessel for the inner line of coast defence, and the wisdom of Congress in ordering them is justified.

Every one familiar with the type knows that it is characterized, first, by low freeboard—*i.e.*, height of hull above-water; second, by an all-around fire of powerful guns; and third, by massive armor protection for all exposed vital parts. In theory, the vessel seems to be the perfected type of heavy fighting-ship, and so she is in smooth water; but as a good gun platform in a fair seaway she is a failure, notwithstanding the fact that she is as seaworthy and buoyant as a duck. A good gun platform is a craft such as rolls easily and slowly—one, in fact, that trenches so far upon instability that her recovery is gradual. The natural buoyancy of the Monitor, because of her low freeboard and limited top hamper, causes her to recover with wonderful quickness and to make accurate gun-fire in only a fair-sized sea a matter of chance pure and simple. The results of their recent service has emphasized all this, and, too, has shown them to be very wearing upon both officers and crew when kept continually steaming with hatches battened down in Southern waters.

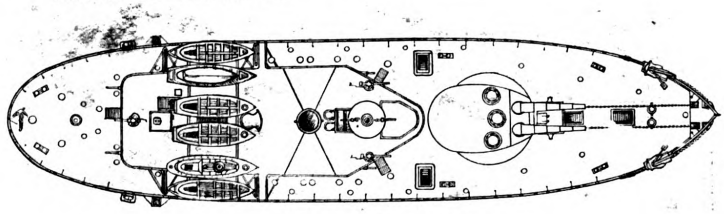
The provision for these new vessels has required them to be for harbor defence only, and as such the ships have been especially designed from a fighting point of view, while retaining all of the peculiar sea-going qualities of the type.

The vessels will be 225 feet long on the water line, with a powerful ram belowwater, will have a maximum beam of 50 feet, and, upon a normal displacement of 2700 tons, will draw only 12½ feet of water.

As usual, the hull will be of steel, with a double, or inner, bottom extending practically from stem to stern, and the common general system of water-tight subdivisioning of the whole interior. An extensive pumping and draining plant will connect with all of the main water-tight compartments, and be ample guard against either fire or the damage of normal accidents of action.

This hull will be protected from gun-fire by a continuous belt of armor reaching from two and a half feet below the water-line up to the height of the main-deck—the one principal deck aboveboard. This armor will have a maximum thickness of eleven inches abreast the boilers, engines, and magazines, tapering thence to five inches at the bow and stern. The armor will be treated by the new Krupp process, which has already been found to be considerably superior, defensively, to that heretofore treated by the Harvey method. The main-deck, which, in fact, becomes the protective deck, will consist of two thicknesses of three-quarter-inch plating of nickel steel, and will be proof against practically all plunging shot to which it may be exposed. This deck will have the usual covering of wood planking.

The vessels will have twin screws, worked by two three-cylinder triple-expansion engines quartered in one water-tight compartment. These engines, together with those of the circulating pumps, will have a collective indicated horse-power of quite 2400 when making 200 revolutions a minute, and inducing a speed of twelve knots an hour. Steam, at a working pressure of 250 pounds, will be supplied by four water-tube boilers placed in a common water-tight compartment. Every possible provision has been made to make life in the fire-rooms tolerable when under pressure, and the single big armored ventilator will be the principal air-duct for both the boiler and the engine rooms. The two smaller ventilators just forward of the smoke-stack will answer the double purpose of ash-hoists and supplemental ventilation for the fire-room. The space between the double casings of the smoke-stack will also form a convenient escape for hot air from the boiler region, and armor protection about the stack to a height of four feet above the main-deck line will guard against injury threatening suffocation to those below.



DECK PLAN, NEW HARBOR-DEFENCE VESSELS.

A coal-supply, loosely stowed, of quite 200 tons will be carried; and that will be sufficient for a considerable radius of action along our coast-line.

Wood-work will be reduced to a minimum, and, with the exception of decks, will be fire-proofed. Linoleum will take the place of planking on all but the main, superstructure, and bridge decks, which are exposed to the weather.

The ships will be lighted by electricity, and extensively ventilated by a system of blowers, promising tolerable conditions betweendecks when the hatches are battened down through stress of weather. The hatchways on the main-deck without the superstructure are all raised to a considerable height, that they may be left open even when the deck forward is covered by light seas coming aboard. This will also make the living-spaces more comfortable under normal conditions, while the more general use of electricity will do away with the heating incident to long lines of steam-pipes.

The armament of each vessel will consist of two 12-inch guns, four 4-inch rapid-fire rifles, three 6-pounders, and four automatic 1-pounder pieces.

The two 12-inch guns will be placed in a single-balanced turret having an arc of train of 300 degrees. The turret and barbette armor will be eleven inches thick, and will be treated by the Krupp process. The deflective face of the turret will have an incline of 42 degrees, giving it the defensive virtues of plating considerably thicker. The turret-turning gear, the ammunition-hoists, the rammers, and the elevating mechanisms will be run by electricity. The ventilating apparatus will be actuated by the same energy.

The four 4-inch rifles will be mounted in the superstructure at the four corners, where they will have commanding positions. The 12-inch and the 4-inch guns will be built to use smokeless powder, which will at once make them vastly superior to any pieces of native manufacture and of like calibre now in our service.

The 6-pounders and the 1-pounder automatic guns will be placed on the hammock berthing, on the bridge-deck, and up in the top of the single military mast. Besides carrying the guns and the search-light, the mast will serve the purpose of an air-duct, and will feed the forward part of the ship accordingly.

The vessels will have docking keels, which, incidentally, will serve in part the purpose of bilge keels, and add considerably to the steadiness of the ships in a seaway, making them just that much superior to the other vessels of the Monitor type now in service.

Comfortable and commodious quarters are provided for a captain, six other officers, and a crew of about 130 persons, and every convenience has been added to overcome the hardships heretofore common to the Monitor type of ship.

The vessels were really inspired by the needs of the naval militia, and as annual training-schools for this growing branch of our defences will serve a valuable purpose while obviating the detail, as heretofore, of ships required for other duty. The batteries of these Monitors will cover all the instruction needed, from a battle-ship down to a torpedo-boat, save in that of torpedo duty only; while in other directions they will meet the whole scope of a practical education in naval warfare.

Bids for these vessels, ranging from $825,000 up to $875,000 apiece, have been accepted, and the four vessels will be built, one by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco; one by the Newport News Ship-building and Dry-dock Company of Newport News, Virginia; one by the Bath Iron Works of Bath, Maine; and one by Lewis Nixon, of Elizabethport, New Jersey.

## WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME BACK.

All the uniforms were blue, all the swords and rifles new,
When the regiment went marching down the street.
All the men were hale and strong as they proudly moved along
Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet.
Oh the music of their feet keeping time to drums that beat,
Oh the glitter and the splendor of the sight:
As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blue,
The Regiment went marching to the fight.

When the Regiment came back all the guns and swords were black,
And the uniforms had faded into gray.
And the faces of the men who marched through that street again
Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their way.
For the dead who lose their way cannot look more gaunt or gray—
Oh the sorrow and the anguish of the sight.
Oh the weary lagging feet out of step with drums that beat,
When the Regiment came marching from the fight.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

## X.

IF Mitchy arrived exactly at the hour, it was quite by design and on a calculation—over and above the little pleasure it might give him—of ten minutes clear with his host, whom it rarely befell him to see alone. He had a theory of something special to go into, of a plummet to drop or a feeler to put forth; his state of mind, in short, was diplomatic and anxious. But his hopes had a drop as he crossed the threshold; his precaution had only assured him the company of a stranger—the person in the room, and to whom the servant announced him, was not old Van. On the other hand this gentleman would be clearly old—what was it? the fellow Vanderbank had made it a matter of such importance he should "really know." But were they simply to have tea there together? No; the candidate for Mr. Mitchett's acquaintance, as if quickly guessing his apprehension, mentioned on the spot that their entertainer would be with them: he had just come home in a hurry, fearing he was late, and then had rushed off to make a change. "Fortunately," said the speaker, who offered his explanation as if he had had it on his mind—"fortunately the ladies haven't yet come."

"Oh, there *are* to be ladies?" Mr. Mitchett genially replied.

His fellow-guest, who was shy and apparently nervous, sidled about a little, swinging an eye-glass, yet glancing, in a manner a trifle birdlike, from object to object. "Mrs. Edward Brookenham, I think."

"Oh!" Mitchy himself felt, as soon as this comment had quitted his lips, that it might sound even to a stranger like a sign, such as the votaries of Mrs. Edward Brookenham had fallen into the way of constantly throwing off, that he recognized her hand in the matter. There was, however, something in Mr. What-was-his-name's face that somehow encouraged frankness; it had the sociability of surprise—it hadn't the chill. Mitchy saw, at the same time, that this friend of old Van's would never really understand him; though that was a thing he at times liked people as much for as he liked them little for it at others. It was in fact when he most liked that he was on the whole most tempted to mystify. "Only Mrs. Brook?—no others?"

"'Mrs. Brook'?" his friend echoed. He had stared an instant, as if literally missing the connection; but quickly after, to show he was not stupid—and indeed it seemed to show he was delightful—had smiled with extravagant intelligence. "Is that the right thing to say?"

Mitchy gave the kindest of laughs. "Well, I dare say I oughtn't to."

"Oh, I didn't mean to correct you," his interlocutor hastened to profess; "I meant, on the contrary, will it be right for me too?"

Mitchy's great goggle attentively fixed him. "Try it."

"To *her*?"

"To every one."

"To her husband?"

"Oh, to Edward," Mitchy laughed again, "perfectly!"

"And must I call him 'Edward'?"

"Whatever you do will be right," Mitchy returned—"even though it happen to be sometimes what *I* do."

His companion, as if to look at him with a due appreciation of this, stopped swinging the nippers and put them on. "You people here have a pleasant way—"

"Oh, we *have*!"—Mitchy, taking him up, was gayly emphatic. He began, however, already to perceive the mystification which in this case was to be his happy effect.

"Mr. Vanderbank," his victim remarked, with perhaps a shade more of reserve, "has told me a good deal about you." Then as if, in a finer manner, to keep the talk off themselves: "He knows a great many ladies."

"Oh yes, poor chap, he can't help it. He finds a lady wherever he turns."

The stranger took this in, but seemed a little to challenge it. "Well, that's reassuring, if one sometimes fancies there are fewer."

"Fewer than there used to be?—I see what you mean," said Mitchy. "But if it has struck you so, that's awfully interesting." He glared and grinned and mused. "I wonder."

"Well, we shall see." His friend seemed to wish not to dogmatize.

"*Shall* we?" Mitchy considered it again in its high suggestive light. "*You* will—but how shall I?" Then he caught himself up with a blush. "What a beastly thing to say—as if it were mere years that have shown it!"

His companion, this time, gave way to the joke. "What else can it be—if *I've* thought so?"

"Why, it's the facts themselves, and the fine taste, and above all something *qui ne court pas les rues*, an approach to some experience of what a lady is." The young man's acute reflection appeared suddenly to flower into a vision of opportunity that swept everything else away. "Excuse my insisting on your time of life—but you *have* seen some?" The question was of such interest that he had already begun to follow it. "Oh, the charm of talk with some one who can meet one's conception of the really distinguished women of the past! If I could get you," he continued, "to be so awfully valuable as to meet mine!"

His fellow-visitor, on this, made, in a pause, a nearer approach to visibly taking his measure. "Are you sure you've got one?"

Mr. Mitch[illegible] brightly thought. "No. That must be just wh[illegible] you. And it can't therefore be for confirmation, can it?" he went on. "It must therefore be for the beautiful primary hint [illegible]together."

His interlocutor began, with a shade of the eye-glass, to shift and sidle again, as if distinctly exc[illegible]d by the subject. But it was as if his very excitement made him a trifle coy. "Are there no nice ones now?"

"Oh yes, there must be lots. In fact I know quantities."

This had the effect of pulling the stranger up. "Ah, 'quantities'! There it is."

"Yes," said Mitchy, "fancy the 'lady' in her millions! Have you come up to London, wondering, as you must, about what's happening—for Vanderbank mentioned, I think, that you *have* come up—in pursuit of her?"

"Ah," laughed the subject of Vanderbank's information, "I'm afraid 'pursuit,' with me, is over."

"Why, you're at the age," Mitchy returned, "of the most exquisite form of it. Observation!"

"Yet it's a form, I seem to see, that you've not waited for my age to cultivate!" This was followed by a decisive head-shake. "I'm not an observer. I'm a hater."

"That only means," Mitchy explained, "that you keep your observation for your likes—which is more admirable than prudent. But between my fear in the one direction and my desire in the other," he lightly added, "I scarcely know how to present myself. I must study the ground. Meanwhile *has* old Van told you much about me?"

Old Van's possible confidant, instead of immediately answering, again assumed the *pince-nez*. "Is that what you call him?"

"In general, I think—for shortness."

"And also"—the speaker hesitated—"for esteem?"

Mitchy laughed out. "For veneration! Our disrepects, I think, are all tender, and we wouldn't for the world do to a person we *don't* like anything so nice as to call him, or even to call *her*, don't you know—?"

His questioner had quickly looked as if he knew. "Something pleasant and vulgar?"

Mitchy's gayety deepened. "That discrimination is our only austerity. You must fall in."

"Then what will you call me?"

"What *can* we?" After which, sustainingly, "*I'm* 'Mitchy,'" our friend revealed.

His interlocutor looked slightly queer. "I don't think I can quite begin. I'm Mr. Longdon," he almost blushed to articulate.

"Absolutely and essentially—that's exactly what I recognize. I defy any one to see you," Mitchy declared, "as anything else, and on that footing you'll be, among us, unique."

Mr. Longdon appeared to accept his prospect of isolation with a certain gravity. "I gather from you—I've gathered indeed from Mr. Vanderbank—that you're a little sort of a set that hang very much together."

"Oh yes; not a formal association, nor a secret society—still less a 'dangerous gang,' or an organization for any definite end. We're simply a collection of natural affinities," Mitchy explained; "meeting perhaps principally in Mrs. Brook's drawing-room—though sometimes also in old Van's, as you see, sometimes even in mine—and governed at any rate everywhere by Mrs. Brook, in our mysterious ebbs and flows, very much as the tides are governed by the moon. As I say," Mitchy pursued, "you must join. But if Van has got hold of you," he added, "or you've got hold of him, you *have* joined. We're not quite so numerous as I could wish, and we want variety; we want just what I'm sure you'll bring us—a fresh eye, an outside mind."

Mr. Longdon wore for a minute the air of a man knowing but too well what it was to be asked to put down his name. "My friend Vanderbank swaggers so little that it's rather from you than from himself that I seem to catch the idea—"

"Of his being a great figure among us? I don't know what he may have said to you, or have suppressed; but you may take it from me—as between ourselves, you know—that he's very much the best of us. Old Van, in fact—if you really want a candid opinion," and Mitchy shone still brighter as he talked, "is formed for a distinctly higher sphere. I should go so far as to say that on our level he's positively wasted."

"And are you very sure you're not?" Mr. Longdon asked with a smile.

"Dear no—I'm in my element. My element is to grovel before Van. You've only to look at me, as you must already have made out, to see I'm everything dreadful that he isn't. But you've seen him for yourself—I needn't tell you!" Mitchy ejaculated.

Mr. Longdon, as if under the coercion of so much confidence, had stood in place longer than for any previous moment, and the spell continued for a minute after Mitchy had paused. Then nervously, abruptly, he turned away, and his friend watched him rather mindlessly wander. "Our host has spoken of you to me in high terms," he said as he came back. "You would have no fault to find with them."

Mitchy took it with his highest light. "I know, from your taking the trouble to remember that, how much what I've said of him pleases and touches you. We're a little sort of a set then, you and I; we're an organization of two, at any rate, and we can't help ourselves. There—that's settled." He glanced at the clock on the chimney. "But what's the matter with him?"

"You gentlemen dress so much," said Mr. Longdon.

Mitchy met the explanation quite half-way. "*I* try to look funny—but why should Apollo in person?"

Mr. Longdon weighed it. "Do you think him like Apollo?"

"The very image. Ask any of the women!"

"But do *they* know—?"

"How Apollo must look?" Mitchy considered. "Why, the way it works is that it's just from Van's appearance they get the tip, and that then, don't you see? they've their term of comparison. Isn't it what you call a vicious circle? I borrow a little their vice."

Mr. Longdon, who had once more been arrested, once more sidled away. Then he spoke from the other side of the expanse of a table covered with books for which the shelves had no space—covered with portfolios, with well-worn leather-cased boxes, with documents in neat piles. The place was a miscellany, yet not a litter, the picture of an admirable order. "If we're an association of two, you and I, let me, accepting your idea, do what, this way, under a gentleman's roof and while enjoying his hospitality, I should in ordinary circumstances think perhaps something of a breach."

"Oh, strike out!" Mitchy laughed. It possibly chilled his interlocutor, who again hung fire so long that he himself at last adopted his image. "Why doesn't he marry, you mean?"

Mr. Longdon fairly flushed with recognition. "You're very deep, but with what we perceive—why doesn't he?"

Mitchy continued, visibly, to have his amusement, which might have been, this time, and in spite of the amalgamation he had pictured, for what "they" perceived. But he threw off after an instant an answer clearly intended to meet the case. "He thinks he hasn't the means. He has great ideas of what a fellow must offer a woman."

Mr. Longdon's eyes travelled awhile over the amenities about him. "He hasn't such a view of himself alone—"

"As to make him think he's enough as he stands? No," said Mitchy, "I don't fancy he has a very awful view of himself alone. And since we *are* burning this incense under his nose," he added, "it's also my impression that he has no private means. Women in London want so much."

Mr. Longdon was silent a little. "A very great deal, I dare say."

"Oh, a tremendous lot. They want everything. I mean the sort of women he lives with. A modest man—who's also poor—isn't in it. I give you that, at any rate, as his view. There are lots of them that would—and only too glad—'love him for himself'; but things are much mixed, and these not necessarily the right ones, and at all events he doesn't see it. The result of which is that he's waiting."

"Waiting to feel himself in love?"

Mitchy just hesitated. "Well, we're talking of marriage. Of course you'll say there are women with money. There *are*"—he seemed for a moment to meditate—"dreadful ones!"

The two men, on this, exchanged a long regard. "He mustn't do that."

Mitchy again hesitated. "He won't."

Mr. Longdon had also a silence, which he presently terminated by one of his jerks into motion. "He sha'n't!"

Once more Mitchy watched him revolve a little, but now, familiarly, yet with a sharp emphasis, he himself resumed their colloquy. "See here, Mr. Longdon. Are you seriously taking him up?"

Once more, at the tone of this appeal, the old man perceptibly colored. It was as if his friend had brought to the surface an inward excitement, and he laughed for embarrassment. "You see things with a freedom—!"

"Yes, and it's so I express them. I see them, I know, with a *raccourci*; but time, after all, rather presses, and at any rate we understand each other. What I want now is just to say"—and Mitchy spoke with a simplicity and a gravity he had not yet used—"that if your interest in him should at any time reach the point of your wishing to do something or other (no matter what, don't you see?) *for* him—"

Mr. Longdon, as he faltered, appeared to wonder, but emitted a sound of gentleness. "Yes?"

"Why," said the stimulated Mitchy, "do, for God's sake, just let me have a finger in it."

Mr. Longdon's momentary mystification was perhaps partly but the natural effect of constitutional prudence. "A finger?"

"I mean—let me help."

"Oh!" breathed the old man thoughtfully and without meeting his eyes.

Mitchy, as if with more to say, watched him an instant; then, before speaking, caught himself up. "Look out—here he comes."

Hearing the stir at the door by which he had entered, he looked round; but it opened at first only to admit Vanderbank's servant. "Miss Brookenham!" the man announced; on which the two gentlemen in the room were—audibly, almost violently—precipitated into a union of surprise.

## XI.

Whatever she was, it would have seemed, Nanda was not easily abashed, for, though she drew up an instant on failing to find in the room the person whose invitation she had obeyed, she advanced the next moment as if either of the gentlemen before her would answer as well. "How do you do Mr. Mitchy? How do you do Mr. Longdon?" She made no difference for them, speaking to the elder, whom she had not yet seen, as if they were already acquainted. There was, moreover, in the air of that personage at this juncture little to invite such a confidence: he appeared to have been startled, in the oddest manner, into stillness, and holding out no hand to meet her, only stared rather stiffly and without a smile. An observer disposed to interpret the scene might have fancied him a trifle put off by the girl's familiarity, or even, as by a singular effect of her self-possession, stricken into deeper diffidence. This self possession, however, took, on her own part, no account of any awkwardness; it seemed the greater from the fact that she was almost unnaturally grave; and it overflowed in the immediate challenge, "Do you mean to say Van isn't here?—I've come without mother—she said I could, to see *him*," she went on, addressing herself more particularly to Mitchy. "But she didn't say I might do anything of that sort to see *you*."

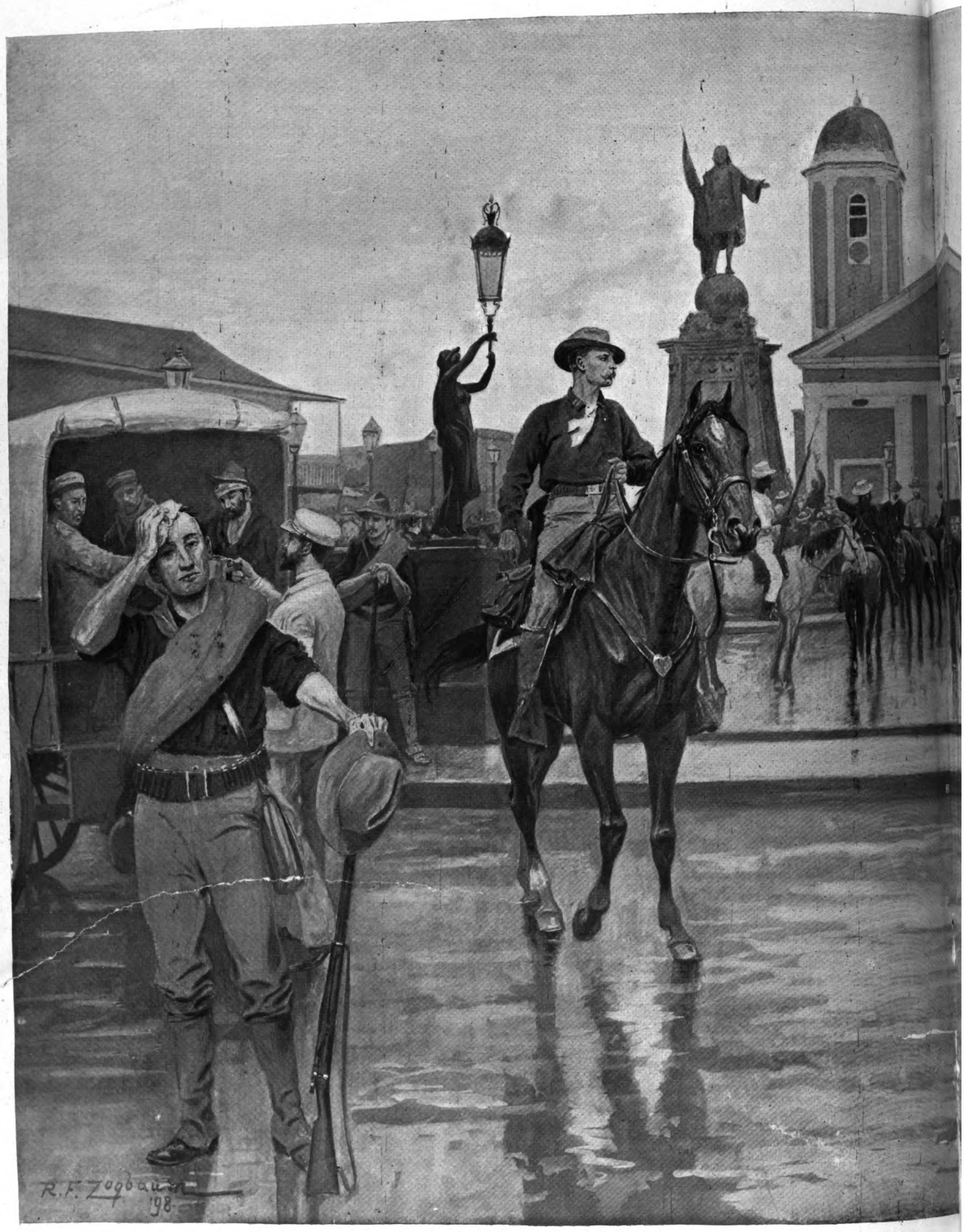
If there was something serious in Nanda and something blank in their companion, there was, superficially at least, nothing in Mr. Mitchett but his usual flush of gayety. "Did she really send you off, this way, alone?" Then while the girl's face met his own with the clear confession of it, "Isn't she too splendid for anything?" he asked with immense enjoyment. "What do you suppose is her

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2189.

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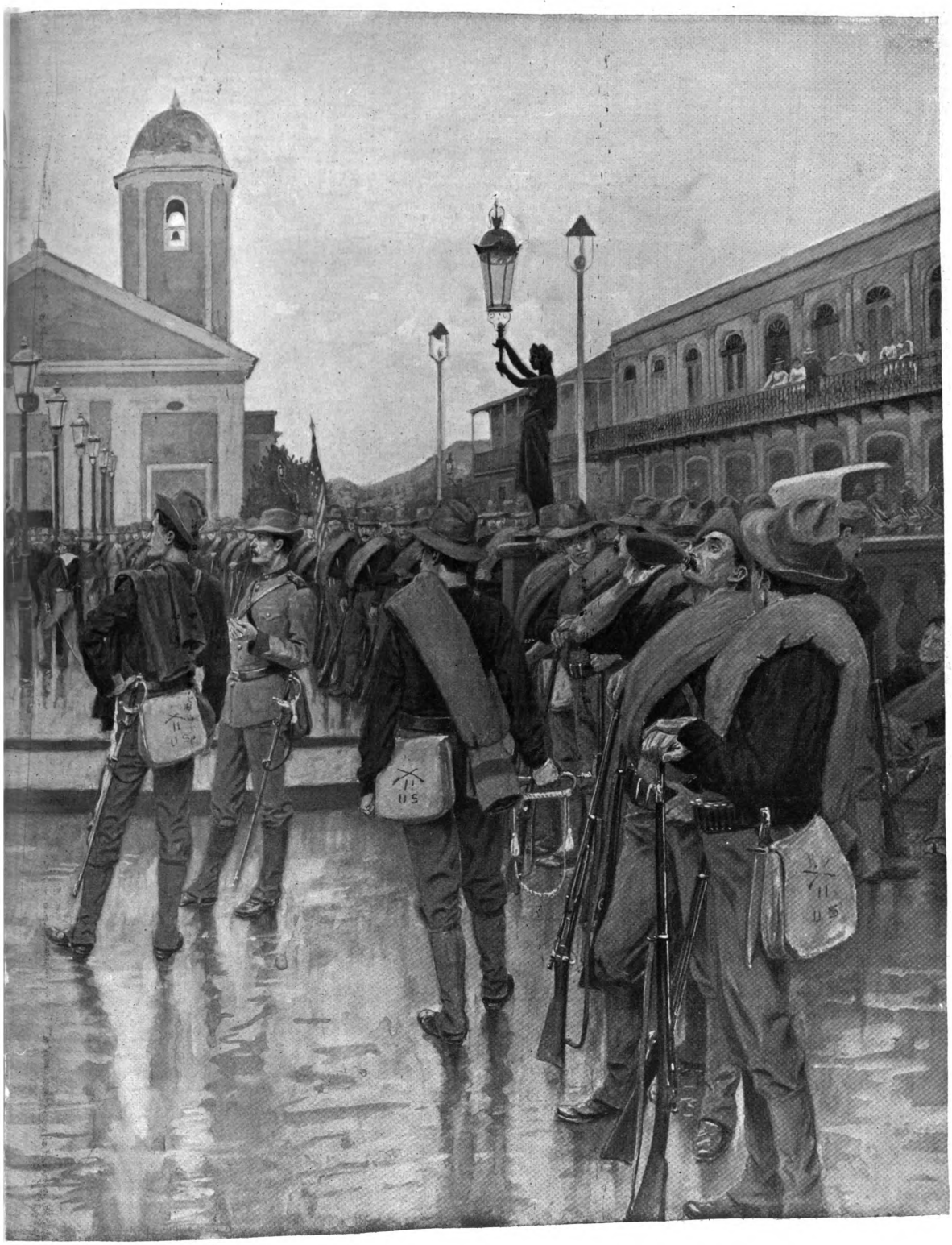
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SCHWAN'S REGULARS ON THE PL

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idea?" Nanda's eyes had now turned to Mr. Longdon, whom she fixed with her mild straightness; which led to Mitchy's carrying on and repeating the appeal. "Isn't Mrs. Brook charming? What do you suppose is her idea?"

It was a bound into the mystery, a bound of which his fellow-visitor stood quite unconscious, only looking at Nanda still with the same coldness of wonder. All expression had, for the minute, been arrested in Mr. Longdon, but he at last began to show that it had merely been retarded. Yet it was almost with solemnity that he put forth his hand. "How do you do?—how do you do? I'm so glad—!"

Nanda shook hands with him as if she had done so already, though it might have been just her look of curiosity that detracted from her air of amusing herself. "Mother has wanted me awfully to see you. She told me to give you her love," she said. Then she added with odd irrelevance: "I didn't come in the carriage, nor in a cab or an omnibus."

"You came on a bicycle?" Mitchy inquired.

"No, I walked." She still spoke without a gleam.

"Mother wants me to do everything."

"Even to walk!" Mitchy laughed. "Oh yes, we must, in these times, keep up our walking!" The ingenious observer just now suggested might even have detected in the still higher rise of this visitor's spirits a want of mere inward ease.

She had taken no notice of the effect upon him of her mention of her mother, and she took none, visibly, of Mr. Longdon's manner or of his words; what she did, while the two men, without offering her, either, a seat, practically lost themselves in their deepening vision, was to give her attention to all the place, looking at the books, pictures and other significant objects, and especially at the small table set out for tea, to which the servant who had admitted her now returned with a steaming kettle. "Isn't it charming here? Will there be any one else? Where *is* Mr. Van? Shall *I* make tea?" There was just a faint quaver, showing a command of the situation more desired perhaps than achieved, in the very rapid sequence of these ejaculations. The servant meanwhile had placed the hot water above the little silver lamp and left the room.

"Do you suppose there's anything the matter? Oughtn't the man—or do you know our host's room?" Mr. Longdon, addressing Mitchy with solicitude, yet began to show, in a countenance less blank, a return of his sense of relations. It was as if something had happened to him and he were in haste to convert the signs of it into an appearance of care for the proprieties.

"Oh," said Mitchy, "Van's only making himself beautiful"—which account of their absent entertainer drew some point from his appearance at the moment in the doorway furthest removed from the place where the three were gathered.

Vanderbank came in with friendly haste and with something of the look indeed—refreshed, almost rosy, brightly brushed and quickly buttoned—of emerging, out of breath, from pleasant ablutions and renewals. "What a brute to have kept you waiting! I come back from work quite begrimed. How d'ye do, how d'ye do, how d'ye do? What's the matter with you, huddled there as if you were on a street-crossing? I want you to think this a refuge—but not of that kind!" he laughed. "Sit down, for Heaven's sake; lie down—be happy! Of course you've made acquaintance all—except that Mitchy's so modest! Tea, tea!"—and he bustled to the table, where, the next minute, he appeared rather helpless. "Nanda, you blessed child, do *you* mind making it! How jolly of you!—are you all right?" He seemed, with this, for the first time, to be aware of somebody's absence. "Your mother isn't coming? She let you come alone? How jolly of her!" Pulling off her gloves, she had come immediately to his assistance; on which, quitting the table and laying hands on Mr. Longdon's shoulders to push him toward a sofa, he continued to talk, to sound a note of which the humor was the exaggeration of his flurry. "How jolly of you to be willing to come—most awfully kind! I hope she isn't ill? Do, Mitchy, lie down. Down, Mitchy, down!—that's the only way to keep you." He had waited for no account of Mrs. Brookenham's health, and it might have been apparent—still to our sharp spectator—that he found nothing wonderful in Nanda's unsupported arrival.

"I can make tea beautifully," she said from behind her table. "Mother showed me how this morning."

"This morning?"—and Mitchy, who, before the fire and still erect, had declined to be laid low, greeted the simple remark with uproarious mirth. "Dear young lady, you're the most delicious family!"

"She showed me at breakfast about the little things to do. She thought I might have to make it here and told me to offer," the girl went on. "I haven't yet done it this way at home—I usually have my tea upstairs. They bring it up in a cup, all made and very weak, with a piece of bread and-butter in the saucer. That's because I'm so young. Tishy never lets me touch hers, either; so we had to make up for lost time. That's what mother said"—she followed up her story, and her young distinctness had clearly something to do with a certain pale concentration in Mr. Longdon's face. "Mother isn't ill, but she told me already yesterday she wouldn't come. She said it's really all for *me*. I'm sure I hope it is!"—with which there flickered in her eyes, dimly but perhaps all the more prettily, the first intimation they had given of the light of laughter. "She told me you would understand, Mr. Van—from something you've said to her. It's to see Mr. Longdon without—she thinks—her spoiling it."

"Oh, my dear child, 'spoiling it'!" Vanderbank protested as he took a cup of tea from her to carry to their friend. "When did your mother ever spoil anything? I told her Mr. Longdon wanted to see you, but I didn't say anything of his not yearning also for the rest of the family."

A sound of protest rather formless escaped from the gentleman named, but Nanda continued to carry out her duty. "She told me to ask why he hadn't been again to see her. Mr. Mitchy, sugar?—isn't that the way to say it? Three lumps? You're like me, only that I more often take five." Mitchy had dashed forward for his tea; she gave it to him; then she added, with her eyes on Mr. Longdon's, which she had had no difficulty in catching: "She told me to ask you all sorts of things."

The old man had got up to take his cup from Vanderbank, whose hand, however, urged him to sit down again. Mr. Longdon, resisting, kept erect with a low gasp that his host only was near enough to catch. This suddenly appeared to confirm an impression gathered by Vanderbank in their contact, a strange sense that his visitor was so agitated as to be trembling in every limb. It brought to his lips a kind ejaculation—"I *say!*" But even as he spoke, Mr. Longdon's face, still pale, but with a smile that was not all pain, seemed to supplicate him not to notice; and he was not a man to require more than this to achieve a divination as deep as it was rapid. "Why, we've all been scattered for Easter, haven't we?" he asked of Nanda. "Mr. Longdon has been at home, your mother and father have been paying visits, I myself have been out of London, Mitchy has been to Paris, and you—oh yes, I know where you've been."

"Ah, we all know that—there has been such a row made about it!" Mitchy said.

"Yes, I've heard of the feeling there is," Nanda replied. "It's supposed to be awful, my knowing Tishy—quite too awful."

Mr. Longdon, with Vanderbank's covert aid, had begun to appear to have pulled himself together, dropping back upon his sofa and giving some attention to his tea. It might have been with the notion of showing himself at ease that he turned, on this, a benevolent smile to the girl. "But what, my dear, is the objection—?"

She looked gravely from him to Vanderbank and to Mitchy and then back again from one of these to the other. "Do you think I ought to say?"

They both laughed, and they both just appeared uncertain, but Vanderbank spoke first. "I don't imagine, Nanda, that you really know."

"No—as a family, you're perfection!" Mitchy broke out. Before the fire again, with his cup, he addressed his hilarity to Mr. Longdon. "I told you a tremendous lot, didn't I? But I didn't tell you about that."

The old man maintained, yet with a certain vagueness, the attitude of amiable inquiry. "About the—a—family?"

"Well," Mitchy smiled, "about its ramifications. This young lady has a tremendous friendship—and, in short, it's all very complicated."

"My dear Nanda," said Vanderbank, "it's all very simple: don't believe a word of anything of the sort."

He had spoken as with the intention of a large, light optimism; but there was clearly something in the girl that would always make for lucidity. "Do you mean about Carrie Donner? I *don't* believe it, and at any rate I don't think it's any one's business. I shouldn't have a very high opinion of a person who would give up a friend." She stopped short, with the sense apparently that she was saying more than she meant, though, strangely, as if it had been an effect of her type and of her voice, there was neither pertness nor passion in the profession she had just made. Curiously wanting as she seemed both in timidity and in levity, she was to a certainty not self-conscious—she was extraordinarily simple. Mr. Longdon looked at her now with an evident surrender to his extreme interest, and it might well have perplexed him to see her at once so positive and yet of so fresh and sweet a tenderness of youth.

"That's right, that's right, my dear young lady: never, never give up a friend for anything any one says!" It was Mitchy who rang out with this lively wisdom, the action of which on Mr. Longdon—unless indeed it was the action of something else—was to make that personage, in a manner that held the others watching him in a slight suspense, suddenly spring to his feet again, put down his teacup carefully on a table near him and then, without a word, as if no one had been present, quietly wander away and disappear through the door left open on Vanderbank's entrance. It opened into a second, a smaller sitting-room, into which the eyes of his companions followed him.

"What's the matter?" Nanda asked. "Has he been taken ill?"

"He *is* rum, my dear Van," Mitchy said; "but you're right—of a charm, a distinction! In short just the sort of thing we want."

"The sort of thing we 'want'—I dare say!" Vanderbank laughed. "But it's not the sort of thing that's to be had for the asking, and we shall be mighty lucky if we can get it."

Mitchy turned with amusement to Nanda. "Van has invented him, and, with the natural greed of the inventor, won't let us have him cheap. Well," he went on, "I'll pay my share of the expense."

"The difficulty is that he's so much too good for us," Vanderbank explained.

"Ungrateful wretch," his friend cried, "that's just what I've been telling him that *you* are! Let the return you make not be to deprive me—!"

"Mr. Van's not at all too good for *me*, if you mean that," Nanda broke in. She had finished her tea-making and leaned back in her chair with her hands folded on the edge of the tray.

Vanderbank only smiled at her in silence, but Mitchy took it up. "There's nobody too good for you, of course; only you're not quite, don't you know? *in* our set. You're in Mrs. Grendon's. I know what you're going to say—that she hasn't got any set, that she's just a loose little white flower dropped on the indifferent bosom of the world. But you're the small sprig of tender green that, added to her, makes her immediately 'compose'."

Nanda looked at him with her cold kindness. "What nonsense you do talk!"

"Your tone is sweet to me," he returned, "as showing that you don't think *me*, either, too good for you. No one, remember, will take that for your excuse when the world some day sees me annihilated by your having put an end to our so harmless relations."

The girl appeared to lose herself a moment in the abysmal humanity over which his fairly fascinating ugliness played like the whirl of an eddy. "Martyr!" she exclaimed, gently. But there was no smile with it. She turned to Vanderbank, who, during the previous minute, had moved toward the neighboring room, then, hesitating, taking counsel of discretion, had come back a little nervously. "What *is* the matter?"

"What do you want to get out of him, you wretch?" Mitchy went on as their host, for an instant, produced no answer.

Vanderbank, whose handsome face had a thought in it, looked a trifle absently from one of them to the other; but it was to Nanda he spoke. "Do you like him, Nanda?"

She showed surprise at the question. "How can I know so soon?"

"*He* knows already."

Mitchy, with his eyes on her, became radiant to interpret. "He knows that he's pierced to the heart!"

"The matter with him, as you call it," Vanderbank brought out, "is one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen." He looked at her as with a hope that she would understand it. "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"

"Precisely," Mitchy continued, "the victim done for by one glance of the goddess!"

Nanda, motionless in her chair, fixed her other friend with clear curiosity. "'Beautiful'? Why beautiful?"

Vanderbank, about to speak, checked himself. "I won't spoil it. Have it from *him!*"—and, returning to the old man, he this time went out.

Mitchy and Nanda looked at each other. "But isn't it rather awful?" Mitchy demanded.

She got up without answering; she slowly came away from the table. "I think I do know if I like him."

"Well you may," Mitchy exclaimed, "after his putting before you probably, on the whole, the greatest of your triumphs."

"And I also know, I think, Mr. Mitchy, that I like *you*." She spoke without attention to this hyperbole.

"In spite of my ineffectual attempts to be brilliant? That's a joy," he went on, "if it's not drawn out by the mere clumsiness of my flattery." She had turned away from him, kindly enough, as if time for his talk in the air were always to be allowed him; she took in vaguely Vanderbank's books and prints. "Why didn't your mother come?" Mitchy then inquired.

At this she again looked at him. "Do you mention her as a way of alluding to something you guess she must have told me?"

"That I've always supposed I make your flesh creep? Yes," Mitchy admitted; "I see that she must have said to you: 'Be nice to him, to show him it isn't quite so bad as that!' So you *are* nice—so you always *will* be nice. But I adore you, all the same, without illusions."

She had opened, at one of the tables, unperceivingly, a big volume, of which she turned the leaves. "Don't 'adore' a girl, Mr. Mitchy—just help her. That's more to the purpose."

"Help you?" he cried. "You bring tears to my eyes!"

"Can't a girl have friends?" she went on. "I never heard of anything so idiotic." Giving him, however, no chance to take her up on this, she made a quick transition. "Mother didn't come because she wants me now, as she says, more to share her own life."

Mitchy looked at it. "But is this the way for her to share yours?"

"Ah, that's another matter—about which you must talk to *her*. She wants me not, any more, to see only with *her* eyes. She's throwing me into the world."

Mitchy had listened with the liveliest interest, but he presently broke into a laugh. "What a good thing, then, that I'm there to catch you!"

Without—it might have been seen—having gathered the smallest impression of what they enclosed, she carefully drew together again the covers of her folio. There was deliberation in her movements. "I shall always be glad when you're there. But where do you suppose they've gone?" Her eyes were on what was visible of the other room, from which there arrived no sound of voices.

"They are there," said Mitchy, "but simply looking unutterable things about you. The impression's too deep. Let them look, and tell me meanwhile if Mrs. Donner gave you my message."

"Oh yes, she told me some humbug."

"The humbug then was in the tone my perfectly sincere speech took from herself. She gives things, I recognize, rather that sound. It's her weakness," he continued, "and perhaps even, one may say, her danger. All the more reason you should help her, as I believe you're supposed to be doing, aren't you? I hope you feel that you are," he earnestly added.

He had spoken this time gravely enough, and with magnificent gravity Nanda replied: "I *have* helped her. Tishy is sure I have. That's what Tishy wants me for. She says that to be with some nice girl is really the best thing for her."

Poor Mitchy's face, hereupon, would have been interesting, would have been distinctly touching, to other eyes; but Nanda's were not heedful of it. "Oh," he returned after an instant and without profane mirth, "that seems to me the best thing for any one."

Vanderbank, however, might have caught his expression, for Vanderbank now reappeared, smiling on the pair as if struck by their intimacy. "How you *are* keeping it up!" Then to Nanda, persuasively: "Do you mind going to him in there? I want him so really to see you. It's quite, you know, what he came for."

Nanda seemed to wonder. "What will he do to me? Anything dreadful?"

"He'll tell you what I meant just now."

"Oh," said Nanda, "if he's a person who can tell me sometimes what you mean—!" With which she went quickly off.

"And can't *I* hear?" Mitchy asked of his host while they looked after her.

"Yes, but only from me." Vanderbank had pushed him to a seat again, and was casting about for cigarettes. "Be quiet and smoke, and I'll tell you."

Mitchy, on the sofa, received, with meditation, a light. "Will she understand? She has everything in the world but one," he added. "But that's half."

Vanderbank, before him, lighted for himself. "What is it?"

"A touch of humor."

"Oh yes, she's serious."

Mitchy smoked a little. "She's tragic."

His friend, at the fire, watched a moment the empty portion of the other room, then walked across to give the door a light push that all but closed it. "It's rather odd," he remarked as he came back—"that's quite what I just said to him. But he won't invoke the comic sense."

XII.

"Is it the shock of the resemblance to her grandmother?" Vanderbank had asked of Mr. Longdon on rejoining him in his retreat. The old man, with his back turned, was gazing out of the window, and when, in

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answer, he showed his face, there were tears in his eyes. His answer, in fact, was just these tears, the significance of which Vanderbank immediately recognized. "It's still greater then than you gathered from her photograph."

"It's the most extraordinary thing in the world. I'm too absurd to be so upset"—Mr. Longdon smiled through his tears—"but if you had known Lady Julia you would understand. It's *she* again, as I first knew her, to the life; and not only in feature, in stature, in color, in movement, but in every bodily mark and sign, in every look of the eyes, above all—oh, to a degree!—in the sound, in the charm, of the voice." He spoke low and confidentially, but with an intensity that now relieved him—he was restless in his emotion. He moved about, in his excitement, gently, as if with a sacred awe—as if, but a few steps away, he had been in the very presence. "She's *all* Lady Julia. There isn't a touch of her mother. It's unique—an absolute revival. I see nothing of her father, either—I see nothing of any one else. Isn't it thought wonderful by every one?" he went on. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"To have prepared you a little?"—Vanderbank felt almost guilty. "I see—I should have liked to do so; though," he added, smiling, "I might so, by putting you on your guard, have caused myself to lose what, if you'll allow me to say so, strikes me as one of the most touching tributes I've ever seen rendered to a woman. In fact, however, how could I know? I never saw Lady Julia, and you had, in advance, all the evidence that I could have: the portrait—pretty bad, in the taste of the time, I admit—and the three or four photographs that, with it, you must have noticed at Mrs. Brook's. These things must have compared themselves, for you, with my photograph, in there, of the granddaughter. The similarity, of course, we had all observed, but it has taken your wonderful memory and your admirable vision to put into it all the detail."

Mr. Longdon thought a moment, giving a dab with his pocket-handkerchief. "Very true—you're quite right. It's far beyond any identity in the pictures. But why did you tell me," he added more sharply, "that she isn't beautiful?"

"You've deprived me," Vanderbank laughed, "of the power of expressing civilly any surprise at your finding her so. But I said to you, please remember, nothing that qualified a jot my sense of the curious character of her face. I have always positively found in it a recall of the type of the period you must be thinking of. It isn't a bit modern. It's a face of Sir Thomas Lawrence—"

"It's a face of Gainsborough!" Mr. Longdon returned with spirit. "Lady Julia herself harked back."

Vanderbank, clearly, was equally touched and amused. "Let us say at once that it's a face of Raphael."

His old friend's hand was instantly on his arm. "That's exactly what I often said to myself of Lady Julia's."

"The forehead's a little too high," said Vanderbank.

"But it's just that excess, that, with the exquisite eyes and the particular disposition, round it, of the fair hair, makes the individual grace, makes the beauty of the reminder."

On his letting go of Vanderbank's arm the young man held him, as an encouragement to confidence, by his own. "It's a face that should have the long side-ringlets of 1830. It should have the rest of the personal arrangement, the pelisse, the shape of bonnet, the sprigged muslin dress and the cross-laced sandals. It should have arrived in a pea-green 'tilbury,' and it should be a reader of Mrs. Radcliffe. And all this to complete the Raphael!"

Mr. Longdon, who, relieved by expression, had begun to recover himself, looked hard a moment at his companion. "How you've observed her!"

Vanderbank met it without confusion. "Whom haven't I observed? Do you like her?" he then rather oddly and abruptly asked.

The old man broke away again. "How can I tell—with such disparities?"

"The manner must be different," Vanderbank suggested. "And the things she says."

His visitor was before him again. "I don't know what to make of them. They don't go with the rest of her. Lady Julia," said Mr. Longdon, "was rather shy."

On this too his host could meet him. "She must have been. And Nanda—yes, certainly—doesn't give that impression."

"On the contrary. But Lady Julia was gay!" he added, with an eagerness that made Vanderbank smile.

"I can also see that. Nanda doesn't joke. And yet," the young man continued with his exemplary candor, "we mustn't speak of her, must we? as if she were bold and grim."

Mr. Longdon fixed him. "Do you think she's sad?"

They had preserved their dropped tone and might, with their heads together, have been conferring as the party "out" in some game with the couple in the other room. "Yes. Sad." But Vanderbank broke off. "I'll send her to you." Thus it was he had come back to her.

Nanda, on joining Mr. Longdon, went straight to the point. "He says it's so beautiful—what you feel on seeing me; if that *is* what he meant." The old man said nothing again, at first; he only smiled at her, but less strangely now, and then appeared to look about him for some place where she could sit near him. There was a sofa in this room too, on which, observing it, she quickly sank down, so that they were presently together, placed a little sideways and face to face. She had shown perhaps that she supposed him to have wished to take her hand, but he forbore to touch her, only letting her feel all the kindness of his eyes and their long, backward vision. These things she evidently felt soon enough; she went on before he had spoken. "I know how well you knew my grandmother. Mother has told me—and I'm so glad. She told me to say to you that she wants *you* to tell me." Just a shade, at this, might, over the old man's face, have appeared to drop; but who was there to detect whether the girl observed it? It didn't prevent, at any rate, her completing her statement. "That's why, to-day, she wished me to come alone. She wished you to have me, she said, all to yourself."

No, decidedly, she was not shy: that mute reflection was in the air an instant. "That, no doubt, is the best way. I thank her very much. I called, after having had the honor of dining—I called, I think, three times," he went on, with a sudden displacement of the question; "but I had the misfortune, each time, to miss her."

She kept looking at him with her intense young clearness. "I didn't know about that. Mother thinks she's more at home than almost any one. She does it on purpose: she knows what it is," Nanda pursued, with her perfect gravity, "for people to be disappointed of finding her."

"Oh, I shall find her yet," said Mr. Longdon. "And then I hope I shall also find *you*."

She appeared simply to consider the possibility and, after an instant, to think well of it. "I dare say you will now, for now I shall be down."

Her companion just blinked. "In the drawing-room, you mean—always?"

It was quite what she meant. "Always. I shall see all the people who come. It will be a great thing for me. I want to hear all the talk. Mr. Mitchett says I ought to—that it helps to form the young mind. I hoped, for that reason," she went on, with the directness that made her honesty almost violent—"I hoped there would be more people here to-day."

"I'm very glad there are not"—the old man rang equally clear. "Mr. Vanderbank kindly arranged the matter for me just this way. I met him at dinner, at your mother's, three weeks ago, and he brought me home here that night, when, as knowing you so differently, we took the liberty of talking you all over. It had the effect, naturally, of making me want to begin with you afresh—only that seemed difficult too without further help. This he good-naturedly offered me; he said"—and Mr. Longdon recovered his spirits to repeat it—"'Hang it, I'll have them here for you!'"

"I see—he knew we would come." Then she caught herself up. "But we haven't come, have we?".

"Oh, it's all right—it's all right. To me the occasion is brilliant and the affluence great. I've had such talk with those young men—"

"I see"—she was again prompt, but beyond any young person he had ever met she might have struck him as literal. "You're not used to such talk. Neither am I. It's rather wonderful, isn't it? They're thought awfully clever, Mr. Van and Mr. Mitchy. Do you like them?" she pushed on.

Mr. Longdon, who, as compared with her, might have struck a spectator as infernally subtle, took an instant to think. "I've never met Mr. Mitchett before."

"Well, he always thinks one doesn't like him," Nanda explained. "But one does. One ought to," she added.

Her companion had another pause. "He likes *you*."

Oh, Mr. Longdon needn't have hesitated! "I know he does. He has told mother. He has told lots of people."

"He has told even you," Mr. Longdon smiled.

"Yes—but that isn't the same. I don't think he's a bit dreadful;" she pursued. Still, there was a greater interest. "Do you like Mr. Van?"

This time her interlocutor indeed hung fire. "How can I tell? He dazzles me."

"But don't you like that?" Then before he could really say: "You're afraid he may be false?"

At this he fairly laughed. "You go to the point!" She just colored, to have amused him so, but he quickly went on: "I think one has a little natural nervousness at being carried off one's feet. I'm afraid I've always liked too much to see where I'm going."

"And you don't, with him?" She spoke with her curious, hard interest. "I understand. But I think I like to be dazzled."

"Oh, you've got time—you can come round again; you've a margin for accidents, for disappointments and recoveries; you can take one thing with another. But I've only my last little scrap."

"And you want to make no mistakes—I see."

"Well—I'm too easily upset."

"Ah, so am I," said Nanda. "I assure you that, in spite of what you say, I want to make no mistakes either. I've seen a great many—though you mightn't think it," she persisted; "I really know what they may be. Do you like *me*?" she brought forth. But even on this she spared him too; a look appeared to have been enough for her. "How can you say, of course, already?—if you can't say for Mr. Van. I mean as you've seen him so much. When he asked me just now if I liked *you*, I told him it was too soon. But it isn't, now; you see it goes fast. I *do* like you." She gave him no time to acknowledge this tribute, but, as if it were a matter of course, tried him quickly with something else. "Can you say if you like mother?"

He could meet it pretty well now. "There are immense reasons why I should."

"Yes—I know about them, as I mentioned: mother has told me." But what she had to put to him kept up his surprise. "Have reasons anything to do with it? I don't believe you like her!" she exclaimed. "*She* doesn't think so," she added.

The old man's face, at last, partly bewildered, partly reassured, showed even more something finer still in the effect she produced. "Into what mysteries you plunge!"

"Oh, we do; that's what every one says of us. We discuss everything and every one—we're always discussing each other. I think we must be rather celebrated for it, and it's a kind of trick—isn't it?—that's catching. But it, and it's a kind of trick—isn't it?—that's catching. But don't you think it's the most interesting sort of talk? Mother says we haven't any prejudices. *You* have, probably, quantities—and beautiful ones: so perhaps I oughtn't to tell you. But you'll find out for yourself."

"Yes—I'm rather slow; but I generally end by finding out. And I've got, thank Heaven," said Mr. Longdon, "plenty of prejudices."

"Then I hope you'll tell me some of them," Nanda replied, in a tone evidently marking how much he pleased her.

"Ah, you must do as *I* do—you must find out for yourself. Your resemblance to your grandmother is quite prodigious," he immediately added.

"That's what I wish you'd tell me about—your recollection of her and your wonderful feeling about her. Mother has told me things, but that I should have something straight from you is exactly what she also wants. My grandmother must have been awfully nice," the girl rambled on, "and I somehow don't see myself at all as the same sort of person."

"Oh, I don't say you're in the least the same sort: all I allude to," Mr. Longdon returned, "is the miracle of the physical heredity. Nothing could be less like her than your manner and your talk."

Nanda looked at him with all her honesty. "They're not so good, you must think."

He hung fire an instant, but was as honest as she. "You're separated from her by a gulf—and not only of time. Personally, you see, you breathe a different air."

She thought—she quite took it in. "Of course. And you breathe the same—the same old one, I mean, as my grandmother."

"The same old one," Mr. Longdon smiled, "as much as possible. Some day I'll tell you more of what you desire. I can't go into it now."

"Because I've upset you so?" Nanda frankly asked.

"That's one of the reasons."

"I think I can see another too," she observed after a moment. "You're not sure how much I shall understand. But I shall understand," she went on, "more, perhaps, than you think. In fact," she said earnestly, "I *promise* to understand. I've some imagination. Had my grandmother?" she asked. Her actual sequences were not rapid, but she had already anticipated him. "I've thought of that before, because I put the same question to mother."

"And what did your mother say?"

"'Imagination—dear mamma? Not a grain!'"

The old man showed a faint flush. "Your mother then has a supply that makes up for it."

The girl fixed him, on this, with a deeper attention. "You don't like her having said that."

His color came stronger, though a slightly strained smile did what it could to diffuse coolness. "I don't care a single scrap, my dear, in respect to the friend I'm speaking of, for any judgment but my own."

"Not even for her daughter's?"

"Not even for her daughter's." Mr. Longdon had not spoken loud, but he rang as clear as a bell.

Nanda, for admiration of it, broke almost for the first time into the semblance of a smile. "You feel as if my grandmother were quite *your* property!"

"Oh, quite."

"I say—that's splendid!"

"I'm glad you like it," he answered kindly.

The very kindness pulled her up. "Excuse my speaking so, but I'm sure you know what I mean. You mustn't think," she eagerly continued, "that mother won't also want to hear you."

"On the subject of Lady Julia?" He gently, but very effectively, shook his head. "Your mother shall never hear me."

Nanda appeared to wonder at it an instant, and it made her completely grave again. "It will be all for *me*?"

"Whatever there may be of it, my dear."

"Oh, I shall get it all out of you," she returned without hesitation. Her mixture of free familiarity and of the vividness of evocation of something, whatever it was, sharply opposed—the little worry of this contradiction, not altogether unpleasant, continued to fill his consciousness more discernibly than anything else. It was really reflected in his quick brown eyes that she alternately drew him on and warned him off, but also that what they were beginning more and more to make out was an emotion of her own trembling there beneath her tension. His glimpse of it widened—his glimpse of it fairly triumphed when, suddenly, after this last declaration, she threw off with quite the same accent, but quite another effect: "I'm glad to be like any one the thought of whom makes you so good! You *are* good," she continued; "I see already how I shall feel it." She stared at him with tears, the sight of which brought his own straight back, so that thus, for a moment, they sat there together.

"My dear child!" he at last simply murmured. But he laid his hand on her now, and her own immediately met it.

"You'll get used to me," she said with the same gentleness that the response of her touch had tried to express; "and I shall be so careful with you that—well, you'll see!" She broke short off with a quaver, and the next instant she turned—there was some one at the door. Vanderbank, still not quite at his ease, had come back to smile upon them. Detaching herself from Mr. Longdon, she got straight up to meet him. "You were right, Mr. Van. It's beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

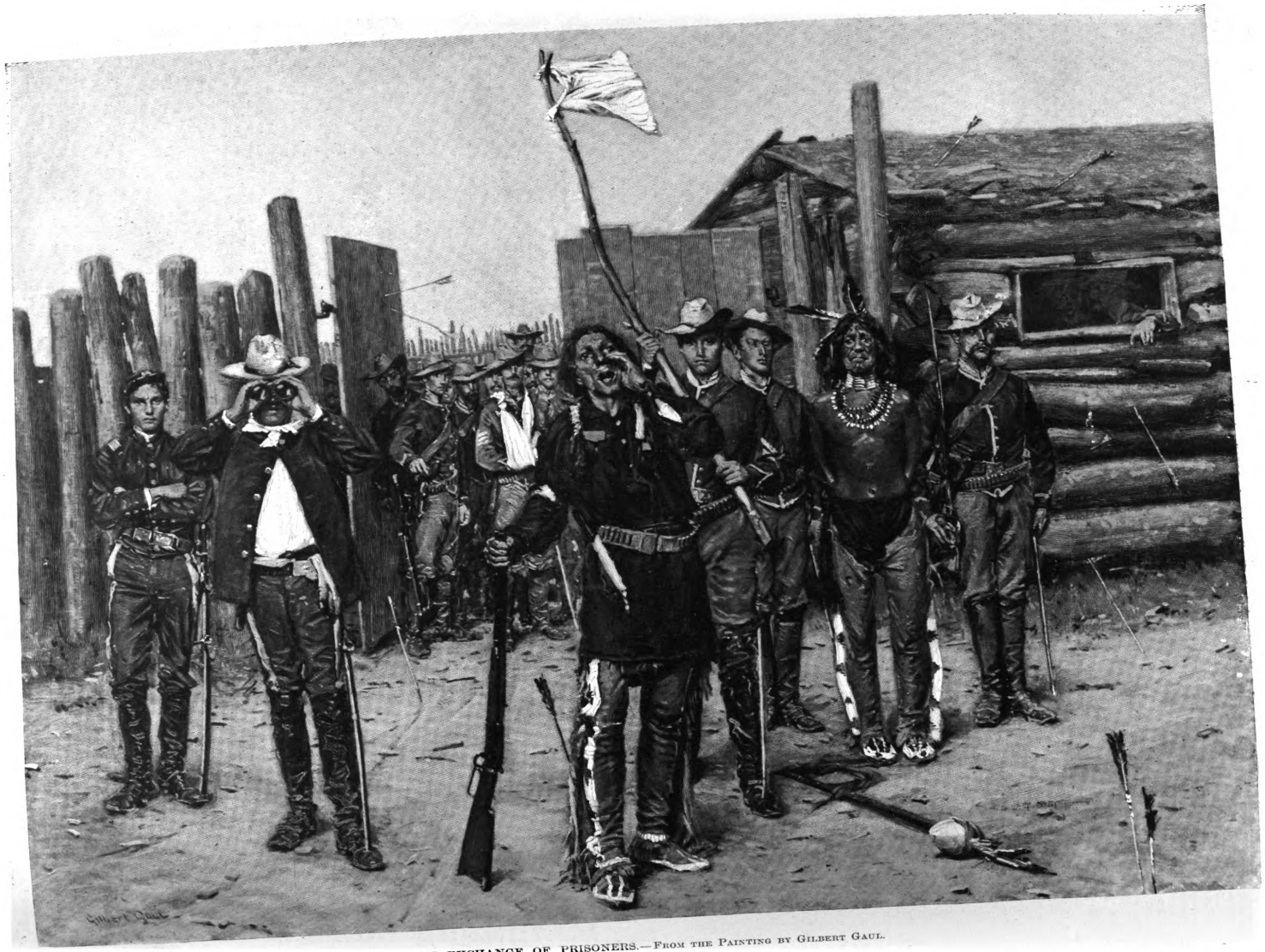
THE mysteries of the censorship of various European literary and dramatic centres would make a volume of disclosures entertaining to all who write plays and books for a living. Every now and then a betrayal in a reminiscence will indicate the underworkings of such state machinery, amusingly. In 1872–3 the late Jules Simon was Minister of the Fine Arts, under the Presidency of M. Thiers. George Sand, aged, but still industriously an author at that time, had had a vast success with her novel—now less read than many of her better books—*Mademoiselle de la Quintinie*. Not deterred by its bold psychologic topic—the weakness of a priest's temperament under temptation—she had made a play out of the story, and it was accepted at the Odéon. From the first the piece was seen in the light of a delicate and undesirable drama. But, as ill luck had it, never had Madame Dudevant been so set on having a piece of hers played, and never had she been so dull in recognizing its unpleasantness. The play would occasion scandal, and give offence, beyond doubt, to the Church and to all devout people; and yet George Sand was not an author to be refused and reprimanded. Besides all this, Jules Simon was a close personal friend of George Sand, and confessed that he did not dare to tell her the situation so troubling him. At last an expedient occurred. Simon sent for Duquesnel, of the Odéon's direction. "Was everything ready?" asked Simon, anxiously. Everything, yes; the actors had reached the last rehearsals, and the scenes and costumes were all in completeness—so said Duquesnel, and asked if the play was really to be interdicted. "I interdict a play by my dear friend Madame Dudevant? Never!" cries Simon. "But—all the same—" and he looked expressively at Duquesnel. Not a word more was said. The manager understood, and retired. The play was never interdicted; but "Mlle. de la Quintinie" never was played. From the hour of that interview with Simon and that look, something always happened, especially an illness, among the members of the cast. One by one they were laid up with colds, colics, rheumatics, bilious attacks. Paint-pots fell on the scenery, and it had to be repainted, and was not. Costumes were lost. Spring came, and the Odéon closed for the vacation. In the autumn the drama "Mauprat" was taken up, and the run of it was so long that "Mlle. de la Quintinie" again lapsed. In 1876 George Sand died. Nobody knows where the manuscript of her unplayed drama to-day reposes.

E. I. S.

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AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—From the Painting by Gilbert Gaul.

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THE difference between a poor thing well done and an excellent thing poorly done has seldom been more effectively illustrated than in the two metropolitan novelties of the week. "On and Off," with which Mr. Charles Frohman's new comedy company is opening at the Madison Square Theatre, is an anonymous version, un-Americanized, of "Le Contrôleur des Wagon-Lits," Alexandre Bisson's latest hit. "Uncle Dick," which Mr. Sol. Smith Russell is playing at the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, is a naturalized adaptation by Miss Martha Morton from an unnamed German original.

"On and Off," though impossible enough in its main situations, is a delight to the sense of technical excellence.



KATHERINE FLORENCE,
Now appearing in "On and Off" at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

The married life of one *Godfray* is made miserable by his parents-in-law. By pretending to be occupied as inspector of sleeping-cars he gets three days a week off, and improves the opportunity to plan a divorce and sue for the hand of a young woman with acceptable parents-in-law. The real inspector, whose name is also *Godfray*, discovers this plot, and by intimidating the pretender, manages to amuse himself with the pretender's wife, and also to marry the young woman with acceptable parents-in-law. Few plots could be more hackneyed or more impossible; yet the treatment of the plot is so fresh and powerful that the play affords an excellent evening's fun. Of the company, Miss Katherine Florence and Miss Amelia Bingham have the good looks, and Mr. Fritz Williams and Mr. E. M. Holland—the two *Godfrays*—have the comic genius. Mr. Holland's acting is truly admirable in its simplicity, certainty, and variety of effect, and has the creative touch of the artist. In a word, the technical resources displayed in the production of "On and Off" are so great that one scarcely stops to realize the essential purport of what he has been listening to. When he does stop, he finds that though the farce is too artistic to be either moral or immoral, it presupposes an amount of obliquity that can scarcely fail to deaden one's sensibilities. And the effect is only the worse because what happens is presented so attractively and so convincingly.

A Poor Thing Well Done.

With "Uncle Dick" the case is reversed. The story has to do with a wanderer, who, having made a fortune in South Africa, comes back to live and die in the bucolic serenity and goodness of his native village. He finds the village, but not the bucolic serenity and goodness. His relatives have been bitten by the same ambitious unrest that carried him away in the first place. Each one is trying to be something he is not fitted to be. The fun comes out of the fact that *Uncle Dick* puts it in the power of each one to be the thing he is not fitted to be, and that each is made to repent his bargain heartily. They learn to sigh for the serenity and goodness of a normal life, as *Uncle Dick* himself has done. That is a sympathetic theme, and far more deeply founded in human nature than any situation in the clever French farce. But the adaptation! The characters are mere algebraic symbols, and the jokes exponents that do not rise to any power. The whole thing is so crude and elementary that one rejoices that the German author was spared having his name on the programme.

A Good Thing Ill Done.

As for the impersonations, only one was worthy of the theme, the *Uncle Dick* of Mr. Sol. Smith Russell. That was more than worthy. To the *Gemüthlichkeit* of the original lines he added the sweetness and depth of humor of the American temperament. The quality of Mr. Russell's impersonation might almost be localized as Western; in a thousand ways it suggested Abraham Lincoln. Compared to the brilliant froth of "On and Off," the breadth and depth of "Uncle Dick" were the breadth and depth of the ocean. The theme of the play strikes at the heart of our modern futility of unrest; an author able to treat it with artistic skill would stand a good chance of ranging himself with the immortals.

A pretty discussion as to plays and players has lately been brought about our ears. An enterprising New York newspaper has been able to make out that, in his lecture on "The Drama as a Fine Art," Mr. I. Zangwill has rapped our playwrights and managers on the knuckles. It has used this golden opportunity to fill its columns with remonstrances, some intelligent and good-natured, others quite the reverse, and all from the prominent members of the most sensitive of professions. As for the playwright, Mr. Zangwill is reported as saying that the schoolboy who defined a *plagiarist* as "a writer of plays" builded better than he knew. Our playwrights steal their literature from the French drama—and leave out the literature. Mr. Bronson Howard, our leading writer of plays, answers this naughty speech by inveighing against young men of letters who issue diplomas to themselves as critics of the stage, and argues that in all ages the English stage has had little or nothing to do with literature—whether expounded by young men or old:

The Mob and the Manager.

> I have on my shelves nineteen collections of plays, most of them selected plays, practically covering the dramatic productions of the English stage. Let any one read even these selected plays and he will find that trash predominated at all times. In the collection which does not contain selected plays, but all the plays produced within a certain period, the proportion of trash is simply enormous.

It is true enough that of all the vast number of "attractions" on our stage, only a few are to be classed as drama, and of these few, fewer still make any pretence of literary quality. That is just what Mr. Zangwill was saying! And what if he did say it somewhat pointedly?

As for the managers, the enterprising newspaper evidently represented Mr. Zangwill as saying that they usually come from the riffraff, and are at best shopkeepers, and that the drama is in a rapid decline. To this Mr. Joseph Jefferson answered:

> He calls managers shopkeepers. Theoretically that sounds very severe. But practically he is wrong to condemn them for being shopkeepers. They are shopkeepers, and they shouldn't be anything else. They deal in goods. I'm part of those goods.
>
> The "decline of the drama," eh? That's an old wail. It reappears with the regularity of the sea-serpent. It rears its head in virtuous indignation, and then stealthily witnesses the plays it reviles. That wail goes far back. We find Colley Cibber complaining that French dancers and Italian mountebanks had pushed Shakespeare to the wall. And I have no doubt that if we could search the archives of Athens we should find Thespis, the first and only actor of his day, complaining of the decline of the drama.

At first glance it would seem that Mr. Zangwill had been pretty thoroughly snowed under. But a careful perusal of his lecture will reveal the fact that he not only takes a hopeful view of the modern drama, but speaks from a thorough knowledge of the stage. "The manager," he says, "is necessarily a shopkeeper. We have no right to demand that he should be anything but a business man." Far from saying hard words about Mr. Zangwill, our player people ought to pray Heaven that all writers about the stage might be as cheerful and state plain facts as plainly. Like publishing books or editing a newspaper, the production of plays is a matter of business, with the difference that the initial expense is great and the risk enormous. One is brought up against that same old tragic truth: He who lives to please, must please to live. Had the enterprising newspaper been as eager to discover the truth as to lacerate people's feelings, it would have seen at once that Mr. Zangwill and the profession are of one mind, and that that is mainly Mr. Zangwill's.

The only remark of Mr. Zangwill's that might justly have given offence was lost in the shuffle. It is to the effect that managers are very stupid business men, and



ANNIE RUSSELL,
Now appearing in "Catherine" at the Garrick Theatre, New York.

are not able to read the demand there is for legitimate drama. Mr. Zangwill exhorts managers to be shopkeepers of a higher class. Curiously enough, this very charge of stupidity has lately been independently made by the *Dramatic Mirror*—a trade journal that has at its command all the facts with regard to our stage. It says:

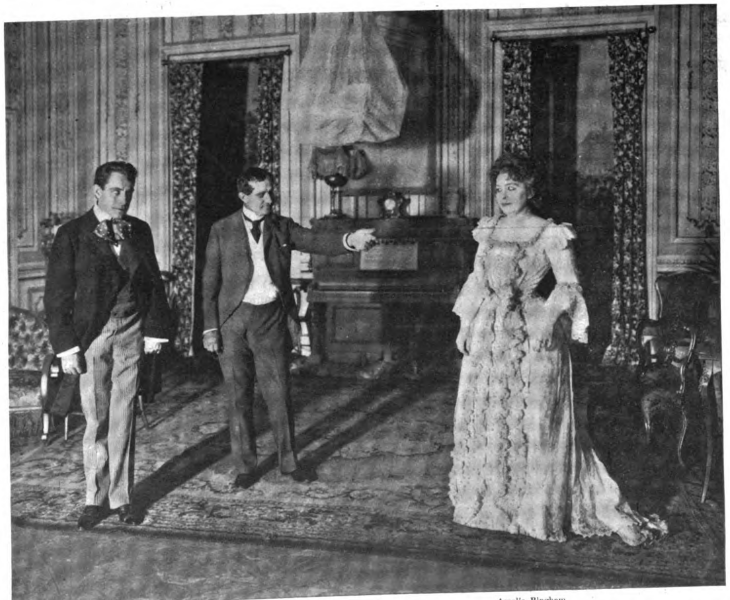
The Hope of a Literary Drama.

> Shakespeare would live even if banished utterly from the stage of this generation. Perhaps another generation will know managers who can read success in him. If the managers really could understand what the public wants the theatres would be fuller than they now are, although many faces now seen in them would be lost to sight.....
>
> The popular approval ["Cyrano de Bergerac"] proves that our public is keenly appreciative of fine things, and confounds completely those managers who glibly estimate American taste in matters dramatic at the lowest possible valuation.

The managers have only to follow Mr. I. Zangwill and they will all wear diamonds.

As for the triumph of "Cyrano," which is now fortunately quite beyond question, I should enter a slight demurrer, much as I applaud Mr. Zangwill's judgment in the main. Mr. Mansfield's success, magnificently as it is deserved, seems in some respects due to the defects of his production. The rhymed passages in the translation, so painful to sensitive ears, seem rather to please the audiences, and even a few of the critics were taken by

The Literary Element in "Cyrano."



Fritz Williams. E. M. Holland. Amelia Bingham.

A SCENE FROM "ON AND OFF," AS GIVEN BY THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE COMEDY COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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their empty jingle. It is known that Mr. Mansfield discarded the translation which he had ordered from Miss Gertrude Hall, and which has lately been published, because Miss Hall, herself a poet of no mean distinction, refused to render the original into anything more catching than a well-modulated prose. Mr. Howard Thayer Kingsbury, whose name is attached to the accepted translation, was not only willing to drop into verse at intervals, but to permit Mr. Mansfield to fall into rhyme. In some cases to my knowledge the members of the company followed Mr. Mansfield's lead, and added rhymes of their own. This actor's instinct for mouthing is not new. *Hamlet* had something to say to the players about it, and *Cyrano* himself chastised the bad actor, *Montfleury*, for it. It doubtless explains the fact that many a scene in Shakespeare's best blank verse has the tag of a senseless rhyme. No doubt Shakespeare was as guiltless of those rhyme tags as Mr. Kingsbury of these; and no doubt also Shakespeare's public, like Mr. Mansfield's, enjoyed the scene more for the jig time. As for the flavor of Gascony, which we miss in Mr. Mansfield's *Cyrano*, it would perhaps be as little availing as the remarkable performance of the flea, in Hans Andersen's fairy-tale, who, in the contest for the hand of the Princess, jumped quite out of sight, and thereby lost the prize to the cricket, who jumped neatly into the Princess's lap! By all means give us an Anglo-Saxon *Cyrano*. In spite of these defects much of the quality of the original remains. The vigor of Mr. Rostand's lines is not easily done to death, and his dramatic construction is not affected. Moreover, critics who have seen the French production say that the staging of the American play is in many ways superior. Mr. Zangwill himself has told us that Mr. Mansfield's *Cyrano* is far more virile, far more truly heroic, than M. Coquelin's. In his dedication of the play M. Rostand avers that the soul of *Cyrano* has passed into M. Coquelin; but, like the soul of *Hamlet*, the soul of *Cyrano* is too great to inhabit a single frame. If M. Rostand were to see the American performance, he would perhaps inscribe the soul of the *Cyrano* of the third and the fifth acts to Mr. Mansfield.

JOHN CORBIN.



ALBERT SALÉZA AS *MÂTHO.*

# MUSIC

## AUTUMN MUSIC ABROAD: THE OPERA SEASON.

It is yet the time, late autumn, when the curious contrast between the theatrical movement and the musical one is emphatic. The reviewer of the musical sort of entertainments sighs for that early vivacity of a preliminary season, garnished with good stock opera and with brilliant *ballets d'action*. Such things make September and October briskly inviting in many European musical centres, especially those where the German stage policy rules.



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK AS *ORTRUD.*

Take Frankfurt and Vienna to witness the activity of operatic doings long before winter. And it is to be remembered that New York has not the monopoly of hot fall evenings. In the single month of September, at the Frankfurt City Theatre, were presented all the following operas, lighter or heavier: "Tannhäuser," "Aïda," "Orphée aux Enfers," "Der Freischütz," "Boccaccio," "Lohengrin," "A Basso Porto," "The Flying Dutchman," "Fidelio," "The Mastersingers," "The Armorer" (Lortzing), "The Gypsy Baron," "Carmen," "Faust," "The Huguenots," "The Prophet," "Hänsel and Gretel," "Rheingold," "The Valkyr," "The Troubadour," "Hans Heiling," "Siegfried," "The Dusk of the Gods," and the "Daughter of the Regiment," besides other stable works of various calibres in the repertory of this admirably alert stage. In Vienna the list was much the same, but adding "Don Giovanni," "The Evangelist," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Werther," "La Dame Blanche," "L'Africaine," "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen," "Romeo and Juliet," and a half-dozen of those gorgeous pantomimic ballets for which Vienna, Warsaw, and Milan are distinguished.

Autumn Opera in Frankfurt and Vienna.

In Cologne a broad repertory has been promptly taken up. Even Berlioz's colossal "The Trojans at Carthage" was not postponed till frost, nor a fresh work by Becker—"Ratbold." At Mannheim, always a busy musical city, a part of the list up to last week offered "The Huguenots," "Rienzi," "Figaro's Wedding," "Faust," "Fidelio," "The Evangelist," "The Jewess," "The White Lady," "Masaniello," "Orpheus," and "Martha." At Karlsruhe, always active with rarer and heavier matters, the Nibelungen Tetralogy has been done, several Mozart scores sung, and Berlioz's formidable "Beatrice and Benedict" drew large houses. And so it has gone on—in Bremen, Hamburg, Hanover, Munich, and Leipzig, and all over Teutonia the musical. And it all means a wide musical *public*, not merely a fashionable musical public.

Current Opera Elsewhere in Germany.

The fact is people try to forget warm weather in Germany by going to hear good music. In the element of ballet, a lively variety in an opera season, New York has practically everything to learn. The Metropolitan's is a stage adapted to the spectacular ballet, exactly as it is a stage suitable only for opera that includes a spectacular quality. But the ballet in several acts and given as a whole evening's entertainment has never had a fair chance to win its way here, to amuse and charm us with all that riot of color and whirl of terpsichorean elegance that makes it so tenaciously attractive in great Continental theatres. Where such ballet has been tried here, its failure to score was not that Americans cannot be children before its charm, like other people, but that, like wise children, New-Yorkers refuse to be diverted with a poor and clumsy counterfeit article.

Apropos of opera and the incoming prospectuses, Mr. Grau's announcement of the Metropolitan's official season is at hand—a portentous little book. About a million dollars is spoken of as the risk to the impresario. Attractiveness and expense in a star season seem to be at the limit in such a scheme. In fact, star singers will be as plenty as shoe-buttons. There are additions and withdrawals since Mr. Grau's less decisive sketches of his plans slipped about the papers during the summer. But no subtraction is of real account. How can one manager, in one season, need all these people? How can he really use them? How can he pay them? It is a wonderment. Take—alphabetically, as they are so many—the surnames. Of sopranos and contraltos Mr. Grau presents Adams (Suzanne), Brema, Bréguière, Bauermeister, Calvé, Eames, Engle, Lehmann, Mantelli, Meisslinger, Melba, Nordica, Pevny, Roudez, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Thompson (Fanchon). The tenors, barytones, and basses offer us a like mixture of races and *genres*, with Albers, Bars, Bispham, Carbone, Campanari, Ceppi, Devriès (Herman), Dippel, Dufriche, Van Dyk, Maurel, Meux, Mühlmann, Plançon, Pringle, de Reszké (Jean), de Reszké (Edouard), von Rooy, Saléza, Saligmac, Vanni. The four conductors are Bevignani, Mancinelli, Saar, and Schalk. A small army of practical assistants of less public duty complete the directory. It is a pleasure to see a *régisseur-général* (formally so called) among the functionaries. That august personage will earn his salary, whoever else does not.

The Metropolitan's Opera Season.

As to a few artists among the foregoing, curiosity will fix strongly on that admirable Polish contralto (Polish by birth, but identified with German stages all her life) Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink. Madame Schumann-Heink ranks as the first contralto, in voice and dramatic authority, at present in European notice. She is in the prime of her powers, as her portrait here given indicates. Madame Schumann-Heink, nevertheless, has been at least nineteen years before a Continental public, in wide repertory, before her Wagner work at the Baireuth performances of 1896 drew new notice to her, and so secured her an engagement last year at Covent Garden. Miss Suzanne Adams is the latest American light soprano to be acclaimed in Paris as an exceptional débutante. Miss Adams is a Cambridge (Massachusetts) young lady, and from the first nights of her Opéra trial she has been successful in pleasing French and English auditors and critics, much as did Madame Eames, and in largely the same rôles—*Juliette, Gilda, Marguerite*, and so on. Miss Fanchon Thompson, another American débutante in Paris, won favor there, and almost immediately harvested new honors in London. As to Mr. Grau's truly noble army of men, Mr. Ernest van Dyk is possibly a shade the most eminent. Though he may be charged with coming to us late in his long and broad career, when I heard him sing two or three of his best parts, some months ago, it seemed to me that he sang them as well as when he was a dozen years younger. Mr. Van Dyk's rôles are considerably identical with those elected by Mr. Jean de Reszké. Mr. Andreas Dippel was with us some years back, a valuable young actor and an excellent singer in German opera, and, more than that, a tenor lyric rather than heroic. Mr. Anton von Rooy reaches us as a new Wagner barytone, of full voice and effective style in acting such solid responsibilities as those of *Wotan*, and of Baireuth's deep-voiced gentry in general. He is a Belgian, and possesses a large extra-Wagnerian repertory. Mr. Albert Saléza, of whom a good deal has been said in advance of his first American engagement, has been a thoroughly useful, robust tenor at the Opéra in Paris, and has a potent dramatic style.

We shall not see M. Saléza, however, in one of his most effective impersonations—that of the love-drunken and sacrilegious warrior *Mâtho*, in Reyer's opera "Salammbô." But he will probably have ample chance to show his energies as a typical French artist, now in the plenitude of youth and voice. I use advisedly the word "see" in alluding to his *Mâtho*. For in ending that tragic work occurs his amazingly acrobatic and startling pitch, head over heels, down a towering Carthaginian staircase, and his falling at the feet of the statuelike *Salammbô*—a mass of blood, filth, rags, and general physical ruin—to bare his breast for *Salammbô's* dagger. Folks who, as did Dickens's Fat Boy, "like to feel their flesh creep" have an excellent prescription in Mr. Saléza's *Mâtho*. "Salammbô," by-the-bye, in spite of its melodic and, indeed, instrumental tameness, would suit the Metropolitan to a centimetre with its pompous tableaux.

Mr. Saléza as *Mâtho.*

That reminder turns attention again to Mr. Grau's prospectus—what may be its promises as to his season's operas. Fifty-one evening performances and seventeen matinée ones, and non-subscription nights besides, give large leeway. But out of the "selection" left, as so often, somewhat vague, I doubt if more than two or three works be undertaken, apart from those already in such perennial use in the Metropolitan—German, French, and Italian. Probably Mr. Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander," possibly Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," semi-possibly Massenet's "Sapho," will be brought to pass. Mr. Grau's present troupe, one many observe, could make, out of hand, a repertory almost as wide as the whole Continental one, in such a state of "study" are many of the artists. But that will not affect the situation. Madame Calvé, I understand, has desired this year a complete representation of Bizet's "The Pearl-Fishers"—not just two acts, as before—as a special illustration of her colorature art. Neither "Le Cid" nor "La Juive" nor "Mefistofele" nor "Henry the Eighth" (this last not mentioned) is of likely choice. Of the two complete cycles of Wagner's Nibelungen dramas, producing them without the prudent cuts usually made in their presentation, notice has already been taken. We shall have this incident in January and February. The Wagner and non-Wagner repertory, in short, abides about as hitherto. But with such singers, how reconciled we are to a "selection" about as much in variety, from year to year, as the pattern of a floor-cloth! The eye does fasten, however, most pleasurably on one work, of which a revival seems fairly certain. This is Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba." It was a special success here during two of the "German-opera" winters long ago. Its colossal score is as gorgeously rich and impassioned as its mere spectacle can be made Oriental in color. "The Queen of Sheba" is a great piece of true dramatic music. The younger patronage of the Metropolitan should be acquainted with it. It has a concerted piece in the first act and a finale to its third act that have scarcely their parallels in modern opera for sheer splendor of musical effect.

The Metropolitan's Repertory.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



ANTON VON ROOY AS *WOTAN.*

Concerning the Newer Opera-Singers.

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## THE OCCUPATION OF MAYAGUEZ.

THE brief campaign of Puerto Rico was conducted with skill and ability. Success followed the American arms in every movement, and was accompanied by comparatively little suffering and trivial loss, the enemy being compelled to abandon one position after another by the superior strategy of the Americans until the signature to the protocol for a treaty of peace put an abrupt end to hostilities. The stories of the splendid fighting and magnificent courage of our regulars in the battles before Santiago in Cuba, the hardships they suffered, have overshadowed in the public mind the comparatively small encounters with the enemy in Puerto Rico. Nevertheless the fighting there has been sharp, the advance of our troops bravely resisted at more than one point; but it was never checked, and one town after another was opened to our troops. It fell to the good fortune of General Schwan's column—McComb's Troop of the Fifth Cavalry, some field-guns, and the Eleventh Infantry, afterwards re-enforced by part of the First Kentucky—to occupy the pretty and populous town of Mayaguez, on the west coast, after the defeat of the enemy in a brilliant engagement near the Rosario, driving the Spaniards in the direction of Lares, and uncovering Mayaguez, where the welcome by the inhabitants was of a nature seldom met with by an invading army. On every side the troops were received as liberators from hated oppressors. Old and young, black and all the intermediate shades up to and including white, men, women, and children, vied with one another in cordial expressions of delight at their presence. The wounded, Spaniards and Americans, were cared for at the hands of the Red Cross Society, and soon were housed in the theatre—for the nonce a hospital. Many were badly hurt, some in the shadow of death; but no murmurs escaped them as, friend and foe, the wounded lay together in clean white cots, cheered and comforted by their surroundings and the tender and sympathetic ministration of their nurses. Our brave fellows could not tell in words of their gratitude to the dark-robed women hovering by their beds like angels of all that is good and merciful; but Catholic or Protestant, Dago or Yankee, none will forget the sweet-faced Spanish nuns, whose gentle hands and soft voices brought relief to suffering body and hope to sinking hearts.

Schwan made but a brief stay in the town, his troops going into camp in the outskirts. Meanwhile the U.S.S. *Montgomery* arriving in the harbor, convoying re-enforcements and supplies, the column moved out again, the advance-guard overtaking and putting to rout the former garrison, which had hurriedly evacuated Mayaguez on the approach of the United States force, capturing many of them, and bringing them back prisoners to the place where they had so long been masters.

The crew of the U.S.S. *Montgomery*, Commander George A. Converse, U.S.N., commanding, was at general quarters as the ship slowly steamed in towards the harbor of Mayaguez. Like a picture from fairyland the beautiful shores of the bay stretched on either hand, the hills tumbling back inland, covered to their very tops with dense masses of tropical vegetation, while here and there in the valleys the bright green leaves of the sugar-cane spread like carpets in great square patches; close to the water's edge the high towerlike chimneys and low roofs of an occasional sugar-mill broke through the rich and varied green of the foliage around about. Followed by her convoy, two army transports, *Morgan* and *Hudson*, the latter swarming with soldiers of the First Kentucky Infantry, the war-ship moved cautiously forward over the smooth waters; there was silence fore and aft, broken only by the singsong chant of the quartermasters heaving the lead, and the occasional sharp, imperative order from the bridge. Grouped about the guns the bluejackets stood, hoping and longing for the enemy to open. Hundreds of eyes searched every point and headland for evidence of presence of the foe; but no sign or token of hostile life answered their eager gaze, all was quiet and still shoreward, not a movement anywhere—not even a breath of wind to stir into languid motion the featherlike tops of the tall palms. Silently one of the men pointed over the side, where with scarcely a move of their tails two great sharks, their black dorsal fins cutting the surface, kept pace with the ship, slowly moving nearer and nearer in. Ahead the roofs of houses show through trees, one tall building gleaming white and dazzling in the sun's rays. On the port bow a hill rises; there is a building on the top, something near by that looks like a mound of freshly turned earth, and surmounting all a flag-staff with a flag clinging limp and motionless. Every glass on the ship was brought to bear on the height. At the guns the men closed up; every one waited the flash and smoke of hostile ordnance. But instead of fire and crash and shriek of shell some friendly zephyr touches with caressing hands the limp folds of bunting on the hill, and for a moment—there waving, as if in graceful welcome, the blue, white, and scarlet of our own flag stands out clear and distinct against the tropical purple of the sky. The men look at one another, disappointment written all over their honest faces. "Damned if I ever thought the sight of the American colors would make me cuss," says the bo's'n's mate. "Boat coming out, sir. White flag," reports some one on the bridge. Not one boat but two are coming towards the ships, and soon the Puerto-Rican pilot climbs over the side, smiling all over his swarthy countenance, bowing, hat in hand, on all sides, as he tells that Schwan with his regulars had thrashed the Spaniards, now in full retreat towards Lares, and had already occupied Mayaguez. Half an hour afterwards the ships dropped anchor within half rifle distance of the shore. The harbor was swarming with boats, their occupants comprising all shades and colors of Puerto Rico's population, from coal-black bumboat men eager for trade to dark-browed señoritas in fresh summer dresses, and their pretty faces coated with thick powdering of rice flour, all smiles and flowers for the conquistadores americanos. The first visitor from shore was the British vice-consul. The flag waving greeting to the ship that morning had been hoisted over the residence of the former American consul by his direction, and as he left the ship, the thunder of *Montgomery's* guns, saluting the red-crossed banner of the nation nearest by tongue and kin to ours, echoed back from the adjacent hills.

RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

## CHICAGO'S PEACE JUBILEE.

CHICAGO has had a peace jubilee, beginning on Sunday night, October 16, lasting five days, and including several great meetings and receptions, a ball, a banquet, and a big parade. President McKinley was the central figure of the celebration. He made one or two speeches every day, shook hands with thousands of his fellow-countrymen, was present at all the great gatherings, reviewed the great procession, and was made a Doctor of Laws by Chicago University. Generals Miles, Shafter, and Wheeler represented the army. No naval officers of high rank who were in the late war could be present, but all of them were remembered by arches put up in honor of their victories. There was some bad weather, but not enough to be a serious drawback to the success of so great a show. It would be gratifying to learn that the President took advantage of his presence in Chicago to consult with Governor Tanner about the promotion of peace at Virden and Pana, but there is no assurance that such an interview took place.

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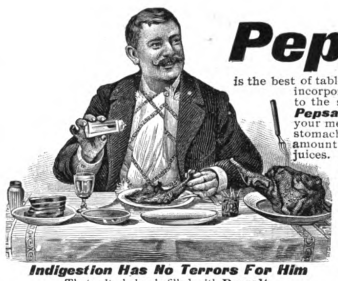
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## THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

THE very intelligent minister of the Chinese government to the United States, Mr. Wu Ting-Fang, says that the time-honored story of the Empress Dowager of China having been a slave girl has no foundation in fact. Doing this, Mr. Wu destroys some of the romance which surrounds this remarkable woman; but there is still left enough to make her career a wonder to her sex. The Empress Dowager was not a slave girl, but she was the daughter of an obscure official, and to-day she is the actual, as for many years she has been the virtual, ruler of the great Chinese Empire. The first straw pointing the way of the wind was a royal decree degrading a cabinet officer whose position corresponds to that of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington. This man had been high in favor with the Emperor, and it was not to be supposed that he would have been removed unless some power greater than the Emperor's had wrought the change. The only power which is above the Emperor's in China is that of the Empress Dowager. Since the removal of this official the Empress Dowager has come out openly and reassumed the regency.

There are really no slaves in China, as we commonly understand the term. There are servants under contract for a number of years, as our apprentices are bound to masters until they reach their majority. In some families these servants are treated as daughters. Sometimes the master of the house takes a fancy to a girl and takes her for his concubine, or second wife. If she bears him children she is raised to the position of wife.

The Emperor of China has a consort, or wife, and one or more imperial concubines, or second wives—the term concubines not having the derogatory meaning in China that it has in Christian countries, where polygamy is unlawful. When the Emperor of China wants a wife or an imperial concubine, announcement is made in the court circle, and all officials above a certain grade are required to send in statements of the eligible women of their families. A list of these is chosen, and the candidates are required to present themselves at court, where the choice is made. If he likes, the Emperor may examine the candidates for himself, but sometimes they are examined and chosen for him. The consort and two concubines who make up the imperial *ménage* at Peking now were chosen by the Empress Dowager.

More than forty years ago the then Emperor of China signified his wish to choose a concubine, and notice was given in the court circle. The Manchus and the Chinese do not intermarry, so the Chinese were exempt from presenting candidates. The Manchu officials offered their daughters for the Emperor's choice, and one of the least important of them was honored.

The Empress of China was childless. The Emperor wanted a son and heir. This son came to him as the child of his newly chosen concubine. Immediately the concubine was raised to the dignity of a wife, and shared with the first wife the honors of the household.

This woman was bright, of great shrewdness and remarkable force of character. She dominated the household and the government. When the Emperor died, though she and the first wife were made regents jointly, it was she who controlled the government in the interests of her son. After a few years she who had been the first wife died, and the one-time concubine became, in name as well as in fact, the sole ruler of the empire. At the end of thirteen years of her regency (twenty-four years ago) her son died. There was no direct heir to the throne. Several collateral branches of the family claimed the succession, but the Dowager Empress chose a nephew, one of several sons of the brother of the late Emperor her husband, and, against all opposition, she installed him in her son's place. She continued as regent until a few years ago, when, tiring of the responsibilities of her position, she withdrew from active public affairs.

This made no serious change in the conduct of the government. In spite of her withdrawal, she still was the first person in the empire. On feast days, though all the court circle attended the Emperor's reception, they first paid their respects to the Empress Dowager; and the Emperor himself called on her before he held his court reception, going through the streets of Peking to her palace in a chair, accompanied by all his suite, and prostrating himself before her.

To those who remember the obscurity into which the Dowager Empress of Germany retired as soon as her son was elevated to the throne, this homage seems strange; but the Chinese explain it on this ground: In China respect is paid to a person because of age, social position (as father or mother or aunt), and official position. The Empress Dowager commands the Emperor's respect because of her age, because of her position as his aunt, and because of her standing as Empress Dowager. Diplomatic officials have


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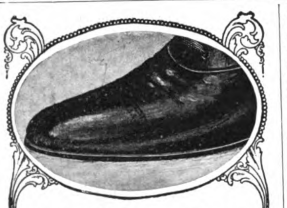
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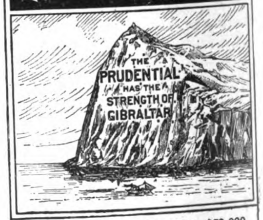
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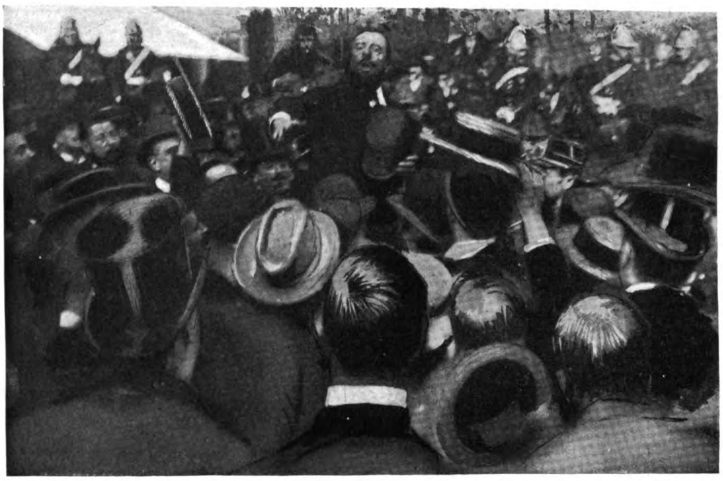
always recognized this by sending their cards to the Empress Dowager as well as to the Emperor when there was a feast day, such as the Emperor's birthday or New Year's day.

The Empress Dowager's authority has ever been recognized officially in decrees during her retirement from the regency. The Emperor has frequently said in decrees that he has been "instructed by the Empress Dowager" to do this or that. As the *Court Gazette* has recorded also the fact that he visited her about once in five days, it has been generally understood that she was consulted by him on all questions of importance.

Gradually there has grown up in the court circle a party opposed to her influence. To this party belonged the cabinet minister recently deposed. This party succeeded in having Li Hung-Chang stripped of many of his honors. The Dowager Empress is Li's friend. Now that she has taken up the reins of government again, he may return to his old position of power.

For a long time, until the publication of the Emperor's abdication, no one knew, except inferentially, that the Dowager Empress had actually reassumed the regency. There was no precedent for such an act; but those who knew the Empress Dowager said she was quite capable of establishing a precedent. Now that she has openly returned to power, all petitions to the Emperor will be addressed to the Dowager Empress as well, and her name will precede his in the address. She will resume her official position, sign all decrees with the Emperor, and hold court receptions.

The Empress Dowager is a woman of about sixty-three years. She is not only intelligent, but it is said she is well educated. The strength of her character has kept the Manchus in power in China.



PARIS—PAUL DEROULEDE HARANGUING THE CROWD IN THE AVENUE WAGRAM, OCTOBER 2.

# PARIS.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

*October 10, 1898.*

THE events of the last two weeks seem at last to have opened the eyes of the most optimistic of Frenchmen, and the general apathy hitherto prevailing among those not personally interested in the varying phases of the Dreyfus affair has given place to a feeling of genuine alarm—alarm for the stability of the present form of government; alarm for the success of the coming exposition, on which so many hopes have been built. *Où allons nous?* Whither are we drifting? is the question that occupies the mind of every serious and patriotic citizen; and it has just found an open expression in the petition, praying for relief, addressed to the ministry by a number of prominent business men.



PARIS—A MEETING OF STRIKERS AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS AT THE BOURSE DU TRAVAIL.

To-day's cartoon by Caran d'Ache in the *Figaro* presents the situation in a sombre enough light. The artist has labelled it, "Le tournant de l'histoire," which, freely translated, may mean "the turning-point in her history." The centre figure is the Republic, in female form, and she has just reached the twenty-eighth mile-stone at a bend in the highway. Beyond, various ominous figures confront her—first of all, a hydra-headed old hag whose flanks are weighted down with Dreyfus "dossiers"; behind, a striker in defiant attitude; then the two pretenders to the throne; Britannia in martial array, the word "Fashoda" on her shield; lastly, a horde of Egyptians and Dervishes. A gloomy prospect indeed for the wanderer!

Add to this the discouragement, and sullen resignation to what is deemed the inevitable, noticeable among certain leaders of thought. Every fresh misfortune, every new complication calculated to injure the country's welfare, is met with the cry of "decadence." The Latin race is slowly but surely deteriorating, say they. Edmond Desmoulins showed this over a year ago in his now famous book, *À quoi tient la supériorité de la race anglo-saxonne?*

Since then, according to them, enough has occurred to corroborate his theories. The defeat of Spain clearly presages the fall of her Latin sister. The Dreyfus affair, with the symptoms it has provoked, is but another step in the same direction.

These prophets of evil have their hearers and their believers, and therein lies the danger, for the French seem gradually to be losing confidence in themselves. The Fashoda incident, and the accompanying comments of the British Jingo press, have so far failed to awaken the interest of the masses. Had the circumstances occurred ten years ago, all France would have been up in arms to maintain what she honestly considered to be her rights. To-day she will doubtless surrender them, unless, indeed, as a few still believe — though very few — the government may, from sheer desperation, decide to follow Napoleon III.'s example and seek a way out of the present internal difficulties by accepting a foreign war.

That these difficulties are increasing day by day it is easy enough to perceive. At the time of writing, Paris looks like a city in a state of siege. Bodies of infantry and cavalry patrol the streets or lurk in the enclosures surrounding the buildings in course of construction. Every fresh "extra" brings the news of further accessions to the ranks of the strikers. There is talk now of a general strike of all the trades throughout France, and it does not appear to be empty talk either.

Although there seems to be no direct connection between the Dreyfus agitation and the origin of the strike, it is certain that the feeling of unrest created by the former has borne fruit in the minds of the proletariat. Whole bodies of men who declare themselves satisfied with their wages have struck work—one might almost say, for the sake of making trouble. They have a vague undefined notion that the time is ripe for action, and that the cause of labor will benefit at this moment by aggressive measures on their part. Agents provocateurs, and irresponsible agitators, are having it all their own way among the unreasoning masses.

It is possible that the above conclusions may have been somewhat influenced by the writer's personal experiences and surroundings, for, thrown into the vortex by professional necessity, I naturally see the darker side of the situation. No one hopes more sincerely than myself that the picture is overdrawn, and that France may soon emerge from her present troubles and enter upon a new era of prosperity. But I repeat, the temper of the people is not of the best at the present moment. Bad blood is brewing all the time. I have been present at all the recent manifestations of "patriots," "Dreyfusards," strikers, and the rest of them, and it would not take much, in my opinion, to set the powder-train ablaze. The proceedings under way for revising the Dreyfus case have not altered the situation a whit, as witness the events of Sunday, October 2. For reasons far from clear, M. de Pressensé, one of the editors of the staid and sober *Temps*, provoked on that day a riot on the Avenue Wagram, in favor of the prisoner of l'Ile du Diable, which earned for him the strictures even of his own paper. The "Dreyfus" press has been going it "hot and heavy" ever since, and needless to add that the patriots have replied in the same strain. And thus it goes on all the time—bitter polemics in the newspaper press, daily incidents in the streets. And the end is not yet.

Two pictures I send you present views pertinent to the situation—the Bourse du Travail, hot-bed of the striking day-laborers on the East Side, and the Champs Élysées near the Arc de l'Étoile, favorite stamping-ground of the "Ligueurs" and anti-Semites on the West. They form an interesting contrast.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.



PARIS—MEMBERS OF THE "PATRIOTIC LEAGUE" CHEERING THE CUIRASSIERS ORDERED TO PARIS TO PROTECT PROPERTY FROM THE STRIKERS.

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# FRENCH ABSOLUTISM AND THE DREYFUS CASE.

THERE is much more in the Dreyfus affair than the question of the right and the wrong involved in the unfortunate captain's conviction. As the case stands between him and the government, it is clear not only that he has been convicted in secret, but that the evidence, which has finally been made public in answer to the clamorous demands of outraged Radicals and Jews, is worse than worthless. Some ardent supporters of the French system and of French practice say that the government has in its possession most convincing proof of the guilt of Captain Dreyfus, which it cannot make public without endangering the peace of Europe. In view of all that has happened in Europe during the last three or four years, it seems as though it is the chief end of its civilization to avoid war. This is not in accordance with the teachings that we receive on this side of the water from the politicians who fear that we shall become Chinese intellectually and morally if we do not fight often enough. Here we are told that there is something worse than war, and even the peacefully inclined among us are prone to believe that dishonor, turpitude, lying, swindling, and other vices, including those of oppression and injustice, are to be avoided even at the cost of the last resort of the barbarians from whom we sprang, and from whose political devices we have not yet been able wholly to escape. Be it remembered, too, that we are never in a condition of readiness for campaigning, although we may never be unready for a fight. We have no army organization, for example, even when we are engaged in war, although we are never without soldiers. Nevertheless, we are taught that it is our duty to go to war on the report that some of our neighbors are starving on account of an insurrection which they or their friends have brought on themselves; and we do go to war, and suffer keenly all of its horrors, in order to drive out of their own land the soldiers whose brutal resistance to the insurrection has brought distress and illness and death. I am stating the case a little rudely, and crudely too perhaps, but I am doing so merely to mark the contrast between American and European belligerence; probably one might truly say between American and European sentimentality. At any rate, it is clear that the bellipotent powers of civilization are not so nervously sensitive to honor as is the power which until recently has not thought it necessary to arm to the teeth for the sake of preserving the peace, and there is room for speculation here as to the influence of the military life upon the national morale. Take Esterhazy, for example, the "gentleman" who throws in his conscience when he sells his sword. But this kind of speculation is outside of the purpose of this paper, and I shall simply add that France is willing to appear, at least, to be controlled by some army chiefs among whom are officers who are ready to commit perjury and forgery in order that a scapegoat may suffer cruel punishment, and all this for the sake of avoiding war with—which is it, Germany or Russia? Perhaps there may be evidence of the guilt of Dreyfus of which the world at large knows nothing, and perhaps its revelation would plunge Europe into war, or at least dissolve the Franco-Russian alliance, but we fancy that on this side of the water the government that avoided war on such terms would have to go, and we naturally wonder what effect it is all to have on the interesting republican experiment which is being tried in France—a wonder that is changed to dreadful anticipation in view of the state of mind of the army and the people.

After all, the misdeeds of any particular government, especially if the misdeeds can be charged to the form of government, are likely to become crucial. If Dreyfus is innocent, his conviction and his punishment constitute one of the historical national crimes, and the question is as to the capacity of democracy for such crimes. Is it possible that under a self-governing people an innocent man can be condemned in secret, on false testimony, or on no testimony at all, and his punishment persisted in after it is known that his conviction rests on manufactured testimony? Such an injustice could not be committed in England or in the United States. It is practically impossible under the Anglo-Saxon system. But, although France is a self-governing community, in theory at least, it is demonstrated in the Dreyfus case, whether he be innocent or not, that a military tribunal is as absolute as was the Great Mogul, or as any savage chief who enjoys the power of life and death over his subjects. For, even if Dreyfus be guilty, it is now clear that an innocent man might be condemned in France on a bordereau such as that written by Esterhazy and on a letter such as that forged by Henry, these being the documents which the general staff and the Minister of War thought to be sufficient to defend the conviction and sentence. The only safeguard of the accused who is brought before a French military tribunal, and the main protection of one haled before a French administrative tribunal, is the integrity, the honor, of his judges. The wrath of the anti-Dreyfusites against Zola and the others who demand a retrial, or who go farther and insist on the innocence of the unhappy Alsacian, is aroused by the assault on the honor of the general staff which is involved. It is bad, of course, for a people like the French to lose faith in the integrity of their military chiefs, but it is a good deal worse for the chiefs to deserve the general condemnation; and if there is not to come a reform of the army, if the army and the Jesuits are to insist on the virtue of the former and on the control of the latter, there may be more than is now anticipated in the surrender of the right of primogeniture by Prince Victor Bonaparte in favor of Colonel Prince Louis Bonaparte, of the Russian army.

Whether or not the honor of the general staff is rightly suspected on account of the Dreyfus case, it is clear, as I have said, that a general staff that is not honorable may, under French law and practice, condemn any innocent man whom the officers wish to put out of the way. This is a characteristic of the French government, and such a government can never be regarded as a democratic government by an American or an Englishman. The Dreyfus case exists because such a case is entirely possible under the system of jurisprudence which governs France. There the private citizen does not stand on an equal footing with the official. The same laws do not govern the two, nor do the same courts of justice hear and determine controversies between private persons and between a citizen and an official. In our country and in England we boast that every man stands equal before the judges. The law that punishes the thief who steals punishes also the official who embezzles. The judge who sentences the brute who assaults his fellow must also mete out punishment to the officer who invades the rights of the citizen. In France there is one law for private citizens and one court for the trial of questions arising between them. This is the court of law. For the officials there is the administrative court; for, as Professor Lowell has shown in his *Government and Parties in Continental Europe*, the result of French development has been to strengthen the administrative branch of the government, while English development has made the judicial branch of the government the safeguard of personal liberty. Under our system law reigns, while under the French system, when there is a question between the individual and the government, discretion rules. In other words, the law is not permitted to interfere with the exigencies of the government, or with what the administrative courts think those exigencies may be. Therefore, in contemplating the attitude of the French people towards the Dreyfus case, it is not fair to judge them by our own standards. It is as difficult for Americans or Englishmen to assume a French mental attitude on such a question as this as it is for us to understand why the nations with the largest armies are willing to save themselves from the horrors of war at the cost of their honor or of their reputation for being just. It is fair, however, that we should bear in mind that Frenchmen have been taught to believe that the first duty of the military and administrative courts is to preserve the efficiency of the army and the administration. And it is familiar knowledge that in a general way, and notwithstanding the sad experience of 1870, this system has brought about the desired results, and that French military organization is admirable and French administration excellent. The rights of the individual, however, suffer, and the doing of justice is not an ideal in a government whose powers are bent towards absolute efficiency. Efficiency is primarily the attribute of a wise and benevolent despotism, and France is therefore a democracy with some of the attributes of absolutism. This puts the government of the moment higher than human liberty. And if an act of justice to an individual, whether the individual be Captain Dreyfus or an unfortunate citizen who has been run over by a Paris coachman, is likely to create distrust in the army or in the administrative branch of the government, the individual must go under. When one puts the case thus neatly, one must not forget that if it could be thus brought home to the French, especially to the Parisian mind, there would be danger of an outburst, and usually an outburst in Paris goes properly enough by the name of revolution; but it is probably very far removed from the French mind that anything is wrong with the French system. It is not the habit of the French to deal with political principles. They are likely to recognize the fact sooner or later that an individual act of injustice, or even of crime, has been committed, but it will be long before they see that they themselves made the crime possible by insisting that the discretion of military and administrative tribunals should be exercised for the protection of the army and the government even against just accusation. It was because these sacred institutions are to be maintained at all hazards that Zola's accusations against the courts martial were treated by the populace as a kind of treason. It will not be until the last moment that the French system of jurisprudence will be attacked. The French people attack individuals and groups, they turn kings and emperors off their thrones, they upset governments, but they never think of reforming the system on which rest the relative rights of the government and the governed.

There is as much absolutism in France in the administration of the criminal and administrative law as there has been shown to be in the military tribunals which have convicted Dreyfus, exonerated Esterhazy, and punished Picquart. The weakness of the French political mind is that it is under the control of domineering logic. It has come to a sentimental recognition of the right of the people to govern themselves; but when Louis XIV. said, "L'état, c'est moi!" he laid down the hypothesis on which his republican successors are still reasoning. The state would be really now the people if France were a true republic; that is, the people would have the ultimate power, and the government which they have set up would exist for their benefit. Louis XIV. really was both the state and the government, and the French people have never been able to separate the two. Therefore now, as two hundred years ago, the government is the state, and is sacred. It must be maintained at all hazards, even at the cost of injustice, even at the serious cost of personal liberty. How many Englishmen or Americans know of the true relations between the French citizen and the *gendarme* or the *sergent de ville*? How many of our travelling pleasure-seekers, sojourning for a gala-day in Paris, realize that an enemy or a policeman, especially sensitive to what our own guardians call "buck talk," might easily divert their visit from one of gayety to one of penalty? An arrest is an easy matter. It is easy here and in London, but practically it is not so common an indulgence of the Anglo-Saxon as of the French police. But once the accused is behind the cell door the matter takes on a different aspect in France from that to which we are accustomed, thanks to the blessings of the Great Charter. There is no reason known to the French law for informing the accused of the nature of the charge which has led to his incarceration. All that is necessary to keep him in prison for an indefinite time is an understanding between the policeman and the magistrate—the *juge d'instruction*. It is for this embodiment of French law and French justice to discover some reason for depriving the victim of his liberty, and in the mean time the victim must remain in ignorance. He is not to know the charge that is made against him; but from time to time he is haled before the *juge d'instruction* and examined as to his life, his secret thoughts, his relations to society—in short, he is probed for hidden crime, or for evidence of the truth of the charge which some policeman may have lodged against him. There is a wonderful picture of this terrible per-on—the *juge d'instruction*—written by Balzac in *Splendeurs et Misères de Courtisanes*, and one can learn of the dreadful character and power of this official from the scene in which Camusot the magistrate interpolates Carlos Herrera and Lucien de Rubempré for the purpose of discovering Jacques Collin under the frock of the Spanish priest. It is only recently, within a comparatively few months, that the legislative branch of the French Republic, after a discussion that endured for about twenty years, enacted a law providing that an accused may have counsel when he appears before the *juge d'instruction*. But in Balzac's time, and under every French government which has pretended to administer law at all, the accused has been obliged to appear alone before this awful mystic power—the man whose usefulness to the state consists in his power to worry and torture, to worm out secrets, to frighten timid people into hysterical and often untrue confession; in a word, to convict, and to convict whether justice or injustice be served thereby. The accused is kept in close confinement. His house is searched. His desk is broken open. His private papers are carried to the magistrate, to whom the post-office authorities also deliver his mail. If he were an American or an Englishman in his own land, he would be before the open courts, as soon as he applied, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the government would be compelled to state the charge against him. In France he is in the power of a practically irresponsible despot. This is the criminal law of France, which is not administered by the administrative courts, but which not only bears a strong—a family—resemblance to the law as practised before the political tribunals, but is intimately connected with it; for if the officials who pursue the private citizen are governed by malice or by personal enmity, or by a desire to put away temporarily a dangerous or troublesome political opponent, there is no punishment awaiting them for false imprisonment. Often, it is true, justice is done—more often than otherwise; but the great danger of any human institution lies in its possibilities; and to illustrate the possibilities of French criminal law, one of our recent ministers to France told me of a case which came under his official observation. The victim was a young American student at Paris, who, with some equally guilty comrades, indulged one night in unfriendly conversation with a *sergent de ville* of the Latin Quarter. The youth, who lived on an allowance made him by his father, was thrown into jail. The American minister was appealed to. He made strong representations to the Minister for the Interior—the head of the police of France. He received no reply. Weeks passed, and the unhappy youth was kept in concealment. Finally a member of the American legation happened to pass the Palais de Justice one day as this enemy of France was about to start for the frontier. He had been found guilty, and he was to be banished from France. There was, of course, an appeal to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs and a rescue, but an examination of the *dossier* showed that he had been charged with being a German and a vagabond.

This sort of thing is possible in France just as well as the Dreyfus case, and yet it is found to be impossible to induce Frenchmen to discuss their system as a proper object of reform. They are eager to overthrow governments and individuals, but not their ancient system, which serves them just as well under President Faure as it served their ancestors under Louis XIV. or Louis Philippe or Napoleon III. I remember to have heard a clever American tell of his effort to interest Henri Rochefort in the writ of *habeas corpus*, of which this furious socialist had never heard, despite his six years' residence in London. The effort was wasted. Rochefort was too busy at conspueying some one to listen to a discussion or an explanation of fundamental principles.

The theory of administrative law is carried out logically, so that the judges are kept under the power of the politicians. The administrative judges are appointed by the civil authorities and are removable by the President. They are consequently the creatures of the politicians; and our own Mr. Croker would, unconsciously perhaps, extend this feature of the French system to our regular courts of justice by making all judges amenable to Tammany Hall. The illustration serves to indicate the character of French administrative courts. It is held, for example, that if the political power illegally suppresses a newspaper in a moment of excitement, the court will not give the outraged proprietors any redress. In general the principle is that the administrative court will not interfere with political acts. Twenty years ago the French government decreed the suspension of monasteries. The injured orders appealed to the ordinary courts of law. The government raised the question of jurisdiction—a question that must go to the Tribunal of Conflicts. This tribunal is composed of the Minister of Justice, three members of the Court of Cassation, and three members of the Council of State, which is the highest administrative court, and two other persons chosen by these seven. In other words, the political power controls. This tribunal decided that the ordinary courts did not have jurisdiction of these questions, and the monasteries were so well assured of the impossibility of securing from the administrative courts a judgment against the government that they did not appeal to them. A very pretty case is often cited by those who think well of the French system, to show that the administrative courts can do justice against the government. Two or three years ago the Council of State rendered a judgment against the government in a case involving the interpretation of a statute which related to a state guarantee of interest on the securities of certain railroads. This decision, adverse to the interests of the government, so outraged the Chamber of Deputies, however, that they drove the government out of power for submitting the question to the Council of State, so firmly has it become the fixed idea of the French mind that the government of the moment is the state, and that the state is to be maintained at all hazards, active opposition to the government being, of course, treason.

In this Dreyfus case the army is the government, and it has done what was within its power and within its discretion. Supposing, however, that the committee of the Court of Cassation, to which the question is referred, grants a revision, what will happen? According to French political and legal logic, M. Brisson the Premier and his cabinet, together with these judges of the highest court in France, in desiring revision, will have rebelled against that part of the French government which has full jurisdiction of military affairs, and therefore of this case. It will be a revolt against the principal and most admired feature of the present French government. The question may come whether, to sustain the army, France will overthrow the civil power of the republic and restore a rule more essentially or naturally military. The solution of this problem is what we shall wait to see. At any rate, and whatever happens, there is likely to be no immediate change in French absolutism, whether an emperor or a president presides over its administration.

H. L. N.

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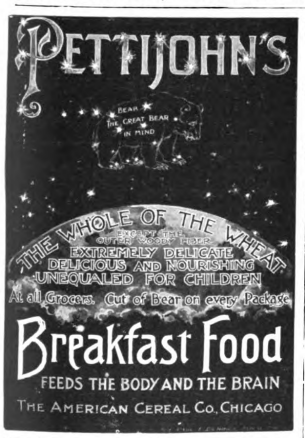
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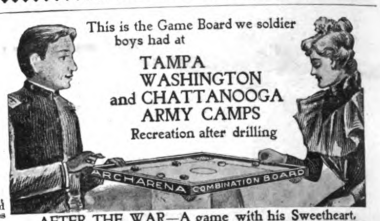
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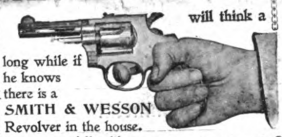
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AMATEUR SPORT DEPARTMENT RESUMED THIS WEEK.

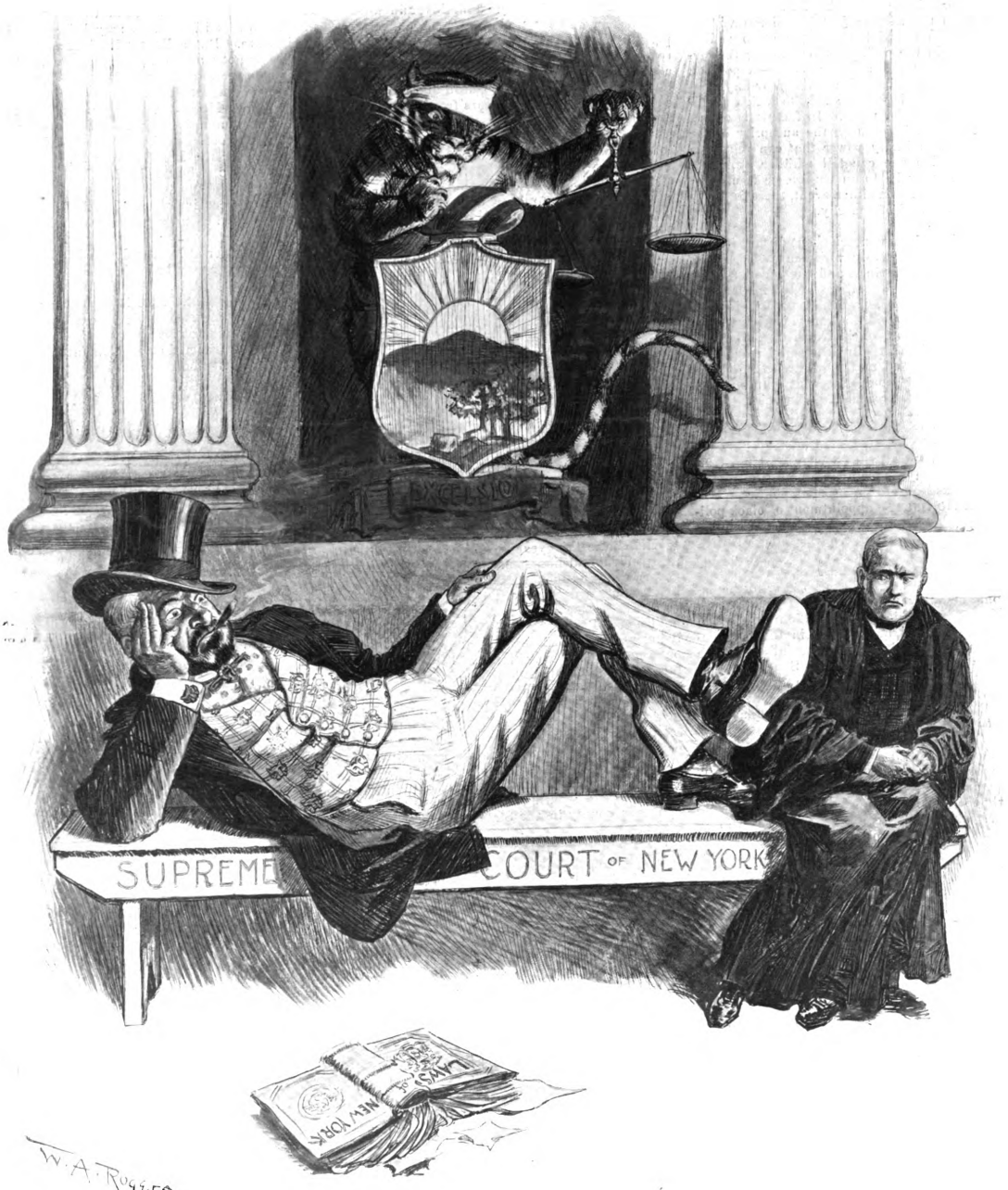

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2185. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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FRANCE is rapidly demonstrating that she is unfit for self-government. M. BRISSON, in his speech from the tribune, just before the vote of censure which forced his government to resign, put himself in the position of defending the civil power against the military power—a position that would be unanimously sustained by any English or American legislative body to which a similar appeal might be made. In fact, it is only a people who will insist upon the authority of the civil over the military power that can remain a democracy. No one can tell whither France is drifting. It may be to an empire, or it may be something worse. In either event, there is likely to come an interval of anarchy.

IN the midst of our concern about distant islands of the sea, the defective government which Spain has given the Philippines, and the incompetency of the Cubans and the natives of the Philippines to govern themselves, parochial politics in this country are lively, and, in our view, important. Race wars are going on in North Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi. In Mississippi eleven negroes have been killed, and the whites in the neighborhood of Forest seem to be out gunning for blacks as if they were game. The reign of law was suspended for several days, until Sheriff STEPHENSON came to aid her outraged majesty, and, with the help of fifty good citizens carried five of the negroes in safety to the jail at Meridian. In North Carolina the fighting between the whites and the blacks seems to spring from politics. Owing to Mr. MCKINLEY'S appointment of black politicians to office, the whites there appear to dread the return of negro rule. Now, although Sheriff STEPHENSON is engaged in the vindication of the right of the blacks to live, and in also vindicating the majesty of the law, he is, according to the expansionists, simply performing narrow duties in the sphere of parochial politics. We nevertheless, for our part, regard his conduct in the performance of his duty as heroic and useful as was the conduct of any of our heroes at Santiago or at Manila. In fact, we are inclined to think his conduct essentially more heroic than the bravery of the soldiers in battle, because he stood up against public opinion in his own community, and invited persecution, and perhaps ostracism, while the soldiers who fought in the war were sure of praise and honors. These events in the South are symptomatic, and until the country meets and settles properly the conditions thus presented to it, democratic government here cannot be said to be wholly successful. This is the plain truth, and we cannot escape it by deriding those who are for civilization at home, or by shouting for more savages to govern—white or black—in the islands of the Pacific.

THE report of Admiral SAMPSON on the naval operations preliminary to the destruction of CERVERA'S squadron has been made public by the government. The substance of the report first appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY in the issue of August 13. Nothing new is added by the official document to the facts which then appeared. The country now knows, however, from official sources, that Commodore SCHLEY was slow in blockading CERVERA'S squadron; that he was strangely dilatory in taking advantage of information sent him by the Navy Department and by Admiral SAMPSON, to the effect that CERVERA'S squadron was at Santiago; that as late as the 23d of May, when CERVERA'S squadron had been at Santiago four days, SCHLEY announced that he was sure that he was at Cienfuegos, and that he had him there "almost to a certainty." Having finally been pushed away from Cienfuegos, he wandered about the Caribbean Sea, out of sight of Santiago, until evening of the 28th of May; that then, in flat disobedience of his orders, he announced that he was going to Key West to coal; in the mean time SAMPSON, who seems to have forecast everything, had made up his mind that CERVERA would go to San Juan in Puerto Rico or to Santiago, and he had prearranged the plan for sinking the *Merrimac* in the mouth of the harbor of Santiago. He was greatly disturbed by SCHLEY'S reluctance and inactivity—to call the latter's manifest disposition by no harsher term. When at last SCHLEY reached Santiago, he lay off the harbor at such a distance that his blockade was ineffective; and it was not until SAMPSON established what the English naval attaché called, on account of the nearness of SAMPSON'S stations to the shore batteries, "an impertinent" blockade that CERVERA was finally bottled up. In the mean time SCHLEY had lost a splendid opportunity to capture or destroy the *Colon* and the *Maria Teresa*, simply because he had not enterprise enough to go in and take them, they being anchored within plain sight and without steam up. The story of SCHLEY'S conduct is humiliating to him, and especially so because he is a singular example of unreadiness and timidity, the one naval officer who failed to do his duty admirably, and to seize with energy and ingenuity and courage every opportunity that came in his way. One more fact remains to be mentioned in the history of SCHLEY'S adventures before Santiago. On the Sunday morning on which CERVERA'S squadron undertook to escape from Santiago, it appears from the chart of that action that SCHLEY, in the *Brooklyn*, started in towards the enemy, but, after a moment, turned towards the east, ran for a time away from the enemy, then turned to the westward and ran parallel with the flying Spanish ships. SCHLEY thus lost another opportunity of the campaign. If he had kept on his course he might have gone to the bottom, but he would have gone gloriously, and he would probably have headed off the Spanish cruisers and secured them as prey to the American battle-ships. His excuse for his flight is that he was afraid of being rammed. That is like the excuse that a cautious soldier might offer for not going into a charge, on the ground that he had information that the enemy intended to kill him if they got an opportunity. Why should the *Vizcaya* ram the *Brooklyn*, and not the *Brooklyn* the *Vizcaya*, if In the second place, why should not SCHLEY have submitted to ramming, if in that way he might have made the victory over the enemy more complete? One more question and we have done. In view of all these facts, which were known to the President when he promoted Commodore SCHLEY, why is SCHLEY rewarded at all?

## THE ISSUE IN NEW YORK.

THE choice this year in New York, for independent and honest men who long for honest government and for the preservation of American institutions, is difficult. It is not, however, with them, a choice between ROOSEVELT and VAN WYCK, but between ROOSEVELT and BACON. No thoroughly independent man intends to vote for VAN WYCK, but a good many good citizens will vote for BACON, for the reason, excellent to their minds, that ROOSEVELT'S success might misrepresent the attitude of New York on the expansion madness, and for the further excellent reason that if the BACON ticket receives a certain number of votes, a recognized third party will be brought into existence, which will be able hereafter to put into the field a third ticket, without undertaking the labors and encountering the hazards of securing 6000 signatures to a petition, each county in the State furnishing at least fifty of these.

It seems to us that the great struggle this year in New York is against CROKER, and that the only effective method of defeating him is by the election of ROOSEVELT. It is true that the Republican candidate is proclaiming that a vote for him is a vote for expansion, but he is mistaken. None but the unduly excited consider him an important factor in national issues. Neither his election nor his defeat will make a particle of difference in the settlement of our affairs with Spain—that is, in the disposition of the Philippines and Cuba. The only method in which the State can express its opinion on this subject is in the election of Congressmen, and in these contests we fear that the issue is not plainly drawn. We fancy that the President will be governed in this matter, however, by what he considers to be the public sentiment of the West, and he is reported to have returned to the White House, from his visit to Omaha, with a strong impression that the West wants the Philippines. On what divine inspiration such an impression could rest we do not pretend to know, and we trust that the report is untrue. At any rate, Mr. MCKINLEY is too shrewd a man, and understands Mr. ROOSEVELT too thoroughly, to believe that his choice as Governor of the State of New York would mean that the people of this State prefer broils abroad to a continuation of the work of civilization at home. Moreover, the President knows that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S campaign promised to be a failure as long as it was conducted on national issues and until CROKER'S assault upon the judiciary brought that vulgar boss to the front.

Does the election come to a choice between CROKER and PLATT? No. PLATT is probably the meanest of bosses. That he is quite as low as CROKER we confidently believe, and we know that his machine is as corrupt as Tammany Hall. But we have confidence in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S character and faith in his intelligence. We do not count against him the hot and excited utterances of the campaign. We cannot judge him on these. We prefer to believe in him for his past deeds, and in full confidence to accept his promises that he will be Governor for the whole State, for all its people, and not for the advancement of the interests of any party, or any machine, or any boss, and that he will give the State an honest administration, pursuing thieves where he finds them, whether they be Republicans or Democrats. It is true that he will not be the whole government, and that his election may bring in a PLATT Legislature. But a PLATT Legislature, bad as it will be, is not worse, certainly, than a Legislature pledged to the re-election of EDWARD MURPHY, the follower of BRYAN and the representative of Tammany Hall. Moreover, we cannot refuse to support a good man for Governor because some voters, who might otherwise oppose bad Republican candidates for the Legislature, will, in voting for ROOSEVELT, vote the whole Republican ticket. If ROOSEVELT is elected, we shall have a good man in the chief executive office. If VAN WYCK is elected, CROKER will be in supreme command of the State government.

PLATT'S power at least is doomed to be crippled; CROKER'S power may be broken or it may triumph throughout the State. It is the fashion in some quarters to say that PLATT is worse than CROKER. It is true that he is as bad; he could not well be worse; but he is not nearly so dangerous when he comes to be considered as an element in State politics. In the city he is an important eccentric in the Tammany municipal machine, but he has no such organization as Tammany, and he has not at his back such a solid body of voters as CROKER has—a body of voters numbering in the neighborhood of 200,000, who can be moved and voted almost as one man. This body of voters has seized upon the liberties of the metropolis of the country, and has made him its king; the question is, shall it make him king of the whole State?

Let us consider him a moment. He is an ignorant, brutal man, who has come from among the moral dregs of the people, and by base arts and strong will reached the head of the government. He was described with pitiless accuracy by Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN, in his speech at Carnegie Hall. Ex-leader of the "tunnel gang," ex-prize-fighter, race-track gambler, this man who is now mysteriously rich, and who probably would be ruined even in the eyes of his base associates if he revealed the sources of his wealth, was once the head of an oligarchy known as the "Big Four" of Tammany Hall. Now he is an absolute ruler; more absolute within his jurisdiction than is the Tsar in his. He reigns over more than 2,000,000 of subjects, not one of whom, especially if he is the owner of property, is safe from his enmity. He is reported to have asserted that he intends to remain at the head of Tammany for the remainder of his life. No such power, no such confidence of power, is known elsewhere in any republican form of government in the world. This ruffian from the slums, whose notions of civil government are of that sort that fired the mob which ruled France during the "Terror," has declared himself ruler for life. How soon will it be before he announces that his power is to be transmitted to his eldest son? CROKER the king is so sure of his power that he does not hesitate to abuse it openly. The WEEKLY has exposed the manner of his government of New York city. The vice to which he is native reigns with him, and pays tribute to his reign. The laws of the State are defied. The guardians of the peace are the servants of crime. The good citizen lives by sufferance, taking what his majesty bestows upon him. The criminal and the vicious may buy indemnity, make the city a hideous abode of orgy and brutishness, and prey upon the victims which their knavery selects. This is CROKER'S rule in the city. He wishes to extend it. He seeks to put his creatures at the head of the State government. He wants to repeal the laws which incommode him, and to make fresh laws which shall aid his absolute rule, or disobedience to which he and his creatures may sell for money. He is king and legislator for the city; he would be king and legislator for the State. His rule is sustained in the city by its beneficiaries—public plunderers, criminals of all classes, from the bank-robber to the sneak-thief, gamblers, pool-sellers, green-goods men, while

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prostitution buys from it the right to flaunt its shame in the eyes of innocent youth. Does the State want this vulgar cormorant to flap his wings over the Capitol at Albany? Does it wish to promote his ambition to befoul Washington? Does it want CROKER managing its canals, its asylums, its hospitals, its prisons, and its militia, and to prey upon every corporation created by its laws?

Finally, is CROKER to be helped to own the judiciary? The courts now afford the one refuge of honest citizens. The people of the boss-ruled State have lost their political power, but, thanks to the vigilance of the bar, and especially to the intelligent activity of the Bar Association of the city of New York, the courts have been kept reasonably pure. In no other way has CROKER more offensively shown his contempt for public opinion and for the rights of citizens than by his refusal to nominate Judge DALY. It is too late now for him to declare that Judge DALY has outlived his usefulness. He admitted the true reason before he discovered that he had aroused the people by his assault on the independence of the judiciary. He refused renomination because Judge DALY declined to obey his orders, and in doing this he has announced that he will have no judges who are not his obedient henchmen. The issue is clearly drawn. Shall the last refuge of decent men be filled with CROKER'S creatures? Shall crime and vice sit also on the bench? Shall CROKER'S enemies, who are all good citizens, seek their rights in CROKER'S courts? Shall it be CROKER'S justice or the people's that shall be administered by the judges?

In this attack upon the bench the vulgar boss has at last played the fool, and has made himself the chief instrumentality for the election of ROOSEVELT, whose success alone can prevent the consummation of CROKER'S ambition.

## THE POLICY OF EXPANSION.

LETTERS FROM BISHOPS HENRY C. POTTER AND ARTHUR C. A. HALL, OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AND BISHOP JOHN F. HURST, OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

THE question of the future policy of the United States with reference to foreign peoples and territory brought by the late war within their reach is one on which a variety of unexpected lights has happily been cast since first it was raised.

When we had reduced Spain to the point where it was inevitable that she must surrender her hold upon Cuba, Puerto Rico, and possibly the Philippines, there was for a moment a curious *consensus* of opinion that, whatever disavowals of territorial aggrandizement had been made in Congress or by the Executive, we could not disown a responsibility of sovereignty which conquest had practically created. Few people seemed to remember that; if our own most solemn declarations were to be considered in any other than a Pickwickian sense, we had not undertaken any war of conquest, or any other than a business of righteous intervention on behalf of an oppressed people. We had brought their oppressors to their knees, and were in a position to say to them: "See here! These oppressive methods of yours, these deliberate cruelties, these monstrous extortions, must cease, and you must reform them altogether. See to it that you set about ending this reign of brutality and greed! And that you may do it, we will stop awhile and see that you do!"

This was the obvious line, in view of the grounds on which originally we had justified our interference. But that we did not honestly believe in our own professions speedily became apparent. The commercial class shouted, "Trade demands new channels, and the party in power must give them to us, or step down and out!" The Jingo screamed: "Here is a chance for an imperial destiny! Disregard it at your peril; for if you do you make yourselves the laughing-stock of the civilized world! What is a great nation without colonies? And what are colonies but the credentials of empire!" And besides these, the philanthropists and missionary enthusiasts protested: "Consider what you have to give to these pagan or only half-Christian and wholly superstitious peoples! Ours is the pure light of the Gospel! Look at the Sandwich Islands, and read the history of the 'Sons of Missionaries,' and see what a blessing the 'American religion' has been to those benighted peoples!"

Well, we have been looking, but we do not need to look so far. The proposition before us to-day, whether in the farther or the hither islands that are this moment within our grasp, is substantially this: "Here are certain subject races. Come and rule them, enfranchise them, ennoble them." What now are the indications that we have any single qualification for such a task? The question ought not to be difficult to answer, for in a comparatively short space of time—less than a century—three subject races, so to speak, have been dropped into our lap, and the record of our dealings with them may be known and read of all men. One of them is the Indian race, another the negro race, and another the Chinese. If any honest man, by any ingenuity—and in spite of our tardy efforts in connection with one of them, the Indian, to redeem the dishonor of our dealings with him—can extract any ground for anything else than shame and confusion of face in view of our dealings with these races, I congratulate him upon his ingenuity. The story in every case, in greater or less degree, has been one long record of cruelty, rapine, lust, and outrage. "The best Indian," an army officer has been quoted as saying, "is a dead Indian"; and the best negro or Chinaman apparently is one who has been strung up at a lamp-post or grilled alive on a village bonfire. And this is the nation, with such a record to demonstrate its capacity to deal with subject races, which is to give a new and more benign civilization to the Spanish West Indies and the Philippine Islands!

If, indeed, it is to be done, it is greatly to be hoped that our members of Congress, Jingo newspaper editors, and political contractors may be drafted for service in the ranks—not anywhere above them—of our armies of occupation. These people are responsible for the tens of thousands of physical wrecks that have come back from Santiago, Chickamauga, Camp Alger, and Montauk. Their principles of civic and military administration have given us the infamous results which have turned the glory of our victories into the shame of our most criminal incompetency in every department of the practical administration of a great army. And the fruits of such a policy—a policy that trades in positions of grave responsibility, and barters civic and military appointments for a political "pull"—are, it is to be hoped, teaching our people that the "imperial" idea has for this republic no better promise than identical results, only in far larger proportions; to the further degradation of subject races, and to the greater dishonor of those who are to rule them.

As I conclude these few words I hear some one say: "What intemperate speech! What good can come of denunciations so bitter and contemptuous?" Who can say? But, in the elder time, when one was bidden to speak plain and searching words to an age that loved darkness rather than light, what was the message, constraining such a one, from the Spirit of the Eternal Truth? I read it in an old book much forgotten of men and nations, but having a word to them now as pertinent and as personal as any that it ever uttered to any of their predecessors:

"Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for a Watchman: if when he seeth the sword come upon the land he blow the trumpet, and warn the people; then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come, and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul. But if the Watchman see the sword come, and blow *not* the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his *blood will I require at the Watchman's hand.*" That must be one's justification for the performance of a painful and unwelcome task.

HENRY C. POTTER.

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*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

There are no reliable plans for national procedure when a war commences. The first shot may break the whole slate of long and labored calculations. Men may decree and put their methods on record, and order armies and navies at the touch of a bell. But there are other bells of which they know nothing. No sooner are the dogs of war let loose than some subtle force takes possession of congresses and nations, and in due time all the participants are swept away by the unexpected omnipotence. A conqueror rises to a height which gives him a survey of a wider horizon. If a severe sense of duty sent him out to fight, his victories may now teach him lessons which even adversity never gave him. The amazing thing is that these mighty secondary impulses are not wild wanderings, but are often the wisest decisions, which will become all the clearer in the light of the far future.

Where do we stand at this hour? With convictions and conclusions entirely different from those with which we began the war with Spain. The instruction has been drastic in the extreme. The war has taught us lessons which we never knew before, and has led us to learn slowly but intensely that there are duties which we owe to the human family which we had never anticipated. We have heretofore been thinking solely of ourselves. But this latest history makes us touch elbows with the world.

True, we have been a long time learning the great lesson of expansion. But reason enough—we never had occasion to learn it before. We gave much vehement advice to dear old England when the Armenian history was being enacted. We complained that English interference was an absolute necessity, and that the powers should permit such inhumanity was our sharp and chronic criticism. But that was across mountain and sea and strange tongues. Meanwhile the Cuban cry became so loud as to stifle all sounds of far-away woes. Here was a fair island bleeding and starving at our feet and before our eyes. Our people not only thought, but felt. The ultimatum to Spain ended in the declaration of war, and the basis of the war was humanity to Cuba. The insurrection had been going on for three years. It was the old intermittent fever of Cuban revolution, and might go on and reappear indefinitely. The sending of the Asiatic Squadron to Manila was a happy thought. Spain could be struck with great effect in her furthest possessions. The sinking of the Spanish fleet on May 1 tells the rest of the story. The fall of Manila, with the practical possession of the fourteen hundred islands and of the ten millions of people, was henceforth only a question of time.

What now shall become of the Philippines? Can the United States withdraw from its own record? The duty which seemed strong and clear at the outset would be only half discharged were the liberated peoples handed back to their former rulers. Suppose it should happen that the United States should claim only Manila and its island of Luzon—what would become of the other islands and their inhabitants? One of two things would result—Spain would either make contracts for the sale of her islands to the highest bidder—Russia, Germany, or France—or she would send an army not less than one hundred and fifty thousand strong to open her new dominion in the Philippines. Either course would do violence to the American sense of justice. Our clear-eyed President put the ground of the war on the sole basis of humanity. Some had been claiming the continuance of the insurrection was a damage to our commercial interests; others, on all grounds, that Cuba must be annexed; and still others, that Cuba must be an independent government. But the President placed the claim of justice to humanity as the only one on which we could go to war, and resisted strongly the pretext of intervention. He resisted obedience to even that imperial call to the last moment. But on that basis we began, and there we stand to-day.

To permit the possible transfer of Cuban wrongs to Philippine territory would be a violation of the very claim we made at the outset. Should the United States allow the Philippines to go back again to Spanish sovereignty, either our country or some other might in due time find it necessary to repeat for the Philippines what our arms have done for Cuba—namely, to stop injustice. Has the day not passed when great stretches of territory and men by the million can be bartered as so many cattle? Political control is a sacred right. Who has given us the authority to sanction the sale of the smallest islands of the Philippine archipelago? Those far-off islands were in revolt at the same time with the Cubans, and by our attack on them the United States, for the time being, practically took the side of the insurgent and fought against the same enemy. The nation's duties are not exhausted when it protects, both at home and abroad, the rights of its citizens. It has a high duty among the family of nations to protect the sufferer under every sky.

This is, indeed, a new departure. But may it not be a high moral necessity which arises from a wider intelligence and a warmer sympathy with the welfare of the world? Our training thus far has been largely juvenile. We have been hedged in at every period of our history by the fear that other nations might be offended, and we have been taking affronts from them and have withheld response because of the fear of threat or defeat. We have been children playing in the back yard. At one time we had a quadrennium of domestic conflict. It was a long and hard fisticuff, away from the world's interference. Thanks to a good fortune, we fought it without a foreign power coming in to fire a single shot. We were in knickerbockers then, and our attachments were to the old homestead. But all at once a demand was made upon us by a cry in the great world for help. We were the first and nearest to hear. We came out upon the street ourselves; we saw that there was suffering going on, and that the plea for help was honest and strong; we were averse to leaving the weak ones to suffer, and entered on the task of rescue. Success came—much larger than we had even hoped. Are we not large enough now, and has the time not come for us to put off the knickerbockers and pass beyond the juvenile period and take a share in the world's demands?

We will admit that this is unexpected. But does not the unexpected abound on every page of our national history? In every serious crisis of our history, when our policy was clearly defined, and to which we had slowly vowed fidelity, we have been suddenly compelled to turn about and take another course. We thought only of Texas when we sent Taylor to Mexico. But in the end, with Fremont as prophet, we stood on the Pacific coast and took our first look across the western sea. We thought only of the preservation of the Union when we began the war of 1861–5. But a larger end was reached—the last shackle of the slave was broken. We may call it an incident, but history calls it a moral revolution. We achieved freedom by the very momentum of destiny. We went into war with Spain with the thought only of righteous rule in a neighboring island. But may it not be a providential purpose that peoples of whom we never dreamed should feel the touch of liberty from the American hand? To withhold such help would be to convert Dewey into a myth. To prevent possible injustice in the Philippines—which are ours by the fortunes of war—is as much a duty as it was to suppress actual injustice in Cuba, which we had to reach by invasion.

Let us keep all the Philippines until we have taught them how to govern themselves. Let us learn how to build up far-away peoples by learning how England has made this great achievement, over and over again, and understands it as her finest art, by her three glowing centuries of justice and education.

JOHN F. HURST.

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*Editor Harper's Weekly:**

In my judgment neither right nor policy would be served by our adoption of what is called an "imperial" policy. We entered upon the war with Spain with certain clearly defined aims, and with a voluntary repudiation of any policy of self-aggrandizement. We have not been behindhand in denouncing "land-grabbing," under color of advancing the sphere of civilization, on the part of other nations. Let us not at the very first temptation show the insincerity of our protests. We are bound to do our utmost to establish a just and stable government in place of the oppressive system of misrule which we have overturned. So far, as by the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the capture of Manila, we have, incidentally, as it were, upset the only government that existed in the Philippines. We are morally bound to protect the various interests that are thus endangered, of the natives, the Spaniards, and foreigners. Neither duty nor interest demands that we should attempt to subjugate the whole archipelago. This, be it remembered, is the real question in the Philippines. It is not a question of *surrendering* that which we have not acquired. We only hold Manila. Whatever Spain under pressure may yield, we should still have to deal with the natives. Is a policy of forcible annexation of conquered races to be adopted by the nation which has hitherto claimed to be the exponent, in the modern world, of republican principles?

Has our treatment of the Indians and the negroes in our country been so eminently successful as to mark us out as peculiarly fitted for the government of subject races? We have no trained colonial administrators. As things are, the addition of foreign possessions would almost certainly mean the large increase of offices at the disposal of party leaders, to be given not to those who are specially qualified, but to those who have a political pull.

At the same time, our experience of the short campaign in Cuba has abundantly shown that we have as yet no army fitted for the work which would for many years be needed—of military rule in foreign lands and tropical climates.

While we dare not in a cowardly fashion shirk duties and burdens which are providentially laid upon us, we are equally bound to resist the temptations of ambition and greed which would destroy our moral influence, and turn, as must every evil policy, to our own injury.

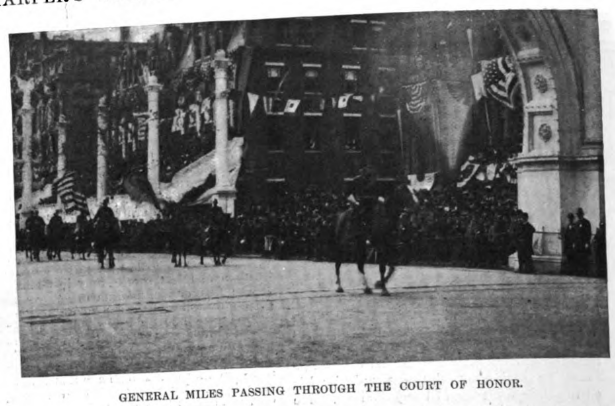
ARTHUR C. A. HALL.

* This letter was originally written by Bishop Hall to the Darlington *Free Press*, and is here reprinted with permission.—EDITOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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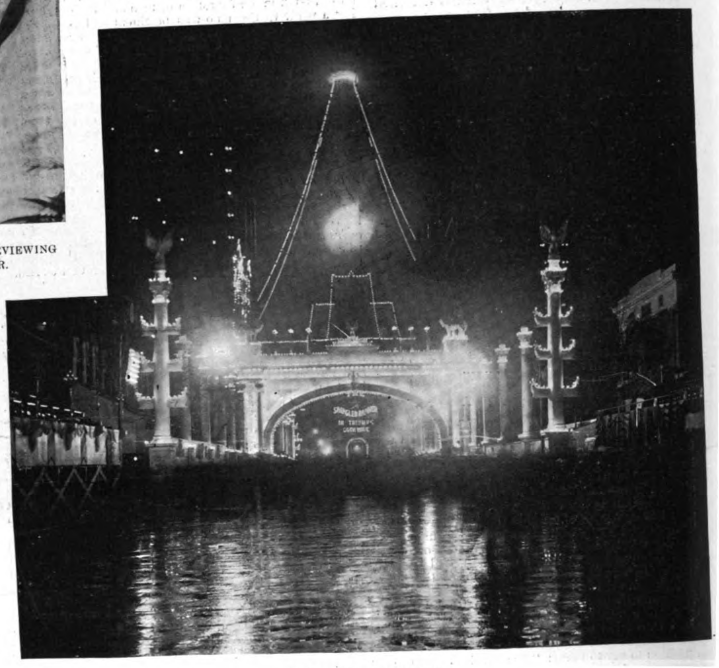
PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND GENERAL SHAFTER REVIEWING THE TROOPS FROM THE COURT OF HONOR.



GENERAL MILES PASSING THROUGH THE COURT OF HONOR.



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.



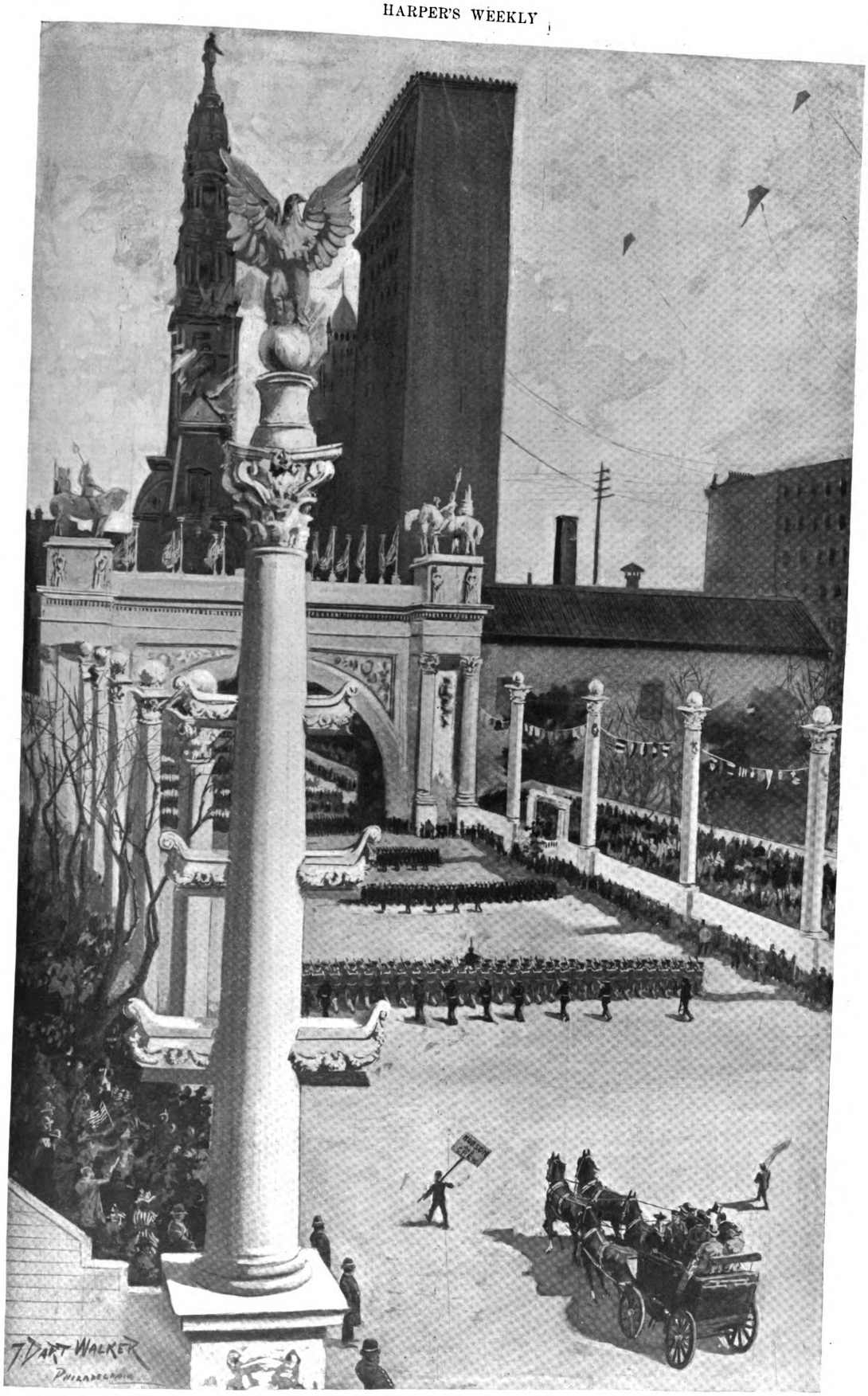
THE COURT OF HONOR.
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THE 16TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS PASSING THE PRESIDENTIAL REVIEWING-STAND.

THE PEACE JUBILEE AT PHILADELPHIA.

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THE PEACE JUBILEE AT PHILADELPHIA—LIEUTENANT HOBSON AND THE "MERRIMAC'S" CREW PASSING THROUGH THE COURT OF HONOR.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

The first of the two volumes of Bismarck's autobiography, which are to be published in November by the Harpers, has been in type in Germany since 1893. In August of that year Prince Bismarck had a severe illness, as to the issue of which he felt uncertain. Mr. Kroener of the Cotta Publishing House came to Friedrichsruh to see him, and was allowed to talk with him for five minutes. At that time the manuscript of two volumes was in existence. Bismarck turned over to Mr. Kroener the manuscript of the first volume, saying: "I have looked over this portion of the manuscript several times, and have made many additions and corrections. There are still some changes to be made, if I have health and strength to make them, but possibly this illness may be my last. The other volume, which remains in my writing-desk, is not yet complete, and under any circumstances could not be printed at present."

He recovered from that illness, and was able to prepare both volumes for the printer. They include thirty-three chapters, beginning with one devoted to "Early Years," and closing with chapters devoted respectively to the Emperor William I. and the Emperor Frederick.

It was voted the other day by the Boston Board of Health "that the use of 'wall draperies' at funerals is a source of filth and cause of sickness, and the board hereby orders that the use of such draperies in any room or place used for a funeral, or for the preparation or retention of any human body before or in connection with such funeral, be, and hereby is, forbidden."

This ruling applies, apparently, not to the ordinary draperies of houses in which folks die, but to the running in of special draperies for use at funerals. Is not that an interesting revelation of the survival in Boston of archaic and barbaric practices whereof the rest of American mankind wot not?

Another illustration of how different Boston is appears in the fault found by the New England Sabbath Protective League with Mayor Quincy of Boston, because he has caused notices to be sent to the teachers in the Boston public schools, pointing out the merits of the city's Sunday evening concerts in Music Hall, and urging teachers to attend them and to recommend them to their pupils. The league objects to having new forms of Sabbath-dodging discovered to the rising generation. The sentiment which suggests itself promptly to the parental mind, that schoolchildren ought to go early to bed, seems not to have affected the discussion.

To make herself a new home and move into it cost Columbia University $6,879,000. Of this amount she still owes $3,750,000. The debt will be reduced by about one million dollars when she sells her old site on Madison Avenue, and other sales that she contemplates will help her further. Her treasurer believes that in the course of five years her income will increase enough to take care of all the interest of her diminished debts without embarrassing her. Meanwhile, however, her income of between $800,000 and $900,000 is not much more than sufficient for her running expenses, without providing the $150,000 needed this year for her interest account. This interest-money is payable next June, and it is stated that a number of the substantial upholders of the university have agreed to guarantee the payment of it. But in order that there may be less to pay, President Low invites the university's friends to buy the institution's three-per-cent. bonds, secured by real estate. Columbia now pays four per cent. on her debts, and like all debtors, would much prefer to pay one per cent. less.

If we do not continue to be so engrossed in the elucidation of such perplexities as boss rule, the canal frauds, expansion, the apportionment of the glory of San Juan, and the distribution of our fruits of victory, that we have no attention to spare for other problems, it is possible that we may find the vaccination question urged upon our attention with energy enough to make some public stir. Mr. William Tebb, an eminent British anti-vaccinationist, is going about among us, implanting in receptive minds distrust of the value and appreciation of the drawbacks of Jenner's discovery. He has been one of the leaders of the great and recently successful fight against compulsory vaccination in England, and as he has been studying and fighting against vaccination for twenty-five years, he has accumulated a lot of ammunition for his crusade. Orthodox persons who accept vaccination as confidently as though its efficacy were specified in the Shorter Catechism will be surprised to find what a respectable appearance of a case can be made against it, while, of course, to make a case against *compulsory* vaccination is no trick at all.

Mr. Tebb was last heard of in Boston, and intends to stay long and travel widely in this country, gathering fresh information and sowing seeds of rebellion and distrust of medical authorities in the minds of the people.

Apropos of the recent death of a noted Harvard football-player from the effects of typhoid taken in Puerto Rico, Mr. Frederic Remington writes: "It seems worth noting that while a great many college football men went into the army, if any prize-fighters went I did not hear of them. There may have been prize-fighters among the volunteers, but it would take investigation to disclose any. Yet a favorite defence of the ring is that it develops the manly qualities so necessary to the safety of a nation."

It certainly does seem as though fist fighting was less effectual in the development of the war spirit than bunting with the head, tackling, and the other football specialties, still we must remember that while pugilists were apparently scarce, and football-players were numerous, in our armies, the football men had no monopoly of grit. Roy Walter Stover, Harvard, '98, of the First Dakota Volunteer Infantry, whose death from typhoid fever at Manila is announced, is remembered as a Harvard debater. So too the individual whose egregious and irrepressible valor at Santiago made the deepest and most resonant impression on the public mind was a college graduate, but is not known to have been a football-player while in college. The truth is he is believed to have been a good deal of a student, and to have graduated with considerable distinction, a thing possible, of course, to football-players, but not common.

Mr. Stuart Wadsworth Wheeler, Harvard, '98, a member of the Philadelphia City Troop, of whose death Mr. Remington speaks, lived at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and came home from Puerto Rico with typhoid fever. Nine weeks later, when he had apparently recovered, he went on a hunting trip to Maine. The change of climate, and perhaps the exertion incident to his trip, brought on a relapse. He was brought back to Boston, and died a fortnight ago at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He was a member of the Harvard football team in '96, '97, and '98, and was popular among his fellows. His death is all the more sad in having been, apparently, avoidable.

There is some doubt whether funny men who are not funny have a just claim on the forbearance of the public because their intentions are honorable, but there is no doubt that the funny man who is funny makes grateful debtors of us all. A really and truly funny man whose efforts deserve acknowledgment is Mr. Peter Dunne, of the Chicago *Journal*, the creator of Mr. Dooley. Dooley is a delicious person, who keeps well abreast of the times, forms opinions, and frees his mind of them to excellent purpose. His observations on the recent visit of the President to Chicago, and the speeches and occurrences incident to it, wind up with this:

"What do you think ought to be done with th' fruits iv victhry?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas up to me, I'd eat what was r-ripe an' give what wasn't r-ripe to me inimy. An' I guess that's what Mack means."

Let us hope that Dooley has guessed right. He is a valuable man, one to be prized for his personal characteristics, for his intellectual attributes, for his gift of satire, and his remarkable turn for the use of language. It is said that his prototype is a sure-enough Irish saloon-keeper in Chicago.

M. Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, the French painter, who died in France on October 25, is best known in this country from the paintings he did for the Boston Public Library. He was born in Lyons in 1824. His reputation was of slow development, and not until 1859, when he was thirty-five years old, was a picture of his accepted at the Salon. Even after that his work was slow to find favor. He sold a picture, "Peace," to the government in 1861 for $1200, but it is related that he had to give the companion-piece, "War," which the state would not purchase. These pictures took a second-class medal. In 1882 his "Pro Patria Ludus" took the Salon's medal of honor. His reputation, though it grew slowly, grew steadily, and of late years his position as a great artist has been freely recognized in Paris. His fame rests chiefly on his decorative pictures, of which the best known among many examples are in the Sorbonne and the Pantheon.

Philadelphia spent nearly all of last week in the throes of a peace jubilee. On Sunday she returned thanks in her churches for peace. On Monday she received guests and got ready to jubilate. On Tuesday she had a naval parade on the Delaware River, in which the Secretary of the Navy, about two hundred steamers, and a war fleet of fourteen vessels took part. On Wednesday the President came to town, and the programme called for a civic parade; but it rained dismally, and the parade was put off until Friday. The Union League Club gave a reception in the evening, at which were present the President, General Miles, General Wheeler, Lieutenant Hobson, Captain Paget of the British navy, and many other valiant, handsome, and distinguished persons. On Thursday there was a military and naval parade, in which the new veterans of the war got an enthusiastic welcome. A reception followed in the evening at the Academy of Music, and an illumination of the town. On Friday came the postponed civic parade.

Many a reader and lover of Thackeray has speculated about the details of that great writer's religious beliefs. That he was a pious man and a Christian no one familiar with his writings can have doubted. There is enough religion in the poem called "The End of the Play" to serve as a rule of life to any one who is at loss to find a better one. But Thackeray rarely or never discussed religious or doctrinal questions in his books, and it is highly interesting to find in Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to *Esmond*, in the Biographical Edition (Harper's), a letter written to his daughters just before he started for America, in which he discusses the question of the literal inspiration of the Bible. The gist of his opinion is conveyed in this short paragraph:

To my mind, Scripture only means a writing, and Bible means a book. It contains divine truths, and the history of a divine character; but imperfect, but not containing a thousandth part of Him; and it would be an untruth before God were I to hide my feelings from my dearest children, as it would be a sin if, having other opinions, and believing literally in the Mosaic writings, in the six days' cosmogony, in the serpent and apple and consequent damnation of the human race, I should hide them, and not try to make those I loved best adopt opinions of such immense importance to them. And so God bless my darlings and teach us the truth.

To be mistaken in such a spirit may be better religion than to be right in a different spirit. But the number of those who will think Thackeray's conclusions about the Bible were mistaken is less than it was in his day, and seems likely to diminish from decade to decade in the generations to come.

Colonel Waring got back to New York from Cuba on October 25, and took to his bed with what his physicians presently determined to be yellow fever, thus demonstrating the pressing importance of the mission he had undertaken, which was to report on the possibility and expense of making Cuban cities clean and healthy. The news of his illness from so grave a disease was received with consternation, though for three days there was no reason not to expect his recovery. His death on October 29 was a great grief to this community.

In a recent lecture in Columbus, Ohio, on the choosing of callings, Dr. Washington Gladden said:

I would not say that there are no actors and actresses whose work is directed by high moral motives; far from it. But association with actors and actresses, as they run, is not morally edifying, and the atmosphere of the greenroom is not morally bracing.

Dr. Gladden speaks with due caution, and could probably get abundant corroboration for his opinions from the ladies and gentlemen of the stage. It is an interesting question, however, whether there is any calling of which as much might not be said. Is the atmosphere of law courts, newspaper offices, hospitals, the stock exchange, railroad offices, department stores, or hotel lobbies morally bracing? Is association even with bishops, "as they run," morally edifying. There is much choice in company in this world, but it is suspected that the people whose atmosphere is morally bracing are exceptional individuals. Very valuable folks they are, too, in whatever calling they may be found.

Mention was made last week, in this department of the WEEKLY, of the propensity of some supporters of Colonel Roosevelt to claim for him an undue share of such glory as ensued from the Santiago campaign. It was suggested that General Hawkins was in the San Juan fight, and that his share in the successes of that day ought not to be overlooked. In justice to Colonel Roosevelt, space should be given to the assertion made by authority, that he is neither ignorant of General Hawkins's exploits nor indifferent about them, but has taken pains to state in the newspapers that he thinks General Hawkins deserving of more honor than any one else in the battle.

As for the charge up one of the San Juan hills, in which the Rough Riders and the Ninth and Tenth regular cavalry took part, there is assurance which seems eminently trustworthy that the colonel led the charge of all those regiments, and for having led it was recommended for the medal of honor. About his personal gallantry there has been neither doubt nor dispute.

It seems that Christian Science had to do with the death of the late Harold Frederic, and a British coroner has been trying to find out whether any one is criminally responsible for it. At Mr. Frederic's desire, his doctors left him, and his case was put in the hands of a Mrs. Mills, a Christian Science healer. We are familiar with that situation in this country, and with the embarrassments which ensue if the patient dies. The report of the impression it makes on a British coroner and British law will find a good many attentive American readers.

There are many disturbing reports about the activity to which the anarchists of Europe have been stirred by William II.'s imperial procession to Palestine. If we believe what we read, we must conclude that the anarchists feel that the Emperor's journey affords them the opportunity of a lifetime, and that it will be a cause of professional mortification to the whole gang of them if he is not blown up in transit. On the other hand, if he is blown up, the police of Europe and Asia, the Sultan, and all friends of order throughout the world will be mortified and exasperated. Very likely the reports are more alarming than the facts, though extreme vigilance is doubtless fully warranted. The Emperor and his party have finished their visit to Constantinople, and arrived safely at Haifa, Palestine, on October 25.

"Race wars" continue to be unusually prevalent in the South. One curious explanation of the unusual number of them is that a strong impression has been made on the minds of the more ignorant and isolated Southern negroes by the stories of the exploits of the colored regulars at San Juan. It will be remembered that the colored soldiers and the Rough Riders fought side by side, and very valiantly. Everything that concerned the Rough Riders was thoroughly narrated and printed, and the colored regiments, by reason of their fortunate propinquity got fuller and more general credit for their work than others of the regulars. Perhaps their gallantry and its renown had their effect on the other colored brethren; perhaps not. At any rate, last week there were race riots near Harpersville, Scott County, Mississippi, in which, up to October 24, eleven negroes and one white man had been killed and one negro and three white men seriously wounded, and the situation was such as to make more casualties probable. Near Ashpole, Robeson County, North Carolina, on October 23, a band of negroes shot and wounded three white men, who were part of a guard left after a recent riot to prevent further disturbance. Four of the negroes were captured.

On the same day a negro was lynched at Lafayette, Alabama, for the murder of a white farmer; a white boy was killed in Dallas, Texas, by three negroes, and a lynching was expected, and a white man was shot by a colored soldier in a street row at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Paris has again been vehemently agitated. On the opening of the session of the Chamber of Deputies, October 25 M. Déroulède made a violent attack on General Chanoine, the Minister of War, abusing the government for not protecting the army from slander. General Chanoine replied with heat that it was no fault of his, and that he was of the same opinion about the army as his predecessors. Immediately there was a violent rumpus in the Chamber. Two Deputies got into a fight, and there was intense excitement on the floor and in the galleries. When quiet was restored, General Chanoine resumed speaking, and concluded by resigning his portfolio in the presence of the Chamber. M. Brisson, the Premier, then went to President Faure and reported General Chanoine's resignation. When he returned to the Chamber a resolution was adopted, 296 to 243, that the government should put an end to the insults to the army. The proposal of the ministers to the effect that the Chamber was confident that the cabinet would take measures to protect the fame of the army was lost, 286 to 234. The ministers then left the Chamber and presented their resignations to President Faure.

The following day (October 26) President Faure requested M. Charles Dupuy to form a new cabinet, which he undertook to do. The cause of the action in the Chamber which led to the overturn of the ministry was the desire to prevent the revision of the Dreyfus trial by a civil court.

E. S. MARTIN

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# LONDON.

## FASHODA.

*LONDON, October 15, 1898.*

LORD SALISBURY is rehabilitated. He has taken his countrymen into his confidence by publishing the Fashoda papers. They leave little to be desired, and present a refreshing contrast to the latest Russian Blue-Book, when British men-of-war were permitted to leave Port Arthur soon after Russia had expressed an urgent desire that they should leave. It has been difficult for Frenchmen to understand why England is in earnest about Fashoda. The best Frenchmen begin to realize it. It is a rude awakening. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and the non-conformists are as much in earnest as ministers. Lord Rosebery has magnanimously emerged from his tent to sustain his rival. Whenever difficult and delicate questions of territorial rights have cropped up during the last few years between the two countries, France had only to demand much more than she was entitled to in order to get far more than her due. There is no doubt that England's invariable concessions on question after question and her surrender of point after point, for the sake of peace and quietness, has brought about the concoction of the scheme that finally landed Major Marchand and the French flag on a malarious spit of sand on the Upper Nile. "Face the Anglo-Saxon resolutely and he will retire," has been the accepted formula in France. The American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race is not of a retiring disposition, and American example now reacts healthily on the old country.

To understand intelligently the reason for the unanimity with which Lord Salisbury is supported, a concise statement of England's recent sacrifices and expenditure of life and gold on Egypt's behalf is more eloquent than Jingo rhetoric or legal conundrums. The present state of national feeling is not to be explained only on the theory that Lord Khartum—as H. Kitchener will in future be known—last month fought and won the battle of Omdurman. England blundered into Egypt for good when the Sultan, by firman, rendered the Khedive Ismail practically independent, thus enabling the voluptuary viceroy to kick up his heels, get into debt, and exchange Egyptian credit for French dancers and extravagant living. Ismail's riotous living brought the present First Lord of the Admiralty on the scene. It was twenty-two years yesterday since Mr. Goschen arrived in Cairo to prepare a financial scheme with his French colleague, M. Joubert, on behalf of the Khedive's European creditors. The scheme was accepted. The Khedive, untaught by experience, again "painted the town red," was deposed by the Sultan, and the virtual government of Egypt, with the consent of the concert of Europe, was placed in the hands of Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, and of M. de Blignières, representing France, who were appointed Comptrollers-General under Tewfik. It was at this time that Sir Evelyn Baring founded his great reputation as a cautious diplomatist, a wise financier, and a determined economist. The wits did not leave him alone. The following unpublished epigram gave contemporary expression to the discontent of the pleasure-loving pashas with honest administration. Egypt was then much in the same state as Cuba is now:

> The virtues of patience are known,
> But I think that when put to the touch
> The people of Egypt will own, with a groan,
> There's an Evelyn Baring too much.

Nevertheless, Sir Evelyn Baring succeeded, while the envoy of France failed. In 1882 the latter resigned. The political and military crisis began. Rebellion broke out. Riots at Alexandria occasioned a great emigration of Europeans from that city. Alexandria was fortified by Arabi, and its bombardment was threatened by the British admiral. The threat was carried out, while the French fleet turned tail and steamed out into the Mediterranean, leaving Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour to begin the work at one end which Lord Khartum has now completed at the other. Then came Tel-el-Kebir. England sent an army of 31,468 men of all ranks to Egypt, fought Tel-el-Kebir, seized Cairo, banished Arabi Pasha to Ceylon, and on the 11th of January, 1883, ended the dual control. England being thus left with Egypt and the Sudan on her hands.

There was now no Egyptian army. The old army organized by Turks had been smashed, and the new had not begun to exist. The total British force in Egypt and the Sudan in 1883 was 16,000 men. Gordon was sent to the Sudan as Governor-General in January, 1884, to deal with Mahdism; the sheik Mahomet Ahmed, of Dongola, having declared himself, in July, 1881, to be a prophet foretold by Moslem prophets. The Mahdi had defeated the Egyptians in 1881, massacred 6000 of them in the same year, and destroyed Colonel Hicks's army at El-Obeid in 1883, 11,000 being killed. A general rising then began throughout the country. Mr. Gladstone was in the zenith of his power, but was worried both with Egypt and the Transvaal, which were on his hands. He temporized on both questions. I remember hearing him say at the time that in dealing with difficulties about Russia or with other powers there were guiding precedents, but that the trouble with Egypt and the Sudan was that there were no precedents. Against her will, and Gladstone or no Gladstone, England was compelled to face the distasteful Sudan. Gladstone tried hard to ignore facts. Tokat was besieged and its garrison massacred. Sir Valentine Baker with 3500 men was defeated at El Teb, with a loss of 2250. General Graham, with some of the crack regiments of the British army, fought the battle of El Teb and defeated the Dervishes, but they did not seem to understand that they were beaten. Still they came on. Tokat surrendered. Osman Digna advanced. The battle of Tamanieb was fought in March of the same year—1884. The enemy was defeated, but a British square was broken, and the butcher's bill was heavy. No impression of any kind was made upon the Dervishes. Then came the siege of Khartum, Lord Wolseley's fruitless and costly expedition, the grim tragedy of Abu-Klea, the loss of General Stewart, Gubat, the advance of Sir Charles Wilson and his party within eight hundred yards of Khartum, the battle of Kirbekan, and the death of Gordon. The battle of Hasheen near Suakim, General MacNeill's battle, the evacuation of Korti, the arrival of a contingent from New South Wales, and the evacuation of Dongola and contraction of the Egyptian southern boundary completed the first grim chapter of the Sudan drama.

The turn of the tide came with the appearance of a man—Major Kitchener—of whom Gordon had prophetically said, "One of the few really first-class officers in the British army." Kitchener saw that the defeat of Dervishes was not the chief factor in the subjugation of the murderous Sudan, which had lapped up so much British blo ; but distances, drought, climate, and sand—in other words, transport. Sir Francis Grenfell then became Sirdar, defeated Osman Digna at Suakim, at Halieb, and finally at Toski. After seven hours' hard fighting 3000 Dervishes were killed, and the remainder of the army driven out into the desert to die of thirst or to surrender. Toski was the first strategic success. Tactically English generals had all succeeded except Hicks and Valentine Baker. The Dervishes advanced no further after Toski, where Kitchener commanded a division. The Mahdi being dead, the Khalifa Abdullahi endeavored to follow the plans of his predecessor. It was no use. His ruin was already preparing in the workshops of Wady-Halfa. The young fighting force of Egypt had begun to feel confidence in itself after Toski. Little by little Egypt—British Egypt now—gained strength and new resolution. The men who worked and died in organizing the workshops and the railway in a vile climate deserve no less the gratitude of their countrymen and of the emancipated slaves of the Sudan than those English, Scotch, and Irish who had shed their blood in battle for them. While one terminus was in the hands of the enemy, a railway was built from Korosko to Abu-Hamed across the arc of the great bend of the Nile. Major Hunter swooped down on Abu-Hamed, and in April last the battle of the Atbara, in which the flower of the British army took part, was fought, while success at Omdurman on the 2d September enabled Lord Khartum to garrison Fashoda and Sobat—500 miles further south—in force. For every white man who lost his life in rescuing the Sudan from torture and slavery ten have lost their health. Up and down England, Scotland, and Ireland there are scattered thousands of homes, saddened and desolated by the Sudan. I will not speak of the money, of the labor, or of national self-respect, but, after this tale of steady purpose and of continuous national sacrifice, it is not reasonable to expect that the English people should negotiate with the French regarding an explorer in difficulties, without medicine, ammunition, or clothes, who finds himself with eight French companions on a spit of sand in Egyptian territory on the Upper Nile, cut off from his base by 3000 miles of impenetrable country, surrounded by troops under British officers flushed with recent victory and within four days down stream of their natural base at Omdurman.

M. Paul de Cassagnac, the mouth-piece of the Bonapartists, whose star is believed to be once more in the ascendant, discusses the chances of a war between England and France. He urges that an Anglo-French conflict would give Russia an opportunity to strike her blow at India. This may be true; but if Russia were to mobilize, the blow that she could strike at India would not be decisive as against England. But the French fleet, now in a process of construction, would be outmatched by that of England. Germany might be tempted to secure still more safely her Rhenish position, and Italy, which also has her domestic difficulties, might find the time convenient to raise the question of the ownership of Nice and Savoy, filched from her at the peace of Villafranca. If the trouble culminates in war, which is not likely, England will not go scathless. There will be suffering, perhaps serious losses, and possibly some great disaster. But France will be finally beaten, partly because her journalist lawyer governing classes are as morally rotten as the governing classes of Spain; and if another reason is wanted, because she has succeeded in rousing the old English spirit as completely as in 1805. The destruction and ruin of France may be the most effective means of realizing the Tsar's disarmament proposals, if it falls to England's lot to give the French a naval Sedan.

France is the cat's-paw of Russia, and will be betrayed by Russia in her extremity. Russia will not fight for Fashoda. It is owing to the late Prince Lobanoff that France has been reckless enough to invade Egypt with a few Senegalese, hoping that she will not come back empty-handed out of her trespass. It was on the banks of the Neva that the Liotard-Marchand conspiracy was hatched. Russia desired that France, Abyssinia, and England should bleed each other white while the Russification of China was proceeding unhindered by interference from England. Russia has borrowed French money; France has raked Russian chestnuts out of the fire, and has played the Russian game at French expense. Russia, conscious of Russian game at French expense. Russia, conscious of security, has now bidden France disarm, and still contemplates the despatch of the French inferior fleet against the British superior fleet. It is almost impossible to believe that even French politicians and journalists can be so bereft of reason as to play the Russian game as they are doing. Fashoda is nothing to them except as a means of hurting England. They have succeeded. England's pride is stabbed. The Nile may become as open to Frenchmen as to Englishmen, but no point on the Nile will be French. The Channel Fleet is quietly on its way to Gibraltar. If the French want war, they will not be disappointed.

Under these circumstances, the circulation throughout France last Sunday of a million maps illustrating the Marchand mission and its relation to England is an instructive comment on the madness of our neighbors. According to this map, France claims over six hundred miles of the Nile, the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and an eastern boundary coterminous with Abyssinia. Adroit in discussion, with a logic available for all points of the compass, but always rebellious against the despotisms of fact, the reasons advanced by French advocates are both plausible and absurd. The map referred to has now probably been seen and studied by at least five millions of the French people, and they are convinced that England is seizing French territory, not that France has invaded Egypt.

Frenchmen, however, are not to be judged like the more serious races, and their Paris Exhibition of 1900 is a great factor that makes for peace. There will be no exhibition if Marchand is maintained at Fashoda, and the Parisian shopkeeper prefers profit to prestige. A very large investment of French capital has already been made in the hope of getting back a great deal more at the close of the century from foreign guests. This element in the question is one that tells none the less decisively because its influence is silently exerted. The colonial school in France is able to command great means of publicity, and thus to seem more important than it really is. Politically it carries very little weight, and probably not ten Frenchmen in a million care where Fashoda is or anything about it; and when they appreciate what war would mean—the loss of their best customer, the annihilation of the Riviera traffic, the destruction of their navy, and the obliteration of France as a great power—it is safe to conclude that if reason reigns there will be no fighting over this question of Fashoda, although the controversy will yet become more acute than it is to-day. That this is the conviction of those who are best informed on the subject is shown by the fact that Major Marchand is about to be invited to deliver an address on his wonderful expedition over unexplored country before one of the royal societies in London. The story of his arduous journey, and his acceptance of British hospitality at the end, as told before an appreciative London audience, would be a fitting, and is a probable, dénouement to the Fashoda fuss.

## MR. BRODRICK.

Mr. Curzon's successor, the new Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, though not so brilliant as his predecessor, is one of the straightest men for a politician I have ever encountered. It was Mr. Brodrick's hand that fired the mine that exploded the Rosebery ministry. On June 21, 1895, Sir H. Campbell Bannerman, the War Secretary, announced with decent expressions of regret the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge. Before the excitement and prestige of this much-longed-for administrative change had died down, Mr. Brodrick rose up and declared that the store of small-arms ammunition was inadequate for sudden emergency, and was not sufficient to do more than meet the current wants of the service. Sir Campbell Bannerman contradicted Mr. Brodrick, and the question largely became one of character; since on questions of public safety the House of Commons is no less patriotic than other legislatures. The House of Commons believed Mr. Brodrick, and on a division placed the ministers in a minority of seven. Sir H. Campbell Bannerman regarded the vote as a personal affront, and resigned. The government accompanied him into retirement. As Under-Secretary at the War Office, Mr. Brodrick has had an extremely difficult task. He has introduced the army estimates, and defended a congested and ill-managed department with a skill and urbanity worthy of a better cause. The dominant note in Mr. Brodrick's personality is that of intrepid integrity. What he says he means, and what he says, he believes to be true. Mr. George Wyndham's failure to secure the most responsible post outside the cabinet—namely, the representation of the Foreign Office in the House of Commons—is a surprise. Mr. Brodrick, however, if not the more accomplished, is the stronger man, and his appointment is an agreeable break to the recent practice of continually enlarging what is colloquially known as "The Cecil Gang" in the government. Mr. Brodrick, like Mr. Curzon, was President of the Oxford Union, and stepped straight from the university to the House of Commons in 1880. He is industrious and painstaking, forty-two years of age, is the eldest son of a viscount, and should go far.

## THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND.

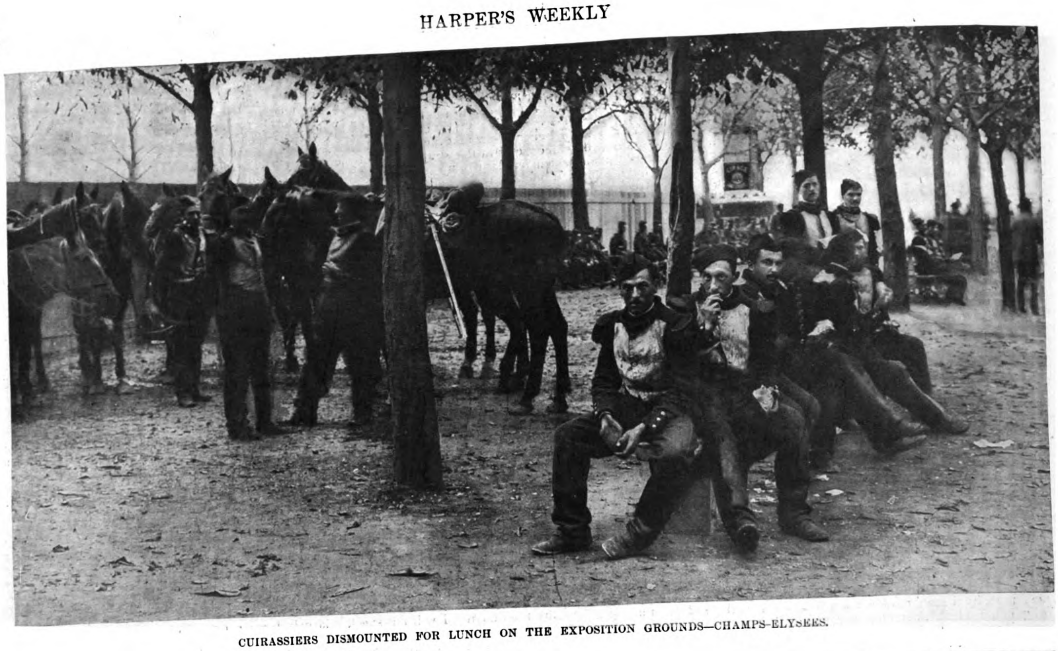
Another change, of perhaps even greater importance in the *personnel* of the great posts under the crown, is the substitution of Sir Redvers Buller as commander of the Aldershot District, in succession to the Duke of Connaught. The latter has gained golden opinions during the five years of his command. Within the narrow lines laid down during the autumn manœuvres at Salisbury, the Duke of Connaught (who was opposed to his successor in the Aldershot command) conducted his operations in such a manner as to win the unfeigned commendation of practised soldiers. Sir Redvers Buller is a strong, hard man. He was one of Wolseley's men, was with him on the Red River expedition, in Ashanti, throughout the Zulu war, and was chief of the staff in the abortive Nile expedition. Buller has been well described as a stern, ruthless, and saturnine man. It is understood that if the Venezuela message of President Cleveland had led to war, Buller would have had command of any re-enforcements that might have been sent to Canada, and would have led the Queen's forces in the campaign. The commander of the Aldershot District is a very important personage in the military hierarchy, and the appointment will be held during Buller's tenure of office by the strongest all-round soldier in the army at the present time. He has filled the position of Adjutant-General at the War Office, and is thoroughly acquainted with the defects of that interesting institution—a knowledge which gives him some advantage over his younger rival, Lord Khartum, whose services have lain outside the circumference of War Office control, and whose advent to the central administration is regarded with holy horror by the Tite Barnacles of Pall Mall. Sir Redvers Buller is well born, is a man of property and estate. He is not indifferent to the amenities of life. He can order a dinner, and when off duty can tell a good story; is a good friend, a dangerous enemy—in short, a man and a soldier in whom the country trusts. He is not supposed at the present time to burn with enthusiasm for the commander-in-chief, Lord Wolseley. Buller himself was the nomination of the late government for the post of commander-in-chief.

## THE ROUGEMONT FRAUD.

The echoes of the Rougemont fraud have probably reached the other side of the Atlantic. Having been behind the scenes while preparations for its exposure were being perfected, I was unable to refer to it without breach of confidence, but the skill and pertinacity of Mr. H. W. Massingham, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, in the analytical destruction of a charlatan who had been accepted by the British Association on his own valuation, and who had fastened himself upon a publishing firm of the highest character, is as interesting, in its way, as the exposure of George Psalmanazar or of the Tichborne claimant. Rougemont—or Grin, which is his real name—was not the sole author of his deceptive story. He had assistants.

ARNOLD WHITE.

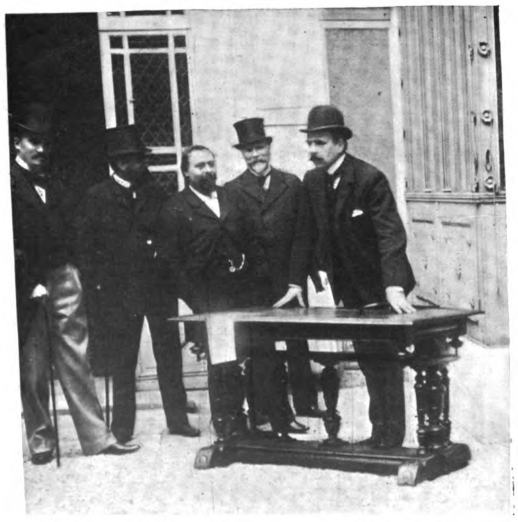
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CUIRASSIERS DISMOUNTED FOR LUNCH ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS—CHAMPS-ELYSÉES.



INFANTRY GUARDING THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS—CHAMP-DE-MARS.



THE SALE OF M. ZOLA'S TABLE AT AUCTION TO SATISFY JUDGMENTS FOR LIBEL.

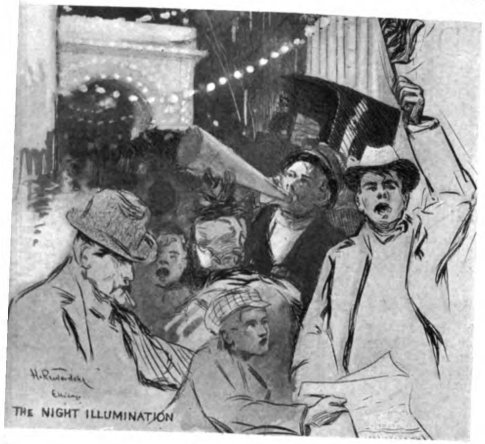


ZOLA'S HOUSE—MORNING OF THE AUCTION—LEGAL NOTICES OF SALE POSTED ON THE DOOR.

SCENES OF PRESENT INTEREST IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

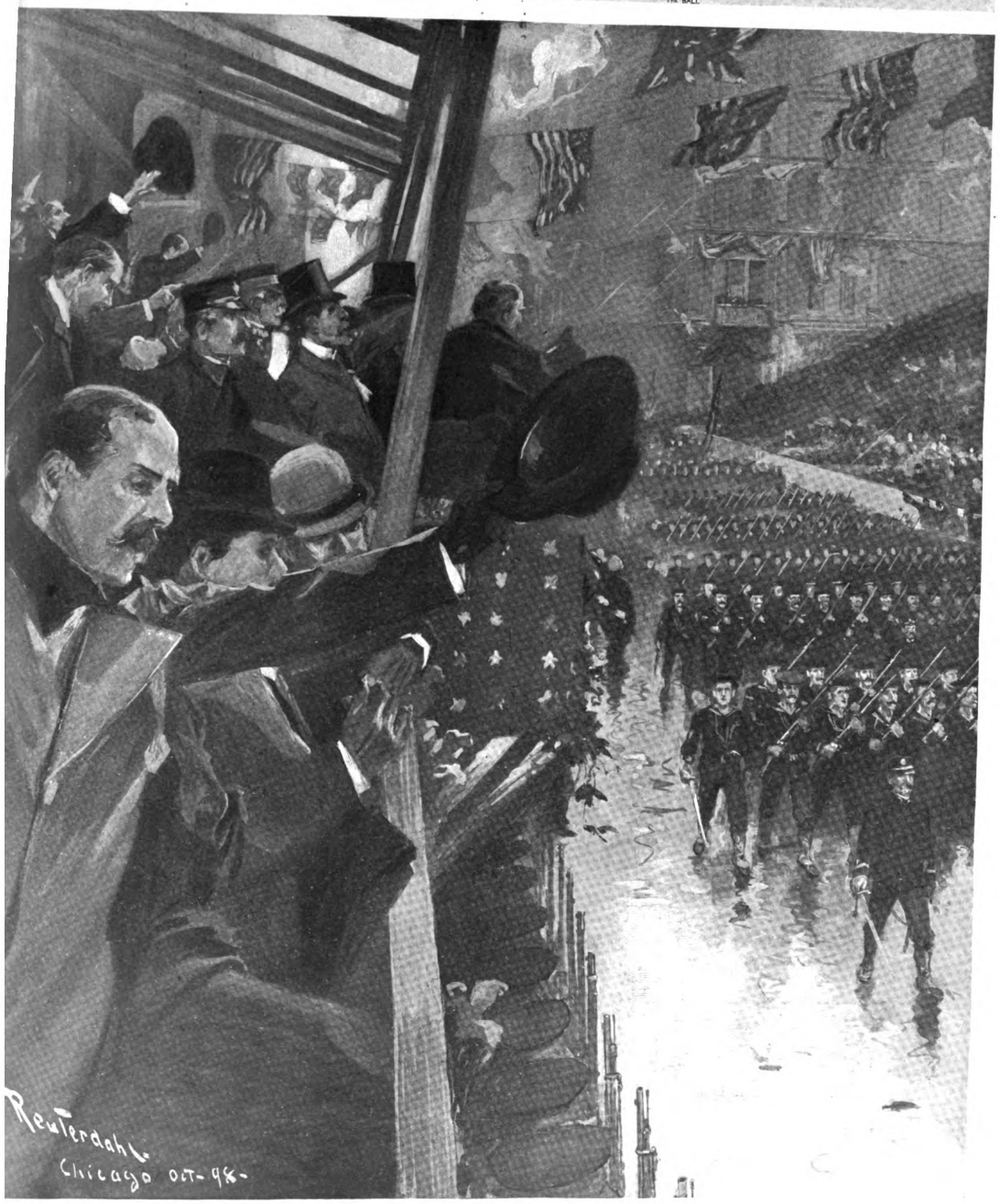
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. GRIBAYÉDOFF AND FITTING, PARIS.

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE PROCESSION.

THE PEACE JUBILEE IN CHICAGO, OCTOBER 18.
SKETCHES BY H. REUTERDAHL, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

XIII.

HAROLD BROOKENHAM, whom Mr. Cashmore, ushered in and announced, had found in the act of helping himself to a cup of tea at the table apparently just prepared—Harold Brookenham arrived at the point with a dash so direct as to leave the visitor an option between but two suppositions: that of a desperate plunge, to have his shame soon over, or that of the acquired habit of such appeals, which had taught him the easiest way. There was no great sharpness in the face of Mr. Cashmore, who was, somehow, massive without majesty; yet he might not have been proof against the suspicion that his young friend's embarrassment was an easy precaution, a conscious corrective to the danger of audacity. It would not have been impossible to divine that if Harold shut his eyes and jumped, it was mainly for the appearance of doing so. Experience seemed to show that one might get a five-pound note as one got a light for a cigarette, but one had to check the friendly impulse to ask for it in the same way. Mr. Cashmore had in fact looked surprised, yet not, on the whole, so surprised as the young man seemed to have expected of him. There was almost a quiet grace in the combination of promptitude and diffidence with which Harold took over the responsibility of all proprietorship of the crisp morsel of paper that he slipped with slow firmness into the pocket of his waistcoat, rubbing it gently, in its passage, against the delicately buff-colored duck of which that garment was composed. "So quite too awfully kind of you that I really don't know what to say"—there was a marked recall, in the manner of this speech, of the sweetness of his mother's droop and the tenderness of her wail. It was as if he had been moved for the moment to moralize, but the eyes he raised to his benefactor had the oddest effect of marking that personage himself as the source of the lesson.

Mr. Cashmore, who would have been very red-headed if he had not been very bald, showed a single eye-glass and a long upper lip; he was large and jaunty, with little petulant movements and intense ejaculations that were not in the line of his type. "You may say anything you like if you don't say you'll repay it. That's always nonsense—I hate it."

Harold remained sad, but showed himself really superior. "Then I won't say it." Pensively, a minute, he appeared to figure the words, in their absurdity, on the lips of some young man not, like himself, tactful. "I know just what you mean."

"But I think, you know, that you ought to tell your father," Mr. Cashmore said.

"Tell him I've borrowed of you?"

Mr. Cashmore good-humoredly demurred. "It would serve me right—it's so shocking my having listened to you. Tell him, certainly," he went on after an instant. "But what I mean is that if you're in such straits you should speak to him like a man."

Harold smiled as at the innocence of a friend who could suppose him not to have exhausted that resource. "I'm *always* speaking to him like a man, and that's just what puts him so awfully out. He denies to my face that I *am* one. One would suppose, to hear him, not only that I'm a small objectionable child, but that I'm scarcely even human. He doesn't conceive me as with any wants."

"Oh," Mr. Cashmore laughed, "you've all—you youngsters—as many wants, I know, as an advertisement page of the *Times*."

Harold showed an admiration. "That's awfully good. If you think you ought to speak of it," he continued, "do it rather to mamma." He hoted the hour. "I'll go, if you'll excuse me, to give you the chance."

The visitor referred to his own watch. "It's your mother herself who gives the chances—the chances *you* take."

Harold looked kind and simple. "She *has* come in, I know. She'll be with you in a moment."

He was half-way to the door, but Mr. Cashmore, though so easy, had not done with him. "I suppose you mean that if it's only your mother who's told, you may depend on her to shield you."

Harold turned this over as if it were a questionable sovereign, but on second thoughts he wonderfully smiled. "Do you think that after you've let me have it you can tell? You could, of course, if you hadn't." He appeared to work it out for Mr. Cashmore's benefit. "But I don't mind," he added, "your telling mamma."

"Don't mind, you mean, really, its annoying her so awfully?"

The invitation to repent thrown off in this could only strike the young man as absurd—it was so previous to any enjoyment. Harold liked things in their proper order; but, at the same time, his evolutions were quick. "I dare say I *am* selfish, but what I was thinking of was that the terrific wigging, don't you know?—well, I'd take it from *her*. She knows about one's life—about our having to go on, by no fault of our own, as our parents start us. She knows all about wants—no one has more than mamma."

Mr. Cashmore stared, but there was amusement in it too. "So she'll say it's all right?"

"Oh no; she'll let me have it hot. But she'll recognize that, at such a pass, more must be done for a fellow, and that may lead to something—indirectly, don't you see? for she won't *tell* my father, she'll only, in her own way, work on him—that will put me on a better footing, and for which, therefore, at bottom, I shall have to thank *you*."

The eye assisted by Mr. Cashmore's glass had fixed, during this address, with a discernible growth of something like alarm, the subject of his beneficence. The thread of their relations somehow lost itself in this subtler twist, and he fell back on mere stature, position and property, things always convenient in the presence of crookedness. "I shall say nothing to your mother, but I think I shall be rather glad that you're not a son of mine."

Harold wondered at this new element in their talk. "Do your sons never—?"

"Borrow money of their mother's visitors?" Mr. Cashmore had taken him up, ready, evidently, quite to satisfy him; but the question was caught on the wing by Mrs. Brookenham herself, who had opened the door as her friend spoke and who quickly advanced with an echo of it.

"Lady Fanny's visitors?"—and, though her eyes rather avoided than met his own, she seemed to cover her ladyship's husband with a vague but competent sympathy. "What on earth are you saying to Harold about them?" Thus it was that, at the end of a few minutes, Mr. Cashmore, on the sofa face to face with her, found his consciousness quite purged of its actual sense of his weakness and a new turn given to the idea of what, in one's very drawing-room, might go on behind one's back. Harold had quickly vanished—had been tacitly disposed of, and Mrs. Brook's caller had moved, even in the short space of time, so far in quite another direction as to have drawn from her the little cold question: "'Presents'? You don't mean money?"

He clearly felt the importance of expressing at least by his silence and his eye-glass what he meant. "Her extravagance is beyond everything, and though there are bills enough, God knows, that do come in to me, I don't see how she pulls through unless there are others that go elsewhere."

Mrs. Brookenham had given him his tea—her own she had placed on a small table near her, and she could now respond freely to the impulse felt, on this, of settling herself to something of real interest. Except to Harold she was incapable of reproach, though there were shades, of course, in her resignation, and her daughter's report of her to Mr. Longdon as conscious of an absence of prejudice would have been justified, for a spectator, by the particular feeling that Mr. Cashmore's speech caused her to disclose. What did this feeling wonderfully appear unless strangely irrelevant? "I've no patience when I hear you talk as if you weren't horribly rich."

He looked at her an instant as if with the fancy that she might have derived that impression from Harold. "What has that to do with it? Does a rich man enjoy any more than a poor his wife's making a fool of him?"

Her eyes opened wider: it was one of her very few ways of betraying amusement. There was little indeed to be amused at here except his choice of the particular invidious name. "You know I don't believe a word you say."

Mr. Cashmore drank his tea, then rose to carry the cup somewhere and put it down, declining, with a motion, any assistance. When he was on the sofa again he resumed their intimate talk. "I like tremendously to be with you, but you mustn't think I've come here to let you say to me such dreadful things as that." He was an odd compound, Mr. Cashmore, and the air of personal good health, the unvarnished bloom which sometimes lent a monstrous serenity to his mention of the barely mentionable, was on occasion balanced or matched by his playful application of extravagant terms to matters of much less moment. "You know what I come to you for, Mrs. Brook: I won't come any more if you're going to be horrid and impossible."

"You come to me, I suppose, because—for my deep misfortune, I assure you—I've a kind of vision of things, of the wretched miseries in which you all knot yourselves up, which you yourselves are as little blessed with as if, tumbling about together in your heap, you were a litter of blind kittens."

"Awfully good, that—you do lift the burden of my trouble!" He had laughed out, in the manner of the man who made notes, for platform use, of things that might serve; but the next moment he was grave again, as if his observation had reminded him of Harold's praise of his wit. It was in this spirit that he abruptly brought out: "Where, by-the-way, is your daughter?"

"I haven't the least idea. I do all I can to enter into her life, but you can't get into a railway train while it's on the rush."

Mr. Cashmore swung back to hilarity. "You give me lots of things. Do you mean she's so 'fast'?" He could keep the ball going.

Mrs. Brookenham hesitated. "No; she's a tremendous dear, and we're great friends. But she has her free young life, which, by that law of our time that I'm sure I only want, like all other laws, once I know what they *are*, to accept—she has her precious freshness of feeling which I say to myself that, so far as control is concerned, I ought to respect. I try to get her to sit with me, and she does so often, because she's kind. But before I know it she leaves me again: she feels that her presence makes a difference in one's liberty of talk."

Mr. Cashmore was struck by this picture. "That's awfully charming of her."

"Isn't it too dear?" The thought of it, for Mrs. Brook, seemed fairly to open out vistas. "The modern daughter!"

"But not the ancient mother!" Mr. Cashmore smiled.

She shook her head with a world of accepted woe. "'Give me back, give me back one hour of my youth'? Oh, I haven't a single thrill left to answer a compliment. I sit here now face to face with things as they are. They come in their turn, I assure you—and they find me," Mrs. Brook sighed, "ready. Nanda has stepped on the stage, and I give her up the house. Besides," she went on musingly, "it's awfully interesting. It *is* the modern daughter—we're really 'doing' her, the child and I; and as the modern has always been my own note—I've gone in, I mean, frankly for my very own Time—who is one, after all, that one should pretend to decline to go where it may lead?" Mr. Cashmore was unprepared with an answer to this question, and his hostess continued in a different tone: "It's sweet her sparing one!"

This, for the visitor, was firmer ground. "Do you mean about talking before her?"

Mrs. Brook's assent was positively tender. "She won't have a difference in my freedom. It's as if the dear thing *knew*, don't you see? what we must keep back. She wants us not to have to think. It's quite maternal!" she mused again. Then, as if with the pleasure of presenting it to him afresh: "That's the modern daughter!"

"Well," said Mr. Cashmore, "I can't help wishing she were a trifle less considerate. In that case I might find her with you, and I may tell you frankly that I get more from her than I do from you. She has the great merit for me, in the first place, of not being such an admirer of my wife."

Mrs. Brookenham took this up with interest. "No—you're right; she doesn't, as I do, *see* Lady Fanny, and that's a kind of mercy."

"There you are, then, you inconsistent creature," he cried with a laugh; "after all you *do* believe me. You recognize how benighted it would be for your daughter not to feel that Fanny's bad."

"You're too tiresome, my dear man," Mrs. Brook returned, "with your ridiculous simplifications. Fanny's *not* 'bad'; she's magnificently good—in the sense of being generous and simple and true, too adorably unaffected and without the least *mesquinerie*. She's a great calm silver statue."

Mr. Cashmore showed, on this, something of the strength that comes from the practice of public debate. "Then why are you glad that your daughter doesn't like her?"

Mrs. Brook smiled as with the sadness of having too much to triumph. "Because I'm not, like Fanny, without *mesquinerie*. I'm not generous and simple. I'm exaggeratedly anxious about Nanda. I care, in spite of myself, for what people may say. Your wife doesn't—she towers above them. I can be a shade less brave through the chance of my girl's not happening to feel her as the rest of us do."

Mr. Cashmore too heavily followed. "To 'feel' her?"

Mrs. Brook floated over. "There would be, in that case perhaps, something to hint to her not to shriek on the house-tops. When you say," she continued, "that one admits, as regards Fanny, anything wrong, you pervert dreadfully what one does freely grant—that she's a glorious pagan. It's a real relief to know such a type—it's like a flash of insight into history. None the less, if you ask me why then it isn't all right for young things to 'shriek' as I say, I have my answer perfectly ready." After which, as her visitor seemed not only too reduced to doubt it, but too baffled to distinguish audibly, for his credit, between resignation and admiration, she produced: "Because she's purely instinctive. Her instincts are splendid—but it's terrific."

"That's all I ever maintained it to be!" Mr. Cashmore cried. "It *is* terrific."

"Well," his friend answered, "I'm watching her. We're all watching her. It's like some great natural poetic thing—an Alpine sunrise or a big high tide."

"You're amazing!" Mr. Cashmore laughed. "I'm watching her too."

"And I'm also watching *you*," Mrs. Brook lucidly continued. "What I don't for a moment believe is that her bills are paid by any one. It's *much* more probable," she sagaciously observed, "that they're not paid at all."

"Oh, well, if she can get on that way—!"

"There can't be a place in London," Mrs. Brook pursued, "where they're not delighted to dress such a woman. She shows things, don't you see? as some great quiet wall shows placards and posters. And what proof can you adduce?" she asked.

Mr. Cashmore had grown restless; he picked a stray thread off the knee of his trousers. "Ah, when you talk about 'adducing'—!" He appeared to intimate, as if with the hint that if she didn't take care she might bore him, that it was the kind of word he used only in the House of Commons.

"When I talk about it you can't meet me," she placidly returned. But she fixed him with her weary penetration. "You try to believe what you *can't* believe, in order to give yourself excuses. And *she* does the same—only less, for she recognizes less, in general, the need of them. She's so grand and simple."

Poor Mr. Cashmore stared. "Grander and simpler than I, you mean?"

Mrs. Brookenham thought. "Not simpler—no; but very much grander. She wouldn't, in the case you conceive, recognize really the need of *what* you conceive." "I don't understand you."

Mrs. Brook seeing it all from dim depths, tracked it further and further. "We've talked her over so!"

Mr. Cashmore groaned as if too conscious of it. "Indeed we have!"

"I mean *we*"—and it was wonderful how her accent discriminated. "We've talked you too—but of course we talk every one." She had a pause through which there glimmered a ray from luminous hours, the inner intimacy which, privileged as he was, he couldn't pretend to share; then she broke out almost impatiently: "We're looking after her—leave her to *us!*"

He looked suddenly so curious as to seem really envious, but he tried to throw it off. "I doubt if, after all, you're good for her."

But Mrs. Brookenham knew. "She's just the sort of person we *are* good for, and the thing for her is to be with us as much as possible—just live with us naturally and easily, listen to our talk, feel our confidence in her, be kept up, don't you know? by the sense of what we expect of her splendid type, and so, little by little, let our influence act. What I meant to say just now is that I do perfectly see her taking what you call presents."

"Well, then," Mr. Cashmore inquired, "what do you want more?"

Mrs. Brook hung fire an instant—she seemed on the

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

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point of telling him. "I don't see her, as I said, recognizing the obligation."

"The obligation—?"

"To give anything back. Anything at all." Mrs. Brook was positive. "The comprehension of petty calculations? Never!"

"I don't say the calculations are petty," Mr. Cashmore objected.

"Well, she's a great creature. If she does fall—" His hostess lost herself in the view, which was at last all before her. "Be sure we shall all know it."

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of!"

"Then don't be afraid till we do. She would fall, as it were, on *us*, don't you see? and," said Mrs. Brook with decision this time in her head-shake, "that couldn't be. We *must* keep her up—*that's* your guarantee. It's rather too much," she added with the same increase of briskness, "to have to keep *you* up too. Be very sure that if Carrie really wavers—"

"Carrie?"

His interruption was clearly too vague to be sincere, and it was as such that, going straight on, she treated it. "I shall never again give her three minutes' attention. To answer to you for Fanny without being able—"

"To answer to Fanny for me, do you mean?" He had flushed quickly as if he awaited her there. "It wouldn't suit you, you contend? Well then, I hope it will ease you off," he went on with spirit, "to know that I wholly *loathe* Mrs. Donner."

Mrs. Brook, staring, met the announcement with an absolute change of color. "And since when, pray?" It was as if a fabric had crumbled. "She was here but the other day, and as full of you, poor thing, as an egg of meat."

Mr. Cashmore could only blush for her. "I don't say she wasn't. My life's a burden from her."

Nothing, for a spectator, could have been so odd as Mrs. Brook's disappointment unless it had been her determination. "Have you done with her already?"

"One has never done with a buzzing insect—"

"Until one has literally killed it?" Mrs. Brookenham wailed. "I can't take that from you, my dear man: it was yourself who originally distilled the poison that courses through her veins." He jumped up, at this, as if he couldn't bear it, presenting as he walked across the room, however, a large, foolish, fugitive back, on which her eyes rested as on a proof of her penetration. "If you spoil everything by trying to deceive me, how can I help you?"

He had looked, in his restlessness, at a picture or two, but he finally turned round. "With whom is it you talk us over? With Petherton and his friend Mitchy? With your beloved Mr. Vanderbank? With your awful Duchess?"

"You know my little circle, and you've not always despised it." She met him on his return with a figure that had visibly flashed for her. "Don't foul your own nest! Remember that, after all, we've more or less produced you." She had a smile that attenuated a little her image, for there were things that, on a second thought, he appeared ready to take from her. She patted the sofa as if to invite him again to be seated, and, though he still stood before her, it was with a face that seemed to show how her touch went home. "You know I've never quite thought you do us full honor, but it was because *she* took you for one of us that Carrie first—"

At this, to stop her, he dropped straight into the seat. "I assure you there has really been nothing." With a continuation of his fidget he pulled out his watch. "Won't she come in at all?"

"Do you mean Nanda?"

"Talk me over with *her*," he smiled, "if you like. If you don't believe Mrs. Donner is dust and ashes to me," he continued, "you do little justice to your daughter."

"Do you wish to break it to me that you're in love with *her*?"

He hesitated, but only as if to give weight to his reply. "Awfully. I can't tell you how I like her."

She wondered. "And pray how will *that* help me? Help me, I mean, to help *you*. Is it what I'm to tell your wife?"

He sat looking away, but he evidently had his idea, which he at last produced. "Why wouldn't it be just the thing? It would exactly prove my purity."

There might have been in her momentary silence a hint of acceptance of it as a practical contribution to their problem, and there were indeed several lights in which it could be considered. Mrs. Brook, on a quick survey, selected the ironic. "I see, I see. I might, by the same law, arrange somehow that Lady Fanny should find herself in love with Edward. That would 'prove' *her* purity. And you could be quite at ease," she laughed—"he wouldn't make any presents!"

Mr. Cashmore regarded her with a candor that was almost a reproach to her mirth. "I like your daughter better than I like you."

But it only amused her more. "Is that perhaps because *I* don't prove your purity?"

What he might have replied remained in the air, for the door opened so exactly at the moment she spoke that he rose again with a start and the butler, coming in, received her inquiry full in the face. This functionary's answer to it, however, had no more than the usual austerity. "Mr. Vanderbank and Mr. Longdon."

These visitors took a minute to appear, and Mrs. Brook, not stirring—still only looking, from the sofa, calmly up at Mr. Cashmore—used the time, it might have seemed, for correcting any impression of undue levity made by her recent question. "Where did you last meet Nanda?"

He glanced at the door to see if he were heard. "At the Grendons'."

"So you do go there?"

"I went over from Hicks the other day for an hour."

"And Carrie was there?"

"Yes. It was a dreadful horrid bore. But I talked only to your daughter."

She got up—the others were at hand, and she offered Mr. Cashmore a face that might have struck him as strange. "It's serious."

"Serious?"—he had no eyes for the others.

"She didn't tell me."

He gave a sound, controlled by discretion, which sufficed, none the less, to make Mr. Longdon—beholding him for the first time—receive it with a little of the stiffness of a person greeted with a guffaw. Mr. Cashmore visibly liked this silence of Nanda's about their meeting.

## XIV.

Mrs. Brookenham, who had introduced Mr. Cashmore to the elder of her visitors, had also found, in serving these gentlemen with tea, a chance to edge at him with an intensity not to be resisted: "Talk to Mr. Longdon—take him off *there*." She had indicated the sofa at the opposite end of the room, and had set him an example by possessing herself, in the place she already occupied, of Vanderbank. This arrangement, however, when she had made it, constituted for her, in her own corner, the ground of an instant appeal. "Will he hate me any worse for doing that?"

Vanderbank glanced at the others. "Will Cashmore, do you mean?"

"Dear no—I don't care whom *he* hates. But with Mr. Longdon I want to avoid mistakes."

"Then don't try quite so hard!" Vanderbank laughed. "Is that your reason for throwing him into Cashmore's arms?"

"Yes, precisely—so that I shall have these few moments to ask you for directions: you must know him, by this time, so well. I only want, Heaven knows, to be as nice to him as I possibly can."

"That's quite the best thing for you and altogether why, this afternoon, I brought him: he might have better luck in finding you—it was he who suggested it—than he has had by himself. I'm in a general way," Vanderbank added, "watching over him."

"I see—and he's watching over you." Mrs. Brook's lovely vacancy had already taken in so much. "He wants to judge of what I may be doing to you—he wants to save you from me. He quite detests me."

Vanderbank, with the interest as well as the amusement of this, fairly threw himself back. "There's nobody like you—you're too magnificent!"

"I *am*; and that I can look the truth in the face and not be angry or silly about it is, as you know, the one thing in the world for which I think a bit well of myself."

"Oh yes, I know—I know; you're too wonderful!"

Mrs. Brookenham, in a brief pause, completed her consciousness. "They're doing beautifully—he's taking Cashmore with a seriousness!"

"And with what is Cashmore taking him?"

"With the hope that, from one moment to another, Nanda may come in."

"But how on earth does that concern him?"

"Through an extraordinary fancy he has suddenly taken to her." Mrs. Brook had been swift to master the facts. "He has been meeting her at Tishy's, and she has talked to him so effectually about his behavior that she has quite made him cease to think about Carrie. He prefers *her* now—and of course she's much nicer."

Vanderbank's attention, it was clear, had now been fully seized. "She's much nicer. Rather! What you mean is," he asked the next moment, "that Nanda, this afternoon, has been the object of his call?"

"Yes—really; though he tried to keep it from me. She makes him feel," she went on, "so innocent and good."

Her companion, for a moment, said nothing; and then at last: "And *will* she come in?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Don't you know where she is?"

"I suppose she's with Tishy, who has returned to town."

Vanderbank turned this over. "Is that your system now—to ask no questions?"

"Why *should* I ask any—when I want her life to be as much as possible like my own? It's simply that the hour has struck, as you know. From the moment she *is* down, the only thing for us is to live as friends. I think it's so vulgar," Mrs. Brook sighed, "not to have the same good manners with one's children as one has with other people. She asks *me* nothing."

"Nothing?" Vanderbank echoed.

"Nothing."

He paused again; after which, "It's very disgusting!" he exclaimed. Then as she took it up as he had taken her word of a moment before, "It's very preposterous," he continued.

Mrs. Brook appeared at a loss. "Do you mean her helping him?"

"It's not of Nanda I'm speaking—it's of him." Vanderbank spoke with a certain impatience. "His being with her in any sort of direct relation at all. His mixing her up with his not very tidy muddles."

Mrs. Brook looked intelligent and wan about it, but also perfectly good-humored. "My dear man, he *is* such a perfect ass!"

Vanderbank laughed in spite of himself. "And does that make it any better?"

Mrs. Brook thought, but presently had a light—she almost smiled with it. "For *us*." Then more wofully, "Don't you want Carrie to be saved?" she asked.

"Why should I? Not a jot. Carrie be hanged!"

"But it's for Fanny," Mrs. Brook protested. "If Carrie *is* rescued, it's a pretext the less for *her*." As the young man looked for an instant rather gloomily vague she softly quavered: "I suppose you don't positively *want* her to bolt?"

"To bolt?"

"Surely I've not to remind you at this time of day how Captain Dent-Douglas is always round the corner with the post-chaise, and how tight, on our side, we're all clutching her."

"But why not let her go?"

Mrs. Brook, at this, showed a sentiment more sharp. "'Go'? Then what would become of us?" She recalled his wandering fancy. "She's the delight of our life."

"Oh!" Vanderbank sceptically murmured.

"She's the ornament of our circle," his companion insisted. "She will, she won't—she won't, she will! It's the excitement, every day, of plucking the daisy over." Vanderbank's attention, as she spoke, had attached itself, across the room, to Mr. Longdon; it gave her thus an image of the way his imagination had just seemed to her to stray, and she saw a reason in it moreover for her coming up in another place. "Isn't he rather rich?" She allowed the question all its effect of abruptness.

Vanderbank looked round at her. "I haven't the least idea."

"Not after becoming so intimate? It's usually, with people, the very first thing I get my impression of." There came into her face, for another glance at their friend, no crudity of curiosity, but an expression more tenderly wistful. "He must have some mysterious box under his bed."

"Down in Suffolk?—a miser's hoard? Who knows? I dare say," Vanderbank went on. "He isn't a miser, but he strikes me as careful."

Mrs. Brook meanwhile had thought it out. "Then he has something to be careful of; it would take something really handsome to inspire in a man like him that sort of interest. With his small expenses all these years, his savings must be immense. And how could he have proposed to mamma unless he had originally had money?"

If Vanderbank hesitated he also laughed. "You must remember your mother refused him."

"Ah, but not because there was not enough."

"No—I imagine the force of the blow, for him, was just in the other reason."

"Well, it would have been in that one, just as much, if that one had been the other." Mrs. Brook was sagacious, though a trifle obscure, and she pursued the next moment: "Mamma was so sincere. The fortune was nothing to her. That shows it was immense."

"It couldn't have been as great as your logic," Vanderbank smiled; "but of course if it has been growing ever since—!"

"I can see it grow while he sits there," Mrs. Brook declared. But her logic had in fact its own law, and her next transition was an equal jump. "It was too lovely, the frankness of your admission a minute ago that I affect him uncannily. Ah, don't spoil it by explanations!" she beautifully pleaded; "he's not the first and he won't be the last with whom I shall not have been what they call a combination. The only thing that matters is that I shouldn't, if possible, make the case worse. So you must guide me. What *is* one to do?"

Vanderbank, now amused again, looked at her kindly. "Be yourself, my dear woman. Obey your fine instincts."

"How can you be," she sweetly asked, "so hideously hypocritical? You know as well as you sit there that my fine instincts are the thing in the world you're most in terror of. 'Be myself'?" she echoed. "What you would *like* to say is: 'Be somebody else—that's your only chance.' Well, I'll try—I'll try."

He laughed again, shaking his head. "Don't—don't!"

"You mean it's too hopeless? There's no way of effacing the bad impression or of starting a good one?" On this, with a drop of his mirth, he met her eyes, and for an instant, through the superficial levity of their talk, they might have appeared to sound each other. It lasted till Mrs. Brook went on: "I should really like not to lose him."

Vanderbank hesitated, but at last he said: "I think you won't lose him."

"Do you mean you'll help me, Van—you *will?*" Her voice had at moments the most touching tones of any in England, and, humble, helpless, affectionate, she spoke with a familiarity of friendship. "It's for the sense of the link with mamma," she explained. "He's simply full of her."

"Oh, I know. He's prodigious."

"He has told you more—he comes back to it?" Mrs. Brook eagerly asked.

"Well," the young man replied a trifle evasively, "we've had a great deal of talk, and he's the jolliest old boy possible, and in short I like him."

"I see," said Mrs. Brook blandly, "and he likes you, in return, as much as he despises *me*. That makes it all right—makes me somehow so happy for you. There's something in him—what is it?—that suggests the *oncle d'Amérique*, the eccentric benefactor, the fairy godmother. He's a little of an old woman—but all the better for it." She hung fire but an instant before she pursued: "What can we make him do for you?"

Vanderbank, at this, was very blank. "Do for me?"

"How can any one love you," she asked, "without wanting to show it in some way? You know all the ways, dear Van," she breathed, "in which *I* want to show it."

He might have known them, something suddenly fixed in his face appeared to say, but they were not what was, on this speech of hers, most immediately present to him. "That, for instance, is the tone not to take with him."

"There you are!" she sighed with discouragement. "Well, only *tell* me." Then as he said nothing: "I must be more like mamma?"

His smile confessed to his feeling an awkwardness. "You're perhaps not quite enough like her."

"Oh, I know that if he deplores me as I am now, she would have done so quite as much; in fact probably, as seeing it nearer, a good deal more. She would have despised me even more than he. But if it's a question," Mrs. Brook went on, "of not saying what mamma wouldn't, how can I know, don't you see? what she *would* have said?" Mrs. Brook became as wonderful as if she saw in her friend's face some admiring reflection of the fine freedom of mind that—in such a connection quite as much as in any other—she could always show. "Of course I revere mamma just as much as he does, and there was everything in her to revere. But she was none the less, in every way, a charming woman too, and I don't know, after all, do I? what even she—in their peculiar relation—may not have said to him."

Vanderbank's laugh came back. "Very good—very good. I return to my first idea. Try with him whatever comes into your head. You're a woman of genius, after all, and genius mostly justifies itself. To make you right," he went on pleasantly and inexorably, "might perhaps be to make you wrong. Since you *have* so great a charm, trust it not at all or all in all. That, I dare say, is all you can do. Therefore—yes—be yourself."

These remarks were followed on either side by the repetition of a somewhat intenser mutual gaze, though indeed the speaker's eyes had more the air of meeting his friend's than of seeking them. "I can't be *you*, certainly, Van," Mrs. Brook sadly brought forth.

"I know what you mean by that," he rejoined in a moment. "You mean I'm hypocritical."

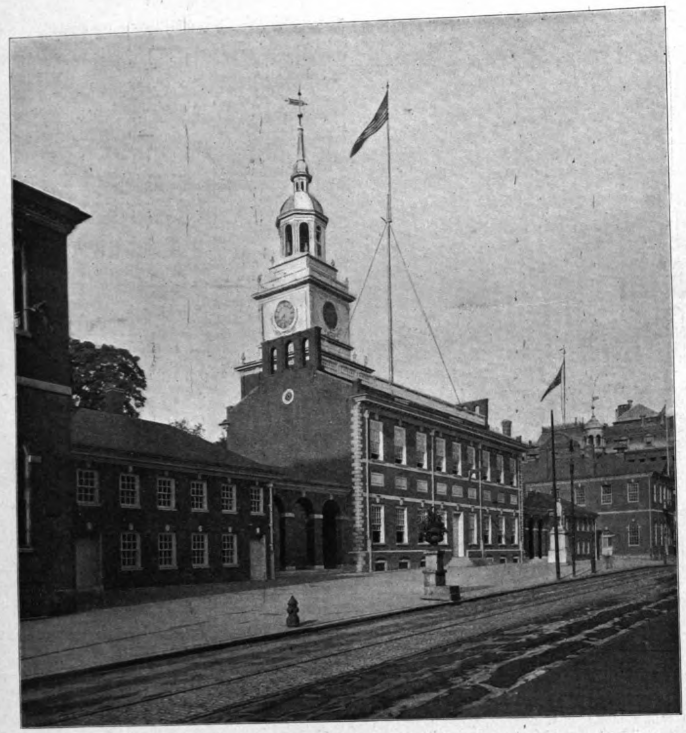
"Hypocritical?"

"I'm diplomatic and calculating—I don't show him how bad I am; whereas with you he knows the worst."

Of this observation Mrs. Brook, whose eyes attached themselves again to Mr. Longdon, took at first no further notice than might have been indicated by the way it set her musing. "'Calculating'?"—she at last took him up. "On what is there to calculate?"

"Why," said Vanderbank, "if, as you just hinted, he's

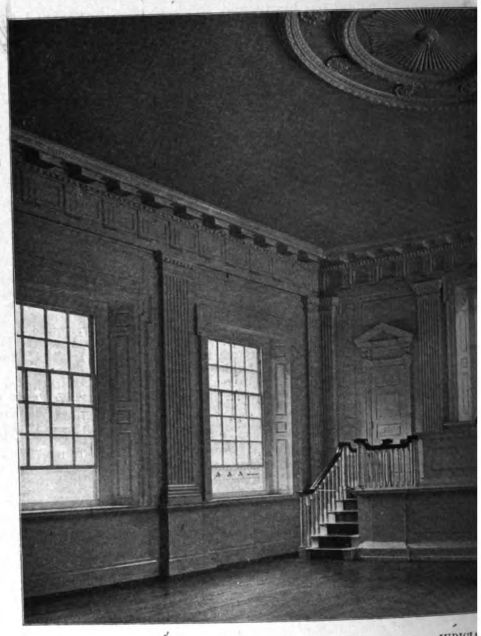
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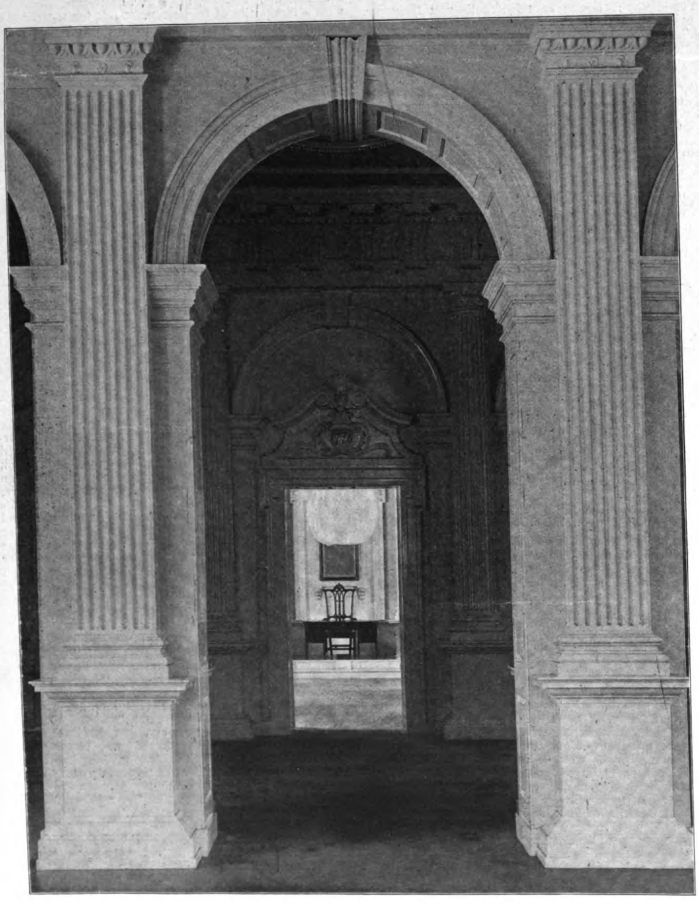
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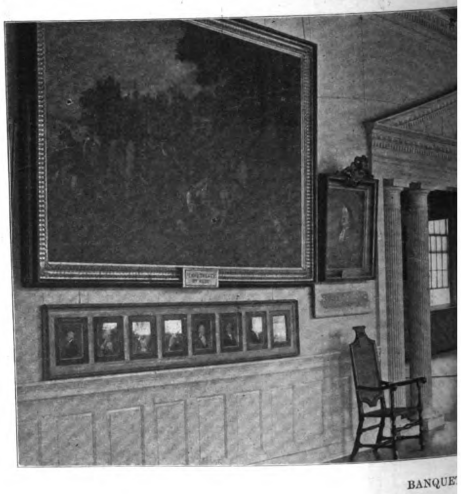
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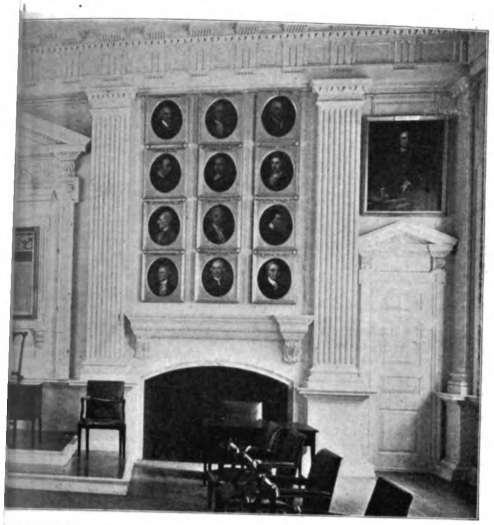


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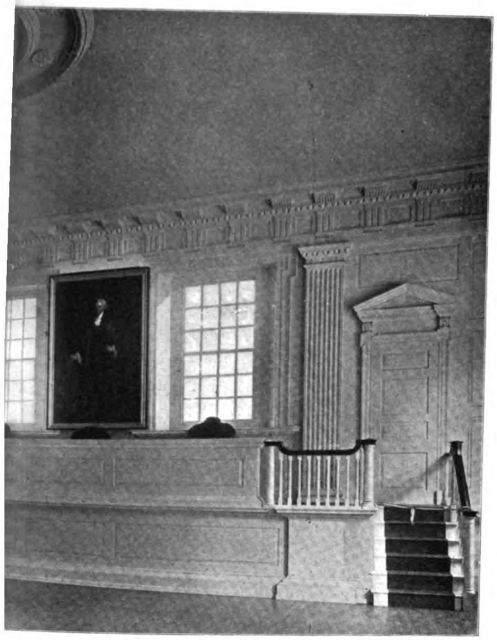
THE RESTORATION OF INI

An Illustrated Article, outlining the Plans for restoring this Historic Building in accordance with its Original Design, appeared in "Hat

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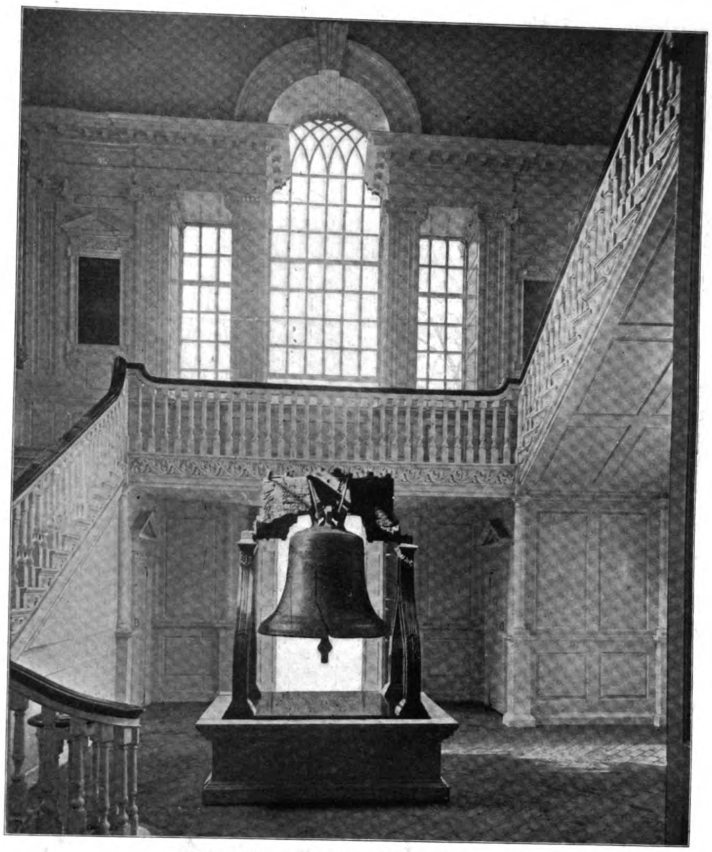
CHAMBER.



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EST SIDE.



THE LIBERTY BELL AND STAIRWAY TO TOWER.



STAIRWAY TO SECOND FLOOR, AND SMALL STAIRWAY TO BELL TOWER.

DENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

ly" July 24, 1897. The Restoration is now Completed, and the Views herewith shown indicate how successfully the Work has been Done.

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a blessing in disguise—! I perfectly admit," he resumed, "that I'm capable of sacrifices to keep on good terms with him."

"You're not afraid he'll bore you?"

"Oh yes—distinctly."

"But it will be worth it? Then," Mrs. Brook said, as he appeared to assent, "it will be worth a great deal." She continued to watch Mr. Longdon, who, without his glasses, stared straight at the floor while Mr. Cashmore talked to him. She pursued, however, dispassionately enough: "He must be of a narrowness—!"

"Oh, beautiful!"

She was silent again. "I shall broaden him. You won't."

"Heaven forbid!" Vanderbank heartily concurred. "But none the less, as I've said, I'll help you."

Her attention was still fixed. "It will be him you'll help. If you're to make sacrifices to keep on good terms with him, the first sacrifice will be of me." Then on his leaving this remark so long unanswered that she had finally looked at him again: "I'm perfectly prepared for it."

It was as if, jocosely enough, he had had time to make up his mind how to meet her. "What will you have—when he loved my mother?"

Nothing could have been droller than the gloom of her surprise. "Yours too?"

"I didn't tell you the other day—out of delicacy."

Mrs. Brookenham darkly thought. "*He* didn't tell me either."

"The same consideration deterred him. But if I didn't speak of it," Vanderbank continued, "when I arranged with you, after meeting him here at dinner, that you should come to tea with him at my rooms—if I didn't mention it then it wasn't because I hadn't learnt it early."

Mrs. Brook more deeply sounded this affair, but she spoke with the exaggerated mildness which was the form her gayety mostly took. "It was because, of course, it makes him out such a wretch! What becomes in that case of his loyalty—?"

"To your mother's memory? Oh, it's all right—he has it quite clear. She came later—mine, after my father's death, had refused him. But, you see, he might have been my step-father."

Mrs. Brookenham took it in, but she had suddenly a brighter light. "He might have been my *own* father! Besides," she went on, "if his line is to love the mothers, why on earth doesn't he love *me*? I'm in all conscience enough of one."

"Ah, but isn't there in your case the fact of a daughter?" Vanderbank asked with a slight embarrassment.

Mrs. Brookenham stared. "What good does that do me?"

"Why, didn't she tell you?"

"Nanda? She told me he doesn't like her any better than he likes me."

Vanderbank, in his turn, showed surprise. "That's really what she said?"

"She had on her return from your rooms a most unusual fit of frankness, for she generally tells me nothing."

"Well," said Vanderbank, "how did she put it?"

Mrs. Brook reflected—recovered it. "'I like him awfully, but I'm not in the least *his* idea.'"

"His idea of what?"

"That's just what I asked her. Of the proper grandchild for mamma."

Vanderbank hesitated. "Well, she isn't." Then after another pause: "But she'll do."

His companion gave him a deep look. "You'll make her?"

He got up, and on seeing him move Mr. Longdon also rose, so that, facing each other across the room, they exchanged a friendly signal or two. "I'll make her."

## XV.

Their hostess's account of Mr. Cashmore's motive for not staying on was so far justified as that Vanderbank, while Mr. Longdon came over to Mrs. Brook, appeared without difficulty to engage him further. The lady in question, meanwhile, had drawn her old friend down, and her present method of approach would have interested an observer aware of the unhappy conviction that she had just privately expressed. Some trace indeed of the glimpse of it enjoyed by Mr. Cashmore's present interlocutor might have been detected in the restlessness that Vanderbank's desire to keep the other pair uninterrupted was still not able to banish from his attitude. Not, however, that Mrs. Brook took the smallest account of it as she quickly broke out: "How can we thank you enough, my dear man, for your extraordinary kindness?" The reference was vivid, yet Mr. Longdon looked so blank about it that she had immediately to explain. "I mean to dear Van, who has told us of your giving him the great happiness—unless he's too dreadfully mistaken—of letting him really know you. He's such a tremendous friend of ours that nothing so delightful can befall him without its affecting us in the same way." She had proceeded with confidence, but suddenly she pulled up. "Don't tell me he *is* mistaken—I shouldn't be able to bear it." She challenged the pale old man with a loveliness that was for the moment absolutely juvenile. "Aren't you letting him—really?"

Mr. Longdon's smile was queer. "I can't prevent him. I'm not a great house—to give orders to go over me. The kindness is Mr. Vanderbank's own, and I've taken up, I'm afraid, a great deal of his time."

"You have indeed." Mrs. Brook was undiscouraged. "He has been talking with me just now of nothing else. You may say," she went on, "that it's I who have kept him at it. So I have, for his pleasure's a joy to us. If you can't prevent what he feels, you know, you can't prevent, either, what *we* feel."

Mr. Longdon's face reflected for a minute something he could scarcely have supposed her acute enough to make out, the struggle between his real mistrust of her, founded on the unconscious violence offered by her nature to his every memory of her mother, and his sense, on the other hand, of the high propriety of his liking her; to which latter force his interest in Vanderbank was a contribution, inasmuch as he was obliged to recognize on the part of the pair an alliance it would have been difficult to explain at Beccles. "Perhaps I don't quite see the value of what your husband and you and I are in a position to do for him."

"Do you mean because he's himself so clever?"

"Well," said Mr. Longdon, "I dare say that's at the bottom of my feeling so proud to be taken up by him. I think of the young men of *my* time, and I see that he takes in more. But that's what you all do," he rather helplessly sighed. "You're very wonderful!"

She met him with an almost extravagant eagerness that the meeting should be just where he wished. "I don't take in everything, but I take in all I can. That's a great affair, in London, to-day, and I often feel as if I were a circus woman, in pink tights and no particular skirts, riding half a dozen horses at once. We're all in the troupe now, I suppose," she smiled, "and we must travel with the show. But when you say we're different," she added, "think, after all, of mamma."

Mr. Longdon stared. "It's from her you *are* different."

"Ah, but she had an awfully fine mind. We're not cleverer than she."

His conscious, honest eyes looked away an instant. "It's perhaps enough, for the present, that you're cleverer than I! I was very glad, the other day," he continued, "to make the acquaintance of your daughter. I hoped I should find her with you."

If Mrs. Brook cast about, it was but for a few seconds. "If she had known you were coming, she would certainly have been here. She wanted so to please you." Then, as her visitor took no further notice of this speech than to ask if Nanda were out of the house, she had to admit it as an aggravation of failure; but she pursued in the next breath: "Of course you won't care, but she raves about you."

He appeared indeed at first not to care. "Isn't she eighteen?"—it was oddly abrupt.

"I have to think. Wouldn't it be nearer twenty?" Mrs. Brook audaciously returned. Then she tried again. "She told me all about your interview. I staid away on purpose—I had my idea."

"And what *was* your idea?"

"I thought she would remind you more of mamma if I wasn't there. But she's a little person who sees. Perhaps you didn't think it, but she knew."

"And what did she know?" asked Mr. Longdon, who was unable, however, to keep from his tone a certain coldness which really deprived the question of its proper curiosity.

Mrs. Brook just showed the chill of it, but she had always her courage. "Why, that you don't like her." She had the courage of carrying off as well as of backing out. "She too has her little place with the circus—it's the way we earn our living."

Mr. Longdon said nothing for a moment, and when he at last spoke, it was almost with an air of contradiction. "She's your mother to the life."

His hostess, for three seconds, looked at him hard. "Ah, but with such differences! You'll lose it," she added with a head-shake of pity.

He had his eyes only on Vanderbank. "Well, my losses are my own affair." Then his eyes came back. "Did she tell you I didn't like her?"

The indulgence in Mrs. Brook's view of his simplicity was marked. "You thought you succeeded so in hiding it? No matter—she bears up. I think she really feels a great deal as I do—that it's no matter how many of us hate if you'll only go on feeling as you do about mamma. To show us *that*—that's what we want."

Nothing could have expressed more the balm of reassurance, but the mild drops fell short of the spot to which they were directed. "'Show' you?"

Oh, how he had sounded the word! "I see—you *don't* show. That's just what Nanda saw you thought! But you can't keep us from knowing it—can't keep it in fact, I think, from affecting your own behavior. You'd be much worse to us if it wasn't for the still warm ashes of your old passion." It was an immense pity that Vanderbank, at this moment, was too far off to fit, for his amusement, to the expression of his old friend's face, so much of the cause of it as had sprung from the deeply informed tone of Mrs. Brook's allusion. To what degree the speaker herself made the connection will never be known to history, nor whether, as she went on, she thought she bettered her case or simply lost her head. "The great thing for us is that we can never be for you quite like other ordinary people."

"And what's the great thing for *me*?"

"Oh, for you, there is nothing, I'm afraid, but small things—so small that they can scarcely be worth the trouble of your making them out. Our being so happy that you've come back to us—if only just for a glimpse and to leave us again, in no matter what horror, forever; our positive delight in your being exactly so different; the pleasure we have in talking about you, and shall still have—or indeed all the more—even if we've seen you only to lose you: whatever all this represents for ourselves, it's for none of us to pretend to say how much or how little *you* may pick out of it. And yet," Mrs. Brook wandered on, "however much we may disappoint you, some little spark of the past can't help being in us—for the past is the one thing beyond all spoiling: there it is, don't you think?—to speak for itself and, if need be, only *of* itself." She stopped a moment, but she appeared to have destroyed all power of speech in him, so that while she waited she had time for a fresh inspiration. It might perhaps frankly have been mentioned as on the whole her finest. "Don't you think it possible that if you once get the point of view of realizing that I *know*—?"

She held the note so long that he at last supplied a sound. "That you know what?"

"Why, that, compared with her, I'm a poor creeping thing. I mean"—she hastened to forestall any protest of mere decency that would spoil her idea—"that of course I ache in every limb with the certainty of my dreadful difference. It isn't as if I *didn't* know it, don't you see? There it is, as a matter of course: I've helplessly, but finally and completely, accepted it. Won't *that* help you?" she so ingeniously pleaded. "It isn't as if I tormented you with any recall of her whatever. I can quite see how awful it would be for you if, with the effect I produce on you, I did have her lovely eyes or her distinguished nose or the shape of her forehead or the color of her hair. Strange as it is in a daughter, I'm disconnected altogether, and don't you think I *may* be a little saved for you by becoming thus simply out of the question? Of course," she continued, "your real trial is poor Nanda—she's likewise so fearfully out of it, and yet she's so fearfully in it. And she," said Mrs. Brook wonderfully—"*she* doesn't know?"

A strange faint flush, while she talked, had come into Mr. Longdon's face, and, whatever effect, as she put it, she produced on him, it was clearly not that of causing his attention to wander. She held him at least, for weal or woe; his bright eyes grew brighter and opened into a stare that finally seemed to offer him as submerged in mere wonder. At last, however, he rose to the surface, and he appeared to have lighted, at the bottom of the sea, on the pearl of the particular wisdom he needed. "I dare say there may be something in what you so extraordinarily suggest."

She jumped at it as if in pleasant pain. "In just letting me go—?"

But at this he dropped. "I shall never let you go."

It renewed her fear. "Not just for what I *am*?"

He rose from his place beside her, but looking away from her and with his color marked. "I shall never let you go," he repeated.

"Oh, you angel!" She sprang up more quickly, and the others were by this time on their feet. "I've done it, I've done it!" she joyously cried to Vanderbank; "he likes me, or at least he can bear me—I've found him the way; and now I don't care even if he *says* I haven't." Then she turned again to her old friend. "We can manage about Nanda—you needn't ever see her. She's 'down' now, but she can go up again. We can arrange it at any rate—*c'est la moindre des choses*."

"Upon my honor I protest," Mr. Cashmore exclaimed, "against anything of the sort! I defy you to 'arrange' that young lady in any such manner without also arranging *me*. I'm one of her greatest admirers," he gayly announced to Mr. Longdon.

Vanderbank said nothing, and Mr. Longdon seemed to show that he would have preferred to do the same: the old man's eyes might have represented an appeal to him somehow to intervene, to show the due acquaintance, springing from practice and wanting in himself, with the art of conversation developed to the point at which it could thus sustain a lady in the upper air. Vanderbank's silence might, without his mere kind, amused look, have seemed almost inhuman. Poor Mr. Longdon had finally to do his own simple best. "Will you bring your daughter to see me?" he asked of Mrs. Brookenham.

"Oh, oh—that's an idea: will you bring her to see *me*?" Mr. Cashmore again broke out.

Mrs. Brook had only fixed Mr. Longdon with the look of unutterable things. "You angel, you angel!"—they found expression but in that.

"*I* don't need to ask you to bring her, do I?" Vanderbank now said to his hostess. "I hope you don't mind my bragging all over the place of the great honor she did me the other day in appearing quite by herself."

"Quite by herself? I say, Mrs. Brook!" Mr. Cashmore stupidly went on.

It was only now that she noticed him; which she did indeed but by answering Vanderbank. "She didn't go for *you*, I'm afraid—though of course she might: she went because you had promised her Mr. Longdon. But I should have no more feeling about her going to you—and should expect her to have no more—than about her taking a pound of tea, as she sometimes does, to her old nurse, or her going to read to the old women at the workhouse. May you never have less to brag of!"

"I wish she'd bring *me* a pound of tea!" Mr. Cashmore resumed. "Or ain't I enough of an old woman to come and read to me at home?"

"Does she habitually visit the workhouse?" Mr. Longdon inquired of Mrs. Brook.

This lady kept him in a moment's suspense, which another pair of eyes might moreover have detected that Vanderbank in some degree shared. "Every Friday at three."

Vanderbank, with a sudden turn, moved slowly to one of the windows, and Mr. Cashmore had a happy remembrance. "Why, this is Friday—she must have gone today. But does she stay so late?"

"She was to go afterwards to little Aggie: I'm trying so, in spite of difficulties," Mrs. Brook explained, "to keep them on together." She addressed herself with a new thought to Mr. Longdon. "You must know little Aggie—the niece of the Duchess: I forget if you've met the Duchess, but you must know *her* too—there are so many things on which, I'm sure, she'll feel with you. Little Aggie's the one," she continued; "you'll delight in her; *she* ought to have been mamma's grandchild."

"Dearest lady, how can you pretend, or for a moment compare her—?" Mr. Cashmore broke in. "She says nothing to me at all."

"She says nothing to any one," Mrs. Brook serenely replied; "that's just her type and her charm—just, above all, her education." Then she appealed to Vanderbank. "Won't Mr. Longdon be struck with little Aggie, and won't he find it interesting to talk about all that sort of thing with the Duchess?"

Vanderbank came back laughing, but Mr. Longdon anticipated his reply. "What sort of thing do you mean?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Brook, "the whole question, don't you know? of bringing girls forward or not. The question of—well, what do you call it?—their exposure. It's *the* question, it appears—the question of the future; it's awfully interesting, and the Duchess, at any rate, is great on it. Nanda, of course, is exposed," Mrs. Brook pursued—"fearfully."

"And what on earth is she exposed to?" Mr. Cashmore gayly demanded.

"She's exposed to *you*, it would seem, my dear fellow!" Vanderbank spoke with a certain discernible impatience not so much of the fact he mentioned as of the turn of their talk.

It might have been in almost compassionate deprecation of this weak note that Mrs. Brookenham looked at him. Her reply to Mr. Cashmore's question, however, was uttered at Mr. Longdon. "She's exposed—it's much worse—to *me*. But Aggie isn't exposed to anything—never has been and never is to be; and we're watching to see if the Duchess can carry it through."

"Why not," asked Mr. Cashmore, "if there's nothing she *can* be exposed to but the Duchess herself?"

He had appealed to his companions impartially, but Mr. Longdon, whose attention was now all for his hostess, appeared unconscious. "If you're all watching, is it your idea that I should watch *with* you?"

The inquiry, on his lips, was a waft of cold air, the sense of which clearly led Mrs. Brook to put her invita-

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tion on the right ground. "Not, of course, on the chance of anything's happening to the dear child—to whom nothing, obviously, *can* happen but that her aunt will marry her off in the shortest possible time and in the best possible conditions. No, the interest is, much more, in the way the Duchess herself steers."

"Ah, she's in a boat," Mr. Cashmore fully concurred, "that will take a good bit of that!"

It is not for Mr. Longdon's historian to overlook that if he was not unnaturally mystified, he was yet also visibly interested. "What boat is she in?"

He had addressed his curiosity, with politeness, to Mr. Cashmore, but they were all arrested by the wonderful way in which Mrs. Brook managed to smile at once very dimly, very darkly, and yet make it take them all in. "I think *you* must tell him, Van."

"Heaven forbid!"—and Vanderbank turned away.

"*I'll* tell him like a shot—if you really give me leave," said Mr. Cashmore, for whom any scruple referred itself manifestly not to the subject of the information, but to the presence of a lady.

"I *don't* give you leave, and I beg you'll hold your tongue," Mrs. Brookenham replied. "You handle such matters with a minuteness—! In short," she broke off to Mr. Longdon, "he would tell you a good deal more than you'll care to know. She *is* in a boat—but she's an experienced mariner. *Busta*, as she would say. Do you know Mitchy?" Mrs. Brook suddenly asked.

"Oh yes, he knows Mitchy"—Vanderbank had approached again.

"Then make *him* tell him"—she put it before the young man as a charming turn for them all. "Mitchy *can* be refined when he tries."

"Oh dear—when Mitchy 'tries'!" Vanderbank laughed. "I think I should rather, for the job, offer him to Mr. Longdon as abandoned to his native wild impulse."

"I *like* Mr. Mitchett," the old man said, endeavoring to look his hostess straight in the eye, and speaking as if somewhat to defy her to convict him, even from the point of view of Beccles, of a mistake.

Mrs. Brookenham took it with a wonderful bright emotion. "My dear friend, *vous me rendez la vie!* If you can stand Mitchy you can stand any of us!"

"Upon my honor, I should think so!" Mr. Cashmore was eager to remark. "What on earth do you mean," he demand of Mrs. Brook, "by saying that I'm more 'minute' than he?"

She turned her beauty an instant on this visitor. "I don't say you're more minute—I say he's more brilliant. Besides, as I've told you before, you're not one of us." With which, as a check to further discussion, she went straight on to Mr. Longdon: "The point about Aggie's conservative education is the wonderful sincerity with which the Duchess feels that one's girl may so perfectly and consistently be hedged in without one's really ever (for it comes to that,) depriving one's own self—"

"Well, of what?" Mr. Longdon boldly demanded while his hostess appeared thoughtfully to falter.

She addressed herself mutely to Vanderbank, in whom the movement produced a laugh. "I defy you," he exclaimed, "to say!"

"Well, you don't defy *me*!" Mr. Cashmore cried as Mrs. Brook failed to take up the challenge. "If you know Mitchy," he went on to Mr. Longdon, "you must know Petherton."

The old man remained vague and not imperceptibly cold. "Petherton?"

"My brother-in-law—whom, God knows why, Mitchy runs."

"Runs?" Mr. Longdon again echoed.

Mrs. Brook appealed afresh to Vanderbank. "I think we ought to spare him. I may not remind you of mamma," she continued to their companion, "but I hope you don't mind my saying how much you remind me. Explanations, after all, spoil things, and if you *can* make anything of us, and will sometimes come back, you'll find everything in its native freshness. You'll see, you'll feel for yourself."

Mr. Longdon stood before her and raised to Vanderbank, when she had ceased, the eyes he had attached to the carpet while she talked. "And must I go now?" Explanations, she had said, spoiled things, but he might have been a stranger at an Eastern court, comically helpless without his interpreter.

"If Mrs. Brook desires to 'spare' you," Vanderbank kindly replied, "the best way to make sure of it would perhaps indeed be to remove you. But hadn't we a hope of Nanda?"

"It might be of use for us to wait for her?"—it was still to his young friend that Mr. Longdon put it.

"Ah, when she's once on the loose—!" Mrs. Brookenham sighed. "Unless *la voilà*," she said the next moment, as a hand was heard at the door-latch. It was only, however, a footman who entered with a little tray that, on his approaching his mistress, offered to sight the brown envelope of a telegram. She immediately took leave to open this missive, after the quick perusal of which she had another vision of them all. "It *is* she—the modern daughter. 'Tishy keeps me dinner and opera; clothes all right; return uncertain, but if before morning have latch-key.' She won't come home till morning!" said Mrs. Brook.

"But think of the comfort of the latch-key!" Vanderbank laughed. "You might go to the opera," he said to Mr. Longdon.

"Hanged if *I* don't!" Mr. Cashmore exclaimed.

Mr. Longdon appeared to have caught from Nanda's message an obscure agitation; he met his young friend's suggestion, at all events, with visible intensity. "Will you go with me?"

Vanderbank had just hesitated, recalling engagements; which gave Mrs. Brook time to intervene. "Can't you live without him?" she asked of her elder friend.

Vanderbank had looked at her an instant. "I think I can get there late," he then replied to Mr. Longdon.

"I think *I* can get there early," Mr. Cashmore declared. "Mrs. Grendon must have a box; in fact I know which, and *they* don't," he jocosely continued to his hostess.

Mrs. Brook, meanwhile, had given Mr. Longdon her hand. "Well, at any rate, the child *shall* soon come to you. And oh, alone," she insisted; "you needn't make phrases—I know too well what I'm about."

"One hopes really you do," pursued the unquenched Mr. Cashmore. "If that's what one gets by having known your mother!"

"It wouldn't have helped you," Mrs. Brook retorted. "And won't you have to say it's all you were to get?" she pityingly murmured to her other visitor.

He turned to Vanderbank with a strange gasp, and Vanderbank said "Come!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE RED CROSS.

St. George, I learned to love thee in my youth
When of thy deeds I read in deathless song;
And now when I behold the dragon Wrong
Hard by the castle gates of Love and Truth,
I feel the world's great need of thee, forsooth,
To strike the heavy blow delayed too long.
Then turning from the mediæval throng,
Where thou wert bravest, yet the first in ruth,
I watch thy votaries by land and sea
Armed with thy sacred sign go forth to fight
Anew the battles of humanity
Beneath the flag of mercy and of right;
No holier band a holier realm e'er trod
Than this—the world's knight-errantry of God!

Charles Hamilton Musgrove.

## PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

Photography nowadays is pursued more or less seriously by such a large number of people that widespread interest will be taken in the first exhibition of the Philadelphia Photographic Salon. American exhibitors have made a conspicuous mark at the salons in London and Paris. For example, in the persons of Miss Mathilde Weil, of Philadelphia, and Mr. William A. Fraser they took two out of the six medals awarded this year by the Royal Society. The American work, moreover, is characterized by so much individuality and artistic feeling—the very qualities that the foreign salons are pledged to promote—that the only wonder is that we have had to wait so long for a representative exhibition in this country. By a very happy idea, the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, in resolving to establish a salon, allied itself with the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The society has already been in existence twenty-six years, and has always exacted of its members a very high standard of excellence; and the Academy is the oldest art institution in the country. The child of their union, this Photographic Salon, comes, therefore, of good stock, and takes its place in the art world at once as worthy of serious recognition. Its position is still further assured by the methods attending its introduction. Instead of ushering it in with a large retinue of exhibits, the committee have limited the display to a comparatively small number, distinguished by superlative excellence. The purpose of the salon has been to exhibit "only such pictures, produced by photography, as may give distinct evidences of individual artistic feeling and execution." Out of fifteen hundred examples submitted, a selection was made of two hundred and fifty-nine, which seemed to fulfil in the highest degree these requirements. The jury was composed of Messrs. W. M. Chase and Robert W. Vonnoh, painters; Miss Alice Barber Stephens, illustrator; and Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz and Robert S. Redfield, photographers. These names are a sufficient guarantee not only of the fairness of the selection, but also of the high degree of artistic excellence that has been striven for. The result, as shown on the walls of the Academy, will be an inspiration to students of the art, and a delightful revelation to laymen. It is an artistic triumph for the Salon.

The first thing that impresses the visitor is the wide range of possibilities to which photography lends itself when guided by skill and artistic feeling. One hundred workers are represented, and yet there is little, if any, repetition of effects. The latter, too, show distinct evidence of being suggested by the personal temperament of the photographer. There was a time when he seemed to strive only to make his print as unlike a photograph as possible, and to emulate the effects of water-color, etching, mezzotint, and so on. The results were very surprising, and called forth such exclamations as "Who would suppose that to be a photograph?" It was a species of legerdemain, tricky, and, by repetition, tiresome. And it was a false issue; for while the picture gained a little by emulating some other medium with which it could not wholly compete, it lost a great deal more in abandoning the essential qualities of a photograph—its accuracy of vision, the exquisite minuteness of detail, in which nothing else can rival it. The present exhibition is not without evidences that this mistaken purpose still influences some people; but, on the whole, it is refreshingly free from such small and inadequate motives. The majority of the exhibitors clearly realize that photography has not only artistic possibilities, but an existence and charm independent of other branches of art. Consequently its development must be sought along the lines of photography by emphasizing to the utmost its own inherent qualities, and not by imitating the effects peculiar to other and entirely different arts. One sees this in both the portraiture and the landscapes. The pioneer amateur used to consider far more some Rembrandtesque or other pictorial effect in his portrait than the procuring of a faithful likeness. The latter was left to the photographer of commerce. The amateur was striving for what he fancied to be some higher quality. But the highest quality of any art is its direct relation to human life; and photography, with its all-seeing eye and accurate method of registering impressions, possesses this quality in a very peculiar degree. It is capable of providing a substitute for painted portraits within the reach of all; of being a development of art distinctively appropriate to these democratic times. Herein is surely scope enough for the most ambitious worker. To make a portrait a beautiful picture without losing the value of a faithful likeness is a real contribution both to art and to human happiness. One of the most interesting features of the present exhibition is the number of examples which prove that this has been the end in view.

One may cite "the portrait of Mrs. H." included among the illustrations on another page, by Mr. Clarence H. White, of Newark, Ohio. It has all the appearance of being a characteristic portrait, and its treatment as a picture sets one comparing it with a recent picture by Mr. Sargent. There is very considerable art in the management of the white dress. The freshness and breeziness of the costume are preserved, without any glare, and the shadows are soft. A harmonious unity is felt all through the picture. Amongst a batch of very clever examples by Miss Mathilde Weil, of Philadelphia, are a beautiful study of a young girl with roses in her hair, entitled "Rosa Rosarum," and the laughing face of a little child. The latter is a perfect representation of child beauty, and in its round frame affords a rich spot of decoration. A most remarkable collection of ten exhibits bears the name of Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, of New York. They are distinguished by a marked and exceedingly captivating individuality. "The Study," shown among the accompanying illustrations, will give some idea of the force and distinctiveness of her style. But other of her exhibits prove that she does not lose these qualities when she devotes herself to portraiture. She shows pictures of a lady and gentleman which produce an astonishing conviction that they represent the sitters at their best, and have pictorial qualities that set you thinking of some of Mr. Whistler's work. She also exhibits a "Mother and Child" which deserves the highest praise. A very fascinating picture of a "Child with Doll" is shown by Mrs. Thomas Eakins. The sturdily modelled fat little face, very Dutch in character, is bending over the wooden features of her doll, and the light catches both in that strong and masterly way that is seen in the portraits of Franz Hals. Mr. Clayton S. Harris sends a portrait of a woman—simply a face illuminated by lamp or fire light. The luminous and lambent effect of the light is wonderfully depicted. Four examples are contributed by Miss Frances B. Johnston, very charming, as all her work is, but not as distinguished and individual as many of the other exhibits. An "Indian Study," by Mr. Joseph T. Keiley, of New York, included among the illustrations elsewhere, is remarkable for its representation of the texture of the flesh and for the suggestion of color; and "Lena," by Mr. Allen D. Cook, of Philadelphia, is a beautiful bit of strong and sensitive portraiture.

Among the landscapes are three pictures by Mr. William A. Fraser, of New York, which, to a layman at any rate, have a surprising interest. They represent night scenes in New York city—two of a snowy street, apparently Fifth Avenue, and the third of Columbus Circle on a wet night. The last received the Royal Society's medal before alluded to, so that it is fair to assume that the picture has exceptional interest. The humidity of the atmosphere, the drippiness of the whole scene, is marvellously rendered, while the pin points and streaks of light from the lamps, the looming monument and blur of buildings beyond, combine to make a composition that is mysterious and fascinating. "Lines in Pleasant Places," by Mr. John G. Bullock, of Philadelphia, is one of the frank recognitions of what photography can do in depicting nature. There is no attempt to slur the definiteness of detail so as to produce some fancied artistic effect. All the delightful tracery of foliage, plants, and flowers is faithfully preserved, and yet does not detract from the homogeneous character of the *ensemble*. The darks and lights are well distributed and the various planes of the picture truthfully rendered. But these qualities are not peculiar to this exhibit. It is a gratifying sign that they characterize the majority of the out-door scenes. Mr. S. Hudson Chapman, of Philadelphia, shows a "Sunday on the Beach at Capri," with fishing-boats drawn up on a reach of sand, flanked by quaint stone houses and a stretch of rocky coast. The sun is burning down on the scene, and the details make a mosaic of dark and light. Among the illustrations will be found "Keepers of the Crest," by Mr. J. Page Croft, of Birmingham, England. The subject has been most excellently chosen; the quiet evening light is truthfully rendered, and the rock-pines not only form an effective silhouette, but express their own bulk and solidity. Miss Mary Devens, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shows four pieces of much power, produced, apparently, by the gum bichromate process, in which the intensity of the development is regulated by the operator, who lays on the solution with a brush. It is a process demanding much artistic feeling and technical skill, and obtains a result, in Miss Devens's case, that is extraordinarily rich and velvety. However, it is almost invidious to single out names. A complete list of the pictures that one saw with pleasure and would like to see again is impossible. The average of the landscapes is fully up to that of the portraits, and is distinguished by quite as much artistic feeling and individuality of expression.

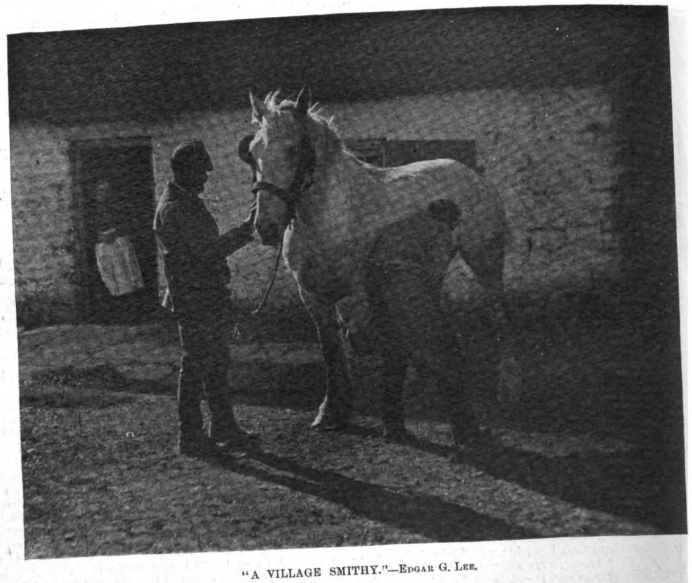
That class of picture which comes in between these two—the subject picture—is more unequal in its standard. A few are strikingly interesting, some indifferently so, and a few—the most ambitious—objectionable. The success or failure would appear to be the result of how they were originated. The best seem to have come almost by accident. A possibility was latent. It has been developed. This is particularly apparent in a remarkable picture by Mr. F. H. Day, of Boston, whose exhibit of eight examples has been assigned the place of honor in the gallery. The one alluded to is called "Ebony and Ivory," which represents the nude figure of a Nubian holding an ivory statuette. The figure looms as a dark mass against a darker background, and the one spot of light is the statuette. The imagination is at once captivated by the sentiment suggested. Just as spontaneous in its apparent origin is "A Farmer's Daughter," by Mr. Archibald Cochrane, of Scotland. The girl is standing in a field of rye, a strong and simple figure, with the flap of her sun-bonnet blown across her cheek. The charm of the picture is brought out by the way in which it has been printed. Which, however, the photographer has deliberately set about making a subject picture, he invites our scepticism from the start. The result bears no more resemblance to a composition which grows out of a painter's reflection and study than machine-made wood-carving does to the work which expresses the individuality of some one man's feeling and execution. It is a sham presentment. The limit of mistake is reached by two exhibits, one of seven heads crowned with thorns, purporting to represent the "Seven Last Words" from the Cross, and the other, a dead Christ with the Magdalen bathing his feet with her tears. In the latter case a wound has been painted on the side of the model. Surely claptrap and misapprehension of the province and mission of art can go no further!

Charles H. Caffin.

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PORTRAIT OF MRS. H.—Clarence H. White.



"A VILLAGE SMITHY."—Edgar G. Lee.



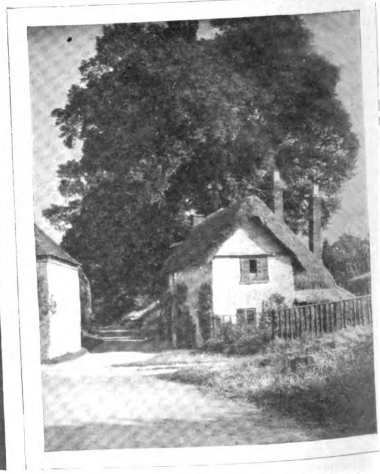
"KEEPERS OF THE CREST."—J. Page Croft.



PORTRAIT (INDIAN GIRL).—Joseph T. Keiley.



A STUDY.—Gertrude Käsebier.



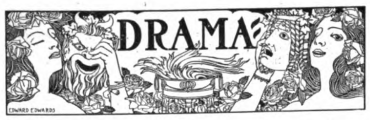
"A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND."—Charles L. Mitchell.

SOME OF THE EXHIBITS AT THIS YEAR'S PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 1087.]

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SARAH COWELL-LE MOYNE AND FRANK WORTHING,
As the *Duchess de Coutras* and the *Duke de Coutras*, in Henri Lavedan's Comedy, "Catherine," as performed at the Garrick Theatre, New York.




THERE is a season in the drama for the many and a season for the few. The season for the many began with the annual ebullition of comic opera. I had thought the season for the few was to begin with "Cyrano," but, thanks to a small matter of a nose or so, to the scandalous proceedings of our leading theatrical manager, and to Mr. Mansfield's sense of popular taste, "Cyrano" now belongs to the many. And, thanks to a screed on that wretched nose, there is space for only a paragraph or so on the opening of the season for the few. I can at least give them the place of distinction.

Annie Russell and others in "Catherine."

Annie Russell has come back from her *succès d'estime* in London, and is bringing out "Catherine" at the Garrick, the play with which Henri Lavedan is supposed to have bidden for Meilhac's vacant seat in the Academy. In one night the spell of that gloriously impossible *Cyrano* is broken, and those who care for art that embodies with simple truth the living human soul are worshipping without reserve. The play is an old story in new setting. King Cophetua is the *Duke de Coutras;* the beggar-maid is *Catherine Vallon*, his sister's music-teacher; and it all has to do with the problem of caste—the generous motives that make the *Duke* marry, for her beauty, sincerity, and courage, a young woman of humble position in the world; and the fatal power of tradition and convention that all but wreck the marriage. On the whole, it is a pretty enough play—at once sentimental in the modern French manner of sentiment, and discoursive in the Ibsen vein; but if, as is reported, it was consciously aimed at the conventionally proper tastes of the Academy, then M. Lavedan's consciousness of what is seemly, is truly Gallic. The catastrophe comes from the fact that the *Duke's* cousin (Elsie de Wolfe) wooes him from the path of marital virtue in broad daylight and an evening gown, and would triumph if it were not for the sudden appearance of *Catherine*. But though, as usual, Miss Russell is unfortunate in her choice of a play, her audience is, as usual, most fortunate in Miss Russell! A first-nighter beside me remarked that there are only two women on the stage in America who, in any true sense of the word, are actresses. The other shall be as you wish, but the one is Miss Russell. Her masque—the technical word must be my excuse for bluntness—is not in itself beautiful, but it is all the more serviceable as a masque for that. It is sensitive in every fibre, and within her range of expression is apparently under absolute control. In the lift of one point of an eyebrow, or in the smile of a corner of the mouth, there is more of deftness and accuracy of expression than are to be found in the entire cast of many a play on Broadway; and when occasion requires, every muscle plays its part in creating a sum total of effect. At times the effect is simple and strong—the joy of love or the pain, hopeless sadness or a burst of mirth and of amusement, enthusiasm for the beauty or despair for the sordidness of life. At other times a dozen emotions seem to blend into one another. When the *Duke*, who quite plainly is in love with her, makes excuses to detain her—his sister's music-teacher—it is worth a journey to the Garrick merely to see at one glance the deep joy and the disquiet in her eyes, the latent smile in one corner of a very pensive mouth. And when she is finally prevailed upon to be seated, there is nothing funnier in the play than the amused *gaucherie*, the happy consciousness, with which her hands fold themselves in her lap. At that movement of ten fingers the audience of the first night rustled with enjoyment and understanding. In the one passage the whole of *Catherine's* character was adumbrated. It seemed a very modern character—full of a sweet sense of the possibilities of life, and of patient amusement at its futilities, the pinch of pain that is almost a smile, with an undertone of world sadness. I felt sure that it quite belonged to the last quarter of our century, until I remembered the half-smile of Lionardo. Anything that is so poignantly true must be eternal!

Others in the play are only less notable than Miss Russell. They are Frank Worthing, Joseph Holland, W. J. Le Moyne, Sarah Cowell-Le Moyne, Elsie de Wolfe, Ethel Barrymore. Their qualities would make a list of the virtues and excellences of impersonation; but nothing is so sad as a category of virtues and excellences! After all is said, they remain to be seen. Yet Mrs. Le Moyne deserves a word, if only as a tribute. As the mother of the *Duke* she wisely and sweetly abets him in his love for *Catherine;* and then, when he proves unequal to his high resolution, she wisely and firmly prompts the best there is in his nature. There is as much breadth and substance in her part as in *Catherine's;* and the presentation of the play is so admirably regulated and proportioned that, in spite of the prominence given Miss Russell in the play-bill, Mrs. Le Moyne achieves a large, if not equal, share in the success of the whole.

Though the play is assured of a moderate success, it can scarcely have more than an ordinary run. It is not well built, and has no real quality of its own beyond a skilful eclecticism. And then the audience. When the *Duke's* mother proposes her son's marriage with *Catherine*, the translator makes *Catherine's* father say, "This is so sudden!" And the wisdom of the translator is shown by the fact that everybody laughs. And in another passage, when the *Duke* finds that his mother rejoices in his choice, speaking well of *Catherine*, the *Duke* says, "Go on!" This the audience take for slang, and laughs almost as joyously as if some one had said *damn*. It scarcely seems likely that such an audience will care for the best that Mr. Charles Frohman's company has for them. It remains for us who regard ourselves as the few to flock to see Miss Russell in all our multitudes.

The threatened fad has come; as this department foreboded a month ago, *Cyrano's* nose has fallen heir to the fame of *Trilby's* toes. Our misfortune is mitigated, however, by the fact that the nose has raised a question in the æsthetics of the drama that was lacking in the case of the toes. It is reported from Paris that a sculptor, who was engaged to make a statue of Coquelin as *Cyrano*, refused to produce *le nez terrible*, and that Coquelin refused to have a statue without it. Mr. Mansfield apparently sides with the sculptor, for he has ingeniously constructed a cartilage that is literally true to the epithets *Cyrano* applies to it, and at the same time, as is shown in our illustration of three weeks ago, vanishes when seen from straight in front. By turning his full face to the audience, Mr. Mansfield can be as good-looking and as affecting as he likes. Yet even this vanishing nose displeases some of the critics. Mr. William Winter asserts that it is a mistake to make a romantic hero ugly, and that no art of the actor can ever redeem the nose. And now some one signing himself "Actor-Manager," who sets forth so clearly Mr. Mansfield's views, that we have not a moment of doubt that he is Mr. Mansfield, writes a letter to the New York *Sun*, arguing that the nose should be made to vanish altogether, and plainly states as a reason that he is afraid people will laugh at it. He even hints that in unpolished precincts the nose may become a mark for bad eggs and cabbages from the gallery. Like the Parisian sculptor, he is at odds with the author and the "creator" of the rôle, and is bent on dodging the nose. As for the sculptor, he possibly knew his business. The resources of sculpture—rigid lines and colorless form—are so meagre that probably no sculptor could copy Coquelin's nose without ruining all hope of the dignity of port and the humanity of soul that are quite as essential to the character. But drama is more free than sculpture: no line is rigid, and every form has also all the colors of life. The actor has motion of body, too, and finally the supreme advantage of speech. By using all the resources of the drama with creative sympathy, M. Coquelin has been able to make a sum total of effect in which, at the moments of white heat, the bulbous nose—*le nez terrible*—is an insignificant detail. If Mr. Mansfield feels obliged to sink the nose by artifice, it is because, as has already been pointed out, he lacks the creative force, the expansiveness of temperament, that the play requires. If he possessed these, he would find, as Mr. Coquelin has found, that the touch of grotesque the nose lends is a positive aid in his serious and imaginative effects.

Again that Nose of *Cyrano's*.

The Æsthetics of Toes and Noses.

The use of the grotesque to re-enforce the beautiful is admirably illustrated in the art of the two periods in which the genius of our Northern races has been most spontaneous and powerful. On the face of the north transept of the Cathedral of Paris is a Virgin that is no less austere and gracious than a figure from the Pheidian pediment. On the north tower of the same cathedral is a



THE DEMON OF PARIS.

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ıtic centre, do not wholly account for it. gement, as a great business, is not a determinative. The generosity of men in one place or another, who love music and put their bank-accounts at its service, the men, who guarantee an orchestra's season, , or a star course, are not the great factors. e less artificial leaven and life. No; whatf discouragement come now and then where —and New York is not at all beyond giving s—seems musically apathetic, misguided, or all, we may each November feel surer of ical taste in advanced activity. There is ness to pay for its nourishment in comlly standing far removed from our town and ıer. Aid of one kind or another may be reforeign soloist, too, for better or worse, is rom New York. But in more than one in-



MR. MORIZ ROSENTHAL,
Pianist.

, "provincial" public has something better in aterial than New York yet possesses, and centres t with a sincerity and a democratic ardor worth ng.

glance at a few instances, merely those that lie o hand. New England has passed its annual of music festivals lately, Worcester, Bangor, land included particularly; and such cities as er, Springfield, New Haven, Hartford, Portland, ıce, and numerous others have announcements w how a more even current of musical life p on throbbing through them. Boston and far Chicago do not nowadays require much ıing demonstration. Both those cities are full ound of a sense of the value of their superfine it orchestras, respectively directed by two of ntry. the most admirable educational guides now Mr. Gericke and Mr. Thomas.

from these special and local concert interests, the managers in either place are building up a strong for an interminable line of concerts and operas ıit. And Chicago has perhaps the finest opera-house vorld for its weeks of imported opera. Cincinnati, a triennial festival has been a most potent influ- l about the region, has in its endowed College of a great conservatory worthy of many a European l city. It is at present under the direction of Mr. van der Stucken, who, in spite of his Flemish name, is an American—a gifted composer and a conductor of the first competency, earnestness of purpose, and enterprise. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, also under him, gives twenty concerts of the first class, with soloists of equal note and authority. Besides these orchestral concerts, Cincinnati has chamber-music afternoons and evenings by the dozen, and a great flood of like matters comes from outside managements. Milwaukee, though this year its symphony concerts have not been yet assured, shows musical vitality enough to support an extended group of concerts from the great stars that will be wandering westward. In dozens of these remoter cities the German singing clubs have been a pioneer and precious factor in edifying music's cause. They still are such factors, with many concerts. The Pittsburg Orchestra, a detail of the great Carnegie Institute, begins its fourth season this week. Mr. Victor Herbert is now its leader: a composer of distinction among musicians identified with our country, and a conductor long before the public in other connections. Twenty concerts will be given in the beautiful hall erected by Mr. Carnegie, and the Pittsburg programmes leave nothing to be desired in dignity. Mr. Herbert has an able body of musicians, including a good concert-master in Mr. Luigi Kunits, from Vienna. Buffalo—another city that has had an excellent orchestral record of a local kind, until some adverse currents came of late—is anxious to reorganize its capable symphony band on a sound basis. Meantime the Twentieth Century Club of the city guarantees a set of concerts by the best visiting artists attainable, and two or three of the larger orchestras on tours from New York and elsewhere will occupy the Buffalo field. Cleveland is in some traits perhaps the most musical city in its vicinity. Having given up last week to a music festival directed by Mr. Paur, it will be visited between now and May by a large proportion of the notable musical attractions of the year. Indianapolis is a community nowadays firmly musical. It is laboring to place its own symphony orchestra on such a basis as will insure regular symphonic-concert work in the city—independent of the visiting organizations, Western or Eastern—and to accomplish that blessed matter, to retain the same men who have given strength to the local band hitherto. The women of Indianapolis are the engineers of this project—as are the women in so many other centres. San Francisco is expeding its orchestral work of local origin and all the highest-priced travelling stars. St. Paul, prompted by its wealthy Commercial Club, is organizing a series of symphony-concerts, managed by Mr. Feldhauser, to come from the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra that is to be on tour here presently. Philadelphia, once a city whose important music was a reflection of New York's sound waves, now has Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Ellis as operatic guardians and symphony-concert guides, besides the visits of the ubiquitous Boston Symphony Orchestra and the new "Orchestra of New York," which makes its début October 29 under Mr. Paur. Baltimore possesses a stable and large musical leverage in the great Peabody Institute, the costly gift of George Peabody in 1868. A new day of usefulness and note has come to this conservatory with the election to its control of Mr. Harold Randolph, a Richmond musician of experience and ability. He is widely known for his enthusiasms towards building up independent musical life in a community. The Institute has just been thoroughly reorganized, and will be a firmer power southward. The Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Ross Jungnickel, also has announced its arrangements. The large Oratorio Society choir is directed by Mr. Joseph Pache, and Mr. Randolph is working for another choral society for fine polyphonic music.

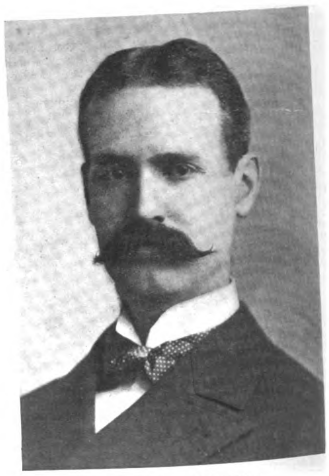
**Women as Managers of Music.**

One of the most striking traits in the present bright aspect of musical enterprises about our wide country is the influence of the women managers, the women clubs, the guarantees by women that bring expensive orchestras and artists and opera troupes to one or another town. In many cities the women really work up the whole season. The woman manager, especially, has developed a fine new industry for her sex. She fills it most ably, in notable instances, often with most complex pecuniary cares and endless niceties. Such women as Miss Anna Millar, Miss Mildred Webber, both of Chicago, and Mrs. Edward G. Love, of this city, attest the adaptiveness of women to the business of musical purveyance.

I am not overlooking the uncertainties that enter into such local musical life—the questions of money to pay the



MR. VICTOR HERBERT,
Conductor of the Pittsburg Orchestra.



MR. HAROLD RANDOLPH,
Director of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

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fiddler, the charge that many a town conscientiously makes against itself as "not a musical city," because such or such a good work went wrong, or another one lacked subscribers. Nor do I overlook the fact that our most intelligent public think too much of star-artists with foreign labels. Again, only our chief cities, outside of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and—most interestingly and honorably—New Orleans, seem able to do aught towards establishing their own opera. But New York is not safe in bragging of what it does for opera. Until we can hear the best operas in the vernacular by as great artists as are now singing it in foreign tongues, humility becomes us. For that very reason the Metropolitan's great exotic seasons must not shut our ears to the fact that two blocks away an English-singing company, the Castle Square one, is carrying on an operatic lesson and a public effect meaning even more than all that Mr. Grau superintends. Opera, too, is not at all indispensable to a city's musical life. It is a detail of variable value.

Our own musical movement has fairly begun since last week. Mr. Rosenthal appears in two recitals, playing with that virtuosity to which we are now accustomed—restored to his perfect health after a year's absence. The opening performance of the new symphonic band, "The New York Orchestra," organized by Mr. Carl Löwenstein and directed by Mr. Emil Paur, is announced for this (Saturday) evening—a date making record of its work impracticable in this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Mr. Rosenthal: Mr. Paur.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



KANG YU WEI,
The modern Sage of China.

## THE CHINESE BORGIA AND THE MODERN SAGE.

THE Emperor of China, Kuang Hsu, was deposed September 22. In him lay the present hope of the renovation of the Celestial Empire. Though only twenty-seven years of age he was the patron of the radical reformers. This is the cause of his downfall, and with him goes Kang Yu Wei, his chief adviser. On September 24 Kang reached Shanghai from the north on the British steamer *Chungking*, and was transferred to the British gunboat *Esk*, then lying in the Yang-tse River. On the 27th he sailed for Hong-kong in the British steamer *Ballaarat*, which was convoyed by the British man-of-war *Bonaventure*. A price having been set on his head the Chinese governor of Shanghai tried to have the *Chungking* boarded and searched, but was prevented by the British Consul-General at Shanghai.

The Emperor and the "Modern Sage" having gone down, up have come the Empress Dowager and Li Hung Chang. Kang Yu Wei is a Chinaman, and the Emperor, who is a Manchu, made him the chief adviser of the new régime which was sweeping Manchus from office. The Manchu clan leaders seem to have combined to overthrow both the Emperor and his new advisers. Down have gone definite reform measures in government administration, army reorganization, and the institution of Western education throughout the empire. A recent decree of the late Emperor required the establishing of something like two hundred government colleges. Up have come knavery, moth-eaten "custom," and attendant evils. The Emperor assumed the reins of government nine years ago, but within the past few months has made public his reform policy with what seems like ill-considered haste. The reorganization of affairs at Peking alone has thrown 5000 drones out of office.

I have had interviews, yesterday and to-day, with two Chinamen and an American, who may be said to understand the undercurrent of affairs. One of the Chinamen belongs to the family that has furnished a minister to Britain, and other prominent officials. These three men are singularly agreed on the following:

1. That the Empress Dowager is a second Lucretia Borgia. It is asserted that she had previously killed (or had killed) two emperors—Hsien Feng and Tung Chih. Since September 22 she has ordered the murder (decapitation without trial) of from fifteen to twenty of the leading reform advisers of the late Emperor, and only changed the action, so as to afford a mock trial, after the British fleet had been massed near Tien-tsin.

2. There is uniform belief that no dependence can be placed on the reports sent out from the Palace as to whether the Emperor is alive or dead. If he is announced as alive he may be dead, or *vice versa*. There is a peculiar custom in China of a man being politically dead but physically alive. Many people in China remember when a brother-in-law of Li Hung-Chang, who had fallen into disfavor, was announced dead. An official funeral was held, a pauper being put in the coffin, the said brother-in-law being privileged to witness his own demise!

If the Emperor is announced as alive and sitting in state with the Empress Dowager, it may be only a ruse to allay popular ferment. The Palace knows deeper secrets than how to "fix up" an effigy.

3. The Emperor was gaining in favor partially from the fact that Kang Yu Wei, a Chinaman, was advising these reforms rather than a Manchu. He gained favor with Chinamen, but lost it with the ruling house. And I not infrequently hear the assertion among Chinamen that if the Emperor is not restored, they wish England would take over China. There seem to be numerous Chinamen who believe this to be the only way of escape for the nation. Neither is this opinion limited to Central China. A foreigner in Shan-Si (a northern province) writes that there are inquiries among the Chinese literati as to how much must be paid for the British B.A. degree! They wish to be ready for government preferment. In the same province the chief subject of inquiry is said to be "what would be the best course to pursue to win the approval of the rulers of that country which may annex Shan-Si?" Missionaries from far-off Sze-Chuen province tell me that on the waterways the people asked eagerly when the foreigners were coming to rule them.

There are predictions also of more revolts. Meanwhile the rebellion in South China seems to be growing. It was announced in July that it had been about pacified, and that "about a thousand of the ringleaders have been beheaded." A rebellion with a thousand ringleaders must have been quite an affair, and it is believed to have been growing during the past months. Meanwhile, if Kang Yu Wei is not murdered, watch for developments. He is at Hong-kong, where he can be easily and safely reached by his friends, but not by his enemies.

ROBERT E. LEWIS.

SHANGHAI, *September 30, 1898.*

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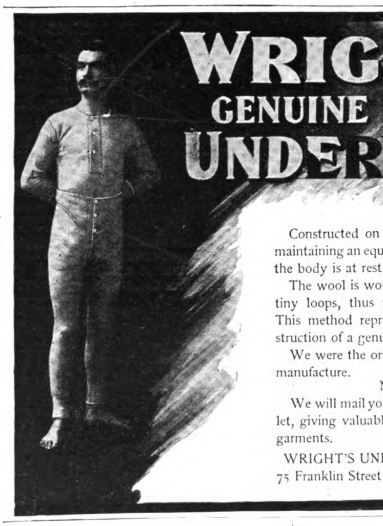
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# AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY, *who has just returned from his trip to the Hawaiian Islands, will resume next week the editorial direction of this department, as a regular feature of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## YALE FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

BY H. S. BROOKS, JR.

CAPTAIN CHAMBERLIN'S whistle sounded loud and clear over the Yale field, and if it had been Gabriel's trumpet it could not have had greater effect. All the chatter instantly ceased, and a hush seemed to spread over everything as the men silently and quickly took their seats on the benches running along the side-lines. The candidates were so numerous that they stretched nearly the entire length of the field. Without any waste of time, Captain Chamberlin and the head coach, arm in arm, started to pick out the university and college teams for the afternoon's practice. Somehow or other I had drifted to a seat beside one of the candidates for end, and, presto! I was a boy again, awaiting my fate. Every eye was fixed on the captain and coach as they started down the line, stopping in front of each man, looking him in the eye, and one could hear the low voice of the captain saying, "Hubbell, university, left end; Cutten, university, centre; Thomas, college, left end; Smith, college, centre." As he approached me I felt very much as I did at my first Sophomore german, when every girl that started in my direction with a favor made me feel conscious. As Captain Chamberlin passed me my heart sank;



McBRIDE—"FULL-BACK."

but there was a "balm of Gilead" for me that day in the awakening, but I am afraid there was a dreadfully disappointed and heart-broken boy beside me who had never been to sleep.

Last year the daily practice saw a different "university" every day, for the material was not sifted out until the very last moment, but this year the team is pretty nearly chosen. There is some competition at the ends and back of the line, but even these few positions are about decided.

There is a radical change in New Haven in the coaching of the team. Last year Butterworth acted in the capacity of head coach, and took entire charge, of course working in perfect harmony with the captain. This year there is no head coach; not for the reason that a suitable man cannot be obtained, but because there is a feeling in the university that the control of all athletic teams should be in the hands of the undergraduates. As the captain is the undergraduates' direct representative, the entire policy of the Yale football team this year is in his hands. I do not think that the university at large has come to any definite conclusion, but the method outlined above is to be tried this year, just as the other method was tried last year, and Yale will not suffer from the thrashing out of this matter, for the undergraduates and graduates are working in entire harmony, and Chamberlin can get anything he wants.

Undoubtedly Cutten, "the theolog," will play centre, but will in no sense be able to fill Cadwallader's shoes. He is [illegible] away the best man in college for the position, and it looks now as though the coaches would [illegible]d it into some sort of respectable [illegible]ound him out into some shape. He will not be anything remarkable, although he is very willing, and tries hard to do his best. This in itself is a great deal in his favor, for if he "knew it all" he would be hopeless. Cutten has a bad knee and is very liable to get hurt, and this fact alone is causing his captain much uneasiness.

Brown will play left guard, as he did last year. He is a thoroughly reliable man, tall and strong, and well up to a guard's weight. He plays with his head and is very conscientious. He has stepped into Cadwallader's shoes, and kicks all the goals from touch-downs, and does it remarkably well, too. He is very deliberate about it, and rarely misses.

Marshall, substitute guard on last year's team, will fill the other guard's position. He has been soldiering all summer, and there was some fear that he would not be mustered out in time to get into condition, but he reported for practice a short time ago, and is doing good work. He is tall, like Brown, and is coming along fast in his knowledge of the game; and although he has much to learn, and is more or less crude just at present, he shows, nevertheless, such intelligence that he is not causing his coaches any great amount of worry.

Captain Chamberlin will, of course, play right tackle. He has paid little or no attention to his own game, as the entire responsibility of the coaching is on his shoulders. But his responsibilities, great as they are, will not prevent him from putting up a thoroughly satisfactory game; not that it would be reasonable to expect him to play as he did last year, for that was phenomenal, but he is made of sturdy stuff, and can be relied upon to do well.

The university has called on Allen, the captain of the crew, to play the other tackle. It was thought at first that he could be spared, as he did not want to play, and needed rest for his assiduous duties in the spring, but Durston's low stand compelled him to answer the university call, and he is now taking his banging and drudgery cheerfully, and will play a hard, intelligent game, and although his work will not be showy, it will be effective. Allen is what is called at New Haven a "university man," and let me say that this is a title well worth the winning.

Marshall. Captain Chamberlin.



Winter.

KICKING A GOAL.



Captain Chamberlin H. S. Graves. Walter Camp. Ex-Captain Murphy.

HATCHING A CONSPIRACY.

Hubbell and Coy, left and right ends respectively, are both new men, and give much promise for the future. They are about of a size, not too light, and get down the field on kicks in very good style, and what is more, are getting quicker and better every day. Both men tackle well—Coy the better of the two—and if they can keep up their improvement, no anxiety need be felt concerning the ends.

De Saulles, quarter-back, is in a class by himself. The work of this player is so well known that it is hardly necessary to comment on it. He is one bundle of nerves, and his play of running through the field with the ball caught from a punt is one of his own making and development, and cannot be too highly praised. If he could conquer his disposition to muff, it would add to his own reputation, and would give his team greater confidence. It might be stated here that his presence in a game means everything to his team. His dash is infectious, and the men appreciate that any moment he is liable to take a ball from the middle of the field to a point where a touch-down is within the limits of possibility.

De Saulles has been laid up since the Brown game, and will be kept off the field for a week or two, but the big games will find him in his accustomed position, as he needs very little work to get him into condition.

Half-backs are plentiful in New Haven this year, and what is more, they are an especially knowing lot. It is a great pity they are not a little heavier. The most promising ones are Dudley, who played one of the half-back positions last year, and Corwin, who was a substitute on the same team. Then there are Townsend, Benjamin, Marvin, and Wear. There is not a really heavy man among them, but they play such good football, in spite of their lack of weight, that one is compelled to admit their prowess. Corwin and Dudley should be the regulars, although I dare say the university will need the services of all its backs before the season is over. Corwin uses his head to good purpose, and seems to have the "football instinct" which enables him to diagnose opposing plays, and also assists him in finding openings that were not made for him. He comes by his "football instinct" honestly, as he is the brother of Captain Corwin of the '87 team, now a professor at New Haven.

McBride will play full-back, and can be relied on to do all the punting, and is really the only heavy-weight back Yale has. He is a magnificent ground-gainer, and on account of his ability to hit the line hard and often without going to pieces, is the hardest worked man on the team. He has improved wonderfully in punting, although he displays a tendency to kick low. Low kicking is exceedingly good, provided you can vary it with high kicking. If McBride does not get this facility he can depend upon having at least one of his kicks blocked in a big game. He does not seem to be able to control the distance of his punts, and repeatedly kicks over the line, which is, of course, terribly wearing on the ends, and offers no opportunity to the opposing team to muff the ball.



CUTTEN—"CENTRE."

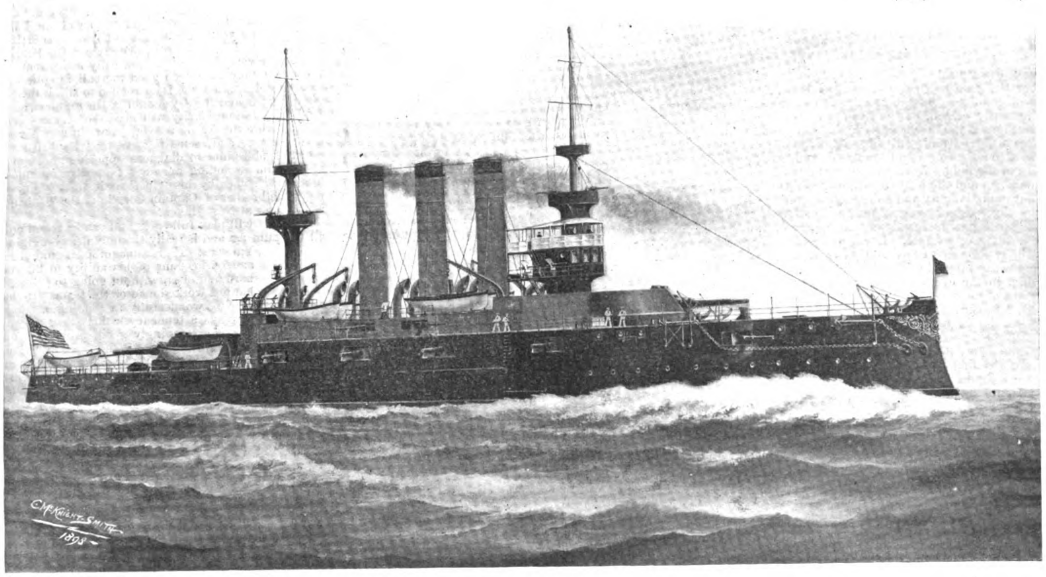
Taking the team as a whole, I should say that it is about an average Yale team, with possibility of developing into something better. The rush-line is not noticeably strong, but it certainly is far from weak. Back of the line Yale is in good condition, with many men to choose from, all of about the same calibre. This team promises to develop into one of Yale's characteristic "all-together" football-teams, with De Saulles as the star of the combination. They are far from "all together" as yet. The backs fumble atrociously; the rush-line lines up very quickly; but the backs seem to hit the opposing line without any dash; and as for muffing punts—well, one is overcome with dread every time he sees the ball kicked into the air. They have not as yet learned to appreciate the kicking game; not that they do not know how to play it, but it is simply impossible for them to give up the ball on the first down for a kick. There is nothing remarkable in this condition of affairs, as it is always the case; the only wonder is that year after year the kicking game is not developed as the main issue, instead of as a side issue only to be used as a last resort. It is more scientific, it saves the players, and, everything else being equal, wins every time. Surely these should be recommendations enough!

Hudson, in the Indian game, could never have kicked a goal from the field if the Yale players had appreciated the possibilities of the kicking game. They knew all about Hudson's ability to drop a goal from the field, and had seen him that very day miss the bars for a goal only by a few feet, yet the deadly fascination of bucking the centre, instead of kicking the ball out of danger, was too much for them. A little head-work at times is very useful.

The Yale team of 1898 will be a good, hard-working, intelligent body of football-players, and whoever expects to give them a drubbing will most assuredly have to be in the "first flight."

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THE NEW "MAINE."—Drawn by C. McKnight Smith from the offical plans.

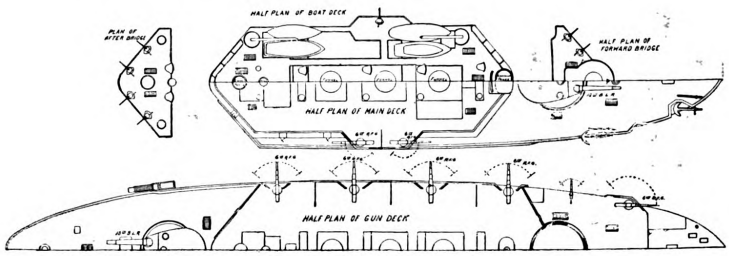
## THE CLOSING IN.

No more of after-math the meadow yields,
The day dims out and leaves no after-glow.
The sky is vague and heavy and hangs low.
Night shuts in early when the end is near,
And at the casement lingering I hear
The sighing of the rain upon the fields.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

## THE NEW BATTLE-SHIPS.

The contracts for the construction of the three new battle-ships, which were opened at the Navy Department in Washington in September, have been awarded to three different ship-building firms—the Cramps of Philadelphia, the Newport News Ship-building Company, and the Union Iron-Works of San Francisco. The ships are to be named the *Maine*, the *Ohio*, and the *Missouri*. The plans submitted by the successful bidders differed in some respects as to tonnage, speed, and coal capacity, and the Navy Department, after a careful consideration of them all, decided on the ones prepared by the Cramps, with a few minor alterations. The accepted plans call for a ship of approximately 12,150 tons, with a water-line length of 388 feet, beam 72 feet, and draught of 24 feet 6 inches, with full stores, supplies, and ammunition, and a guaranteed speed of 18 knots, at a cost of $2,885,000. In submitting these plans the Cramps have practically cut in two the plans of the *Alabama*, *Wisconsin*, and *Illinois*, adding 20 feet to their length. In this lengthening they have gained the additional space necessary for increased coal capacity, and a design capable of greater speed. The new ships are to have a steaming radius of about 6000 miles at ordinary speed.




In appearance the *Maine*, *Ohio*, and *Missouri* are identical with the *Illinois*, *Wisconsin*, and *Alabama* up to the top of the superstructure; above that the arrangement of the stacks and military-masts brings them in strong contrast with the latter ships. In gaining the increased speed, the necessity of larger heating surface and boiler-room necessitates the use of three smoke-stacks placed forward and aft along the centre line of the ship, to give the extra draught needed, while in the earlier ships the two stacks are placed side by side.

So far as the armament of the *Maine*, *Ohio*, and *Missouri* is concerned, these battle-ships will be practically identical with the *Wisconsin*, *Alabama*, and *Illinois* in their fighting outfit. They will carry four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, paired in elliptical turrets forward and aft; fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns in broadside batteries; twenty-four rapid-fire and machine-guns in the secondary battery, mounted at various points throughout the ship, as follows: On the forward bridge four, placed two on either side of the pilot-house; four on the after bridge; one on either side of the boat-deck amidships; two in each broadside aft on the lower or berth deck, one in each broadside forward on the gun-deck, and two in each of the fighting-tops, making twenty rapid-fire and machine guns on set mounts, with machine and Colt guns to the number of four. The submerged torpedo-tubes are so placed that any accident from a chance shot striking the torpedo when placed in the tube will be next to impossible. For armoring these ships the original 16½-inch Harveyized armor-plating will be superseded by 10-inch Krupp-ized plating, which admits of a broader and longer belt for the same weight of steel.



General R. Cerero.



Buenaventura Abarzuza.



W. Z. de Villaurrutia.

Members of the Spanish Peace Commission in Paris.

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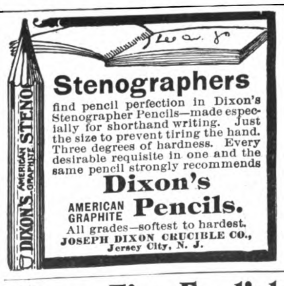
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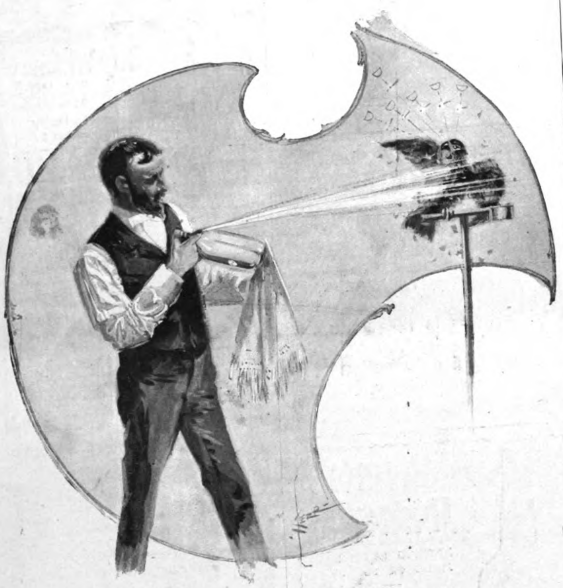
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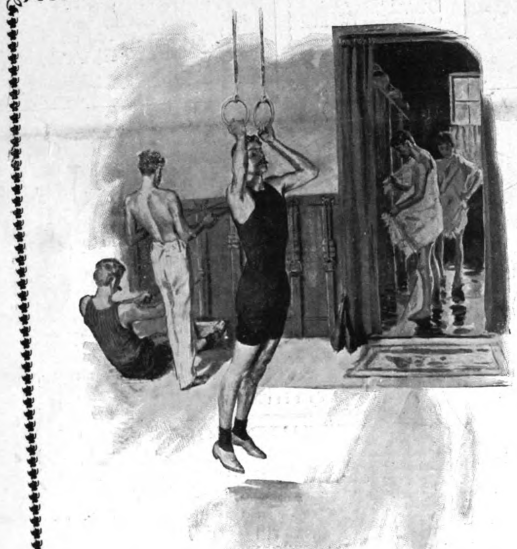
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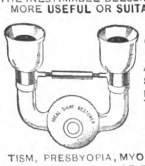
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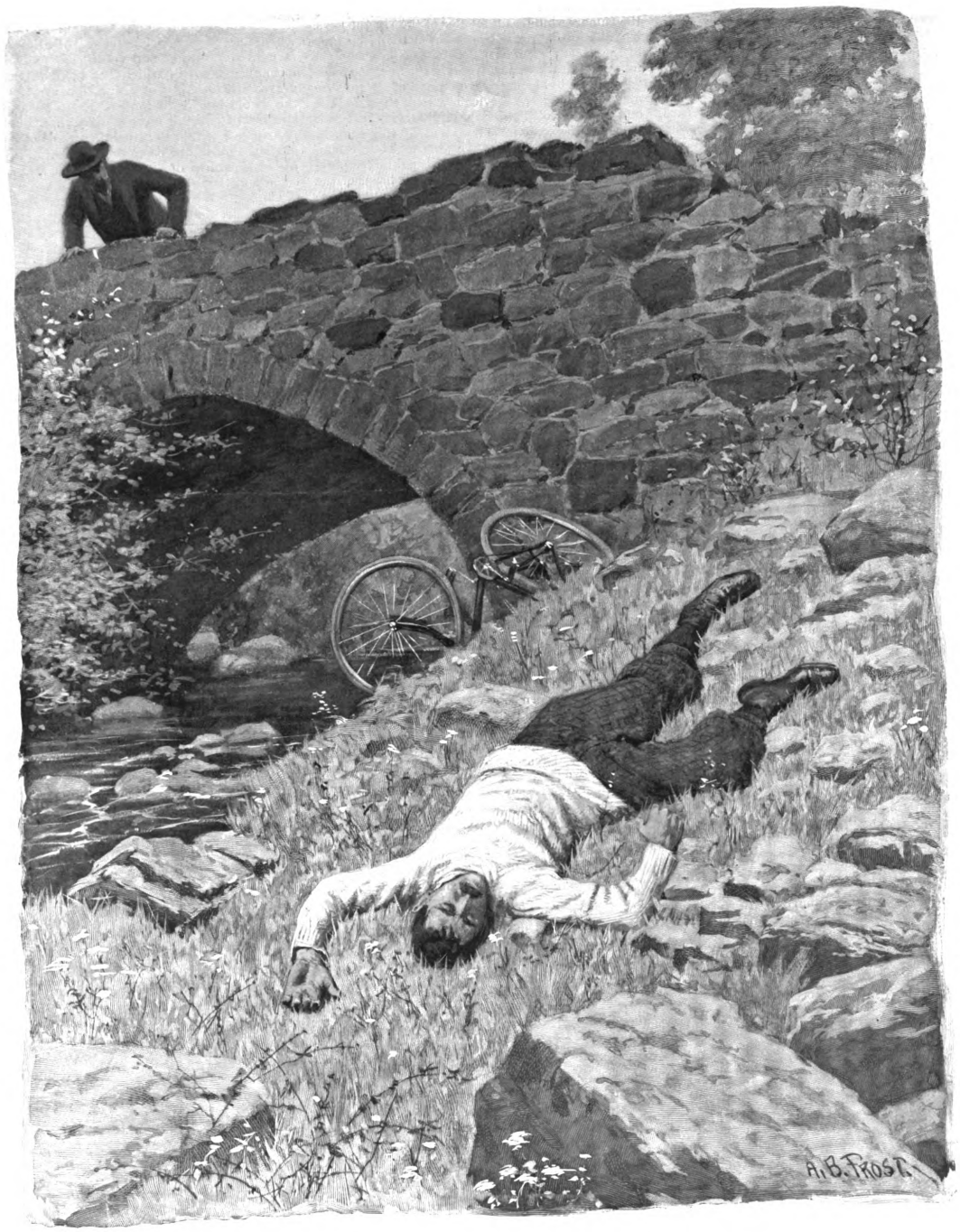

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—NO. 2186. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


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THE END OF THE COAST.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 12, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy — $4 00 a Year, in Advance

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*Subscriptions may begin with any Number*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris


NICARAGUA, on the eve of passing, so far as general international relations are concerned, into the United States of Central America, has granted a new concession for an inter-oceanic canal to Mr. CRAGIN and Mr. EYRE. Mr. W. R. GRACE seems to be of the opinion that the canal will be built under the new concession, but President HITCHCOCK, of the Maritime Canal Company, thinks otherwise. The United States government, if it is committed to any corporation, is under obligations to the Maritime Canal Company; but we do not really think that the government is under any obligations whatever to any corporation, or that it ought to assume any obligations, especially in view of the fact that the Panama Canal is likely to be built, and that any Nicaragua Canal scheme is of very doubtful practicability.

IT is only justice to the *Brooklyn* to say that the report of the Official Board of Navigation Officers, presided over by Lieutenant-Commander WAINWRIGHT, shows that the *Brooklyn* was nearer to the *Colon* when the latter surrendered than we have stated. It appears from that report that she was 6800 yards distant, instead of 8900 yards. The whole question is involved in a curious muddle which we cannot unravel. The *Brooklyn* was certainly to seaward of the *Oregon*, although she was in advance; and it is known that the officers of the *Oregon* and the rest of the fleet wondered why Commodore SCHLEY remained so far outside. We are bound to take the Board's report, however, as to her relative position, and we regret that any injustice has been done to the ship or to her officers. So far as the latter are concerned, we are sure that they are as brave and gallant as those of any other ship in the fleet. As to Commodore SCHLEY, that is another question, which we have already discussed.

THE French are talking of raising the whole question of British occupation of Egypt as a cover under which they can retreat from Fashoda. We are inclined to think that the talk of the larger question is purely a mask to enable the government to get out of its untenable position without unduly exciting French popular opinion. There is some ground for the belief in France in a rumor prevailing in Paris, because it is said that Count MURAVIEFF has promised Russian assistance to compel the opening of the whole Egyptian question; but we do not believe that Russia will any more invite a quarrel on that subject with England than she will invite a quarrel with Germany over Alsace-Lorraine. The time has not yet come when Russia wants war. Neither has the time come when the civilized world desires the beneficent administration which England has given Egypt brought to an end. Under British rule Egypt is within the pale of civilization and commerce, and the world is interested in her remaining there.

THERE is much evidence in existence that the President has not been well informed as to the sentiment of the country touching the policy of imperialism by the shouting crowds which met him at the railroad stations on his Western trip. He must have a two-thirds majority of the Senate in favor of any treaty which he may make, and the signs are that there will be a great deal of opposition to the doctrine of expansion as the administration seems to propose to formulate it in the treaty. With the exception of Senators LODGE and FRYE, nearly if not quite all the New England delegation is opposed to expansion, and such extremists as TILLMAN agree with them. One of the strongest speeches that have been made against expansion was that of Senator HOAR at Worcester last Tuesday week, in which he made this truthful and pregnant utterance:

"And, in my opinion, we are to-day in a great danger—a greater danger than we have encountered since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The danger is that we are to be transformed from a republic founded on the Declaration of Independence, guided by the counsels of WASHINGTON, into a vulgar, commonplace empire founded upon physical force."

IN view of the persistent rumors that the President intends to remove from the classified service a large number of positions that are now included in it, the Civil Service Reform League has written him a letter urging him to withhold his consent to the efforts that the politicians are making to discredit civil service reform. It is certain that any action by the President of the kind indicated by the rumors would, as the letter of the League says, be considered "alike by the friends and enemies of the merit system as a step backward, a step the more significant because it will be the first step backward taken by the executive branch of the government since the civil service law took effect." The establishment of the present civil service system is the finest legislative achievement of this country during the last twenty-five years. The system, as it stands to-day, has elevated public employment in this country, has saved the heads of the executive departments much of the annoyance they formerly endured from self-seeking politicians, has given the government a body of faithful, intelligent employees, who are not disturbed in their minds by the constant dread of dismissal, which weakened the energies of the employees under the old system. Moreover, it has saved the country annually, as is reported by the Civil Service Commission, more than three million dollars. Mr. MCKINLEY cannot remove a single office from the classified list without striking a blow at this admirable achievement, which is so popular that each party has been forced to recognize it for years as an established fact, no political organization except Tammany and that which supported BRYAN having had the temerity to assail it openly.

THE investigation of the army administration is going on, the commissioners travelling the circuit. They are conducting the examination of officers who have received favors from the administration, and they are neglecting a good many opportunities, apparently, to learn the truth. Their report is likely to find that affairs were conducted about as well as could be expected from the nature of the demand made upon the staff corps; but whatever the report may be, it will be of no importance. We refused to attack the commission in advance, but now we are forced to the conclusion that it is not diligently seeking the truth. The facts are, not only that we began the war before we were prepared for it, but that we went into Cuba like a mob, at a time when Northern soldiers should not have been sent there, and that the men were badly clothed and badly fed, owing to the incompetency of the staff-officers, most of whom were civilians appointed for political reasons. Now that the evil has been done, we learn from the sacrifice of so valuable a man as Colonel WARING that it will not do to send troops into Cuba at this season of the year. The warnings of previous experience, the facts that investigation and science have developed, the known conditions existing in Cuba, the terrible illness of the troops at Santiago, ninety per cent. of whom, at the time the round robin was sent, were unfit for duty, all seem to have been of no educational value to those having charge of our army. Colonel WARING'S death brings these people to their senses. He seems to have been sacrificed that the truth might be known. The only consolation that his friends can have for his untimely taking off is that the sacrifice is likely to have been not wholly in vain.

## IMPERIALISM AND DEMOCRACY.

IT is at last the determination of the President to take the Philippines, and doubtless he would take Cuba also if the promise of the declaration of war had not been repeated in the protocol. The fate of the country is apparently sealed in this respect, but there is hope until the treaty of peace is ratified by the Senate, and therefore it is the duty of those who believe that by this strange departure the country will be harmed, and that democratic government, which, with all its faults, holds the hope of humanity, will be discredited, to follow the example of Bishop POTTER, and keep on blowing the trumpet and warning the people.

The discussion over the Philippines is one of the strangest results of the war. A year ago, as has been often said, most of the people of this country knew of the existence of the islands only through the news of outbreaks of their people against the rule of Spain. It is safe to say that no politician in this country would have dreamed of accepting them, and the international responsibilities that wait on sovereignty over them, as a gift. Now everything is changed. The dreams of empire are disturbing heated brains which in their calmer moments objected vigorously to the proposed treaty of annexation with Hawaii, and condemned Mr. CLEVELAND for involving us in the troubles of Samoa. But a war that has discovered the unworthiness of its cause, the wretched weakness of our army system, the ambition of politicians to be military leaders, and their grave incompetency; the war which covered the staff corps of the army with deserved ridicule, which resulted in the needless slaughter of brave officers and men of the line, which destroyed the confidence of all intelligent men in raw militia and volunteers, and the gross mismanagement of which has filled thousands of graves with victims of starvation and fever, and the whole land with mourning—this war, demonstrative of nothing more clearly than our unpreparedness for it, has excited the minds of hundreds of thousands of our people with glowing images of future greatness in distant seas, and, strangely inconsistent though it is, has launched us on a career of empire. We shall not join in the sneer at those who predict that we will rise to our new responsibilities, for we believe that if they are really thrust upon us we shall attain the capacity for the government of their peoples, because we must. The cost, however, will be enormous and unnecessary.

Democracy is capable of any effort of government, but it is very slow, because it is naturally and properly weak in executive power. Moreover, it is inevitable that the assumption of the power to rule over people must seriously affect the structure of our government, while it will set back the clock of progress many years. In taking these colonies we will discard the foundation principle of the republic, which was the very soul of our revolution against Great Britain. We will then hold that it is a self-evident proposition that all men are not created equal, and that governments do not necessarily derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." The principles of the Declaration of Independence will be thrown aside. In a short time we shall hear men sneer at those who continue to believe in them, as we have heard sneers at those who continue to insist upon an intelligent construction of the Constitution. We shall come back to the principle in time, our colonies and colonists to the contrary notwithstanding, because it is the true principle, under which the government established here has showered more blessings upon humanity and upon the individual than any other government ever invented by man. Most of what we have that we call progress and enlightenment is due to our American and English democracy, and we shall not lose this by undertaking a despotic rule over unwilling peoples, of alien race, and inhabiting distant lands. But there will be a halt in our progress, and we of this generation and the generations that will come immediately after us must wait and toil for what will come to the far future and which should have come to us.

We shall lose much morally. We shall lose inevitably the fine and ennobling respect for man himself which is bred alone among those who live on equal terms, who stand together on the same level before the laws, who have equal voices in the making of the laws. The country is rich in illustrations of this truth. They may be found wherever the white man is the immediate neighbor of the Indian or the black man. We shall also suffer materially. Some Americans may enrich themselves by reason of the opportunities which our new possessions will offer to them, but that does not mean that the government will grow richer, or even that the majority will prosper. On the contrary, the new colonies must be a burden to the nation. The cost of the increased military and naval establishments alone that will be required to maintain them will reach at least $100,000,000 a year. We shall, in our turn, feel the burdens of militarism as the nations of continental Europe feel them, and we may rest assured that our groans will not be less loud than those which we hear from across the ocean, coming from the people who are now eagerly turning to socialism, the chief enemy of a true democracy, for relief from the burdens of bearing and paying for arms. We shall not only suffer in taxes, we shall probably suffer in commerce, for there is no likelihood that we shall abandon our protective system for a long

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time to come, and as the Constitution requires that all taxes shall be levied uniformly and equally, the tariff system that protects New England must protect also the sugar and tobacco of our colonies. The result will be, of course, the promotion of commercial war. It is partly because of our mediæval trade policy that the commerce of Great Britain has flourished and become the greatest in the world, and it is partly because the failure of the DINGLEY bill as a revenue measure led Englishmen to fear that we would abandon the protective system, which aids them so materially, that many Englishmen have been urging us to take the Philippines and everything else in the way of territory that may come in our path. They confidently believe that with new colonies we shall extend the area and lengthen the life of our protective policy, and that British commerce will be the gainer thereby. At all events, an enormous increase of taxes and a new lease for the protective system are probably to be the immediate result of our colonial policy. The people must pay for the experiment in two ways: their taxes will be increased and their incomes will be diminished.

We ought eventually, also, to change the character of our government. We ought not to leave to Congress the power to declare war, or to the Senate the power to ratify treaties or to confirm appointments. We have abundant proof that Congress is not the proper body to deal with a delicate question between nations, and that its power to drive us into war by its insults of foreign nations should be taken away, while the power of the Senate over treaties makes negotiation with foreign governments almost fruitless. If we are to increase our international complications we should have a government which can transact international business secretly if necessary; at all events, intelligently, politely, and effectively. If our boundaries are to touch those of Europe at their sorest points, we ought to minimize the chances of causeless wars. We know now from General WOODFORD that all the proposed results of our war with Spain could have been obtained without war, and that diplomacy was about to win the victory for us, when Congress slanged the country into war. We ought to take away also the power of the Senate over appointments, especially if we are to become a military power, for we have seen how weak and ineffective the influence of the Senate has made the Executive, and how it has filled the army with ignorant and inexperienced youth, to the loss doubtless of many valuable lives. We ought to have a stronger Executive, a better administrative force, for we cannot safely intrust the power to govern colonies and the opportunity to incense foreign powers to heelers and strikers.

It will be a long time before the country will come to this, and in the mean time it will suffer by its unreadiness and the inherent weakness of a system upon which we will be forcing functions and duties which it was never intended that it should perform. But the greatest suffering will be at home and in our domestic politics. Our troubles here come from the rule of corrupt and ignorant men, who, to speak generally, are in politics for money-making. It seems to us to be the first duty of every friend of the country to exert himself to the utmost to inform the public mind and to awaken the public conscience, with a view of driving the present race of politicians out of power, so that vulgar commercialism shall no longer stain the escutcheon of the republic. But the first step towards the accomplishment of the object should be the restriction and decrease of opportunity. In taking on new colonies, however, we are increasing opportunity, and enlarging the field for the politics of cupidity and plunder. We are making predatory politics more attractive. This, as we have said, will hurt most at home, for it will make the fight against bosses and bandits harder and longer. Expansion, for the moment at least, will strengthen bad government.

Finally we shall be discrediting democratic government everywhere. We declared that our war was one of humanity, and we promised that it should not be turned into one of aggrandizement. Our enemies in Europe declared that we were not sincere, and now they will have occasion to believe that their charge was just, and that the word of a popular government is not to be trusted. These, in brief, are some of the evils that must come upon us if the Senate ratifies such a treaty of peace as our commissioners in Paris are trying to make. In return we shall get very little, not enough to pay for half the expense of defending our new possessions. The cost will be enormous and unnecessary; but it will not ruin us. The evils which we incur will not destroy the republic nor put an end to the democratic experiment. In the end we shall surmount our difficulties; and, in generations of the far-distant future, humanity may be the better for what apparently we are about to do to-day. Let us hope so, at all events. We firmly believe that government of the people, by the people, for the people is not to perish from the earth, even when its chosen champions seem to turn their backs upon it.

## RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

SINCE 1895, when the SALISBURY government came into office, the Church of England has had a more disturbing part in English politics than at any other time during this generation, and the attitude of the government towards the Church seems likely to bring it into as much trouble as anything else in its domestic policy. The clergy of the Church of England worked unusually hard for the Conservatives at the general election, and soon received their reward in the shape of the Education Act of 1897, which practically provides that Church schools shall be maintained entirely out of the public treasury, while the clergy are left in full and absolute control of their local management.

This was the most retrograde Parliamentary measure of this century, and it has afforded the Liberal party the best opportunity it is likely to have of assailing the domestic policy of the SALISBURY administration at the next general election. It was a concession to the Church which has aroused the non-conformists; which has helped the Liberals to detach themselves from the home-rule movement, because of the support given by the Nationalists to the Conservatives in their educational policy; and it has done more to unite English Liberals than anything else that has happened since the great split of 1886.

The government has incensed the non-conformists by its acts of commission. It has aroused the hostility of the Evangelicals in the Church of England, and given a stimulus to the anti-ritualistic agitation, by what the Evangelicals regard as its acts of omission. Those who are now engaged in the anti-ritualistic campaign have two grievances against the government. They resent its refusal to grant a royal commission to inquire into the appointment of High Church bishops, which has occurred so frequently in the course of the last twenty-five years, during which the Premiership has been held either by GLADSTONE or Lord SALISBURY. They also resent the refusal of the government to take any Parliamentary action to stay the ritualistic movement.

As to the facts concerning ritualism, they are not questioned. The movement is spreading all over the country, but especially in London and in the large cities, and for five years past it has been giving Evangelical Churchmen much concern. The clerical innovators become more daring as the movement spreads, so that it is an easy matter to compile lists of churches at which services are regularly celebrated which, it is charged, have not the sanction of the prayer-book and are contrary to acts of Parliament. A little while ago one of the London newspapers enumerated the churches in the metropolis at which ritualistic services are held, and described in detail the services at several of the more extreme churches to show how nearly they approached to those of the Roman Catholics. At many of the London churches the clergy now describe themselves as priests; they speak of the service in the church as mass; and some of them preach the doctrines of the real presence and eucharistic sacrifice. Vest-ments, altar lights, and incense are commonly used, and at some churches there are holy-water stoups. It is charged that at scores of the churches of the Establishment in different parts of England the prayer-book has ceased to be the guide to services and celebrations; that extra services are instituted, and that little heed is given to the Parliamentary enactments which are supposed to regulate the conduct of the clergy in their ecclesiastical offices.

The bishops have power to prevent all departures from the prayer-book and the law. But the Evangelical Churchmen complain that the bishops themselves are ritualists, and instead of checking the clergy, rather sympathize with the practices which the anti-ritualists regard as illegal and tending Romewards. Despairing of help from the bishops, the anti-ritualists last session turned to the Parliament. When a bill was going through the House of Commons, having for one of its objects the prevention of the induction of unworthy clergymen, they sought to add a clause which would have enabled parishioners to veto the appointment of extremists in ritual. The government, however, gave no support to the clause, and it was then that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, the leader of the Liberal opposition, first began to champion the cause of the Evangelicals, and to associate himself actively with the present anti-ritualistic agitation. Some curious results have followed. The Evangelical Churchmen are now appealing to non-conformists for help, and non-conformists are receiving the thanks and congratulations of Orangemen, usually the extremists of church and state Tories. The Evangelicals claim that the government lost a seat at a by-election at Southport owing to its apathy towards the ritualistic movement; and generally the whole controversy, the persistency of the anti-ritualists on the one side and the aggression of the ritualists on the other, is forcing the Church of England into politics in an altogether unlooked-for manner.

## FRANCE'S OPPORTUNITY.

M. BRISSON was turned out of office because he considered and announced that the demand for a revision of the DREYFUS trial could no longer be withstood. The expulsion of his ministry for that reason was of course disgraceful to France, but the circumstances greatly attenuate the disgrace. The power of the army in bullying public men has, it is true, again been exhibited. The Minister of War, who succeeded one minister guilty of what may be called oral forgery to bring about the conviction of a culprit, and another who read to the legislature a forged document in order to justify that conviction, showed himself worthy of these predecessors. He resigned to the Chamber by way of resenting the action of his colleagues, about which they declare that he had been consulted, and in which he had acquiesced. But the great thing is that in a Chamber packed against revision—for revision was the issue upon which it was elected—the anti-revisionists had a majority of some fifty only, while before HENRY'S forgery and "assisted suicide" the revisionists could muster but three votes altogether, while the placarding of the document which HENRY afterwards confessed to have forged was ordered by a unanimous vote. That the BRISSON ministry was dismissed in such a Chamber by so narrow a majority shows that truth and reason are making their way in France.

The question of revision has been taken out of politics by the decision of the Court of Cassation that DREYFUS was improperly condemned. What is left in politics is the question whether the chiefs of the army shall be permitted to override law and justice and fact and reason in the name of the honor of the army. Their contention has been that the honor of the army forbade a French government to admit that an honest mistake might have been made by a court martial. In order to prevent such an admission the chiefs of the army, it is now seen, have maintained and protected the honor of the army by perjury and subornation of perjury, forgery and subornation of forgery. They have succeeded in bullying every President and every minister who has been in office since the suspicion that DREYFUS was improperly convicted began to spread. Not a Minister of War, in particular, has held office since who has not been either an active accomplice in the work of perverting justice and stifling truth, or an inconceivably credulous dupe of the conspirators. Not a chief of the staff, scarcely a high officer of the staff, remains unsmirched. Generals in uniform have gone to court and, under pretence of giving testimony, have directed verdicts; while the judges, who should have rebuked them, have encouraged them in putting the army above the law. The one officer of the general staff who has shown a real sensitiveness to the honor of the French army, and has urged that it be saved by doing justice, is in prison on a purely malicious charge.

Such is the condition with which the DUPUY ministry finds itself confronted. The real task of that ministry is to assert and maintain the supremacy of the civil power. It has many advantages for such a task. It would be impossible to assemble a ministry of experienced French politicians who had not been more or less "mixed up" with the previous phases of the DREYFUS case. But not one of the new ministry can be said to have been actually smirched. President FAURE is perhaps more deeply implicated than any one of them, but he is not likely to resist a clear declaration of the public will. If the ministry can induce the legislature to take the ground that no Frenchman is above the law, and that perjury and forgery are the same crimes when committed by officers in defence of the honor of the army as by other persons from other motives, it will have deserved well of the republic. If it cannot make this showing, the republic will no longer exist, for it will have been supplanted by a military oligarchy.

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## THE "BLACK HAND" IN PUERTO RICO.

WHEN you have observed in the New York papers that a town in Puerto Rico has been burned by bandits, and, later, have seen the mail-coaches between San Juan and Ponce travelling for a large part of their journey under an armed guard, you will no doubt form your idea of the character of the country accordingly, and straightway wish to protest against the removal of troops from such a lawless and disorganized community. When you also hear rumors of a dreaded secret brotherhood, with the name and insignia of the "Black Hand," holding under a reign of terror the mountain towns of Adjuntas and



"THE WARNING OF THE BLACK HAND."

Utuado, you will perhaps consider the expediency of returning to its former owner territory so unrestful and unpacified.

This, it will be understood, is your conception of the situation as a result of your broad observation from the Hotel Inglaterra in San Juan and the Plaza Café in Ponce. Your experience with the shopkeepers, moreover, may tend to confirm your conviction that all Borinquens are lineal descendants of the buccaneers.

This deduction, however, will be modified when you come to know the Puertoriqueños of the mountains. They are not, you will find, bandits by profession and law-breakers by choice, but a docile and gentle folk, whose kindly ways make your ponderous army "Colt" seem as useful and appropriate for travel in their country as would be a dress waistcoat or a silk hat. The friendly "bueno' dia'," from the door of every cocoa-thatched hut, is not merely a greeting, but a frank expression of good-will. The hospitality of the native of the mountains is as exuberant as the foliage that surrounds his door. The ready offering of fragrant coffee and aguacates or bananas is as spontaneous as it is acceptable. Outside of Ponce or San Juan, where, by-the-way, the shopkeepers are largely Spanish by birth or sympathy, one finds the native not only honest and law-abiding, but peaceable to a degree that is surprising, when one considers the fiery sugar-cane rum which is their daily beverage.

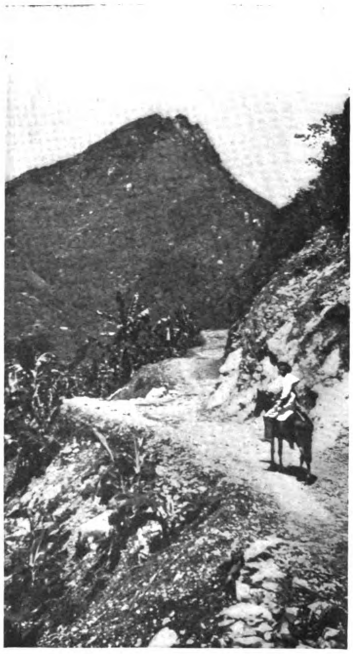
A chance stranger is somewhat puzzled, having this knowledge of the kindly nature of the Borinquen, to see in the town of Adjuntas and the surrounding country a more sinister spirit, evidenced by the smoking ruins of plantation-houses and acres of coffee-bushes cut close to the ground; by cattle hamstrung and left to die by the way-side, and families fleeing with their household goods to places of safety. On an occasional door or store front appears a single black print of a human hand. If the native be questioned, he responds with a sidelong glance and finger on his lip.

"El mano negro," he whispers.

A photograph of the grim symbol is obtained only after much diplomatic negotiation with the owner of the house, who is not eager to appear in the light of one bearing evidence against the shadowy Presence. One learns that the dreaded token on the door is the precursor of a masked band coming by night to leave a record of its visit written with torch and machete. He hears of a woman and child hacked with knives and left for dead on the Lares Road; of a plantation owner, aged and infirm, beaten and tortured, his ears cut off, and, finally, in the presence of his son, hanged from a rafter in a house. He sees traces of pillage and arson. All these signs of violence, though dispiriting to the solitary traveller, need not change his estimate of the people formed in his first ride over the mountains. These crimes will later assume their proper place in the perspective of history. Some of them are a part of the outlawry that must needs attend the close of a war. In most cases, however, what he sees is merely a rude balancing of accounts. The items on one side have been accumulating for some four centuries, and it is not surprising that the lower class of Puertoriqueños should wish to make a few additional entries before the United States closes the ledger permanently.

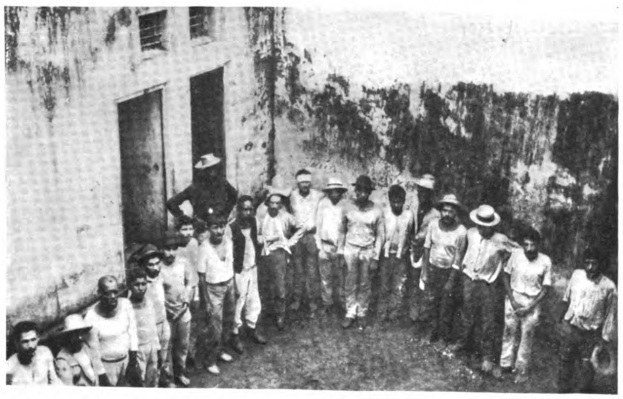
It has been the business of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment to suppress this persecution of the Spanish residents, and the task has been by no means an easy one. By the terms of the protocol only such territory could be occupied by the American forces as was *de facto* in their possession at the time hostilities ceased. The practical result of the agreement was that a hazy boundary-line was drawn between the Spanish and American outposts. This uncertainty left a strip of country some eight miles broad entirely without protection. It is in this district that most of the outrages have occurred. Although these have been committed to a large extent by irresponsible negroes and the lower class of natives, there has been some evidence of an organized effort to drive the Spanish sympathizers from the island. The secret society called—from its picturesque method of warning its victims—the "Black Hand" is a political organization known to have existed in the island before the beginning of the American war with Spain. It had its origin, as did the Mafia and Camorra of Sicily and Naples, in the necessity for the existence of individual action against the evils of oppressive foreign government. It is known that members of the prevailing political party belong to it, but it is of course difficult to ascertain whether it was actively identified with either side of the question of autonomy which came before the people at their last election. It is certain, however, that its energies are at present devoted to the business of making the island an unprofitable place of residence for the plantation-owners and small merchants who have been associated with Spanish misrule in the past. The plantations and stores that have been attacked in and about Utuado have all belonged to Spaniards, but one Puertoriqueño having so far requested protection. In the district around Isabella and Quebradillas there have been attacks made on both native and Spaniard, but it is supposed that these are not attributable to the "Black Hand," being beyond the mountainous region which appears to constitute its jurisdiction.

The country between Adjuntas and Utuado is admirably adapted to the purposes of brigandage. Beyond Adjuntas the roads are little more than mountain trails, and it is said that a man can start on foot from the latter town and arrive at Utuado before a well-mounted rider can make the same distance. This fact, together with the existence everywhere of dense tropical foliage reaching to the summits of the mountains, renders pursuit of the

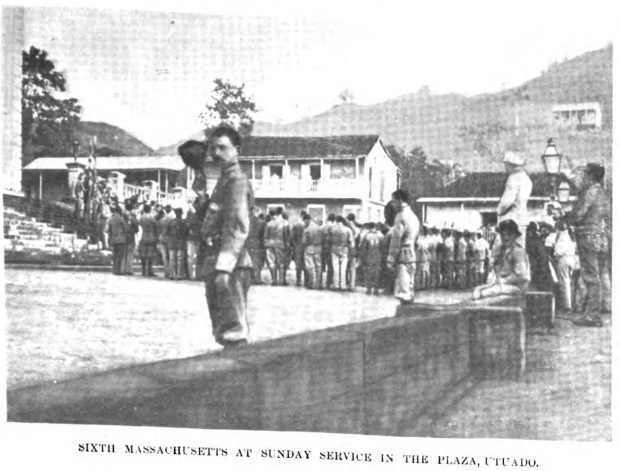


ADJUNTAS—UTUADO ROAD—CONSTRUCTED BY GENERAL STONE FROM A SMALL MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

outlaws impracticable for American troops. Some twenty-seven details, each consisting of from two to ten men, have been sent out from Utuado to guard plantations and make arrests. Only two of these have had firing to do, in each of which cases the bandits were in the distance and offered no resistance. These details are sent out when requests are made of Colonel Rice for protection and horses are furnished to enable the men to reach the plantations threatened. The conditions prevailing have made it necessary to institute a system of "sweating," by which suspected members of the band are confined separately and examined as to their connection with the organization. Up to the 30th of September, thirty-three suspects have been confined in the carcel in Utuado, and a large number of native prisoners have been held for trial before the alcalde of the town since; so far as possible there has been no interference with the civil laws of the community. The American officers have found these preliminary examinations before the municipal judiciaries to be significantly lenient. It is thought probable that the influence of the "Black Hand" has filtered into the civil administration and courts of justice of the island, so that in many cases the alcalde, and even his common council, are members of the society.



CAPTURED BANDITTI—UTUADO.

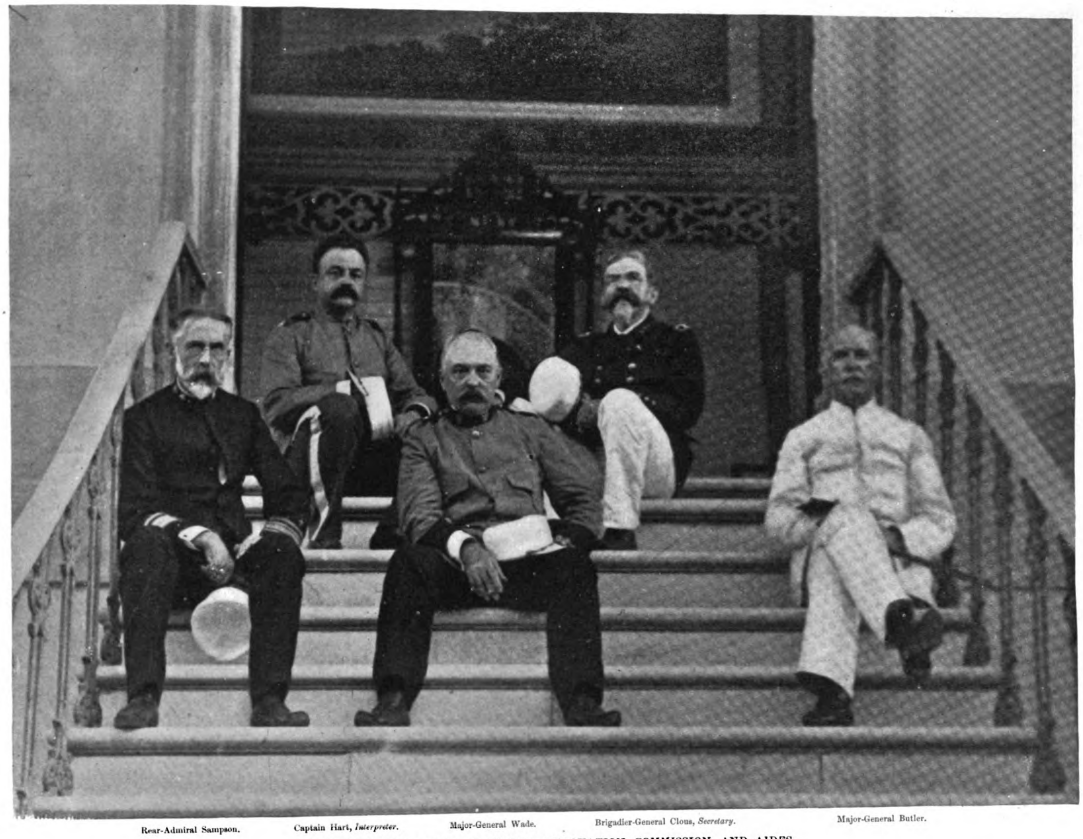


SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS AT SUNDAY SERVICE IN THE PLAZA, UTUADO.

In addition to the more violent methods of harassing the Spanish residents, a process of isolation or boycott is used against them, by which they are prevented from procuring a sufficient number of laborers to work their plantations. As the present month is the season for picking coffee, the dearth of plantation-workers is severely felt. How effective a native boycott is may be understood from the fact that a steam-laundry erected by the British consul in Arecibo is now a rusting pile of neglected machinery as a result of this form of organized opposition on the part of the natives. In some cases the persecution takes the form of blackmail, demanded by letters written under the seal of the "Black Hand."

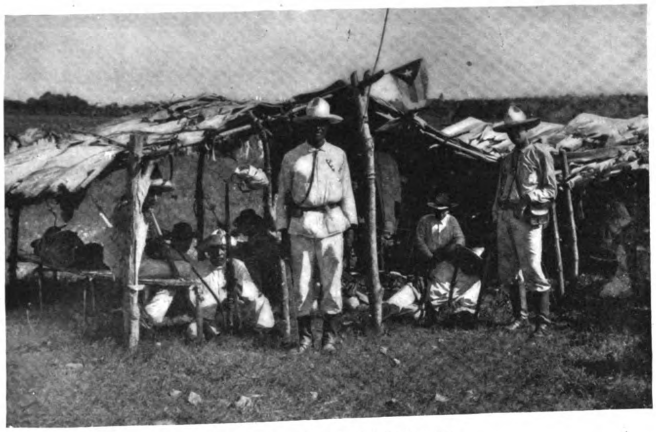
When the town of Utuado was first occupied by our troops the order was issued, as usual, that all arms should be taken from the citizens of the town and from the inhabitants of the surrounding country wherever weapons were encountered. It was found necessary to modify this order, as the Spanish residents would be without the means of defending their lives and property from the attacks of the outlaws, momentarily

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Rear-Admiral Sampson. Captain Hart, *Interpreter.* Major-General Wade. Brigadier-General Clous, *Secretary.* Major-General Butler.

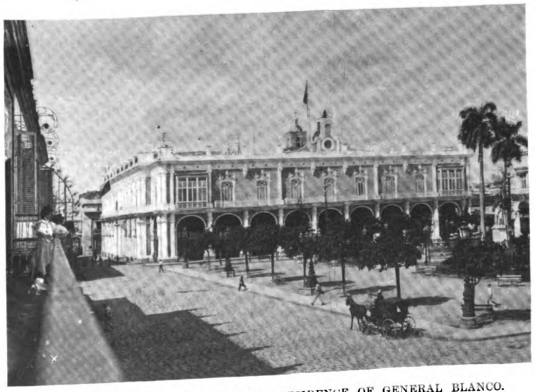
THE AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE EVACUATION COMMISSION, AND AIDES.



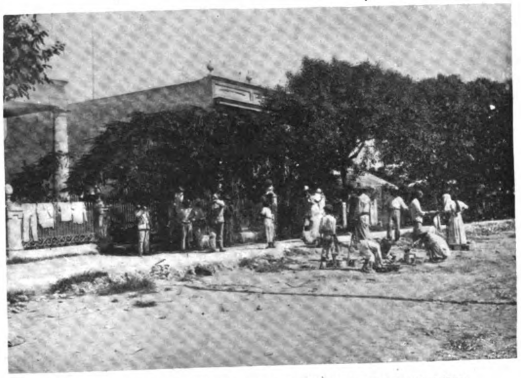
A TYPICAL INSURGENT—GUANABACOA.



THE INSURGENT CAMP AT GUANABACOA.



THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE—RESIDENCE OF GENERAL BLANCO.



FEEDING THE POOR AT NOON—AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE.

IN AND ABOUT HAVANA.—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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expected. Arms were therefore allowed in the possession of those citizens whom the American officers had reason to believe were in need of protection. To those was also given the security which the presence of American soldiers always insures. The ability of a handful of Americans to care for two hundred or more outlaws has been frequently demonstrated. Notably so in the case of Private Edwards of the First Kentucky Regiment. He was assigned to the duty of guarding a plantation house alone, and proved himself amply capable of doing so. A party of some hundred armed men approached the house and were met in the road by the American, who, after an unnoticed challenge, settled the matter quietly and expeditiously, and without unnecessary waste of time or ammunition. When the "Black Hand" representatives withdrew, they left three of their number on the ground pierced with bullets, and one, with a bayonet-thrust in the neck received in a hand-to-hand encounter. There was no need thereafter for guards at that particular plantation. It is to be hoped that Private Edwards received his chevrons.

Since the withdrawal of the Spanish troops from the island, and the assumption by the American forces of the entire responsibility of maintaining order, it is reasonably to be expected that further acts of violence on the part of the "Black Hand" will not be attempted. Considering the fact that the country presents a combination of geographical and moral circumstances highly favorable to lawless pursuits, there has been, on the whole, a remarkable freedom from those conditions which are naturally to be expected at the close of a war. The "Black Hand," with a spirit behind it as bitter as any that existed in the South at the close of the war, has been guilty of no such record as had the Ku-Klux in Louisiana and Georgia. The symptoms of violence on the part of the members of this secret society are not to be taken as an indication of the Puertoriqueño's unfitness for a place in the American body politic. The better class appreciates the truth of the observation made by a local paper, that "outrage is a two-edged sword which may deprive us of our right to liberty....He is an enemy of Puerto Rico who to-day attempts to disturb the civilizing actions of the American people, appealing to violence and to illegalities, when all the doors are open to us to obtain our aspirations for liberty and justice."

JOHN HAMILTON THACHER.

## ART IN PITTSBURG.

THE third annual exhibition at the Carnegie Art Galleries, Pittsburg, fully maintains the interest aroused by the previous ones. The reason is that the same principle has guided the management. They have once more secured an epitome of the best that is being accomplished in all the art centres of America and Europe. There is no other such annual exhibition anywhere, and consequently Pittsburg compels the serious attention of all intelligent art-lovers. Its characteristics are variety, excellence, and reasonableness of size. There are not more than two hundred and forty-four exhibits, so that each one can be comfortably and thoroughly studied, and it may be added that there are very few which will not repay the study. The impression produced upon the visitor is that it is distinctly the livest exhibition he has seen. The aims and methods of the painters are so varied that, instead of the exhausting sameness which characterizes so many exhibitions, this one is fertile in suggestions, fresh, spontaneous, and vital. The foolish cry was raised in previous years that the introduction of a foreign element was a slight upon American painters. If American art were in its infancy there might be some point in the assertion. The child would feel awed in the presence of the man. But in the same breath it is asserted that our native art has passed this stage, and can hold its own in the world. If so, why need it fear competition? As a matter of fact, it need not.

It is recognized everywhere as a real force to be reckoned with, and it makes the truth fully felt in the present exhibition, so that it may be hoped we have heard the last of an unworthy reflection upon the broad-minded policy of the Carnegie trustees. It should be borne in mind also that while the latter are incidentally and very materially encouraging American art by the prizes they offer and the pictures they buy, their first and foremost aim is to cultivate the taste and knowledge of their citizens and of the public outside who have the opportunity to visit the exhibition. This is the distinctive feature. The painter may here obtain glory—witness the growing esteem in which the gold medal conferred is being held in Europe as well as in this country. But the glorification of the painter is not the first thought. It is the enlightenment of the people by showing them the best that is being done everywhere, thereby broadening their knowledge, stimulating discernment, and preparing them to sanely and fully understand the work of their own men. An understanding public is as necessary to the spread of art as good painters, and an understanding of what is being done at home is likely to be broader and deeper when it grows out of an extended comparison of many men and many manners.

The coveted gold medal has been won this year by Dwight William Tryon's "Early Spring in New England," reproduced on another page. It is a large and important picture, executed with a mature knowledge of what painters call values—that is to say, the relative variations in the planes of the landscape produced by intervening layers of atmosphere. The effect is an absolutely faithful representation of nature, not in the sense of being photographically accurate, but in the just subordination of detail to general effect that shows up the impression which the scene would present to the eye. More than this, the picture is full of human feeling. It represents the scene as it would appeal to the imagination and heart of a sympathetic observer. It is creative in a true sense.

The human quality is hardly so apparent in the silver-medal picture of Childe Hassam, entitled "The Sea." This is rather an example mainly, if not quite entirely, of technique, of the exceeding skill with which warm light and shadows are depicted and a brilliant intricacy of beautiful color is obtained. It is unquestionably lovely and masterful, but it does not make a particularly personal appeal to the observer. Mr. Hassam works in the method of Monet, laying on his color unmixed in separate brush strokes, which at the requisite distance do their own blending. But in its vigor and almost brusque decision his style is distinctly his own. This picture cannot fail to raise the painter in the estimation of his fellows and the public.

The bronze medal has been awarded to Alexander Roche for "The Window-seat." He is a Scotchman, originally of Glasgow, and this picture, painted in soft grays and blues, browns and whites, has the strong personal expression, in this case pensive and earnest, that is the one characteristic which unites the very different units that make up what is erroneously called "the Glasgow school." The "honorable mentions" are "The Shepherd," by an English painter, E. A. Walton, and "Roses," by John F. Weir. The former is a strong presentment of a sturdy youth, with the speechless earnestness in his face that grows out of keeping solitary watch upon the mountains; while the latter represents the sentiment as well as the appearance of the flowers.

Only a brief mention can be made of some of the most notable of the other American pictures. In "The Golden Screen" Edmund C. Tarbell gives a bewitching and masterful rendering of a girl, in white dress and purple hat, sitting before a Japanese screen. By the skill with which he has introduced the light and made the shadows luminous with reflected tints he has produced an *ensemble* that is powerful and yet infinitely subtle and tender. Those who remember J. J. Shannon's "Miss Kitty," of last year, will find in his present picture, "The Stairs," something of the same graciousness of expression. A girl turns her head towards us as she steps up the stairs; her body is curved forward, one hand holds up her skirt. The tone of the picture is silvery gray. The characteristics are the grace, refinement, and piquancy of fresh young girlhood. Frank W. Benson sends one more of his altogether beautiful studies of children, this time in a wood. Frederick D. Freer also represents two children in a wood, calling his picture "Resting," to which he succeeds in giving a charming sense of noonday heat and calm. A "Dutch Bride" standing in a field of brilliant tulips comes from George Hitchcock, a very striking and, as you get used to it, convincing and beautiful picture; and Louis Paul Dessar sends three of his night scenes, one of which, "Sheepfold at Night," is especially distinguished for the effect of luminous gloom, and the impression which it conveys of tired nature sinking to rest. John S. Sargent is represented by a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps, seen last year, and by a new one of Mrs. Galbraith Wood, which shows the painter in one of his moods of almost brutal frankness. Of all the portraits, probably the finest, certainly the most persuasive, is one by Miss Cecilia Beaux. The sitter is a lady in the flower of her health and beauty; and the representation involves a breadth of execution and of sympathy with the subject that makes one hazard the opinion that it is the ripest work Miss Beaux has yet produced.

The trustees of the Carnegie Art Galleries have put themselves at the head of the art movement not only in America, but also in Europe. An exhibition so choice, varied, and at the same time summarizing so completely the art tendencies of to-day is without parallel anywhere.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

## THE WEST INDIES.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

### IS JAMAICA WORTH HAVING?

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, *October 21, 1898.*

IN the United States it is the present fashion to say, "We do not want Jamaica; we have enough on our hands already." But American sentiment is often based on material business considerations, and underlying this affectation of sufficient responsibilities is an idea that Jamaica is bankrupt. As a matter of fact, Jamaica is nothing of the kind, and in spite of frequent misfortunes, the finances of the island have shown a most remarkable buoyancy.

The explanation of the misconception as to its solvency is simple enough. A royal commission reported a year ago upon the British West Indies, and summaries of this important document were published in all the British and colonial newspapers, magazines, and reviews. All had their say about it; while in America the more striking and salient conclusions of the report were set forth in the press far and wide. Now the sum and substance of the whole report may be given in a single sentence. "There is," said the commissioners, addressing her Majesty, "every reason to believe that a very serious condition of things is rapidly approaching in your Majesty's West Indian possessions, and that the crisis will be reached in a very few years."

This grave statement went out to the world without any qualifying facts, and I myself was not aware, until I came to read their bulky report, that the commissioners specially and repeatedly *excluded Jamaica* from the danger which is said to be impending over the rest of the West Indies. As well they might. For the island is virtually inexhaustible in resources, and in the present year of "bankruptcy" is actually exporting more produce than it did fifteen years ago, when there was no such abnormal "depression" as Jamaica is to-day grumbling about. But then Jamaica has long ago made itself unpopular in Great Britain by grumbling. It is true it has been in some respects an unfortunate spot, and has had its opportunities for justifiable complaint, but by continually calling itself "distressful" it has succeeded in frightening away capital and getting itself called bankrupt.

But of all the British West Indian possessions, Jamaica (with the exception of Guiana, which has gold-mines) is the only one that is independent of sugar. This once beneficent giant is now looked upon in these colonies as a malevolent ogre, and when the royal commissioners speak of imminent catastrophe they mean the collapse of sugar cultivation under competition with Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Haiti in American occupation. But in this direction the black shadow of coming events does not darken the Jamaican prospect. Sugar has already, in recent years, dropped from being over 70 per cent. of her total export value to be about 20 per cent. But in the same period fruit has risen from nothing at all to be nearly 70 per cent. of the total! And Jamaica has the advantage over all the other colonies of numerous subsidiary industries—coffee, cocoa, pimento, ginger, among them—all of which are profitable to-day and capable of immense extension in the future, while in her logwood, fustic, and other woods she has assets of prodigious value. "On the whole," as the commissioners say, "there appears to us no ground for despondency as to the future of Jamaica, either in view of the possible failure of the sugar industry or on general considerations," and this opinion is practically supported by the fact that last year the island was able, without difficulty, to raise a loan in London at three per cent.

Is, then, Jamaica worth having? Even to Great Britain, with a fiscal policy hostile to her own colonies, and handicapped by the nearer markets of the United States, the island might easily be made well worth having, while if Jamaica should by any chance come under American control, there is no limit to the possibilities, for the island might then become one of the wonders of the world.

A hundred years ago Jamaica grew cotton, two millions of pounds a year; at the present day there is not a pound of cotton grown in the whole island! Then came sugar and rum, in 1880, to the value of a million sterling. Last year these two products were valued at £300,000! And now, cotton and sugar having failed, Jamaica makes good the great gap in her revenue by fruit. Twenty years ago there was not enough fruit exported to be worth a separate line in the official schedule of products. Last year it stood at half a million sterling! Here, then, are three facts which are convincing as to the buoyancy of Jamaican resources. And who, in the face of the astonishing range of alternative "agricultural" industries which the island can show, will say that if fruit were to go the way of cotton and sugar it would be at the end of its means of revenue?

"Blue Mountain" coffee holds its own against all comers in the markets of the world. Jamaica chocolate is of unbeatable excellence; in pimento (allspice) it has a monopoly; its ginger is world-famous; and nutmegs, cloves, and vanilla thrive in the island luxuriously; the local tobacco makes cigars good enough for the governor's smoking, for the club and the officers' mess; the tea is excellent, and the grapes delicious; of the value of the kola-nut coming into such prominence in the United States, and which flourishes here like a weed, I need say nothing; while cocoanut husks and the fibre-plants—bamboo, China-grass and Sisal-hemp—which are by-products of lands that will not bear the richer-feeding crops, may any day come into prominence. Nor need I say anything of the fruits of Jamaica, as the fact above stated, that the value of the exports under this one head amounted to £500,000 speaks sufficiently.

But to show how backward in enterprise Jamaica is, and as a hint to American and British capital, it is worth noting that here, in the very home of fruits and spices and delicatessen, we buy Canadian ketchups and Dundee marmalade. New York and London provide the jams and pickles and sauces that are in consumption, while Jamaica, out of the abundance of its own relishes and good things, sends nothing abroad in return. Turtle sells in the market here at twelve cents a pound; in England it costs two dollars and a half. But who ever heard of "Jamaica turtle"? The manufacture on the spot of table condiments and like luxuries, and their canning and bottling for export, hold out great possibilities to intelligent outsiders. Of late, very recently, it has struck the Jamaican mind as possible that making lime juice and marmalade at home, and exporting the made article instead of the perishable fruit itself, might be advantageous, but there is nothing being done on an appropriate scale, with proper machinery and of sufficient excellence. There is a great opening here.

Again, what has Jamaica ever done in the direction of food-stuffs for stock? Tens of thousands of pounds' worth of bananas are annually wasted, thrown away, which should make superb horse, cattle, and poultry meal. The yam, too, grows anywhere, a single root occasionally weighing fifty pounds, and if produced in quantities and sent to Europe as cattle food, it might surely compete profitably with similar products from India and from Australia. Here is another opening for the investment of capital and the development of agricultural industry.

Closely allied to agriculture is the raising of horses and stock. Now it is a very interesting fact that the island has for two centuries not only been breeding its own horses, but exporting them. Cromwell's soldiers, when they took possession of Jamaica, found horses wild, in droves—Barbs and Andalusians imported by the Spaniards and run wild. From that day to this thoroughbred sires and mares have been imported into Jamaica, and the consequence is that the island possesses a most remarkably hardy and useful breed of horses, seldom over fifteen hands, but "game" and gentle to a degree. The climate and feed suit horses perfectly. Mules, too, of great grit and apparently inexhaustible stamina are bred in the island, £30 ($150) being no unusual price for a single animal. Now the demand for draught-animals far exceeds the supply. But at present there is no establishment on the island that tries to meet the demand in anything like an effectual manner. Yet when we consider the prices paid for Jamaican horses—as race-horses they go all over the West Indies and the adjacent mainland—and the prices of labor and of food, it is curious that an industry which apparently can command large profits from the start, should not be in full swing on an appropriate scale.

For cattle Jamaica is notoriously suited, and no one who has ever visited the island has failed to be struck by the bulk and stature of the stock at work on the roads or at pasture in the paddocks. By crossing with East-Indian breeds there is now in general use a big-framed, hardy animal, the bullocks very enduring and willing at draught, and the cows giving as much as sixteen quarts of milk a day in the dairy farm. But there are not enough of them. A big cattle-ranch on the waste lands, at present yielding nothing and in the possession of government, would pay good interest on capital if run with American or Australian experience and enterprise.

Very briefly and only in one direction I have referred to several features which, with the proper hands and heads at work—and I would give the preference to American investors as likely to make the best of this remarkable island—might go a long way towards settling the question of the worth of Jamaica. That it is worth having even as it is, and to England, hardly admits of doubt, while if it were in the possession of the United States, Americans would soon discover that Jamaica is not by any means "bankrupt," and is (in spite of the responsibilities of Cuba and Puerto Rico) worth their having too.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

ACCORDING to the Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily News*, Mark Twain has announced his conversion by the Czar to a belief in the possibility of putting an end to war. The announcement was made in a speech before the Society of the Friends of Peace, in Vienna. Mr. Clemens spoke in English, and the despatch says, "The speech was not interpreted to the assembly, because the government representative doubted that all Mr. Clemens said would bear translation." That is a little vague. Were the translators doubtful of their ability to turn Mark's vernacular into German, or was it that our fellow-countryman was too frank in revealing his impressions? If he will send his speech home, readers will be found for it.

It would appear that the outbreak of the Pillager Indians was a successful effort. Indian-Commissioner Jones reports that they had two just grievances. The whites who are their neighbors cheat them out of their timber, and are enabled to do it more easily by the bad system which hitherto has governed the sale of this timber. The Commissioner hopes to have the system bettered. The other grievance is that Indians have been brought as witnesses before the United States court, two hundred miles from home, and have been turned loose, after testifying, without fees, or means of getting home. The Pillagers having brought their wrongs to public notice by their fight, are in a way to have them redressed, though it appears that they hardly intended to go as far as they did, and the fighting seems to have been due to misapprehension rather than to deliberate purpose. As usual, the mischief was made by rascally white civilians, and the sufferers have been the Indians, and the soldiers and officers of the United States army.

Lady Theodore Martin, better known as Helen Faucit, actress, made last week a dignified exit from the world's stage. She was in many particulars a notable member of her profession, being a successful performer not only on the stage but off it, and winning high renown and rewards in her profession without the sacrifice of her personal happiness. She was born as long ago as 1819, both her parents being actors of note. Her early teachers in her profession were Macready and William Farron. She began her stage career in 1834, made her first appearance in London in 1836, and from that time until her marriage, in 1851, to Theodore Martin, was a favorite actress throughout Great Britain. In 1837 she joined Macready's company, and became leading lady to that eminent actor, playing for fourteen years chiefly under his management, with credit, profit, and high distinction. After her marriage her dramatic appearances became more irregular, but she continued on the stage until 1876, and indeed made one or two public appearances after that. She had great beauty and great intelligence, and a personal character which helps one to understand why her greatest impersonations were *Juliet*, *Beatrice*, *Constance*, *Imogen*, *Portia*, and *Rosalind*—all Shakespearian women. Her book *On Some of the Female Characters of Shakespeare* is a work of note. It is doubtless Mr. Winter who, in the *Tribune*, speaks of her as "always adequate to all that is essentially noble in womanlike characters, so that she could greatly express a great and pure ideal."

Her later years were devoted to literature and society, and, as the wife of Sir Theodore Martin, poet, and biographer of the Prince Consort, she became a true ornament of the best society in England.

More thought than votes has been bestowed this fall on the doings of the Citizens' Union. It does not necessarily follow that because that party is a public nuisance it is not doing its business well. Its aim is political education. If it believes that more education may be diffused by beating a good candidate than by electing him, it will go in, hammer and tongs, to beat him. When Parnell entered Parliament, the Irish home-rule party, under the leadership of Butt, was merely deprecative. It accomplished nothing. Parnell's policy was to make the party the greatest nuisance possible to the British government, and to keep at it until something happened. Pursuing that policy he accomplished a great deal. The apparent belief of the Citizens' Union that there was more education to be got out of the election of Croker's man than out of the election of Roosevelt was not necessarily an unreasonable belief. Half a loaf is better than no bread, but the half-loaf diet gets tiresome after a while, and determined men may prefer to forego it and live on herbs for a time, if there seems to be a chance by so doing to win square meals in the end.

There is interesting reading in the interview with Rudyard Kipling reported by Sir Edward Russell, of the Liverpool *Post*, the gist of which was given in the *Sun* of October 31. Kipling is very chary about talking for publication, and it does not seem quite clear whether he knew in this case that his words would go into print, for Sir Edward does not mention his name in his report, and merely indicates by hints, inexact but conclusive, who it was that talked with him. They talked about Cecil Rhodes, for whom Kipling expressed the warmest sympathy and admiration. "The greatest of living men," he called him, and spoke of his personal indifference to money except as a useful tool in empire-building, of the simplicity of his life, his indifference to creature comforts, his accessibility, his swift transaction of business, and the nonsense of talk about inhumanity in him. Asked if Rhodes had in a public sense any morals, Kipling seems to have answered that Rhodes was making an empire. What concern had morals with such a labor? The best ideal is to spread civilization, and make an empire in doing it. To the suggestion that it was reassuring to think that the rules of religion had weight in public affairs as well as in private life, the response was that "religion has no influence on conduct." What was of consequence was that the Boers were in favor of everything benighted, and that Rhodes was in favor of everything progressive. The Boers Mr. Kipling declared to be "utterly detestable," cruel to the natives, neither civilized, nor picturesque in their uncivilization, nor righteous in their conduct. He discriminated between them and the Dutch, who are civilized, though slow. He held it to be preposterous to let the Boers have anything to do with politics anywhere where British interests were concerned.

It is a handy thing to have the convictions of one's courage, and in that particular Mr. Kipling, like our own Roosevelt, seems to be abundantly blessed. Some persons have been shocked by his poem about the hunter and the bear (published some weeks ago in *Literature*), in which he scoffs with sweeping derision at the Czar's peace projects, and advocates pounding Russia efficaciously on the head the first good chance. That poem is a product of the same state of mind as these later deliverances. The man believes in the good old rule, in Bismarck's way, in smiting the Philistines and harrying the Hittites, and in leaving excuses and justification to be worked out by the future historian at his leisure.

A line in the WEEKLY last week told of the death of Colonel George E. Waring, from yellow fever, on the morning of October 29, four days after his return from Cuba. When he reached New York on the *Yucatan* he was up and about, but complained of malaria. He went home to his apartment on Second Avenue, expecting to start next day for Washington. But on Wednesday he was not so well and kept his bed, and on Thursday it was ascertained that he had yellow fever. His recovery was expected, until Friday night, when his symptoms became alarming.

He has been mourned in a very unusual degree. Every one in New York, and tens of thousands of persons out of New York, knew him or knew about him, and felt that his death was a catastrophe in which they were personally concerned. Socially he was a delightful man and



COLONEL GEORGE E. WARING, JR.
Born July 4, 1833. Died October 29, 1898.

had a very large acquaintance, with whom he was exceedingly popular. So his death has brought grief to an unusual number of friends, and besides that has brought a regret which has a strong infusion of grief in it to thousands of men and women who knew him only by his works. He changed the whole appearance and atmosphere of New York, making it handsomer, healthier, and pleasanter. Parents were grateful to him as a man who had made their children's lives safer. He had worked as hard and as successfully, or more so, for the poor as for the rich. Every one in New York knew that we owed clean streets to Waring, and a very large proportion of those who knew it were grateful.

His work as the organizer and administrative head of the Street-Cleaning Department under Mayor Strong is so famous that his other good works are in some danger of being overshadowed. It is worth remembering that he was chosen for that place on the strength of his high reputation as a sanitary engineer and as a man who could do difficult things. He was born in Poundridge, New York, in 1833, and was educated in Poughkeepsie, where he studied engineering, agriculture, and agricultural chemistry. When he was twenty-one he went lecturing on agriculture in Vermont and Maine, and attracted the attention of Horace Greeley, who made him manager of his experimental farm at Chappaqua. In 1857 he was appointed drainage engineer of Central Park, and while in that employment planted the two rows of elms on the Mall.

When the war broke out he went to it as Major of the Garibaldi Hussars. Later he helped to raise the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, and was made a Colonel, and served as a Colonel till the war ended. In 1867 he became manager of the Ogden farm near Newport, where he lived and studied and practised his profession for ten years. He became so well known as a master of drainage problems and as a sanitary engineer that in 1878, when yellow fever broke out in Memphis, he was called to that city to devise a system of drainage. He did his work so well, under a system of his own devising, that Memphis was changed from the unhealthiest of the Southern cities to a comparatively salubrious place. Many other cities in the South and elsewhere have since adopted his system, which provides for the separation of house-drainage from surface-drainage. After serving as a special agent of the tenth census, he became a member of the National Board of Health. He began his work as Street-Cleaning Commissioner in New York in January, 1895, and, after three years of splendid achievement, was turned out of office as a consequence of Croker's victory last year. On October 2 he was appointed head of the commission to select camp sites in Cuba, and to arrange for sanitary improvements there. He paid special attention to the problem of cleaning Havana, and there is some comfort in the news that his report on that important matter was practically finished, and that the conclusions which he reached are available for government use.

Colonel Waring was a very agreeable writer. Long ago he published some civil-war stories under the title of *Whip and Spur*, as well as other sketches, but of late years his writing, as well as all his work, has been in the line of his profession. His work, though of immense value to his fellow-countrymen, had not enriched him. He died in the service of the country, at the height of his reputation, but without having accumulated even such a fortune as would avail for the modest support of his widow. The proposal that comes from ex-Mayor Strong, that a fund should be raised in his memory for Mrs. Waring's benefit, is timely and suitable, and is likely to find prompt and cordial support from thousands of citizens who feel themselves to be Colonel Waring's debtors.

It is announced that the troubled state of European politics will compel the German Emperor to cut short his visit to Palestine. He has changed his plan so as to leave out his proposed visits to Jericho, Nazareth, and the Sea of Galilee, but his chief errand is already accomplished. On Saturday, October 29, he reached Jerusalem, entering the city through the Jaffa gate to the music of brass bands and the roar of Turkish guns. From the Tower of David he and the Empress proceeded on foot to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where they were received by the Greek, Catholic, and Armenian clergy, who share the charge of that sacred place. The Patriarchs praised William for his piety, and later received his acknowledgments in the form of decorations. Undoubtedly he would gladly have decorated the Apostles also if he had arrived in time. Returning from the church the Emperor received a popular ovation, palm branches being strewn in his path, according to the immemorial custom of the country.

On Monday morning he raised the German flag on Mount Zion, on a piece of ground given to him by the Sultan, and notable as the traditional site of the former home of the Virgin. This land the Emperor placed in charge of the representatives of his Roman Catholic subjects, and telegraphed to the Pope his assurances to that effect.

On Tuesday came the consecration of the Church of the Redeemer, the special occasion of his journey. He walked to the church in the white uniform of the German Guards, the Empress with him, and both wearing many decorations. At the close of the splendid and impressive ceremonies of dedication he read an address acknowledging the obligations of the German people to the religion of Christ, and recording his desire for the promotion of peace on earth.

It is related that the Emperor is the first Christian who has been permitted to visit the tomb of David since 1187, that tomb being one of the most sacred shrines of the Mohammedans.

The status of the peace negotiations in Paris as the WEEKLY goes to press is that the American commissioners have announced that their government intends to take all the Philippines, and is willing to become responsible to Spain for a sum of money equal to the actual expenditures of Spain for the advantage of the islands and the good of the people who live in them. A large part of the Philippine debt of $40,000,000 was incurred for expenses in putting down rebellions, and all that our commissioners refuse to assume. The Spanish commissioners have communicated the American proposition to Madrid. The expectation is that the Spanish government will refuse to entertain it, and that a serious hitch in negotiations will result. It will be remembered that the question of the assumption of any part of the Cuban debt by our government is still unsettled, except so far as the firm attitude of our commissioners on that point may be considered as conclusive.

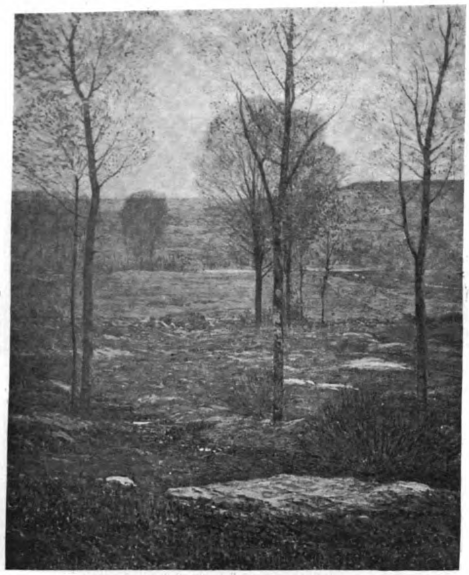
It is worth noting, as a comment on the position of our commissioners, that Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, an ardent annexationist, well known from his long association with the New York *Sun*, contributed to the October number of the *North American Review* an article in which, discussing the Philippine question, he held that the President, by agreeing to the terms of the protocol, abandoned our right to hold the Philippines as conquered territory, and "put the retention of all the islands by us out of the question, unless some consideration should be tendered which would be regarded in Madrid as *quid pro quo*." Mr. Hazeltine thought that a fair price for the Philippines would be the assumption of the whole Philippine debt and about one-fifth of the Cuban debt, or in all about one hundred million dollars. Our commissioners, under instructions from Washington, seem to intend to drive a very much harder bargain than that. The apparent sentiment of the administration that the Philippines are worth very little to us may find more sympathy in this country than the determination to get them cheap.

The British navy spent a good part of last week in rolling up its sleeves—first by way of impressing France with the expediency of moderating her claims to territory in Africa; next, to restrain the propensity of Russia to grab another port in the Far East. It seems that Russia, finding Great Britain busy with France over the Fashoda question, occupied, on October 15, the town of Niu-chwang, on the Liau-ho River, in the province of Liau-tung. On November 2 all the British war-ships at Wei-hai-wei cleared for action. No doubt something will come of all this activity; but no doubt, also, it will be something diplomatic, and not war.

The French Court of Cassation has granted the application for revision of the Dreyfus court martial, but has not as yet consented to the release of the prisoner pending the revision of his case. It is probable that the new inquiry will be secret. The court has authority to summon any witness in France, and to command, if it chooses, the presence of the accused. It could have turned the matter over to a second court martial, and that it did not do that is, so far as it goes, a gain for Dreyfus

E. S. MARTIN.

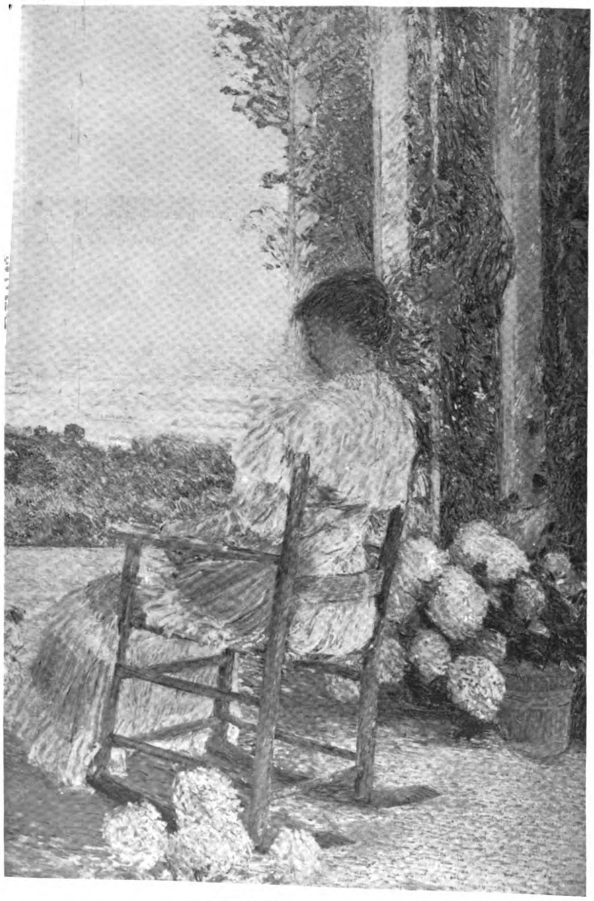
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"EARLY SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND."—DWIGHT W. TRYON.
Awarded Medal of the First Class, carrying with it an Award of $1500.



"THE WINDOW-SEAT."—ALEXANDER ROCHE.
Awarded Medal of the Third Class, carrying with it an Award of $500.



"THE SEA."—CHILDE HASSAM.
Awarded Medal of the Second Class, carrying with it an Award of $1000.

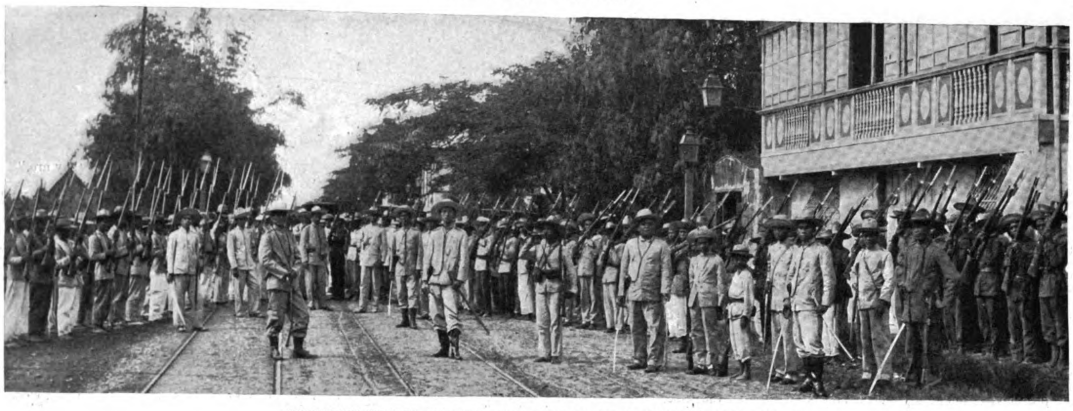


"THE SHEPHERD."—E. A. WALTON.
Awarded Honorable Mention.

PICTURES AWARDED HONORS AT THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG.

BY COURTESY OF THE INSTITUTE.—[SEE PAGE 1102.]

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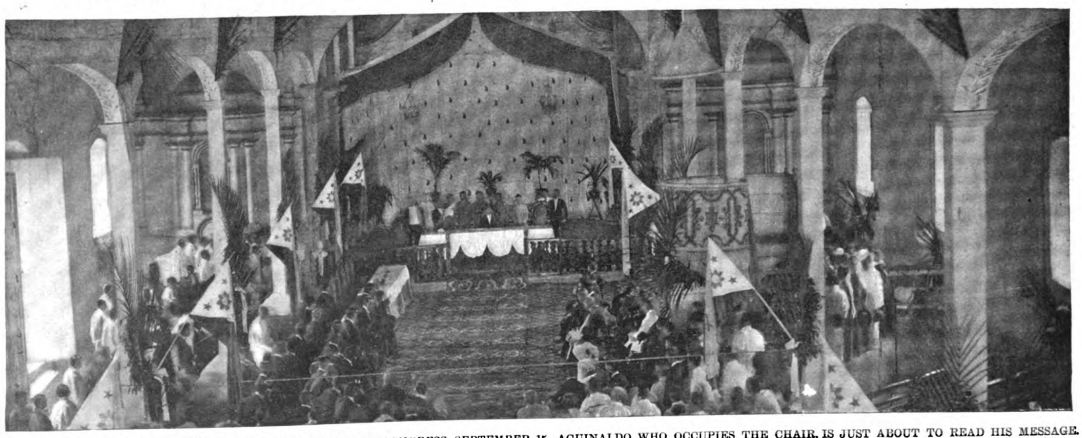
INSURGENT TROOPS AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF AGUINALDO, SEPTEMBER 13



ARRIVAL OF AGUINALDO IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE CONVENT, SEPTEMBER 14.



CROWD IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE CONVENT LISTENING TO THE SPEECH OF GENERAL BUENCAMINO, ON THE ARRIVAL OF AGUINALDO.



OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE FIRST FILIPINO CONGRESS, SEPTEMBER 15—AGUINALDO, WHO OCCUPIES THE CHAIR, IS JUST ABOUT TO READ HIS MESSAGE.

THE FILIPINO REPUBLIC—WITH AGUINALDO AT MALOLOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM OSCAR KING DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

### XVI.

THE lower windows of the great white house, which stood high and square, opened to a wide flagged terrace, the parapet of which, an old balustrade of stone, was broken in the middle of its course by a flight of stone steps that descended to a wonderful garden. The terrace had the afternoon shade and fairly hung over the prospect that dropped away and circled it—the prospect, beyond the series of gardens, of scattered, splendid trees and green glades, a horizon mainly of woods. Nanda Brookenham, one day at the end of July, coming out to find the place unoccupied as yet by other visitors, stood there awhile with an air of happy possession. She moved from end to end of the terrace, pausing, gazing about her, taking in with a face that showed the pleasure of a brief independence the combination of delightful things—of old rooms, with old decorations that gleamed and gloomed through the high windows, of old gardens that squared themselves in the wide angles of old walls, of wood walks rustling in the afternoon breeze and stretching away to further reaches of solitude and summer. The scene had an expectant stillness that she was too charmed to desire to break; she watched it, listened to it, followed with her eyes the white butterflies among the flowers below her, then gave a start as the cry of a peacock came to her from some unseen alley. It set her, after a minute, into less difficult motion; she passed slowly down the steps, wandering further, looking back at the big bright house, but pleased again to see no one else appear. If the sun was still high enough she had a pink parasol. She went through the gardens one by one, skirting the high walls that were so like "collections" and thinking how, later on, the nectarines and plums would flush there. She exchanged a friendly greeting with a man at work, passed through an open door and, turning this way and that, finally found herself, in the park, at some distance from the house. It was a point she had had to take another rise to reach, a place marked by an old green bench for a larger sweep of the view, which, in the distance, where the woods stopped, showed, in the most English way in the world, the color-spot of an old red village and the tower of an old gray church. She had sunk down upon the bench almost with a sense of adventure, yet not too fluttered to wonder if it wouldn't have been happy to bring a book; the charm of which, precisely, would have been in feeling everything about her too beautiful to let her read.

The sense of adventure grew in her, presently becoming aware of a stir in the thicket below her, followed by the coming into sight, on a path that, mounting, passed near her seat, of a wanderer whom, had his particular, his exceptional identity not quickly appeared, it might have disappointed her a trifle to have to recognize as a friend. He saw her immediately, stopped, laughed, waved his hat, then bounded up the slope and, brushing his forehead with his handkerchief, confessing to being hot, was very gayly there before her. Her own ejaculation on first seeing him—"Why, Mr. Van!"—had had an ambiguous sharpness that was rather for herself than for her visitor. She made room for him on the bench, and in a moment he was cooling off and they were both explaining. The great thing was that he had walked from the station to stretch his legs, coming far round, for the lovely hour and the pleasure of it, by a way he had learnt on some previous occasion of being at Mertle.

"You've already staid here then?"—Nanda, who had arrived, but half an hour before, spoke as if she had lost the chance to give him a new impression.

"I've staid here—yes, but not with Mitchy; with some people or other—who, the deuce can they have been?—who had the place for a few months a year or two ago."

"Don't you even remember?"

Vanderbank wondered and laughed. "It will come to me. But it's a charming sign of London relations, isn't it?—that one *can* come down to people this way, and be awfully well 'alone for' and all that, and then go away and lose the whole thing, quite forget to whom one has been beholden. It's a queer life."

Nanda seemed for an instant to wish to say that one might deal the queerness, but she said something else instead. "I suppose a man like you doesn't quite feel that he *is* beholden: it's awfully good of him—it's doing a great deal for anybody—that he should come down at all; so that it would add immensely to his burden if anybody had to be remembered for it."

"I don't know what you mean by a man 'like me,'" Vanderbank returned. "I'm not any particular kind of a man." She had been looking at him, but she looked away, on this, and he continued good-humoredly explanatory. "If you mean that I go about such a lot, how do you know it but by the fact that you're everywhere now yourself?—so that, whatever I am, in short, you're just as bad."

"You admit then that you *are* everywhere. I may be just as bad," the girl went on, "but the point is that I'm not nearly so good. Girls are such hacks—they can't be anything else."

"And, pray, what are fellows who are in the beastly grind of fearfully busy offices? There isn't an old cab-horse in London that's kept at it, I assure you, as I am. Besides," the young man added, "if I'm out every night and off somewhere, like this, for Sunday, can't you understand, my dear child, the fundamental reason of it?"

Nanda, with her eyes on him again, studied an instant this mystery. "Am I to infer with delight that it's the sweet hope of meeting *me*? It isn't," she continued in a moment, "as if there were any necessity for your saying that. What's the use—?" But, impatiently, she stopped short.

He was eminently gay even if his companion was not. "Because we're such jolly old friends that we really needn't so much as speak at all? Yes, thank goodness—thank goodness." He had been looking around him, taking in the scene; he had dropped his hat on the ground and, completely at his ease, though still more wishing to show it, had crossed his legs and closely folded his arms. "What a tremendously jolly place! If I can't for the life of me recall who they were—the other people—I've the comfort of being sure their minds are an equal blank. Do they even remember the place they had? We had some fellows down, at—where was it, the big white house last November?—and there was one of them, out of the What-do-you-call-it?—*you* know—who might have been a decent enough chap if he had not presumed so on his gifts." Vanderbank paused a minute, but his companion said nothing, and he pursued: "It does show, doesn't it?—the fact that we do meet this way—the tremendous change that has taken place in your life in the last three months. I mean, if I'm everywhere, as you said just now, your being just the same."

"Yes—you see what you've done."

"How, what *I've* done?"

"You plunge into the woods for change, for solitude," the girl said, "and the first thing you do is to find me waylaying you in the depths of the forest. But I really couldn't—if you'll reflect upon it—know you were coming this way."

Vanderbank sat there with his position unchanged, but a constant little shake in the foot that hung down, as if everything—and what she now put before him not least—were much too pleasant to be reflected on. "May I smoke a cigarette?"

Nanda waited a little; her friend had taken out his silver case, which was of ample form, and as he extracted a cigarette she put forth her hand. "May *I*?"—she turned the case over with admiration.

Vanderbank hesitated. "Do you smoke with Mr. Longdon?"

"Immensely. But what has that to do with it?"

"Everything, everything." He spoke with a faint ring of impatience. "I want you to do with me exactly as you do with him."

"Ah, that's soon said!" the girl replied in a peculiar tone. "How do you mean, to 'do'?"

"Well then, to *be*. What shall I say?" Vanderbank pleasantly wondered while his foot kept up its motion. "To feel."

She continued to handle the cigarette-case, without, however, having profited by its contents. "I don't think that, as regards Mr. Longdon and me, you know quite so much as you suppose."

Vanderbank laughed and smoked. "I take for granted he tells me everything."

"Ah, but you scarcely take for granted *I* do!" She rubbed her cheek an instant with the polished silver, again, the next moment, turning over the case. "This is the kind of one I should like."

Her companion glanced down at it. "Why, it holds twenty."

"Well, I want one that holds twenty."

Vanderbank only threw out his smoke. "I want so to give you something," he said at last, "that in my relief at lighting on an object that will do, I will, if you don't look out, give you either that or a pipe."

"Do you mean this particular one?"

"I've had it for years—but even that one if you like it." She kept it—continued to finger it. "And by whom was it given you?"

At this he turned to her smiling. "You think I've forgotten that too?"

"Certainly you must have forgotten, to be willing to give it away again."

"But how do you know it was a present?"

"Such things always are—people don't buy them for themselves."

She had now relinquished the object, laying it upon the bench, and Vanderbank took it up. "Its origin is lost in the night of time—it has no history except that I've used it. But I assure you that I do want to give you something. I've never given you anything."

She was silent a little. "The exhibition you're making," she seriously sighed at last, "of your inconstancy and superficiality! The relics of you that I have treasured and that I supposed at the time to have meant something!"

"The 'relics'? Have you a lock of my hair?" Then as her meaning came to him: "Oh, little Christmas things? Have you really kept them?"

"Laid away in a drawer of their own—done up in pink paper."

"I know what you're coming to," Vanderbank said. "You've given *me* things, and you're trying to convict me of having lost the sweet sense of them. But you can't do it. Where my heart's concerned I'm a walking reliquary. Pink paper? *I* use gold paper—and the finest of all, the gold paper of the mind." He gave a flip with a finger-nail to his cigarette, and looked at its quickened fire; after which he pursued very familiarly, but with a kindness that of itself qualified the mere humor of the thing: "Don't talk, my dear child, as if you didn't really know me for the best friend you have in the world." As soon as he had spoken he pulled out his watch, so that if his words had led to something of a pause this movement offered a pretext for breaking it. Nanda asked the hour, and, on his replying "Five-fifteen," remarked that there would now be tea on the terrace, with every one gathered at it. "Then shall we go and join them?" her companion demanded.

He had made, however, no other motion, and when, after hesitating, she said "Yes, with pleasure," it was also without a change of position. "I like this," she incon-sequently added.

"So do I, awfully. Tea on the terrace," Vanderbank went on, "isn't 'in' it. But who's here?"

"Oh, every one. All your set."

"Mine? Have I still a set—with the universal vagabondism you accuse me of?"

"Well then Mitchy's own—whoever they are."

"And nobody of yours?"

"Oh yes," Nanda said, "all mine. He must at least have arrived by this time. My set's Mr. Longdon," she explained. "He's all of it now."

"Then where in the world am I?"

"Oh, you're an extra. There are always extras."

"A complete set and one over?" Vanderbank laughed. "Where then is Tishy?"

Charming and grave, the girl thought a moment. "She's in Paris, with her mother—on their way to Aix-les-Bains." Then, with impatience, she continued: "Do you know that's a great deal to say—what you said just now? I mean about your being the best friend I have."

"Of course I do, and that's exactly why I said it. You see I'm not in the least delicate or graceful or shy about it—I just come out with it and defy you to contradict me. Who, if I'm not the best, is a better one?"

"Well," Nanda replied, "I feel since I've known Mr. Longdon that I've almost the sort of friend who makes nobody else count."

"Then, at the end of three months, he has arrived at a value for you that I haven't reached in all these years?"

"Yes," she returned—"the value of my not being afraid of him."

Vanderbank, on the bench, shifted his position, turning more to her, with an arm over the back. "And you're afraid of *me*?"

"Horribly—hideously."

"Then our long, happy relations—"

"They're just what make my terror," she broke in, particularly abject. Happy relations don't matter. I always think of you with fear."

His elbow was on the back of the seat, and his hand supported his head. "How awfully curious—if it be true!"

She had been looking away to the sweet English distance, but at this she made a movement. "Oh, Mr. Van, I'm 'true'!"

As Mr. Van himself could not have expressed, at any subsequent time, to any interested friend, the particular effect upon him of the tone of these words, his chronicler takes advantage of the fact not to pretend to a greater intelligence—to limit himself, on the contrary, to the simple statement that they produced in Mr. Van's cheek a just discernible flush. "Fear of what?"

"I don't know. Fear is fear."

"Yes, yes—I see." He took out another cigarette and occupied a moment in lighting it. "Well, kindness is kindness too—that's all one can say."

He had smoked again awhile before she turned to him. "Have I wounded you by saying that?"

A certain effect of his flush was still in his smile. "It seems to me I should like you to wound me. I did what I wanted a moment ago," he continued with some precipitation: "I brought you out handsomely on the subject of Mr. Longdon. That was my idea—just to draw you."

"Well," said Nanda, looking away again, "he has come into my life."

"He couldn't have come into a place where it gives me more pleasure to see him."

"But he didn't like, the other day, when I used it to him, that expression," the girl returned. "He called it 'mannered modern slang,' and came back again to the extraordinary difference between my speech and my grandmother's."

"Of course," the young man understandingly assented. "But I rather like your speech. Hasn't he by this time, with you," he pursued, "crossed the gulf? He has with me."

"Ah, with you there was no gulf. He liked you from the first."

Vanderbank hesitated. "You mean I managed him so well?"

"I don't know how you managed him, but liking me has been for him a painful, gradual process. I think he does now," Nanda declared. "He accepts me at last as different—he's trying with me on that basis. He has ended by understanding that when he talks to me of Granny I can't even imagine her."

Vanderbank puffed away. "*I* can."

"That's what Mitchy says too. But you've both probably got her wrong."

"I don't know," said Vanderbank—"I've gone into it a good deal. But it's too late. We can't be Greeks if we would."

Even for this Nanda had no laugh, though she had a quick attention. "Do you call Granny a Greek?"

Her companion slowly rose. "Yes—to finish her off handsomely, to have done with her." He looked again at his watch. "Shall we go?—I want to see if my man and my things have turned up."

She kept her seat: there was something to revert to. "My fear of you isn't superficial. I mean it isn't immediate—not of you just as you stand," she explained. "It's of some dreadfully possible future you."

"Well," said the young man, smiling down at her, "don't forget that if there's to be such a monster, there'll also be a future you, proportionately developed, to deal with him."

Nanda, in the shade, had closed her parasol, and her eyes attached themselves to the small hole she had dug in the ground with its point. "We shall both have moved, you mean?"

"It's charming to think that we shall probably have moved together."

"Ah, if moving is changing," she returned, "there won't be much for me in that. I shall never change—I shall be always just the same. The same old-mannered, modern, slangy hack," she continued quite gravely. "Mr Longdon has made me feel that."

Vanderbank laughed aloud, and it was especially at her seriousness. "Well, upon my soul!"

"Yes," she pursued, "what I am I must remain.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

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haven't what's called a principle of growth." Making marks in the earth with her umbrella, she appeared to cipher it out. "I'm about as good as I can be—and about as bad. If Mr. Longdon can't make me different, nobody can."

Vanderbank could only speak in the tone of high amusement. "And he has given up the hope?"

"Yes—though not *me* quite, altogether. But the hope he originally had."

"He gives up quickly—in three months!"

"Oh, these three months," she answered, "have been a long time: the fullest, the most important, for what has happened in them, of my life." She still poked at the ground; then she added: "And all thanks to *you*."

"To me?"—Vanderbank couldn't fancy.

"Why, for what we were speaking of just now—my being now so in everything and squeezing up and down no matter whose staircase. Isn't it one crowded hour of glorious life?" she asked. "What preceded it was an age, no doubt—but an age without a name."

Vanderbank watched her a little in silence, then spoke quite beside the question. "It's astonishing how at moments you remind me of your mother!"

At this she got up. "Ah, there it is! It's what I shall never shake off. That, I imagine, is what Mr. Longdon feels."

Both on their feet now, as if ready for the others, they yet—and even a trifle awkwardly—lingered. It might in fact have appeared to a spectator that some climax had come, on the young man's part, to some state of irresolution as to the utterance of something. What were the words repeatedly on his lips, yet repeatedly not sounded? It would have struck our observer that they were probably not those his lips even now actually formed. "Doesn't he perhaps talk to you too much about yourself?"

Nanda gave him a dim smile, and he might indeed then have exclaimed on a certain resemblance, a resemblance of expression that had nothing to do with form. It would not have been diminished for him, moreover, by her successful suppression of every sign that she felt his inquiry as a little of a snub. The recall he had previously mentioned could, however, as she answered him, only have been brushed away by a supervening sense of his roughness. "It isn't so much that, probably, as my own way of going on." She spoke with a mildness that could scarce have been so full without being an effort. "Between his patience and my egotism anything is possible. It isn't his talking—it's his listening." She gave up the point at any rate as if from softness to her actual companion. "Wasn't it you who spoke to mamma about my sitting with her? That's what I mean by my debt to you. It's through you that I'm always there—through you and perhaps a little through Mitchy."

"Oh, through Mitchy—it must have been—more than through me." Vanderbank spoke with the manner of humoring her about a trifle. "Mitchy, delightful man, felt on the subject, I think, still more strongly."

They quitted their place together and at the end of a few steps became aware of the approach of one of the others, a figure but a few yards off, arriving from the quarter from which Nanda had come. "Ah, Mr. Longdon!"—she spoke with eagerness now.

Vanderbank instantly waved a hat. "Dear old boy!"

"Between you all, at any rate," she said more gayly, "you've brought me down."

Vanderbank made no answer till they met their friend, when, by way of greeting, he simply echoed her words. "Between us all, you'll be glad to know, we've brought her down."

Mr. Longdon looked from one of them to the other. "Where have you been together?"

Nanda was the first to respond. "Only talking—on a bench."

"Well, *I* want to talk on a bench!" The old man showed a spirit.

"With me, of course?"—Vanderbank met it with eagerness.

The girl said nothing, but Mr. Longdon sought her eyes. "No—with Nanda. You must mingle in the crowd."

"Ah," their companion laughed, "you two are the crowd!"

"Well—have your tea first."

Vanderbank, on this, giving it up with his laugh, offered to Mr. Longdon, before withdrawing, the hand-shake of greeting he had omitted—a demonstration really the warmer for the tone of the joke that went with it. "*Intrigant!*"

### XVII.

Nanda praised to Mr. Longdon the charming spot she had quitted, with the effect that they presently took a fresh possession of it, finding the beauty of the view deepened as the afternoon grew old and the shadows long. They were of a comfortable agreement on these matters, by which, moreover, they were not long delayed, one of the pair at least being too conscious, for the hour, of still other phenomena than the natural and peaceful process that filled the air. "Well, you must tell me about these things," Mr. Longdon sociably said; he had joined his young friend with a budget of impressions, rapidly gathered at the house, as to which his appeal to her for a light or two may be taken as the measure of the confidence now ruling their relations. He had come to feel at last, he mentioned, that he could allow for most differences, but in such a situation as the present bewilderment could only come back. There were no differences in the world—so it had all ended for him—but those that marked at every turn the manners he had for three months been observing in good society. The general wide deviation of this body occupied his mind to the exclusion of almost everything else, and he had finally been brought to believe that even in his slow-paced prime he must have hung behind his contemporaries. He had not supposed at the moment—in the forties and the fifties—that he passed for old-fashioned, yet life couldn't have left him so far in the rear had the start between them been originally fair. This was the way that, more than once, he had put the matter to the girl; which gives a sufficient hint, it is hoped, of the range of some of their talk. It had always wound up indeed their talk, with some assumption of the growth of his actual understanding; but it was just these pauses in the fray that seemed to lead from time to time to a sharper clash. It was when he felt, in a word, as if he had exhausted surprises that he received his greatest shocks. There were no such strange tastes as some of those drawn from the bucket that had repeatedly, as he imagined, touched the bottom of the well. "Now this sudden invasion of somebody's—Heaven knows whose—house, and our dropping down on it like a swarm of locusts: I dare say it isn't civil to criticise it when one's going too, so almost culpably, with the stream; but what are people made of that they consent, just for money, to the violation of their homes?"

Nanda wondered; she cultivated the sense that he made her intensely reflect. "But haven't people in England always let their places?"

"If we're a nation of shopkeepers, you mean, it can't date, on the scale on which we show it, only from last week? No doubt, no doubt, and the more one thinks of it the more one seems to see that society—for we're *in* society, aren't we, and that's our horizon?—can never have been anything but increasingly vulgar. The point is that in the twilight of time—and I belong, you see, to the twilight—it had made out much less how vulgar it *could* be. It did its best, very probably, but there were too many superstitions it had to get rid of. It has been throwing them overboard one by one, so that now the ship sails uncommonly light. That's the way"—and the old man, with his eyes on the golden distance, ingeniously followed it out—"I come to feel so the lurching and pitching. If I weren't a pretty fair sailor—well, as it is, my dear," he interrupted himself with a laugh, "I show you often enough what grabs I make for support." He gave a faint gasp, half amusement, half anguish, then abruptly relieved himself by a question. "To whom, in point of fact, does the place belong?"

"I'm awfully ashamed, but I'm afraid I don't know. That just came up here," the girl went on, "for Mr. Van."

Mr. Longdon seemed to think an instant. "Oh, it came up, did it? And Mr. Van couldn't tell?"

"He has quite forgotten—though he has been here before. Of course it may have been with other people," she added in extenuation. "I mean it mayn't have been theirs then any more than it's Mitchy's."

"I see. They too had just bundled in."

Nanda completed the simple history. "To-day it's Mitchy who bundles, and I believe that, really, he bundled only yesterday. He turned in his people, and here we are."

"Here we are, here we are!" her friend more gravely echoed. "Well, it's splendid!"

As if at a note in his voice her eyes, while his own still strayed away, just fixed him. "Don't you think it's really rather exciting? Everything's ready, the feast all spread, and, with nothing to blunt our curiosity but the general knowledge that there will be people and things, we comfortably take our places." He answered nothing, though her picture apparently reached him. "There *are* people, there *are* things, and all in a plenty. Had every one, when you came away, turned up?" she asked as he was still silent.

"I dare say. There were some ladies and gentlemen on the terrace that I didn't know. But I looked only for you, and came this way on an indication of your mother's."

"And did she ask that if you should find me with Mr. Van with me you would make him come to her?"

Mr. Longdon replied to this with some delay, but without movement. "How could she have supposed he was here?"

"Since he had not yet been to the house? Oh, it has always been a wonder to me, the things that mamma supposes! I see she asked you," Nanda observed.

At this her old friend turned to her. "But it wasn't because of that I got rid of him."

Nanda hesitated. "No—you don't mind everything mamma says."

"I don't mind 'everything' anybody says: not even, my dear, when the person's you."

Again she waited an instant. "Not even when it's Mr. Van?"

Mr. Longdon candidly considered. "Oh, I take him up on all sorts of things."

"That shows then the importance they have for you. Is *he* like his grandmother?" the girl pursued. Then as her companion looked vague: "Wasn't it his grandmother too you knew?"

He had an extraordinary smile. "His mother." She exclaimed, coloring, on her mistake, and he added: "I'm not so bad as that. But you're none of you like them."

"Wasn't she pretty?" Nanda inquired.

"Very handsome. But it makes no difference. She herself, to-day, wouldn't know him."

She gave a small gasp. "His own mother wouldn't—?"

His head-shake just failed of sharpness. "No, nor he her. There's a link missing." Then as if, after all, she might take him too seriously, "Of course it's I," he more gently moralized, "who have lost the link in my sleep. I've slept half the century—I'm Rip Van Winkle." He went back, after a moment, to her question. "He's not, at any rate, like his mother."

Nanda turned it over. "Perhaps you wouldn't think so much of her now."

"Perhaps not. At all events my parting you from Mr. Vanderbank was my own idea."

"I wasn't thinking," Nanda said, "of your parting me. I was thinking of your parting yourself."

"I might have sent *you* to the house? Well," Mr. Longdon replied, "I find I take more and more the economical view of my pleasures. I run them less and less together—I get all I can out of each."

"So now you're getting all you can out of *me?*"

"All I can, my dear—all I can." He watched a little the flushed distance, then mildly broke out: "It *is*, as you said just now, exciting! But it makes me"—and he became abrupt again—"want you, as I've already told you, to come to *my* place. Not, however, that we may be still more mad together."

The girl, from the bench, shared his contemplation. "Do you call *this* madness?"

He hesitated. "You spoke of it yourself as excitement. You'll make, of course, one of your fine distinctions, but I take it, in my rough way, as a whirl. We're going round and round." In a minute he had folded his arms with the same closeness Vanderbank had used—in a minute he too was nervously shaking his foot. "Steady, steady; if we sit close we shall see it through. But come down to Suffolk for sanity."

"You do mean then that I may come alone?"

"I won't receive you, I assure you, on any other terms. I want to show you," he continued, "what life *can* give. Not, of course," he subjoined, "of this sort of thing."

"No—you've told me. Of peace."

"Of peace," said Mr. Longdon. "Oh, you don't know—you haven't the least idea. That's just why I want to show you."

Nanda looked as if already she saw it in the distance. "But will it be peace if I'm there? I mean for *you*," she added.

"It isn't a question of 'me.' Everybody's omelette is made of somebody's eggs. Besides, I think that when we're alone together—"

He had dropped for so long that she wondered. "Well, when we are—?"

"Why, it will be all right," he simply concluded. "Temples of peace, the ancients used to call them. We'll set up one, and I shall be at least doorkeeper. You will come down whenever you like."

She gave herself to him in her silence more than she could have done in words. "Have you arranged it with mamma?" she said, however, at last.

"I've arranged everything."

"*She* won't want to come?"

Her friend's laugh turned him to her. "Don't be nervous. There are things as to which your mother trusts me."

"But others as to which not."

Their eyes met for some time on this, and it ended in his saying: "Well, you must help me." Nanda, but without shrinking, looked away again, and Mr. Longdon, as if to consecrate their understanding by the air of ease, passed to another subject. "Mr. Mitchett's the most princely host."

"Isn't he too kind for anything? Do you know what he pretends?" Nanda went on. "He says, in the most extraordinary way, that he does it all for *me*."

"Takes this great place and fills it with servants and company—?"

"Yes, just so that I may come down for a Sunday or two. Of course he has only taken it for three or four weeks, but even for that time it's a handsome compliment. He doesn't care what he does. It's his way of amusing himself. He amuses himself at our expense," the girl continued.

"Well, I hope that makes up, my dear, for the rate at which we're doing so at his!"

"His amusement," said Nanda, "is to see us believe what he says."

Mr. Longdon thought a moment. "Really, my child, you're most acute."

"Oh, I haven't watched life for nothing! Mitchy doesn't care," she repeated.

Her companion seemed divided between a desire to draw and a certain fear to encourage her. "Doesn't care for what?"

She reflected an instant, in her seriousness, and it might have added to Mr. Longdon's impression of her depth. "Well, for himself. I mean for his money. For anything any one may think. For Lord Petherton, for instance, really at all. Lord Petherton thinks he has helped him—thinks, that is, that Mitchy thinks he has. But Mitchy's more amused at *him* than at anybody else. He takes every one in."

"Every one but you?"

"Oh, I like him."

"My poor child, you're of a profundity!" Mr. Longdon murmured.

He spoke almost uneasily, but she was not too much alarmed to continue lucid. "And he likes me, and I know just how much—and just how little. He's the most generous man in the world. It pleases him to feel that he's indifferent and splendid—there are so many things it makes up to him for." The old man listened with attention, and his young friend, conscious of it, proceeded as on ground of which she knew every inch. "He's the son, as you know, of a great bootmaker—'to all the Courts of Europe'—who left him a large fortune, which had been made, I believe, in the most extraordinary way, in building-speculations as well."

"Oh yes, I know. It's astonishing!" her companion sighed.

"That he should be of such extraction?"

"Well, everything. That you should be talking as you are—that you should have 'watched life,' as you say, to such purpose. That we should any of us be here—most of all that Mr. Mitchett himself should. That your grandmother's daughter should have brought *her* daughter—"

"To stay with a person"—Nanda took it up as, apparently out of delicacy, he fairly failed—"whose father used to take the measure, down on his knees on a little mat, as mamma says, of my grandfather's remarkably large foot? Yes, we none of us mind. Do you think we should?" Nanda asked.

Mr. Longdon turned it over. "I'll answer you by a question. Would you marry him?"

"Never." Then as if to show there was no weakness in her mildness, "Never, never, never," she repeated.

"And yet I dare say you know—?" But Mr. Longdon once more faltered; his scruple came uppermost. "You don't mind my speaking of it?"

"Of his thinking he wants to marry me? Not a bit. I positively enjoy telling you there's nothing in it."

"Not even for *him?*"

Nanda considered. "Not more than is made up to him by his having found out, through talk and things—which mightn't otherwise have occurred—that I do like him. I wouldn't have come down here if I hadn't."

"Not for any other reason?" Mr. Longdon gravely inquired.

"Not for *your* being here, do you mean?"

He hesitated. "Me and other persons."

She showed somehow that she wouldn't flinch. "You weren't asked till after he had made sure I'd come. We've become, you and I," she smiled, "one of the couples who are invited together."

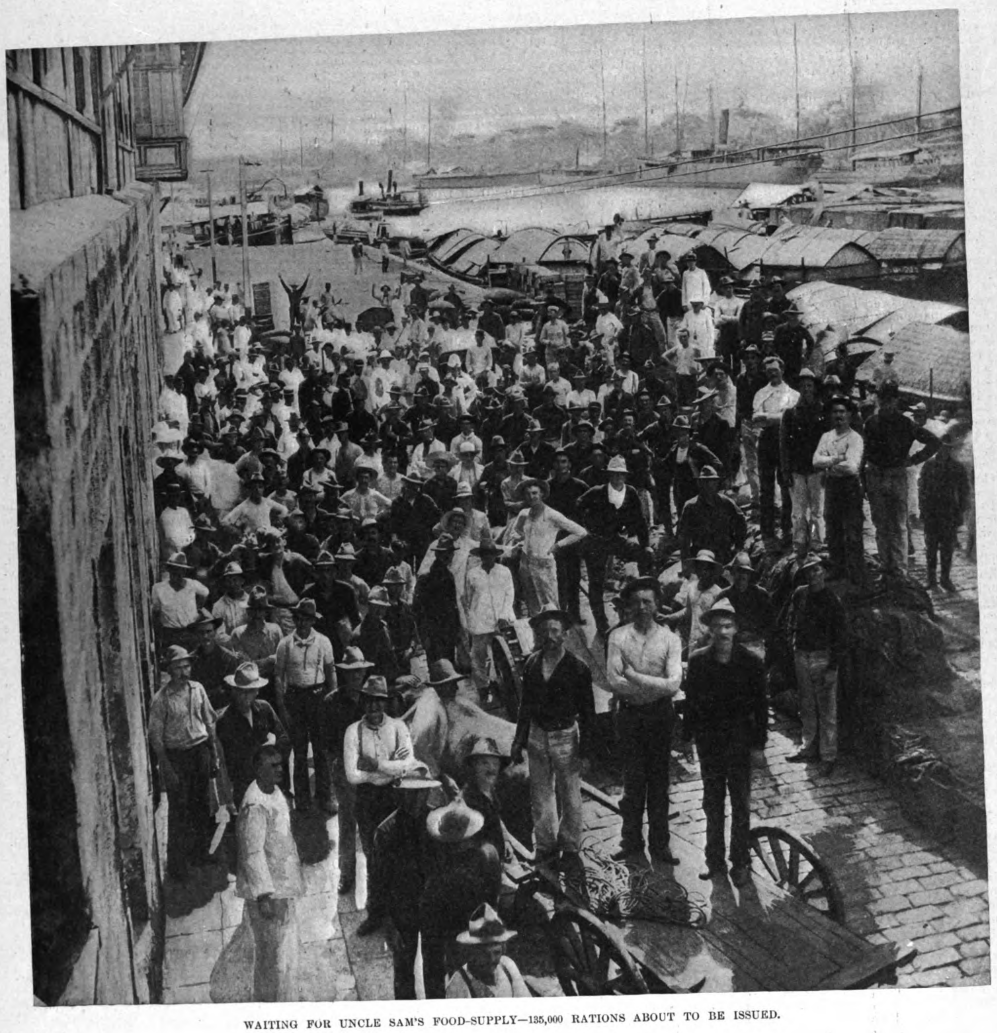
These were couples, his speculative eye seemed to show, he didn't even yet know about, and if he mentally took them up a moment it was only, promptly, to drop them. "I don't think you put it quite strong enough, you know."

"That Mitchy *is* hard hit? He puts it so strong himself that it will surely do for both of us. I'm a part of what I just spoke of—his indifference and magnificence. It's

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PANORAMIC VIEW OF MA



WAITING FOR UNCLE SAM'S FOOD-SUPPLY—135,000 RATIONS ABOUT TO BE ISSUED.



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IN THE AMERICAN T



FIRST ADVANCE OF COMPANY I OF THE COLORADO REGIMENT THROUGH THE GRASS.



COLORADO BOYS KNEELING ON THE BEACH TO FIRE.

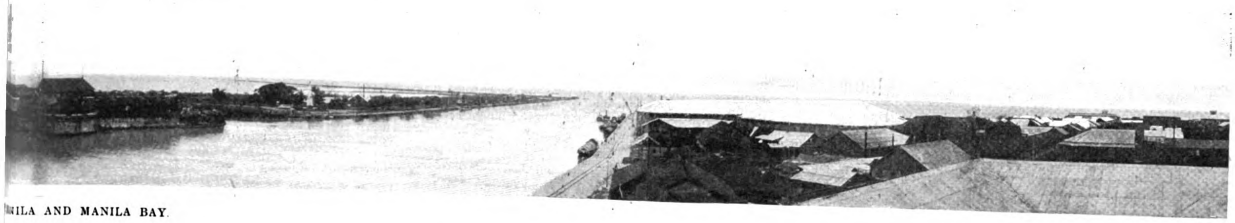


GUN WHICH DESTROY

WITH OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPI

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRE

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ILA AND MANILA BAY.



N COMPANY FORMATION.



ENERAL HALE IN CARRIAGES NSURGENT CHIEFS.



AGUINALDO AND SOME OF HIS CHIEF SUPPORTERS.



S—AWAITING THE WORD TO FIRE.



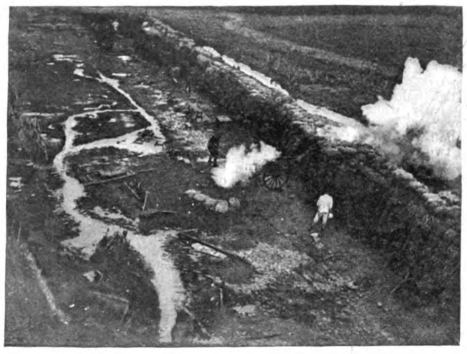
A REST BEHIND THE SPANISH TRENCHES.



WATER-BUFFALO DRAGGING THE GUNS OF THE UTAH BATTERY INTO POSITION.



H BLOCK-HOUSE NUMBER 14.



THE UTAH BATTERY AT WORK.



COLORADO TROOPS REPELLING SPANISH ATTACK FROM DESERTED SPANISH TRENCHES.

FORE AND AFTER THE FALL OF MANILA.

Messrs. John F. Bass and O. K. Davis.—[See Page 1110.]

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as if he could only afford to do what's not vulgar. He might perfectly marry a Duke's daughter, but that *would* be vulgar—would be the absolute necessity and ideal of nine out of ten of the sons of shoemakers made ambitious by riches. Mitchy says 'No; I take my own line; I go in for a beggar-maid.' And it's only because I'm a beggar-maid that he wants me."

"But there are plenty of others," Mr. Longdon objected.

"Oh, I admit I'm the one he least dislikes. But if I had any money," Nanda went on, "or if I were really good-looking—for that to-day, the real thing, will do as well as being a Duke's daughter—he wouldn't come near me. And I think that ought to settle it. Besides, he must marry Aggie. She's a beggar-maid too—as well as an angel; so there's nothing against it."

Mr. Longdon stared, but even in his surprise seemed to take from the swiftness with which she made him move over the ground a certain agreeable glow. "Does 'Aggie' like him?"

"She likes every one. As I say, she's an angel—but a real, real, real one. The kindest man in the world is therefore the proper husband for her. If Mitchy wants to do something thoroughly nice," she declared with the same high competence, "he'll take her out of her situation, which is awful."

Mr. Longdon looked graver. "In what way awful?"

"Why, don't you know?" His eye was now cold enough to give her, in her chill, a flurried sense that she might displease him least by a graceful lightness. "The Duchess and Lord Petherton are like you and me."

"Is it a conundrum?" He was serious indeed.

"They're one of the couples who are invited together." But his face reflected so little success for her levity that it was in another tone she presently added: "Mitchy really oughtn't." Her friend, in silence, fixed his eyes on the ground; an attitude in which there was something to make her strike rather wild. "But, of course, kind as he is, he can scarcely be called particular. He has his ideas—he thinks nothing matters. He says it's the end of everything."

Mr. Longdon remained mute awhile, and when he at last raised his eyes it was without meeting Nanda's and with some dryness of manner. "The end of everything? One might easily receive that impression."

He again became mute, and there was a pause between them of some length, accepted by Nanda with an anxious stillness that it might have touched a spectator to observe. She sat there as if waiting for some further sign, only wanting not to displease her friend, yet unable to pretend, to play any part, and with something in her really that she couldn't take back now, something involved in her original assumption that there was to be a kind of intelligence in their relation. "I dare say," she said at last, "that I make allusions you don't like. But I keep forgetting."

He waited a moment longer, then turned to her with a look rendered a little strange by the way it happened to reach over his glasses. It was even austerer than before. "Keep forgetting what?"

She gave after an instant a faint, feeble smile which seemed to speak of helplessness, and which, when at rare moments it played in her face, was expressive from her positive lack of personal, superficial diffidence. "Well—I don't know." It was as if appearances became at times so complicated that—so far as helping others to understand was concerned—one could only give up.

"I hope you don't think I want you to be with me as you wouldn't be—as it were—with yourself. I hope you don't think I want you to be frank. If you were to try to *appear* to me anything—" He ended in simple sadness; that, for instance, would be so little what he should like.

"Anything different, you mean, from what I am? That's just what I've thought from the first. One's just what one *is*—isn't one? I don't mean so much," she went on, "in one's character or temper—for they have, haven't they? to be what's called 'properly controlled'—as in one's mind and what one sees and feels and the sort of thing one notices." Nanda paused an instant; then "There you are!" she simply but rather desperately brought out.

Mr. Longdon considered this with visible intensity. "What you suggest is that the things you speak of depend upon other people?"

"Well, every one isn't so beautiful as you" Nanda had met him with promptitude, yet no sooner had she spoken than she appeared again to encounter a difficulty. "But there it is—my just saying even that. Oh, how I always know—as I've told you before—whenever I'm different! I can't ask you to tell me the things Granny *would* have said, because that's simply arranging to keep myself back from you, and so being nasty and underhand, which you naturally don't want, nor I either. Nevertheless when I say the things she wouldn't, then I put before you too much—too much for your liking it—what I know and see and feel. If we're both partly the result of other people, *her* other people were so different." The girl's sensitive boldness kept it up, but there was something in her that pleaded for patience. "And yet if she had *you*, so I've got you too. It's the flattery of that, or the sound of it, I know, that must be so unlike her. Of course it's awfully like mother; yet it isn't as if you hadn't already let me see—is it?—that you don't really think me the same." Again she stopped a minute, as if to find her way with him: and again, for the time, he gave no sign. She struck out again, with her strange, cool limpidity: "Granny wasn't the kind of girl she *couldn't* be—and so neither am I."

Mr. Longdon had fallen while she talked into something that might have been taken for a conscious temporary submission to her; he had uncrossed his fidgety legs, and thrusting them out with the feet together, sat looking very hard before him, his chin sunk on his breast and his hands, clasped as they met, rapidly twirling their thumbs. So he remained for a time that might have given his young friend the sense of having made herself right with him so far as she had been wrong. He still had all her attention, just as previously she had had his, but while he now simply gazed and thought, she watched him with a discreet solicitude that would almost have represented him as a near relative whom she supposed unwell. At the end he looked round, and then, obeying some impulse that had gathered in her while they sat mute, she put out to him the tender hand she might have offered to a sick child. They had been talking about frankness, but she showed a frankness in this instance that made him perceptibly color. For that, in turn, however, he responded only the more completely, taking her hand and holding it, keeping it a long minute during which their eyes met and something seemed to clear up that had been too obscure to be dispelled by words. Finally he brought out as if, though it was what he had been thinking of, her gesture had most determined him: "I wish immensely you'd get married!"

His tone betrayed so special a meaning that the words had a sound of suddenness; yet there was always in Nanda's face that cold preparedness of the young person who has unlearned surprise through the habit, in company, of studiously not compromising her innocence by blinking at things said. "How *can* I?" she asked, but appearing rather to take up the proposal than to put it by.

"Can't you, *can't* you?" He spoke pressingly and kept her hand. She shook her head slowly, markedly; on which he continued: "You don't do justice to Mr. Mitchy." She said nothing, but her look was there, and it made him resume: "Impossible?"

"Impossible." At this, letting her go, Mr. Longdon got up; he pulled out his watch. "We must go back." She had risen with him, and they stood face to face in the faded light while he slipped the watch away. "Well, that doesn't make me wish it any less."

"It's lovely of you to wish it, but I shall be one of the people who don't. I shall be at the end," said Nanda, "one of those who haven't."

"No, my child," he returned gravely—"you shall never be anything so sad."

"Why not—if you've been?"

He looked at her a little, quietly; then, putting out his hand, passed her own into his arm. "Exactly because I have."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE FILIPINO REPUBLIC.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

PALACE OF MALACAÑAN, MANILA, *September 16, 1898.*

It is only four months and a half since Aguinaldo and a few chosen followers were brought by Admiral Dewey from Hong-kong and landed at Cavité. The insurrection, which had been suspended by the treaty at Biacnabató on December 14, 1897, when Aguinaldo agreed with the Spanish to cease hostilities on the payment of $600,000 and on the promise of certain reforms, was now encouraged into new life by the presence of the young leader, by the news that only one-third of the stipulated amount had been paid, and by the knowledge that none of the promised reforms had been executed. About 2500 rifles, a large amount of small-arms ammunition, several large ships' guns, one converted Krupp gun, and various smaller modern pieces, with a considerable amount of powder and projectiles, were handed over to Aguinaldo at Cavité, and he was able, without delay, to form the nucleus of an effective force, which increased, as the days passed, by constant accretion, until in a month he commanded nearly ten thousand men. Encouraged by the friendly attitude of Admiral Dewey, irritated by the faithless promises of the Spaniards, and harboring the implacable hatred of their oppression and the thirst for revenge characteristic of their race, the natives began the campaign with great vigor, and continued it with such persistence that in a few short weeks they had completely invested Manila, and had so harassed the enemy by their barbaric methods of fighting and their restless activity that the effectiveness of the Spanish troops was largely diminished and their spirit much broken. Admiral Dewey undoubtedly acted according to his best judgment in fanning into consuming flame the embers of the insurrection, which had been smouldering for months; but it is easier to start a fire than it is to control it, and subsequent events have proved that the insurgent factor in the problem of the Philippines has become, through this act, a most annoying and difficult one to deal with. Given its head, the insurrectionist party has taken the bit in its teeth, and now rushes on regardless of curb or rein, full of conscious pride in its own youthful strength, with little or no gratitude for the material aid which made its existence a possibility, believing, in its ignorance, that the civilized world is ready to acknowledge the revolutionary government, which has just been established, as a power to which may be intrusted the future of Micronesia. This conceit, which, like the spirit of revenge, is one of the dominant characteristics of every human being who has a taint of Malay blood in his veins, is somewhat modified in its influence by the counsels of a few experienced and educated Filipinos who have travelled abroad, who are somewhat familiar with the history of other revolutions, and who recognize the fact that the peace and prosperity of the archipelago can only be maintained through the assistance of some strong governing power from outside. The reasons are simple. The population is not homogeneous; language, customs, type, differ in the various provinces, and the local jealousies and antagonisms, cherished for centuries, can only be smothered by the controlling influence of foreigners who ignore all these differences, and whose judgment is not swayed by the petty or unworthy motives which undoubtedly direct the action of most of the leaders among the natives. Thus the insurrectionist party, while combining vigorously and, in a sense, loyally to eradicate every trace of Spanish domination in the islands, is not fully harmonious, but is divided into two camps, one professing full and complete faith in the ability of the natives to govern themselves, and declaring their resolve to submit to no foreign interference, and the other eager to welcome a foreign protectorate which will secure to the islands a good government, leaving to the future to decide whether the natives are capable of sufficient development to govern themselves without outside control.

It is little short of marvellous how rapidly the insurrection has gained ground in this short time, and how extensive and successful the operations of the army have been. Although they never could have taken Manila, even with the Spanish fleet destroyed and the port blockaded, except through the slow process of rigorous investment and by cutting off all supplies, still the insurgents managed in a very few weeks to besiege and capture numerous small Spanish positions in the provinces, and they completely overran the whole island of Luzon, together with seven adjacent islands, and at the present date hold possession of every foot of this territory except one Spanish post at Albay in the province of the same name. By gift, by purchase, by the desertion of the native volunteers, and by the capture of Spanish troops, they have acquired about 35,000 rifles of the Mauser and the Remington pattern, with plenty of ammunition for present use. With the money they have taken from the convents, and by the income which they derive from taxation of the natives, they have been able to feed their soldiers, to make notable additions to their armament in the shape of rifles and modern machine-guns, and are now working diligently to organize their army, to drill the troops, and to make a showing as a regularly constituted revolutionary government. So far as can be learned, they have not yet paid the men the six pesos ($3 in gold or $6 in Mexican money) promised them for their monthly wages. But the natives, as long as they are fairly well housed and fed, seem to be contented enough, and, judging from what they say, they live in the expectation of full remuneration for their services when the government is finally established. The support of the army thus far has been a comparatively easy matter; what it will be when the organization is complete and strict discipline prevails—if it ever reaches that point—is another question. The natives composing the forces around Manila were made up from volunteers from the town and its immediate vicinity. Almost every male above the age of sixteen years bore a rifle, and took his duty at the front in regular turn. Very often a man would be seen peddling fruit in our camp at Tambo in the morning, and in the afternoon would be observed on his way to the lines, rifle in hand, and perhaps accompanied by his wife and children, who strolled along, chatting as gayly as if they were on the way to a picnic. A continuous string of armed boys and men was always on the move, morning and evening, between the villages and the front, and they carried on the campaign in the most light-hearted and agreeable manner possible. They never showed themselves to the enemy, and many of them probably never saw a Spanish soldier during the siege. The country is a maze of bamboo hedges, rice-fields, and sugar-cane plantations, and the natives occupied every bunch of bamboos and every thicket, popping away into the landscape in the direction of the Spanish fire, usually keeping up an irregular and very annoying fusillade all night long. Where the lines came very close together, as they did at block-house No. 14, the strongest Spanish position, a few hundred yards east of Fort San Antonio Abad, on the sea-shore at Malate, and at block-house No. 1, north of Manila, the insurgent rifle-pits and barricades were completely masked by the dense growth in front, and the large guns they used at both these places were so badly served that they never succeeded in hitting the block-houses once, although they fired more than 200 shells at a range of not over 200 yards. Part of this bad practice was doubtless due to the masked position of these guns.

The food of the common natives is always of the simplest order; a little boiled rice, which they eat off a plantain leaf, and for a luxury a bit of fish or fowl, and perhaps some boiled egg-plant or hulled Indian corn, is all they expect or get. At the front they were accustomed to play with their rifles in the morning until about eleven o'clock, and then, as if by common consent, firing would cease on both sides, and the men would stroll a few hundred yards to the rear, where the women prepared the rice in large kettles, and every man had his share. The swamps are full of frogs and mud-fish, and the groves bear plenty of fruit, so hunger was cheaply and effectively satisfied. They carried no water-bottles, and, indeed, did not seem to suffer from thirst, as they were seldom seen to drink, except at the huts, where rain-water was kept in large earthen jars. No regular troops could move with the ease or the speed these native soldiers did whenever necessary to change their positions. They had no supply-trains, carried no tents, blankets, ponchos, or haversacks. A few *carromatos*, or native two-wheeled covered spring-carts, seemed to carry all the spare ammunition for each detachment, and this was all they seemed to care about. A campaign against troops like these is no easy task, as the Spanish found out, to their cost, and as any other foreign troops would soon discover if they attempted it.

Their facility of movement and their indifference to hardships which would be unendurable to other troops have made the conquest of Luzon a speedy and easy matter to the insurgents. It was in this conquest that the independent spirit of the different leaders has been shown, and it was only after the successes gained by other generals that Aguinaldo began to appreciate the fact that, while the commander-in-chief in name, he was, in the opinion of many of his generals, only a partner in the enterprise. For example, General Macabulus, a young man of about thirty years, has raised an army and has taken possession of three of the richest provinces in the northwest. Aguinaldo proposed, not long ago, to send Macabulus to another part of the island. Suspecting that he was to be freed from his command on account of his popularity in the north, he refused to go, saying his provinces would have to be conquered by Aguinaldo before he would leave them. A few days later he forwarded to Aguinaldo, as a guarantee of good faith in the cause of the insurrection, the sum of $35,000 in cash. This was since the young commander-in-chief moved his headquarters from Bacoor, in the province of Cavité, to Malolos, in the province of Bulacan, about twenty-five miles north of Manila, where the revolutionary government was formally organized yesterday. The action of Macabulus is not unique. Several other prominent leaders openly refuse to recognize the absolute authority of Aguinaldo, each of them refusing to submit to his dictatorship any further than is compatible with his own personal interests. Aguinaldo's power seems to be chiefly among the lowest class of natives, who have a superstitious veneration for him that is quite inexplicable. They believe that he bears a charmed life, and that no bullet or knife of the enemy can injure him. Not only do they wear on their chest in battle representations of religious symbols rudely drawn on cotton cloth, and carry in their mouths bits of parchment or paper with similar designs drawn in pencil in a magic circle (they call these charms *ang-ting ang-ting*), but they even carry Aguinaldo's name *ang-ting ang-ting*), but they even carry Aguinaldo's name as a fetich. There are many stories told among them of bullets glancing from his unprotected body and of his superhuman powers. This superstition concerning the young leader prevails, I am inclined to believe, only

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among the Tagals, for when I was on an excursion recently, a hundred and twenty-five miles north of Manila, I found no one who would hear Aguinaldo's name without an expression of disgust, and everybody seemed to regard him as a fraud. The natives were Ilocans, and devoted to Macabulus.

For some time it had been common report that insurgents were going to have a formal assembly of the delegates to the revolutionary government at Malolos, and, so far as could be learned from those of the leaders who came to Manila, the date for the ceremony of opening the congress was fixed two or three times. At last I received definite information that it was to take place at Malolos on the 15th. Accordingly I accepted the invitation of Mr. H. L. Higgins, the manager of the Manila-Dagupan Railway, to accompany him with one of Aguinaldo's secretaries, and we left on a special train at seven o'clock in the morning, reaching Malolos in about an hour and a half. The town, which is chiefly noted for its large convent and churches, and also as the centre of the manufacture of *nipa* thatch, which is sent from this place by water all over the island, is a long straggling assemblage of huts and houses a mile or so from the railway, and, together with the adjoining large village of Barasoain, numbers perhaps thirty or forty thousand people. The long narrow road was very gay with natives, as we drove at a rattling pace in a country *carromato*, along with a score of others, almost as heavily loaded down with human freight as the *corricoli* in Naples. From the first humble *nipa* hut to the great square where the convent stands thousands of insurgent flags fluttered from every window and every post. Many of them were of home manufacture, with printed blue and red calico stripes; many of them were lacking the Malay sun and the three stars in the white triangle, but the general symbol of red, white, and blue was there all the same, and the proud occupants of the lowliest huts did their best with palm leaves and flowers to give a support of festive appearance to their cherished banner. On either side of the road, in true Filipino taste, was a line of bamboo posts with fringes whittled out at each joint, and swags of bamboo and rattan connecting the uprights so as to form a continuous border of rude but effective decoration. In front of these bamboo structures, which gave room for people to pass between them and the wattled fences, was a line of infantrymen, all armed and well dressed, mostly in captured Spanish uniforms. Every man had an insurgent tricolor cockade on his Spanish hat, and all but a very few of them were barefooted. The bridge over the river between Barasoain and Malolos was packed with people, and the hundreds of *bancas* laden with *nipa* thatch, which completely hid the water of the small stream, were swarming with white-clad natives, all eagerly watching the road. We passed on rapidly between the lines of soldiers and under a great bamboo triumphal arch into the convent yard, where a fine military band was playing under the shade of immense mango-trees. Just as we were alighting there appeared a party of twenty or more Spanish priests under a strong guard of insurgents, who paraded them off in triumph through the crowd. The priests were all dressed in black and carried black umbrellas, with which some of them managed to conceal their faces, for they apparently did not relish the performance. Those we could see were unshaven and unkempt, and not very charitable-looking individuals, but they were all fat and well fed enough, and gave the lie to the report that the insurgents are maltreating the Spanish priests they have captured. One of the officers at Malolos told me there were sixty priests at work on the roads not far away, but they were just as well off as any other prisoners.

We were soon informed that Aguinaldo would receive us, so we followed the secretary up the broad stairs of the convent, through a long wide corridor, always between lines of infantrymen, meeting on our way a score of generals and high officials, some of them in *khaki* uniforms, some of them in Spanish blue linen, and certain dignitaries in full evening dress. Ushered into a large salon, hideous with the usual Hispano-Filipino-painted decoration and glittering with mirrors, we were offered chairs, of which there was a large choice, from elaborately carved and gilded hideosities to the simple Viennese bent-wood cane-bottomed variety, and we sat for some time, while there was a continual coming and going, with great formality, through a door on the right. Our turn arriving, we were ushered into a small square antechamber where three bent-wood chairs were arranged in a formal row in front of two others. We were asked to make ourselves comfortable in the three chairs. A box of fresh Manila cigars of large size, ostentatiously wrapped in tin-foil, and with a specially large and highly ornamental band, was handed us to select from, and while we were lighting up, a small individual, in full evening black suit and flowing black tie, presented himself before us. Never having seen the gentleman before in civilian's dress, I did not for a moment recognize him, but was struck at once by the Chinese cast of his head and features. An instant later I saw, of course, it was Aguinaldo, and we all three sat down, after a hand-shake, and began our chat. Nothing worth recording was said; for the young man, who is not a very good Spanish scholar, and does not even when he wishes to talk, express himself in very choice Castilian, had evidently made up his mind not to commit himself to any statement which could be quoted later. After a half-hour's conversation he affably gave us permission to attend the congress, and we took our leave, much as if we were retiring from the presence of royalty. This because the others we saw went through a still more formal withdrawal, and we did not wish to offend the susceptibilities of the natives. At the interview Aguinaldo's manner was quite irreproachable, but his personality decidedly unimpressive. His mental characteristics, so far as they could be observed, are in no degree unusual. He has the keen cunning of the half-bred native, much of the astuteness of the Chinaman, and the personal vanity and light mental calibre of the Filipino. Altogether this interview, which was under rather exceptional conditions, it must be recorded, left me with the impression that the now famous leader, so far as concerns the real direction of affairs in the revolutionary government, is little more than a tool in the hands of active and more or less reliable advisers. Many of those about him that day had evidently more mental capacity, were certainly better educated than he is, and easily his superior in the external qualities, at least, which distinguish leaders amongst men. Nothing that he did on the occasion of the opening of the congress, and nothing he has since done, has caused me to modify this opinion; but it has rather become more firmly fixed, and the impression has become, indeed, more convincing.

At the large basilica of Barasoain we found a large number of the delegates already assembled, and the guards drawn up to receive the expected cortége of the President and his suite. The bald interior of the church was sparsely relieved by crossed palm leaves and wreaths fastened to the columns which divide the nave from the aisles, and on the great bare spaces between the windows. In the middle of the nave were two rows of bent-wood chairs; on either side and behind these, in the aisles, were seats and benches for spectators. To the left of the chancel a long table, draped with blue and red, was arranged for the secretaries, and opposite it were special seats for invited guests, and in the front one next to the chancel rail we were assigned our places. The chancel was hung with a great white drapery, rudely painted to represent ermine, and a broad border of red cloth with palm leaves and wreaths framed in this curtain. Crossed insurgent flags ornamented the pilasters on each side, and in the middle of the chancel, under the imitation ermine, was a long table draped with light blue and crimson, and behind this three large carved chairs. While we were waiting for the functionaries to arrive, we had an excellent opportunity of studying those who had come from all over the island to assist in the foundation of a republic—for this was their professed purpose. Every man was dressed in full black costume of more or less fashionable cut, according to his means or his tastes. Many of them wore full evening dress, some of them had silk hats of quaint shape and well-worn nap, others bowlers of the season of 1890, but all, to a man, were in black. It was a sweltering hot day, too, and they suffered for their adherence to the etiquette of the new Filipino government. But statesmen all do have to suffer in hot weather, if one may take as true the definition of the difference between a statesman and a politician which is that a statesman always wears a buttoned-up black frock-coat, and a politician a sack-coat or a cut-away, or any coat he likes. That difference came to my mind at once when I saw these statesmen fanning themselves vigorously with their hats, and just behind them the natives, politicians all of them, in cool, almost diaphanous, garments, with their shirts worn as the Russians and Chinese wear theirs. Such types as there were among these statesmen! Such queer-shaped heads, such a mixture of distinct racial characteristics in the features of many, such unmistakable lines of pure Indian breed in the profiles of others! All were dark-skinned and with strong-growing black hair; scarcely a sign of the frost of age showed on the head of any delegate. Few among them would have escaped notice in a crowd, for they were exceptionally alert, keen, and intelligent in appearance, and, as a mass, much superior to the native as one sees him in ordinary life. I will not be sure, however, that the dress was not a little responsible for the impression they made on me. Possibly they would not have looked so distinguished if they had worn their shirts *à la Russe*.

At last, to the sound of the national march, the delegates moved in a body to the door and then back again, divided, and then Aguinaldo, looking very undersized and very insignificant, came marching down, bearing an ivory stick with gold head and gold cord and tassels. A group of tall, fine-looking generals and one or two dignitaries in black accompanied him, and half surrounded him as they walked along. Mounting the chancel steps, Aguinaldo took the middle seat behind the table, the Acting Secretary of the Interior took the place on his right, and a general occupied the carved chair on his left. Without any formal calling to order, the secretary rose and read the list of delegates, and sat down again. Then Aguinaldo stood up, and after the feeble *vivas* had ceased, took a paper from his pocket, and in a low voice, without gesture and without emphasis, and in the hesitating manner of a schoolboy, read his message in the Tagalog language. Only once was he interrupted by *vivas*, and that was when he alluded to the three great free nations — England, France, and America — as worthy models for imitation. He next read a purported translation in Spanish with even more difficulty, and when he had finished there was quite a round of cheers, proposed and led by the veteran general Buencamino, for the President, the republic, the victorious army, and for the town of Malolos. Then Aguinaldo arose and declared the meeting adjourned until it should reassemble prepared to elect officers and to organize in the regular manner. The long-talked-of and ever-memorable function was over.

Aguinaldo's message has never, to my knowledge, been printed in Tagalog, but any one slightly familiar with that language could readily understand that his sentiments were more fully declared than those which were handed around as his message printed in the Spanish language, or at least differently expressed. General Merritt issued his proclamation in three languages. Many of the delegates at the congress were only moderately familiar with Spanish, and it is a common thing for the Filipino newspapers to print in both Tagalog and Spanish, but their reports of the congress contained the Spanish version only. I supposed at the time that I was the only foreign correspondent present, but later I discovered another, whom I did not distinguish at first as a foreigner. He was the correspondent of the Japanese papers, the *Chingainhógio-shimpó*, the *Jijitshimpó*, and the *Toiwannichinichishinbun*.

Since its opening, the congress has done little of importance to the outside world. The well-known and universally esteemed lawyer Cayetano Arellano has been at last brought into the councils and has been chosen Minister of Foreign Affairs. His influence has brought about a much better feeling towards the Americans, with whom a few days ago there was every prospect of an encounter. He is the leader of the party in favor of a protectorate, and under his salutary advice and wise arguments many of the leaders are modifying their views about full independence. Aguinaldo himself, although he is known to be one of the most earnest champions of the anti-protectorates, has come out with several verbose manifestoes, protesting that he loves and respects the Americans and considers them the friends of the Filipinos. But not one word has he or any of them yet said in public acknowledging the assistance given their cause by the action of Admiral Dewey or by the landing of the American army. They seem to be unable to recover from the disappointment of being balked in their plan of occupying Manila. Two weeks ago Aguinaldo was continuing to claim from the American authorities his share in the booty captured in Manila, and until General Otis wrote a decisive answer to all his claims on the 8th instant, and demanded that he should withdraw his troops from the suburbs before the 15th, he did not cease to reiterate his assumptions that he was the joint occupant of the town with the American commander.

The story of the evacuation of the suburbs by the insurgent troops on the 14th is already an old one, and there was nothing in the event worth noting in detail. Aguinaldo has denied that he ever received a demand to evacuate, but insists that General Otis withdrew his demand and substituted a request. This I know to be false, for the letter which is referred to contained only an acknowledgment of the visit of commissioners, and a request to Aguinaldo to attend carefully to their report of General Otis's views, which remained unchanged after sending the ultimatum. The mistake of allowing the insurgents to occupy the suburbs on the 13th of August, and to hold the water-works, which they still control, has caused much trouble and inconvenience and some loss of life. Besides, it put the American army in the humiliating position of being besieged in Manila by the very forces whom they had used as allies—a humiliation which the troops will not soon forget. F. D. MILLET.

## AGUINALDO ARRIVES.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

THERE was a great mystery about the coming of Aguinaldo to Malolos. No one knew how or when he would arrive. It might be on horseback, in a carriage, or by train, and at any hour. The personal safety of the President required that he should take some care in the matter of travelling. So the people waited, standing aimlessly about and saying nothing.

The convent swarmed with young fellows connected with the civil government or with the army. They strutted about in all sorts of uniform and in no uniform, looked pleased with themselves, and were happy. The average Tagalog is a ready chap in certain ways. He puts on his hat, for instance, and is prepared for a six months' campaign. He comes to town in civilian dress, plain white clothes, and finds the occasion one of military show. He tucks his trousers into his boot-tops, pins a strip of gilt and black across his coat sleeve, sticks a couple of stars on his shoulders, and he is an officer in full uniform. It's as simple as getting into jail under Spanish rule.

The young men of the staff and the civil government sat down to tiffin in the big dining-room, fifty of them at one table, and Spaniards whom they had taken prisoners served them, still wearing their Spanish uniforms. Just as the meal was finished some one announced that Aguinaldo was coming. They spoke of him as "Ma Aguinaldo." A telegram had come from the next station toward Manila saying that the President's special train had just left. The young men, some of whom were jingling with swords and spurs, jumped up and ran to the windows overlooking the court-yard. The convent bells began to ring vehemently. People poured out of all the streets and swarmed into the yard at the signal. Bugles sounded up side streets, and presently soldiers appeared at the four corners of the yard.

Then there was a flourish of trumpets down the street; the sound of horses' hoofs reached the convent over the buzz of the crowd. There was a shout down by the big gate, and then around the corner and over the bridge dashed a dozen horsemen, officers of the Filipino army, with swords drawn. A company of soldiers was quickly thrown along the broad path from the gate to the convent. They lined both sides, and just as the horsemen reached the gate came to a present. Behind the little group of officers came half a squadron of hard-riding Filipino cavalry. The horses were covered with mud and foam, but the men were erect, sturdy, and bright-eyed. Their carbines were slung on their backs, with bayonets fixed, and from every bayonet there flew a little Filipino flag.

Then came Aguinaldo, in a closed carriage, with three of his generals. Two white horses, with long manes and tails, hauled the carriage, and they came at a full run. The carriage was surrounded by mounted officers with drawn swords, and the whole cavalcade charged through the convent yard at top speed, and halted in front of the main entrance to the building with a jerk. The stolid guards who lined the broad pathway never stirred as their commander-in-chief flashed by.

Behind Aguinaldo came the bands, playing stirring marches, and the soldiers, four full companies of them. They marched into the yard, and the people crowded about them. Under the heavy shade of four or five giant caballero-trees Aguinaldo's subjects waited to hear what he might say to them. They were a picturesque crowd. Brilliant reds and yellows and greens and blues marked the dresses of the women. The men were mostly in white, but here and there among them a black-coat stood out sharply in contrast. Their bright eager faces, brown as old copper, with sparkling black eyes, were all upturned toward the convent windows. More than four thousand of them were jammed together in the throng that stood under the great caballeros.

Aguinaldo jumped quickly out of his carriage as it stopped at the convent door—slight of stature, lithe and agile, a very military figure in his new khaki uniform and white helmet. He skipped nimbly up stairs, and presently, with some of his councillors, appeared at the window. The crowd that had cheered a little when he came in gave another shout at this sight of him, and then one of the councillors spoke. The speech was in Tagalog, and it was full of nice things about the people, their loyalty to and suffering for the cause, the achievements they had won, the glory that would be theirs, the greatness of their leader and his devotion to their common cause. It wound up with a call for *vivas* for Aguinaldo and liberty, and then I heard how Filipinos can yell. They would make a notable impression on a football field. The crowd which had listened with absolute silence turned itself loose at the word, and filled the air with its shouts. There was a response from one of the local dignitaries standing in the crowd. Then Aguinaldo disappeared from the window, the bands played the Filipino national air, and the great home-coming of the King was over.

OSCAR KING DAVIS.

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RAIL-SHOOTING.— Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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IN THE SECOND HALF—U. OF PENN. NEARING CHICAGO'S GOAL.



CHICAGO BLOCKS U. OF PENN. WHILE HERSCHBERGER KICKS.

## AMATEUR SPORT

*This Department went to press this week on Friday, November 4, 1898.*

THE INCONCLUSIVE RESULTS in the team finals of the inter-collegiate golf meeting call attention again to the need of new legislation on the question of scoring. Team matches are a modern innovation, and the present system of scoring, according to the aggregate of holes won, came into use simply because it was the logical outcome of the craze for medal play. When the Englishmen took up golf ten years or more ago they proceeded to develop it along the lines of medal play, to the unbounded indignation of the old crusted Scottish school of golfers. The record of the course, rather than the winning of matches (by hole play), became the ultimate object of the players' endeavor, and everything had to be adjusted to this virtually numerical standard. Naturally, then, when team matches came into vogue the struggle resolved itself into scoring the largest possible number of points (aggregate holes), and the results of individual matches became a matter of comparative indifference.

IT COULD, AND OFTEN DID, HAPPEN that a team might count a majority of matches won, and yet tie or lose on the total number of holes scored. In the finals between Harvard and Yale at Ardsley, Yale won four of the six matches, but her total of eleven holes was equalled by Harvard, through the accident of Hubbard's outclassing his Yale opponent. Even then the holing of a two-foot putt by Robertson on the home green would have given the victory to Yale.

IF TEAM MATCHES ARE TO BE PLAYED under the rules for hole play, it is surely inconsistent that the scoring should be essentially that of medal play. It would be far more logical to adopt the out-and-out system (used in combination team matches) of adding together the medal scores of the several players, and awarding the victory to the team returning the lowest aggregate total. Good red herring is better eating than something which is neither fish nor fowl.

It is evident that the present system is unsatisfactory, and last March the executive committee of the U.S.G.A. appointed a special committee to consider the question, and to report upon the advisability of making a change. The special committee being one of those timorous committees we have known on other occasions advised against new legislation, and there the matter rests. The Morris County and Tuxedo clubs, in their home and home team matches, tried the experiment of counting a single point for each individual match, but the result was not wholly satisfactory. Under this system a tie may occur as often as not, and it is obvious that the chances of this contingency should be reduced to a minimum.

ONE SUGGESTION MADE provides that the individual matches should have varying values according to the margins by which they are won. Under this system a match won by one or two holes would be scored as a "single," counting one team point; a match by three or four holes up would be a "double," counting two team points; and a match won by five or more holes would be a "treble," and be valued at three team points. The system is analogous to the scoring at short whist, and has the merits of simplicity and conclusiveness.

A better suggestion, perhaps, is to allow one point for the match and a half-point for the bye-holes (if any). Under this system a decision would almost invariably be obtained, the better team would win, and the interest of the several matches would be sustained to the end. A player might win his match and lose the bye-holes, or *vice versa*, and the fractional points would minimize the chances of a tie. Under the present clumsy and ridiculous system the Yale team was deprived of a fairly earned victory.

THE YALE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT unquestionably in his contention that the tie should be decided by each pair playing single holes until one side or the other could show a clear lead. It is true that the rules make no definite provision for this particular contingency, but by analogy the rule for the decision of ties in single matches may be held to cover the case. Under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to play the entire match over again, and if a decision were wanted, it would have to be obtained (as in baseball) by playing extra innings—*i. e.*, single holes. Under the circumstances it was practicable to play another full round, and Yale yielded gracefully. As it turned out, Harvard would have won either way.

YALE LOST ON THE PLAY-OFF through the reversal of form shown by Barnes. He is a young player, and the day's work was too heavy for him. Hubbard saved the match for Harvard in the morning round, and scored handsomely in the play-off. He is undoubtedly a coming player, and should show up well at the amateur championship meeting next year. In the all-round play a marked advance over the golf shown at the first meeting a year ago was apparent. Princeton's team was a much weaker one than represented the orange and black last May. Vanderpool, Bayard, and Blair having been graduated, but there is good material in her team.

As between Reid, the new inter-collegiate individual champion, and his collegemate W. B. Smith, there is little to choose. Both men play brilliantly at times, and each is lacking in steadiness. Smith did the better work at Morristown, being the runner-up to Douglas, and he also won the championship of Yale over Reid a few weeks ago. But at Ardsley Reid came away with a game that was close to par figures, and Smith seemed to have gone a bit stale. The ex-champion, J. F. Curtis, of Harvard, did not succeed even in qualifying for the match rounds, and his general work of the season has not fulfilled the promise of earlier form.

As a matter of record, it may be noted that this was the third inter-collegiate championship meeting. The second was held last May, Yale winning team match, Harvard second, and J. F. Curtis taking individual honors, with Reid runner-up, and it was then resolved to change to an autumn date, and so avoid clashing with the various spring athletic interests.



KROMER,
West Point's Captain and Quarter-back.



C. B. HERSCHBERGER,
University of Chicago's Full-back.

"A SECTION OF AMERICAN GOLFERS [says London *Golf*] are putting it about that Mr. Findlay Douglas is hardly a *bona fide* amateur, and even go so far as to assert that he was 'put up' to play by an enterprising firm which sells golfing commodities! There does not seem to be a shadow of foundation for these and other complimentary statements, and we forbear to comment on this graceful method of accepting defeat."

The charges against Mr. Douglas's amateur standing were certainly unfounded, but the editor of London *Golf* does not seem to know that the opposition to Mr. Douglas was almost entirely due to the attitude of two of his fellow-countrymen. I also forbear to comment. Douglas is an employee of an electric-supply house in this city, and saved up his vacation of two weeks in order to enter the amateur championship at Morristown.

When he appeared at the tee for the first day's play, so industriously had these malicious reports against his status been circulated by his fellow-countrymen that there was hardly a hand-clap. However, he stuck quietly to his work, and by his unassuming demeanor and unvarying sportsmanship he made his final victory a popular one with every sportsman in the gallery.

This is worth noting as an instance of the sense of American fair play, as Smith, the runner-up to Douglas, is a native-bred player and a college boy, and naturally carried with him the sympathy of the spectators.

It is also worth while noting that the only piece of sharp practice which occurred during the tournament stands to the discredit of a golfer who is not an American.

IT WOULD BE MISLEADING, not to say discourteous, to the Carlisle Indian eleven to refer to that team as "good practice." Carlisle is too near equality with the larger university elevens of the East not to be regarded at all times as a worthy opponent. While the Indians may lack the *finesse* of football play, shown, for example, by their men failing on occasions to take advantage of unexpected developments and situations oftentimes outside the ordinary football routine, yet Carlisle does possess to an enviable degree the consistency of hard, clean, dogged, and aggressive execution of such fundamental principles as have been mastered.

To put it another way, Carlisle has no off days. The eleven plays uniformly well to-day, to-morrow, or a week hence, meeting in turn a majority of the strongest Eastern teams. Others may meet whom they choose and as few as they choose. Carlisle meets them all, and the



YALE'S SHARP OFFENCE.



CHICAGO UNIVERSITY ELEVEN.

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ability of the Indians to do this, and their cleanliness in the doing of it, cannot fail to command respect.

Carlisle demonstrated her grasp of fundamentals in the game lost to Harvard (5–10) at Cambridge the other day. Harvard showed Carlisle the need to success of a clear knowledge of football rules—of knowing, for instance, how to put a player on side, when to do it, and what to do with him when put on side. Carlisle showed Harvard the necessity to success of consistent, rugged resistance—or defence—and an active, untiring, well-directed, and united attack—or offence. In short, Carlisle was the exponent of primary football, and qualified to advance to a higher grade: Harvard was the exponent of middle-grade football, and evinced ignorance of elementaries which suggested the need of another term in the primary department.

HARVARD'S MANNER OF PLAY against Carlisle was her usual combination of punting and rushing. The object in frequent punting being to put distance between her opponents and her own goal, as a means of strengthening her defence, and the chances of her opponents fumbling—with the possibility of profit to the Harvard offence. To this was added a single attempt at goal by drop-kick from the field.

Carlisle's programme of endeavor, in the main, was like Harvard's, except that Carlisle put more stress in simple rushing of the ball and in drop-kicking, and less stress in punting.

Measuring the result by what each eleven attempted, Harvard's victory was due to her punting, and Carlisle's five points to her drop-kicking. One cannot regard Harvard's rushing attack other than as a failure, and, since Carlisle's rushing did not result in a touch-down, or more chances for goals from the field, the obvious conclusion is that the Indians' rushing was also a failure.

Such critical deductions, however, are really hypercritical and do not quite fit the facts, especially so far as Carlisle's rushing attack is concerned. The Indians did not score a touch-down, and Hudson only twice had a favorable opportunity for try at field-goal, but, considering total yards gained, Carlisle's rushes were as success opposed to failure when compared to Harvard's work with the ball in hand. No one doubts that Carlisle would have made more of the opportunity than Harvard did had she, like Harvard, had the ball on opponents' five-yard line five times during the game.

IN THE EXECUTION LAY the main difference between Carlisle and Harvard attack. Carlisle had impetus and determination when her backs struck the Harvard line, and whether for a straight plunge at centre or a revolving plunge directed at tackle, there were clean fierceness and unity that Harvard lacked entirely. Hudson, in his quickness of passing and in his direction and running of plays, would find place upon almost any eleven, even though he had no other football qualifications to commend him. But he has others—to wit, agility on his feet equal to that with his hands; assistance to runner on any attack from centre to end without in the least slowing the play by getting into it himself; skill at drop-kicking. Summing up, we have a quarter-back but little inferior to De Saulles of Yale and a type of player indispensable to team-play. The other Carlisle backs, to a man, seconded Hudson's efforts, and dragged, pushed, and actually hurled each other for gains. With one exception, Carlisle could not gain round the ends, but her dashes against other portions of the Harvard line were generally quite successful.

Defensively, Carlisle was not so strong against good rushing tactics, the fault being, however, rather with the support of her rush-line backs than with the forwards, the backs at this work seemingly not knowing just what was expected of them, and not distributing themselves to the best possible advantage.

THE FAULTS OF THE HARVARD ATTACK have been suggested somewhat in speaking of Carlisle. Briefly, each man was for himself, and even so revealed little of the clean dash so apparent in the Indian runners. When Daly, at quarter, was not slow in getting the ball to the runner, the backs were tardy in starting. There was no sharp unbroken meeting of ball and runner, and the result was the expected one. Harvard's forwards are not good at opening up a way for their backs, but that failing cut slight figure in the result against Carlisle, for the back-field attack was so slow in starting and ragged in striking as to have been unable to take advantage of even the quickest openings. Against the Carlisle ends Harvard lacked the same unison noticeable in the line attacks, her interference being scattered, slow, and spasmodic. A few Harvard end gains were more the result of good luck than of good direction.

THE HARVARD DEFENCE WAS SUFFICIENT to prevent Carlisle from scoring at will, but not strong enough to hold repeatedly for downs. The speed of Carlisle's attack seemed to take the Harvard line off its feet, with the result that the balance of impetus, and consequently the possibility of gain, was with Carlisle. The Carlisle line was not bent back quickly enough into the runner and his interference. On the defence, also, Harvard's line backs, especially Reid and Warren, were weak, ignoring those unexpected opportunities whose quick seizure indicates the football head.

Individually, Smith, the Carlisle centre, was superior to Jaffray in the small but important qualifications of the position, such as continuously clean snapping back to quarter and a quick sure pass to full-back. Boal and Burden (Harvard) at guard held their own offensively and defensively with Redwater and Scott. Bemus Pierce played a particularly superior defence against Harvard's left tackle, Donald, while H. Pierce (Carlisle) at right tackle had more of an even thing with Mills and Haughton. One could hardly be satisfied with 'varsity ends that failed, as Harvard's did, of bringing off even the small gains that at times their Indian opposites, Rogers and Archiquette, manœuvred round Carlisle's left and right.

In getting down on punts and preventing their being run back, the Carlisle men quite excelled Cochrane and Hallowell.

Daly's passing was slow, and his play not so uniformly good as I believe him capable of showing. Comparison with Hudson was not to Daly's advantage, but some of his blocking was excellent on interference, and he had a tackle or two to his credit quite up to the best of the Indian's. Dibblee excelled any Indian back save Hudson, and made one quite as brilliant twenty-yard gain as a similar effort of Cayou's—indeed, more brilliant, since Dibblee was practically unaided, and his effort, supplemented by a little spurt of the Harvard attack, resulted in a touch-down. Reid and Warren were perhaps on equality with Miller and Metoxen, save in offensive work.

Haughton and Cochrane did Harvard's punting, and, on the whole, did it well.

HARVARD'S CHANCE OF SUCCESS against Yale is decidedly an unknown quantity. Until the Univ. of Penn. game shows us whether Harvard is capable of stiffening the line and putting more force and unison into the defensive work, one may not venture even a guess on the outcome of the 19th. Certainly a supple line and indifferent support given the runner would result more disastrously for Harvard against Yale than would the same faults against Univ. of Penn. The back-field work of Yale and her general offensive play exhibit even today, when tried out, more concentrated force than that of any other eleven, and would therefore be especially telling against such manner of play as Harvard showed against Carlisle. While Yale's defence—referring particularly to that exhibited in the West Point game—was loose, it must be remembered that the blue invariably reaches its full development as late as can be without detriment to effectiveness in its final games. And that full development we can always count on as being strong. The fact that her defence against West Point was loose is no warrant for assuming it will be weak against Princeton or Harvard.

In discussing the prospective work of Harvard or Princeton in forth-coming final games, the chances of their attaining perfected play, of the eleven's full strength being utilized, must always be taken into consideration, and the saving "if" is indispensable. But concerning Yale we may be positive. The team from New Haven can be depended upon to realize its fullest possibility on the day of its game. If beaten, it is by the superior play of the opponent, and not through ragged or weak or unperformed work of its own. Yale is a known quantity in the crowning efforts of her athletic teams, and intermediate contests are but preliminary practice to the coveted end of which her coaches never lose sight. That is why it is so very misleading to reckon Yale's football possibilities by the scores the eleven has made during the trial season.

THE YALE–WEST POINT GAME (won by the former, 10–0) was noteworthy chiefly in revealing the attacking power of Yale's backs, and in emphasizing the consistency with which West Point annually develops first-class teams despite handicaps that would wreck the prospects of men less earnest and of less pronounced sportsmanship. The present season provided a crucial test of both qualities, but there has been no lessening endeavor by the cadets, nor slacking of interest among that usual little group of officers, whose personnel changes from year to year as duty separates them, but whose interest is always active and wholesome, and counts for so much in the perpetuity and encouragement of the sport. The excellent work of the '98 team means more when I say that this year is the first in which West Point has relied strictly upon its own coaching resources. Last year the system was inaugurated, though Harmon Graves, who may be said to have brought West Point football up to its present standard, continued his supervision. This season, however, the coaching has been done by Lieutenants Ames, Morrow, and Stout, and Koehler, the Academy sword-master. Furthermore, of the '97 team, the centre, both guards, a tackle, and a half-back were graduated, and of these were Nesbitt and Scales, rated with the best in their positions. To fill these places among only 325 men seemed impossible, and yet how nearly it has been accomplished the team's work against Yale showed. It is suggestive of the sportsmanly spirit that permeates the Academy that the expenditures incident to athletics are met largely by contributions from *alumni*, and it is indicative of the ruling spirit to learn that even this year, with its excitement of war and work, there has been no diminution in support, checks coming from even Manila, Havana, and Alaska.

WEST POINT WAS HARDLY FIT for stiff play when she met Harvard, and was defeated (0–28), but the team was well settled to its work in the Yale game two weeks later, and though again defeated (0–10), showed greatly improved and thoroughly excellent work. Many times during the game West Point opened up Yale's strongest lines, and repeatedly made gains with telling formations well executed. In fact, for several periods during both halves the cadets took the ball on downs, carrying it towards Yale's goal, until the latter recovered itself by one of those familiar braces. The ball was in the air a great deal of the time, and there was little to choose between the punting of Romeyn (West Point) and McBride (Yale); Romeyn's work showed up better because he did not overkick his ends, as did McBride, and his handling of the ball was cleaner. McBride muffed inexcusably, and overkicked his ends invariably; but his line-bucking and interference were of a high order. Kromer, West Point's clever quarter, rarely failed to get under McBride's punts, or to run back with them from 10 to 20 yards; twice he narrowly missed a field goal, and once gained 25 yards by skillfully working the quarter-back kick.

Kromer ran his team well, is a heady captain, and a player of the first class. Foy at right tackle and Smith at end are a strong pair—there are few better in the country. The cadet ends outplayed their opponents; Ennis, guard, played strongly. Waldron's half-back work was brilliant; twice he went around Hubbell's end for gains of 20 and 25 yards; he is a strong ground-gainer, and hard to stop. West Point's weak point is left tackle, and Yale hammered it for most of her gains through the line. With that exception the West Point line showed up well. The cadet backs were strong on the defensive; compared with Yale they are slow in getting off; in fact, that criticism applies generally to the West Point team—it does not get off and into the play sharp enough.

YALE'S DEFENSIVE WORK was indifferent, even taking into consideration the customary tardiness of Yale teams in reaching their form, and it was the more noticeable because the regular 'varsity line was practically intact. Brown and Cutten were notable exceptions to the general disjointed line-work; Coy was a bit of an exception also, but by no means a satisfying 'varsity end. Cutten does not follow the ball closely enough. Hubbell, on the other end, was a mark for the cadets. The back field, McBride excepted, comprised the second string, but their work was superior to that of the first string in the line. It was their fierce attack which gave Yale her points. Sullivan handled the ball sharply and accurately. McBride must send the ball higher on punts or there will be trouble; Yale has no ends who can get down the field on his long low kicks. There is not likely to be any touch-down on a muffed punt if McBride overkicks his ends as he did in the West Point game. Considering his recent convalescence, Chamberlin's work was creditable. The line-tackling was poor.

Yale was a repeated and flagrant offender at holding in the line. The umpire seemed strangely indifferent.

PRINCETON IS THE ONLY ONE of the Eastern 'varsity elevens that up to this date (November 4) has kept its opponents (Carlisle not being among them) from scoring. Yet the team's work has been so irregular from week to week that dependence upon it is out of the question. The difficulty of defeating Cornell (6–0) and Penn. State (5–0)—both hard teams to score against, however, especially Cornell—scattered Princeton hopes, which were raised afresh by the satisfactory tally against Brown (23–0), only to be finally crushed by the very indifferent showing against Virginia (12–0) last Wednesday. I must confess that not since '93 have I seen Princeton, against a weak team, exhibit periods of such poor offence ten days before her Yale game. On the other hand, there were moments of as good defensive line-work as I have seen put up by a Princeton eleven in practice.

I am not so sure that Princeton's obvious undevelopment ten days before her final game is really so serious a matter as it appears to be. Hitherto her fatal error has been over-development. The team has, almost without variance, been at top form a week or ten days too soon, creating the vexing and most difficult problem of how to keep it from going back. It is always better to be a bit under than over trained, and so, too, it seems to me, it is best to attain to your full playing power and skill during the last week or ten days.

In theory that sounds well, but it is not given to every set of players or trainers to put theory into practice. So far as bringing her eleven up to its best in the last week, Yale has made magnificent practical use of this theory; but with Princeton it will be an experiment. At Yale it has long since passed that stage and become a tradition; at Princeton it is new to players, coaches, and the students, and the first and last show their strangeness to the unusual situation.

UNTIL TEAMS SETTLE DOWN in the last ten days or so and play their regular men, it is wellnigh impossible to accurately judge of their capabilities. The employment of substitutes or candidates usually gives an entirely different character to the play—both in formation and execution. We get some idea of the team's style and quality, but, except in the case of Yale, as I have already said, we cannot know what those last ten days are going to do for the players and their work.

As I last saw the Yale–Princeton teams, Princeton had a great deal more to do in these ten days than had Yale. Princeton's line was stronger than Yale's on the defensive, but, with the exception of the ends, not so strong as Yale's on the offensive. Princeton's ends, though light, were of much more service to their team than were Yale's. In the back field Yale was superior in every position. The question is, therefore, how much improvement is Princeton capable of in the remaining week; how much latent football is there in the men? The Princeton line, I believe, can be made the equal of Yale's for all-round work, although I feel Yale will always have a shade the better of it on the offensive. As for the back field, neither in personnel nor in plan or execution of attack are they comparable. Judged by what I have already seen, it seems hardly possible that Yale will not have a distinct advantage in the back field next Saturday. On the other hand, Princeton's line, already somewhat stronger on the defensive, may, in these last days, increase its superiority to such a degree as to neutralize Yale's superior attacking power. We have seen a Princeton line do that before, but it had Wheeler, Holly, Lea, and there are none such in Princeton's line this year.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE PRINCETON TEAM is lack of snap all along the line and behind it, and slowness, and absence of support on attack. The large teams are usually pretty evenly matched in the line, and more often than not also in the personnel of the backs. Therefore what generally makes the differences between the winning and losing team is not individual prowess in or back of the line, or marked superiority in one or the other of these departments, but rather the manner in which the plays are executed. The eleven men who are on their toes, and get into the play every time hard and without delay, are the men that win. If there is one thing Princeton did not do last week, it was to get, not to say keep, on its toes. The whole line except the ends, and all the backs save Kafer, stood flat on their feet. That kind of play will not win next Saturday.

Princeton, however, is sure to put steam in her work—how much no one can say in this her first year of late development. Certainly there should be enough steam to make a close, hard-fought game. Princeton's defence ought to keep Yale's score down very low, but unless the Princeton back field makes tremendous improvement, its attacking power will be hardly equal to driving through Yale for a touch-down. There is sure to be much kicking, and Princeton may get a chance to score—through her speedy ends and Yale's muffing. Home grounds may give Princeton unexpected chances in this direction. It would be fallacious to take a line on Yale and Princeton through their West Point games. Princeton ought to make a better score than did Yale. The Princeton game with the cadets (last Saturday while we were on the press) should, however, give us an inkling as to Princeton's ability to get more speed and force in her attack.

*Pennsylvania–Chicago University game discussed next week.*

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO."—By William Blaikie.—New and Enlarged Edition.—Illustrated.—$1 75.—Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

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## THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

THE Triennial General Convention of the Episcopal Church, at Washington, D. C., has ended its customary three weeks of session without startling incident or conclusion of any work of immediate consequence. Circumstances will determine the significance and importance that may be involved in the new constitutional regulation: "That provision may be made by canon for the temporary use of other forms and directories of worship [besides the prayer-book] by congregations not already in union with this Church who are willing to accept the spiritual oversight of the bishop of the diocese." In fact, the convention of 1898 will probably go into history as "dull"—by no means a bad reputation for any legislative body.

As heretofore indicated in this column, the venerable presiding bishop (Dr. Williams of Connecticut) was detained from his place by bodily infirmity, the Bishop of Albany (Dr. Doane) being elected chairman of his House; and the Rev. Dr. Dix, rector of Trinity Parish, New York, was for the fifth time chosen president of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies. On taking the chair, Dr. Dix intimated that he should be unwilling ever again to undertake the heavy labors of the office; but the House, in a vote of thanks to him adopted towards the close of the session, expressed the hope that he might yet consent to serve again. However this may prove to be, Dr. Dix probably now holds the "record" for length of continuous service in this responsible place, and the reputation of standing supreme among all the capable presiding officers whose services the House has enjoyed.

It was remarked some weeks ago in this place that the proposed revision of the constitution and canons must be the main occupation of the convention, and that its whole time would scarce suffice for that single purpose. Almost its whole time was, in fact, employed in this work, with the result that only the constitution was adopted at the last moment, the canons going over to the convention of 1901 for consideration. The constitution also must be confirmed *verbatim* in 1901 before it shall go into effect, and since a committee was appointed to report in 1901 a new constitutional article "setting forth the Standard Bible," that committee's report, should it be then adopted, will require affirmative action by the next following convention in order to become effective, so that in the most favoring conditions the complete constitution cannot become operative until 1904.

The constitution as adopted this year contains nothing revolutionary; the most important thing is the provision for "temporary use of other forms and directories of worship" above mentioned, from which much is hoped by many persons. This was introduced in substance in the convention of 1895. Its fate then and now furnishes a typical instance of the conservative manner characteristic of the convention's action—the careful, slow waiting for opinion to settle and clear itself before effecting new legislation of importance. The constitutional prohibition of more than one diocese in the same city was expunged, in order to provide for the case of New York, in which city the civil authority has now, by the new charter, included Brooklyn and Queens, wherein lies the main spiritual and financial strength of the Diocese of Long Island. A long-standing wrong has been righted by allowance of canonical provision for courts of review and appeal in the trial of criminous clerks, for whom, until the present time, there has been no means of relief from unjust judgment in the trial court. Constitutional allowance of "the provincial system" has at last been made. Various efforts to change the name of the Church were all defeated.

Five missionary bishops were elected, as follows: the Rev. Samuel Cook Edsall, D.D., rector of St. Peter's Church, Chicago, to North Dakota; the Rev. William H. Moreland, rector of St. Luke's Church, San Francisco, to Sacramento; the Rev. James Bowen Funsten, rector of Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Virginia, to Boisé; the Rev. Junius Moore Horner, of Oxford, North Carolina, to Asheville; and the Rev. Lucien Lee Kinsolving, of the Brazilian mission, to be Bishop of Grande do Sul, Brazil. On the last's nomination the question of intrusion was raised, seeing that there is a valid episcopate in that country; but the convention was of opinion that the sort of Christianity prevalent in Brazil need not preclude other efforts. One foreign missionary bishop elected by the House of Bishops was defeated by the House of Deputies. This was in executive session, according to the rule in all such cases, but credible report says that the objection was based on the nominee's age of fifty-two and the fact that he had to master a difficult language in order to be effective in his office. A deputy urged that he himself had learned ten languages after the age of sixty, but in spite of this example the "dead-line" of fifty-two *plus* a language to learn remained inexorably drawn.

The Diocese of Indiana was divided, the present bishop (White) choosing the new diocese, Northern Indiana, for his own. The remaining diocese of Indiana will elect its bishop.

Application from Hawaii for admission to the American Church was denied, the convention deeming it inexpedient to interfere at present with the existing status, which is that of a missionary district of the Church of England. A commission was appointed to consider the cases of Cuba and Puerto Rico in consultation with the English Bishop of Antigua, who has a congregation at Ponce waiting to be transferred to the American Church.

A joint commission was established to report in 1901 on the validity of orders in the Reformed Episcopal body, in which body there is a movement towards return to the communion from which it seceded.

The proposed more stringent canon of marriage and divorce was defeated in the House of Bishops; the House of Deputies referred it to a special committee of thirteen, to report in 1901, the report to be in the hands of deputies by the end of 1900. From the composition of this committee it seems unlikely that any report whatever can be made with substantial unanimity, and possibly no report of much substance and significance can even obtain a majority, so different at present are opinions on the question among men of equal earnestness, piety, and learning.

San Francisco was appointed the place of session in 1901, and the House of Deputies voted to hold its meeting then in an unconsecrated building—a vote which probably will prevent all further use of sacred places for the business of legislative assemblies.

Mention should here be made of the Triennial Meeting of the Women's Auxiliary, at which the offering amounted to about $82,000. The convention resolved that the offering of the same body in 1901 should be devoted to Domestic Missions, in addition to the regular appropriations from the Board of Missions, the work among the colored people to receive its proportionate share.

To this brief review should be added the following statistics of the growth of the Church, compiled by Bishop Coleman of Delaware for the *Church Eclectic*:

At the beginning of the year 1873 we had in the United States about 2950 clergymen, including 48 bishops. We now have in the same territory about 4700 clergymen, including 83 bishops. During the twenty-five years preceding 1873 there were 51 bishops consecrated, as against 85 bishops consecrated since 1873. Twenty-five years ago there were about 260,000 communicants. There are now not less than 660,000, which means nearly, if not quite, three millions of members, or at least of avowed "adherents." The number of American dioceses and missionary jurisdictions then was 45. Their present number is 77. The average contributions in money for Church purposes, as reported then, were about $4,000,000 annually. They are now about $13,000,000 annually.

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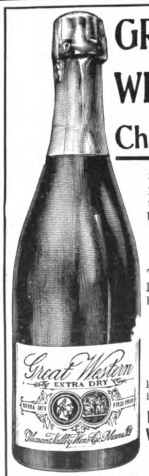
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# THE PRUDENTIAL

VOLUME XV. NEWARK, N. J., AUGUST, 1898. NUMBER 4.


### Helping a Hero's Widow.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Chief Yeoman of the Brooklyn, the only man killed in the great naval action off Santiago on July 3, which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's entire fleet and the capture of the Admiral, officers and men, was insured in The Prudential—had been for ten years. When fifteen years of age a small policy was issued to his parents on the boy's life, and later a second policy. The aggregate of the two policies—over $350—was promptly paid to the young widow, Mrs. Sarah M. Ellis, who resides at 819 Dean street, Brooklyn. She is left with an infant seven months old. The crew of the Brooklyn have raised a fund of about $1,000 for Mrs. Ellis, so that with the pension she will receive from the Government, she and her little one are secured against pecuniary distress. Yeoman Ellis was twenty-five years of age. The office of Yeoman is an important one. The Yeoman has charge of all the ship's stores, such as rigging, armament, ammunition, paint, oil, canvas, everything, literally, from a needle to an anchor—that is, everything outside of the food, clothing, cash and medical stores. He keeps account of everything on board the ship in the way of ship supplies, and issues nothing to any one on board, not even a broom or a marlin spike, without an order from the executive officer. He heads the list of first-class petty officers and ranks with a Sergeant Major in the army.

---

The following communication explains itself:

*John F. Dryden, Esq.,*
*Pres't of Prudential Insurance Co.*

*Dear Sir:—*

*I desire to express my thanks to you for the prompt payment of the insurance on my late husband, George H. Ellis' policies, who was killed in the naval battle at Santiago, July 3, 1898.*

*I recommend very highly The Prudential Insurance Company, as I received $11.26 more than my policies called for.*

*Very respectfully,*
*Sarah M. Ellis.*

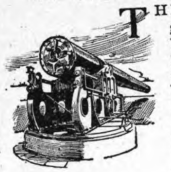
### Mohammed on True Charity.

EVERY GOOD act is charity: Your smiling in your brother's face; your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty, is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies people will ask, What property has he left behind? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?
—*From a Sermon by Mohammed.*

### Age of "Old Glory."

"Old Glory" is older than the present flag of Great Britain, which was established in 1801; than the flag of Spain, which was established in 1785; than the French tricolor, decreed in 1794; than the flag of Portugal, established in 1830; than the Italian tricolor, established in 1848; than the flags of the old Empires of China and Japan, and of the Empire of Germany, which represents the sovereignty of fourteen distinct States, established in 1870.

### The Largest in the World.



THE new 126-ton gun, intended to be placed on Romer Shoal, just north of Sandy Hook, New York, and now receiving its finishing touches at Watervliet arsenal, is the largest cannon in the world, six tons heavier and five feet longer than the

### Her Papa.

My papa 's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought when I first looked at him,
My papa was n't mine.

He 's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It 's blue, with buttons, O, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa 's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why?
And every time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

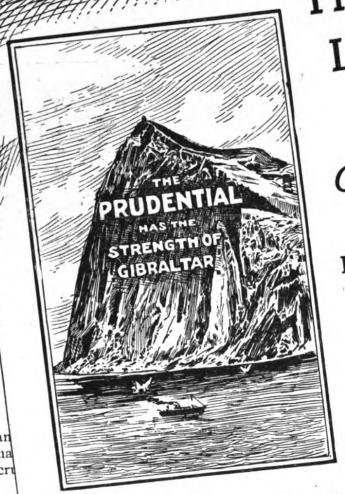
Who 's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa 's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He 's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?
—*Mary Norton Bradford in Insurance Critic.*

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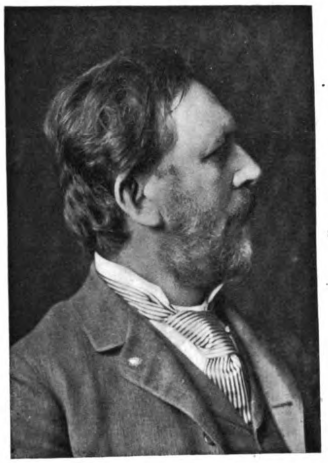
advance of her previous performance; with contin- schooling in such parts there is hope of something hly intelligent and artistic. And when, after her ex- itious marriage, the wicked jilt tells her that *Remsen* married her merely out of *revenge*, there is a touch rue pathos that promises well for the rest of the play. 'ain promise! Her subsequent life is spent mainly in tting *Remsen* as he scuttles through the various holes he wall that open before him whenever he is hard press- by the British officers. The quality of the first act serves inly to suggest what "The Colonial Girl" might have d for us. *Remsen* might have been a true figure of olonial patriot: in point of fact, he is little more than ostume, though it is animated, to be sure, by Mr. Soth- 's personal charm. The British officers might have n—British officers: they are movable uniforms, valu- e chiefly as lending color to the scene. The tragedy *Mollie's* romantic marriage might have been made gen- ie dramatically, and therefore deeply appealing: as ne follows scene it is obscured by the brilliancy and portuneness with which she aids the walls in opening to eive *Remsen*. If it had been vouchsafed to Mr. Sothern appear the scatter-brain *Remsen* was, he might have been laimed by *Mollie's* sincerity and loyalty: the situation which a man falls in love with his wife is certainly as pable of skilful variation as the tavern situation in "She ops to Conquer." In a word, the play might easily ve been a legitimate romance of early American life.

Why was it not so written? I beg to be excused from inking that the authors are incapable of the mere perspi- city and the rightness of heart that are needful to a genuine drama. We have the *Mollie* of the first act. *Ex pede Herculem*. More likely the authors still believe in the ancient fic- ns that conversation is fatal to the movement that is cessary to a drama, and that what affects an audience is uation rather than substance and vitality. On the stage which we have become familiar with the ripest of Pi- ro's plays, it is late to point out that movement may nsist in mental and spiritual developments, and that ithout vitality a "situation" is little more potent than ometrical theorem. Perhaps, however, the authors aim- l the play at the limitations of their actors; no doubt e true craftsman makes his play to fit his actor. Molière d, and probably Shakspere. But in so doing they ig- ored the mannerisms, and aimed to develop the full ower of their interpreters. I have little doubt that hat recommended the play was the fact that it gave iss Harned an opportunity to develop her powers.

Tailor-made Parts.

"Catherine," at the Garrick, has taken new interest om the fact that Mr. Charles Frohman has announced a urpose in its presentation. He selected the play as the greatest success of last season in Paris, and deliberately undertook to stage it and cast it as well as it was staged and cast at the Comédie Française. We are challenged to dge it by the highest standard. As for the play, it ould be scarcely worth while to point out in detail the rrors in structure and in taste. The actors are the main oint. If Mrs. Sarah Cowell-Le Moyne has a defect, it the defect of her quality—in uttering the wisdom and oodness of her part so unmistakably, the fineness of anner that would be imparted at the Comédie Française lacking; there is not the distinction of class between *he Duchess* and *Catherine* that the play requires. Joseph lolland, as *Catherine's* bourgeois lover, makes a similar mistake. The key to his actions is the thoughtful, almost stoical, generosity that is the virtue of the best men of his class. The rendering of the part is outspoken, aggressive. Miss Ethel Barrymore on leaving her mother's drawing-room curtsies to a guest in a manner that aims to be Parisian if it is not, and then waves adieu to her brother with a comradely flutter of the wrist that a student of social phenomena could doubtless locate as belonging to certain blocks abutting on Fifth Avenue. Such ineptitudes are foreign to the best Parisian acting. Yet they are so slight in effect that in ordinary circumstances they would scarcely be worth pointing out, and I hasten to add that I very much doubt if the French production had so many positive excellences as ours. All of our princi-

"Catherine" Paris and in New York.



EMIL PAUR,
Conductor of "The New York Orchestra."

pal actors are unusually skilful and vigorous. Miss Elsie de Wolfe, whose rôle is most trying and difficult, stands up to it like a little man, and with her native honesty almost redeems its Gallic loathsomeness. Of Miss Russell enough cannot be said. It would be such fun to have a whole new dictionary full of beautiful words to speak her praises! Let us be thankful for what the gods have given us. It is pleasant to know that anything so good can come out of the syndicate.

"The Liars," which is still playing to good houses at the Empire, has taken new interest from a rumor as to its



"THINK WHAT I HAVE ENDURED!"
Elsie de Wolfe as *Helen*, and Frank Worthing as *Duke de Coutras*, in "Catherine," playing at the Garrick Theatre, New York.

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authorship. It is said that it was written by Oscar Wilde, and that Henry Arthur Jones was induced to lend his name to it because the proceeds are to be applied to the education of Wilde's children. "The British are no better than their neighbors," as *Sir Christopher* remarks in the play, "but, thank God, they pretend to be, and make it hot for those who think otherwise!" With the case of the British public and its latest scapegoat we have nothing to do; but it is significant that in the play in question this sentence bites deeper than any other. There are verbal passages among the women folk the bizarre cleverness of which might serve as an ear-mark. The best passage in the play of any length is that in which *Sir Christopher* describes the various fates of those who sin against the laws of society—the long speech toward the end of the last act—which Mr. Drew delivers so admirably. In the fact that it sounds like a moral preachment it is suggestive of Mr. Jones; but the shallowness of it all is obvious on a second thought. Witness the unconsciously flippant and delightfully absurd moral of the play: if your wife is going to run away with another man it is your own fault, so take her on your arm and give her the best supper London can provide! It is to be added that the rumor, which has not yet found its way into print, comes from people who are likely to know. JOHN CORBIN.

The Authorship of "The Liars."

# MUSIC

## THE NEW YORK ORCHESTRA.

It is so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what on earth I was begun for.
—*Epitaph on a Promising Infant in Arms.*

WHAT malignant star insists on blending its rays with any effort in New York city to establish another local concert-orchestra, proper to the place, by name at least? to form a band which shall yield the sort of playing that is the pride of one or two other musical communities of our country? What, pray, have we done, what are we always doing, that makes the Far-Darter keep his arrows hot on the string against every plan maturing to take away our scorn in the market-place of Boston and our reproach in the gateways of Chicago? Apollo—like another very great Personage—is supposed to take care of his own. Are we, then, none of Apollo's? Or do we sacrifice so much to opera that the graver Fates are offended forever? Shall not zeal, guarantees, talkative ladies, impulsive gentlemen, solemn incorporation, and even a sparkling outsetting save new undertakings for giving us a superfine orchestra all our own? If so, I suppose that we must just quietly go on and on in humbleness, content with our good old Philharmonic's industries and traits—though, by-the-bye, a rumor is current that the miracle of miracles, a change much for the better, has come over *them* since a new leadership has taken their season in hand. This we shall see for ourselves with the Society's opening concerts this week, taking place on too late a day for review in this article. Meantime the usual bad fortune has been assaulting "The New York Orchestra." It made a début, a most brilliant début, in Carnegie Hall a week earlier than these lines are in press—the incident being the introduction to what promised us altogether new reason for musical delight and pride during a long winter.

Unfriendly Stars —not of Opera.

The advance rumors that declared Mr. Löwenstein's new organization to be one of the very first class, and its performances as likely to be quite the finest ones heard in New York city from any symphonic band of distinctly local origin, and meant especially for a local concert service, proved correct. If we have lost it, we have suffered a great loss. The one evening when it showed what sort of orchestral players were united in it, and what was meant by Mr. Paur's strong hand over it at its rehearsals or in public work, must have decided that much in any unprejudiced ears. The new orchestra is of about a hundred men. In it will be found a good deal of the pick of the city's instrumentalists—those we have already heard under other conductors, and several newcomers, along with a fraction from the Boston Symphony Orchestra and other outside sources. Mr. Nahan Franko is the concert-master; and be it said here that never has Mr. Franko, accomplished violinist as he is, played in any symphony-band as he played on this occasion. The first 'cellist is Mr. Leo Schulz, a virtuoso of the highest esteem, with whose merits the cities in the route of the Boston Orchestra's tours have become familiar. The strings in general are a splendid force, if yet something unpolished in voice. The wood-wind, and the brass, too, are of the very best. In all the band's full ranks one could remark only old and tried symphonic friends. But one other matter could also be remarked from the instant their playing began—an expression of discipline, an attitude of artistic responsibility, an unbroken watchfulness of a new musical pilotage. There was a rapport already vividly established between musicians and leadership—all to a degree not discernible in the performances of a local orchestra until now. The conductor's disciplinary earnestness, and the fact that he knew perfectly well what he was aiming at, and was determined to have Weber, or Beethoven, or Rimsky-Korsakov, or any other composer, played as he should be played—these were breathed about in the atmosphere of the first performance of this "New York Orchestra" before the first half-dozen pages of the "Freischütz" overture had been turned. One felt that Mr. Paur was the man to shake our musicians out of the rut of conventional duty, to break the lethargy of dulled temperaments, the slovenliness due to perfunctory and few rehearsals, to stir the most lethargic instrumentalists. There came the pleasant sense that a new standard was already set by a hand able to uphold it.

"The New York Orchestra."

The programme presented five extremely familiar works—though for one of them never can familiarity breed indifference unless the immediate performance be at fault. The overture to "Der Freischütz" began the scheme. The "Rienzi" prelude closed it. Between these old, old war-horses of many concert-directors came Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, Volkmann's honeyed Serenade in D, and a sparkling, fiery, chaotic Russian novelty, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol." The Beethoven symphony demonstrated that Mr. Paur had yet to smooth and to make more fluently coalescent the stringtone of his new charge. But there was present, in telling passages, a rounded eloquence that should soon prevail altogether. Along with it, certain qualities of the band's other choirs will deepen. In any event, this performance of the symphony was the most truly Beethovenish one we have heard, except on evenings when we have sighed to find how much better gracious visitors to us have interpreted the classics than New York's own conductors and own orchestras have served them. The gigantic frolicsomeness of the Scherzo—with that one inarticulate interruption to its joy in the Trio—the climaxes of the last movement that pile onto each other until it seems as if something must break, either Beethoven's inspiration or an orchestra's ascending voice—they were spoken out under Mr. Paur's bâton that evening in richness and full sense of their vitality. One felt that Beethoven was being played as he should be played—with no unlicensed readings, no liberties. If the Third Symphony ever loses its interest, it is not that it is hackneyed; the fault lies in the leader and his men. Mr. Paur is a Beethoven conductor to the manner born. The saccharine Volkmann Serenade (in which Mr. Schulz's obbligato duty was masterly) was a more complete success as to the string quality of the orchestra. The "Rienzi" overture was played with a brio to make it sound not only endurable, but interesting. As for the Rimsky-Korsakov score, a show-piece of wholly unvaluable contents, but exhausting all the tricks and devices of even the "extra" orchestra, and demanding great virtuosity from the whole band, it was given with such spirit, precision, and brilliancy, that one had—once more—to dismiss previous comparisons of a New York kind in considering such a performance. The evening long, all was new life, spirit, care for *nuance*, balance of tone. The basses did not lumber along like a Fifth Avenue omnibus; the wood-wind did not play as on mouth-organs and jew's-harps; the brass did not bluster and blare.

The Programme's first, perhaps last, Programme and Concert.

The evening was a demonstration of Mr. Paur's abilities, a triumph of plain, straightforward musicianship and resolution that must have gratified his well-wishers. Again there came to us a good object-lesson in what Mr. Paur is as a leader, quite aside from the Boston Symphony Orchestra's connection and qualities. When Mr. Paur first came to Boston, and so visited New York, he was not any too discerningly measured, I fear, by any of us. The suavities of Mr. Nikisch—suavities that nevertheless attest the velvet glove on an iron hand—were in our minds. Mr. Paur's rugged, ungraceful, self-forgetting way of leading his men was not pretty. There is no prettiness in it now. There is a bit of the leonine in his personality. We did not like him to stamp his foot and clap his hands, and turn around to view his band, so to say. It seemed poor form. He was not a gentleman, either, to care for dancing attendance in the drawing-rooms of Commonwealth Avenue or of upper Fifth Avenue; too much a musician and a man for mere social foolishness and flattery. His programme-making also was, and is, often curious. And Mr. Paur really was not the concert-leader into which he has ripened since his Mannheim days of opera. He has undoubtedly improved. But on what fine capital the outward improvement was to accrue we now see. His dignity of aims, his musical conscientiousness, his unwearied labor, his sense of responsibility toward a public and a composer, his vigorous musical individuality—all these make Mr. Paur a conductor indeed valuable for what he is, whether in the business of leadership for our music or for music elsewhere. New York has grown into a warm respect for him. I question whether any director to be transplanted to us, coming here without a great European advertisement, would be more a *persona grata;* and it may also be questioned whether any other one could achieve more definitely satisfactory results with the material we have to offer. It is solid musicianship, united to refinement and to a wholesome masculinity of methods, that tells in a musical leader's responsibility.

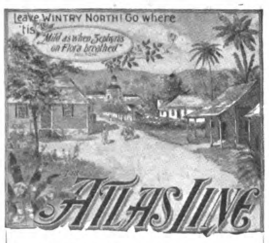
Mr. Paur as a Conductor.

Altogether, then, if we have heard Mr. Löwenstein's "New York Orchestra" only to hear it no more, we have suffered a manifest subtraction. Its presuming name was a just choice. For, such a band *would* represent New York in symphonic work as has none until now. The orchestra directed by the late Anton Seidl, the quality of performance from the now dispersed Symphony Society, the Philharmonic (as we have had it these many years), and other bands to our city's count were all wholly outdone. It was a royal orchestra with a new orchestral utterance. At last accounts the manager had turned over all his engagements and affairs to his lawyer. Nobody could say what would float on the surface of a stormy sea. If "The New York Orchestra" can be buoyed up, it ought to be only a question of a season to make it the talk of New York's *connaisseurs.* If not, why, those who are partial to other and less concrete plans for our symphonic welfare, or who still cherish needless sentimentality toward Mr. Seidl's memory and services to us, ought to have heard the first concert of this "New York Orchestra" with sufficiently clear perceptions to exclaim, with *Juliet:*

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

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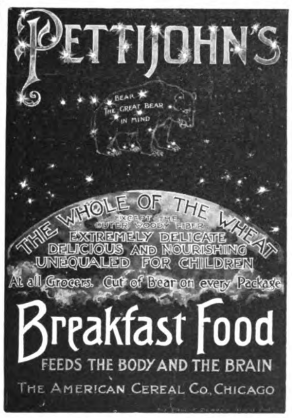
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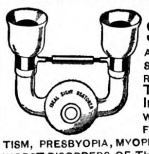
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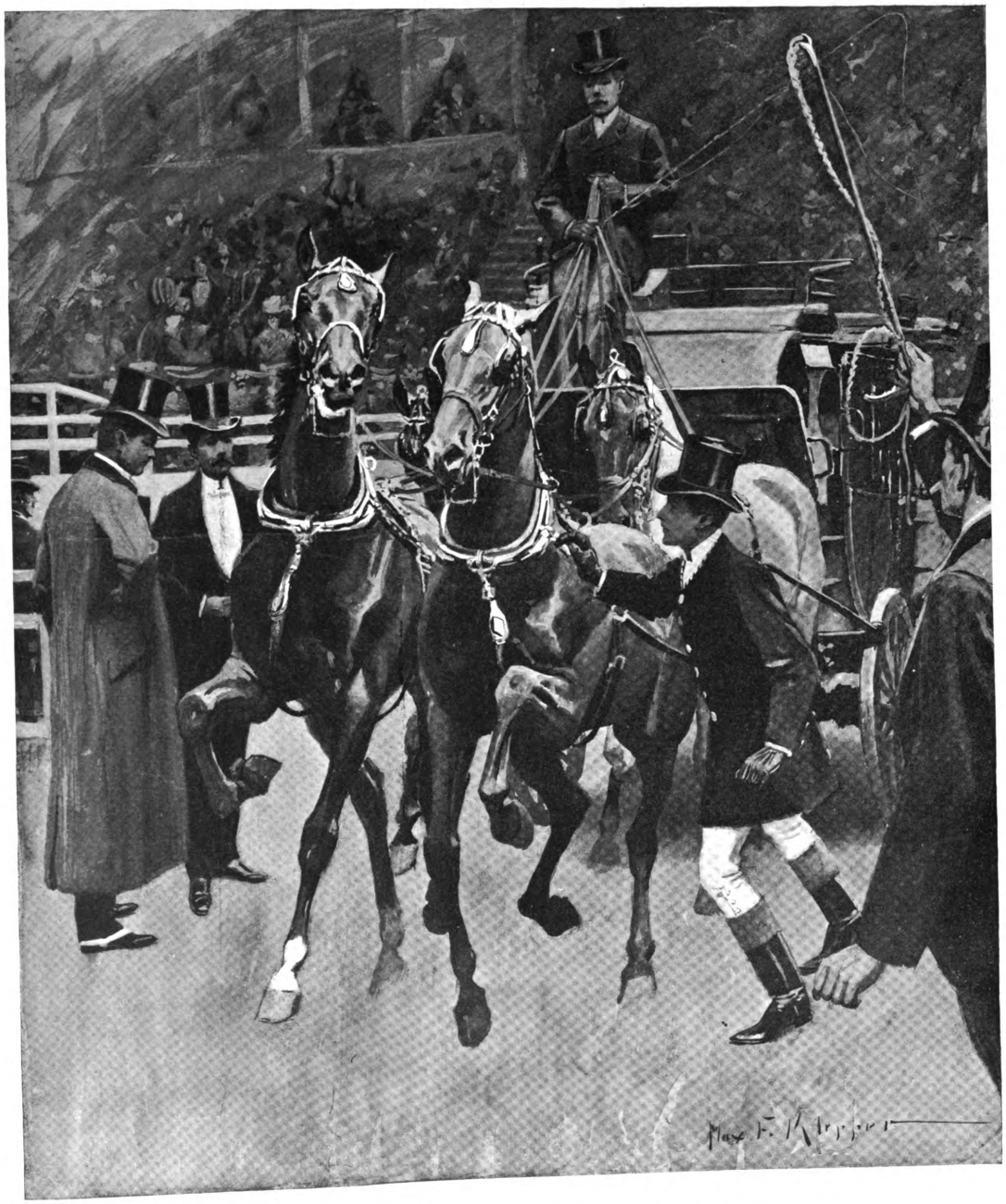

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2187. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


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AT THE HORSE SHOW—PULLING UP BEFORE THE JUDGES.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.


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GREAT BRITAIN continues to make warlike preparations, and no one seems to know precisely, now that Fashoda is abandoned by the French, why she continues this work. Lord SALISBURY was expected to declare a protectorate over Egypt at the Lord Mayor's banquet, but he did not, although he hinted that it was well enough to be ready for grave emergencies. Whatever the cause of this active warlike preparation may be, the character of the English government assures the belief that if there be a cause for war it is a grave and dignified one, and one in which the British Empire will doubtless have the sympathy of the United States. Whether the prospective enemy be France or Russia, this will be true.

AMONG the pleasantest results of the election is the defeat of the Bryanites in BRYAN'S own State, Nebraska, and the consequent speedy end of the political career of that Populistic and silver demagogue Senator WILLIAM V. ALLEN. Nebraska has been too prosperous during the last two years to remain Populistic. This defeat and other Republican successes in the West end the free-silver movement, although we cannot hope that the end of financial heresies will come until the whole monetary system of the country shall be reformed.

IT has often been said that science not less than war has had its martyrs, and the truth of the assertion is attested by many examples; the unscientific like the unmilitary public may be pardoned for wishing to see the martyrdoms confined to those who are willing to run the risk. The outbreak of the bubonic plague in a Vienna hospital is a case in point. No one can too greatly admire the self-sacrifice of the professional man who deliberately risks his own life to investigate the means by which so terrible a scourge as the plague which has been devastating India during the last two years may be cured or prevented; but when it comes to risking the importation of the plague into central Europe, there is another side to the question. The bubonic bacillus may have an overwhelming interest for the men of science on his own account, but for the general public the interest centres around the idea of keeping him as far away as possible. The recent events at Vienna would seem to point the moral pretty plainly, and it is to be hoped it will not soon be forgotten in the public interests. It is not only unobjectionable, but highly meritorious, on the part of the pioneers of medical science, to risk their own lives in the experiments which have proved so fatal to all concerned at Vienna, but they have no right to risk the lives of other people. If they wish to make the nearer acquaintance of the bubonic bacillus, the proper place to do it is where they can find him at home. At Bombay, for instance, the enthusiastic professor might have taken the plague and died, but if he had done so there would have been an end of it, as a few thousand bacilli more or less could hardly make much difference there. Inoffensive people at Vienna have surely a right to choose their company, even among bacilli.

LORD SALISBURY, in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet last week, spoke of the appearance of the American republic among Asiatic factors and in European diplomacy as a "grave and serious event, which might not conduce to the interests of peace." What Lord SALISBURY said on this occasion is worthy of serious consideration. Are we prepared to do anything that is a menace to the peace of the world? Is not the whole teaching of the republic against that? Are we prepared to take a step that will invite war? In other words, are we to cease to be the greatest influence for peace that the world has ever known? The part which the republic has played thus far in international history is one that is distinctly honorable to us. We have been proud of the fact that we have encouraged the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration, and that we have settled more of our own disputes with various powers in this peaceable manner than any other power in the world. If this has been a proper subject of national pride, as we believe, how can we also be proud of the fact that what we do in the future will make for war?

IT is probably true, as some of the opponents of the expansion policy say, that a plan should be formulated for the better government of the Philippine Islands that does not involve their annexation to the United States. Senator HOAR has made a suggestion which, if carried out, would put the islands in commission under the control of several of the civilized powers; and there seems to be really no reason why some arrangement might not be made which would begin the instruction of the Filipinos in the art of self-government. The problem is not a difficult one for real statesmanship, and it could be solved easily enough if we should set real statesmen at it. In the mean time the *status quo* ought to be maintained, and the subject of the Philippines and their future omitted from the treaty of peace.

THE difficulty is, as we have suggested, that real statesmanship will probably not be permitted to concern itself with the Philippines. Judging from the manner in which we have begun with these islands, and with the other outlying possessions that we are apparently seeking, we have not yet developed the capacity for dealing with the initial questions that are arising. The administration is seemingly without any faith in the capacity of its own friends to transact international business involving negotiations with the accredited representatives of Spain. Consequently the commissioners at Paris are so bound up by instructions from Washington that they have no initiative and no latitude. In other words, they have no real power to negotiate. The consequence is that a meeting of minds between the two commissions is going to be difficult, and the delay resulting from the transmission to this country of counter-propositions from Spain may cost us advantageous terms, because, since they cannot be accepted at the moment when they are offered, they may be withdrawn before the final word goes from Washington. We are also manifesting an absolutely absurd and mediæval tendency in dealing with our trade regulations, evidence of which is the decision that trade with Puerto Rico is coastwise trade, and therefore must be carried on in American bottoms. This is the kind of colonial policy that cost Great Britain her colonies in this country, and that has finally brought Spain to her knees, and has plunged her into the depths of poverty. No steps whatever seem to have been taken looking to a change in our century-old navigation laws, and no member of the administration has suggested the necessity of providing for a colonial administrative force. In short, the expansionists are devoting their minds wholly to the subject of land-grabbing, and it is not surprising, therefore, that those who are opposed to land-grabbing should be simply insisting that the national word shall be kept, and that the country shall not be burdened with any more islands until it has made some progress towards devising a scheme for governing those we have; but, as we have already said, if we might only secure the services of statesmen, the problem of the Philippines would be settled without placing the whole burden on the United States.

WE are not inclined to make use of the misfortunes of the country for the purpose of aiding our side of a controversy, but it seems to us to be just to point to the outrageous condition of affairs in North Carolina and South Carolina following the election as an indication of the essential weakness in our system of government of the presence of large aggregations of what are called inferior people. The trouble in the South does not indicate that the American people are not competent to govern themselves and their country. It does show what the American politician can accomplish when he sets out to promote distrust and hatred between the blacks and the whites for his own profit and advantage. The war in North Carolina and South Carolina, by which civil government has been overturned in populous communities, is due to the fact that Republican politicians have promoted race hatred for the gain of their party. In view of the state of things that the politicians have succeeded in bringing about in the South, it seems to us the height of folly to turn over to these same politicians the control of alien races in distant lands, where an outbreak similar to that which has taken place at Wilmington, North Carolina, might easily precipitate the whole country into a disastrous foreign war.

## THE ELECTIONS.

THE results of the elections throughout the country cannot be wholly satisfactory to either political party. The friends of expansion, who have lately become more than ever the friends of Mr. MCKINLEY, have been insisting that the verdict of the elections would have a strong bearing upon their enterprise. They have stated that Spain was awaiting this verdict with anxiety, and they have put this in a way that has made it difficult for many conscientious persons to escape voting the Republican ticket. They have stated that the issue was the approval or disapproval of the war. Now the war is one thing and expansion is another thing. Whether we Americans believe that the war was properly begun or not, we are behind the administration so long as the war is going on; but that does not make us supporters of the administration's policy of taking the Philippines, or of the plan to transform this democratic government into an imperial power.

The result has been confusion of mind among voters who did not want to express any sentiment that would be pleasant to Spain, while, on the other hand, they did not desire to approve of the absorption of the Philippines. The mixed result is perhaps the consequence of this. At any rate, it is most gratifying to our patriotic pride to take it so, for we do not wish to look upon the Republican loss in the House of Representatives as indicative of any feeling on the part of the American people in favor of Spain. We take it, on the contrary, that it means simply that expansion and the army administration are not popular, and that if expansion had been presented on its naked merits, the administration would have been overwhelmingly defeated. As it is, the Republican party has lost seriously in the House; and it has suffered severely in Minnesota, where the leading expansionist and jingo of the Senate and the Paris Peace Commission, CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, is a candidate for re-election to the Senate. He is going to be elected, no doubt, but his prestige is badly damaged by the vote on the State ticket.

This much, we think, is clear from the election statistics: Mr. MCKINLEY'S expansionist policy is not popular. The voters have not ratified the shouts of the people who met him at the railroad stations on his Western trip. On the leading domestic or "parochial" issue, that of sound money, the result is far from evil. The administration has not done much for sound money since it came into power, and the Republicans in Congress have failed to be able to do anything; but, on the whole, the country has reason to expect more from the Republican party on this question than from the Democratic party. How absolutely incompetent the latter is to deal with this subject is shown by the fact that the sixteen candidates for Congress in this city, who are to represent sound money constituencies, obeyed the command of the ignorant person who owns their political form and souls, and refused to say a word on this vital issue. Although the Republican Congress has done anything for sound money, something still is to be expected in the near future, since the party retains its power in the House. This body probably not to be immediately realized, because while the present House may push through the pending excellent bill, the present Senate will pass it; but we hope that the next House can be counted on for something in the way of sound financial legislation. In this connection, the defeat of Representative WALKER of Massachusetts is to be regretted, for he was a man of light and leading on the money question, and his absence will be felt when the debate begins.

QUAY'S victory in Pennsylvania is one of the worst of the evil results of the election. His candidate STONE was elected by a large majority, the Legislature will probably make QUAY his successor. We had hoped for better things of the State, and had been assured that we might expect them. But apparently Pennsylvania prefers the iniquitous QUAY to any virtuous Democrat. Of course there is hope as long as there is life, but, as the New York *Times* suggests, QUAY may die of old age before Pennsylvania becomes virtuous enough to repudiate him.

On the whole, it is a sign of great weakness that the administration not to be able to carry the country at an election held before the war is regarded. Many of the Republican politicians who voted for the war did so believing that the result would be a Republican triumph. They have been disappointed for a variety of reasons, one of which, of course, is the ob-

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treatment of the soldiers; but the chief cause of the failure of the Republican party to hold its own in the House is the fact that the administration has insisted upon expansion as the leading feature of its programme.

## THE NEW YORK ELECTION AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

THE success of Mr. ROOSEVELT is one of the good signs of the times. We dismiss, of course, the contention that will be made at Washington, and perhaps in Europe, that his election as Governor of New York is an endorsement of Mr. MCKINLEY'S scheme for loading the country with the Philippines in the interests of what he calls "destiny" and of what the missionaries call "religion." Mr. ROOSEVELT'S victory not only means nothing of the kind, but it was evident to within ten days of the election that his expansion and jingo sentiments were a detriment to his canvass. The people of the State did not respond to the military side of his campaign, while some of his best friends voted against him, or did not vote at all, because they thought that he was playing the demagogue in a way that was quite unworthy of his character, his intellect, and his antecedents. Not only were his jingoism and imperialism visibly unpopular, but so was the presence of the theatrical Rough Riders in uniforms which they had no right to wear after they were mustered out of the service of the United States. There was a good deal of objection, too, to the exaggerated claim that seemed to be put forward as to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S part in the assault on San Juan Hill—a claim that ignored the much more brilliant part played by General HAWKINS and the regular infantry. For much of this we are sure that Mr. ROOSEVELT was not responsible, and we know that he is incapable of making or sustaining any claim in his behalf that is beyond his deserts, or that involves an injustice to any one else. We mention these features of the campaign for the purpose of reminding those who are seeking to point a moral in national affairs that the military pomp and circumstance of the struggle injured rather than helped Mr. ROOSEVELT. And this was not because the people of New York, or of the country in general, do not love a military hero. They have proved the contrary too often and too decisively to permit the expression of a doubt as to their partiality for successful soldiers. Indeed, Mr. ROOSEVELT is himself an example of this passion of theirs. He would not have been nominated at all if he had not been a hero at San Juan. The politicians did not want him. PLATT and his knew him thoroughly. They had had bitter experiences with him before. They realized that his election would mean a Governor hostile to the machine. Apparently, however, they wanted to win this year, and they knew that with the ordinary machine candidate the Republican party would be beaten. The popular hero was forced upon them. If it had been only as a popular hero that Mr. ROOSEVELT ran, a campaign in his behalf would hardly have been necessary; but gradually the idea of imperialism became a definite part of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S military career, and this obscured and finally destroyed the glory he had won on the battlefield. As a political issue, imperialism was a failure in New York, and apparently no one realized this more keenly than Mr. ROOSEVELT, who won his campaign in the last ten days by devoting himself to the real issues of a State election, and by paying particular attention to Mr. CROKER'S sinister appearance in State politics. In a word, the significance of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S success as to national affairs is adverse to Mr. MCKINLEY'S attitude on the Philippine question, and while it is difficult to count on Mr. PLATT or any one of his friends in a matter of high politics, we believe that he and his colleague in the Senate, whether the latter be MURPHY or a Republican devoted to PLATT, will vote against the ratification of any treaty of peace which includes the cession of the Philippines. To do otherwise would be to fly in the face of their constituents.

Primarily Mr. ROOSEVELT'S victory is the triumph of character. He was elected because the people of the State really believed that he would give them a good administration. His opponent, an excellent man, we are told, laid great stress on the canal frauds as an issue, and it is highly probable that if the Republican party had nominated any other candidate it would have been defeated on that issue. Evidently the party has not repented of its crimes and its criminals, for the ridiculous WOODRUFF and the peccant ALDRIDGE were permitted to defend themselves during the campaign, and thus to imperil ROOSEVELT'S chances. No one believes in PLATT or his associates, but, at the same time, no one believes in CROKER as a reformer, and throughout the struggle VAN WYCK has stood for CROKER. On the other hand, Mr. ROOSEVELT stood for himself. While his visit to PLATT, and some of his campaign assertions touching PLATT, alienated some of his friends from him, his character and his past convinced the majority of the people that if canal or other thieves were to find an enemy in the gubernatorial chair as an outcome of this campaign it must be through the election of ROOSEVELT. It is a sterling quality of good Americans that character stands for so much with them that the man who has earned their respect cannot easily forfeit it by hot campaign utterances, or even by anxiety to secure a nomination.

But it was not only Mr. ROOSEVELT'S positively good character that carried him to success, the comparison between himself and CROKER won him thousands of votes. CROKER, probably more than any other one factor of the campaign, insured ROOSEVELT'S success. The Tammany boss intruded himself in all his hideousness. He named the Democratic candidate. He ordered the poor creatures who were candidates on his ticket for Congress to say nothing on the money question. He shoved a judge off the bench because he had refused to take orders from Tammany Hall. His baleful shadow was projected over everything. He dominated the politics of his party. He was even mentioned as the Senator to come. Finally the WEEKLY showed the kind of government New York city enjoyed under his rule, and CROKER'S answer to the charges was a confession. The growing power of this boss frightened the people. In his fatuous and cynical confidence in his power he began to talk, to pour out his vulgarity, to boast of his overlordship; and every time he talked, and by everything that he did, he helped ROOSEVELT. The State has not only chosen ROOSEVELT for his good character, it has elected him in order that it might escape CROKER. We have enough of this foul creation of sham politics in the City Hall. We do not want him at Albany or at Washington.

Looked at in this way, Mr. ROOSEVELT'S election is one of the happy signs of the time—one of the signs that, left to themselves, undistracted by policies and efforts foreign to democracy, the people of this country will rise to the heights of their opportunity, and will meet and overcome even the emergencies that boss rule has created. That Mr. ROOSEVELT agrees with our judgment of the forces which elected him he has declared himself in the utterance which he made on receiving the news of his election. He said:

"I shall try to administer the office of Governor in the interest of the whole people. It is by so doing that I can best show my appreciation of the support given me by the independents and Democrats, who have themselves put the welfare of the State first, declining to follow those of their leaders who, in this crisis, either ranged themselves outright on the side of the forces of dishonesty, or else supported them in effect by standing aside from the real contest."

This is the spirit for whose triumph in the United States good citizens are longing, and it is because he possesses it that they rejoice in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S election.

## DAVID AMES WELLS.

BY WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

IN the death of Mr. David Ames Wells the country loses one of its foremost writers on applied economy. For more than thirty years he has sought to teach the people the necessity of placing the national and local systems of taxation upon a more equitable and reasonable basis, of removing from them those features that lead to undue pressure of taxes in some directions and to unfair discrimination in favor of certain interests in others. By voice and pen he has been in the lead of the revenue-reformers, and it is on this his public activity that his reputation will rest.

Mr Wells was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, June 17, 1828, and was a graduate of Williams College. He was for some years connected with the Springfield *Republican*, and even in late years contributed to that journal. Under Agassiz he studied in the Lawrence Scientific School, and the series of text-books on science, which enjoyed a high popularity in their day, was one of the results of this training. Other and more important results were a scientific method of investigation, and a happy, because direct and lucid, style in expressing his thoughts.

This closeness of investigation and clearness of exposition he carried into his studies on taxation. There are men still living who can recall the dark days of the civil war, when apprehension for the safety of the government was at its height, and was fully reflected in the low credit of the national Treasury. The greenback was quoted in gold at less than one-half its face value, in spite of every effort to counteract the depreciation, and the United States bonds were nearly in the same low estimation. With the possibilities of further issues of paper and enormous loans, and with the actual presence of a costly and, as it then appeared, an uncertain war, the financial depression threatened to close all sources of the necessary funds to the government, and thus force it into a confession of national bankruptcy. It was at this crisis that Mr. Wells undertook to show why the nation's credit was still unimpaired, and why the national economy was able not only to make good the losses already suffered, but to be still further drawn upon without injury. In "Our Burden and Our Strength," the balance-book of the national credit was set forth in popular form, and the many large editions of this pamphlet, widely circulated, produced an appreciable recovery of public confidence in the ability of the nation to meet the heavy demands made upon its credit.

At the close of the war the question of reducing national taxation stood prominent as one of the many problems to be solved; and under Mr. McCulloch, the Secretary of the Treasury, a special commission was formed to report upon the existing methods of obtaining revenue and the changes to be desired. Mr. Wells was placed upon this commission as chairman, together with Stephen Colwell, of Pennsylvania, and S. S. Hayes, of Illinois. The first report was presented in 1866, and embodied a general discussion of the internal and customs revenue, but contained few important suggestions of change. A great body of information was obtained on home and foreign taxation, and the domestic interests were granted a hearing; but the report did not lead to a practical reform, and in the next session of Congress the office of Special Commissioner of the Revenue was created. In recognition of the ability with which Mr. Wells had performed his duties at the head of the old commission, he received the new appointment.

Mr. Wells entered into his new office with a strong belief in the protection of native industries through a high tariff. He had received his training in economics from Henry C. Carey and Stephen Colwell, and was as strong a supporter of the principles of the "American system" as either of those gentlemen. His first report and the tariff bill submitted with it were constructed on the lines of protection. But as his investigations continued, and as he had the opportunity to compare conditions of manufacturing at home and abroad, a change came over his beliefs, and his confidence in the efficacy of protection was shaken. With a widening experience, under conditions peculiarly advantageous for comparing relative ability for manufacturing in England, France, and the United States, he was brought to recognize the fact that a high tariff, intended to restrict trade and competition, could be mischievous and wasteful, and better fitted to disorganize industries at home than to develop them on a lasting basis of natural prosperity. With characteristic courage he announced his conversion from protection, and his last report contained a full exposition of the causes of this conversion, and what was equivalent to a primer of tariff reform.

The merit of this exposition was at once recognized in Europe as well as in the United States. It was a lucid arrangement of facts proving the great natural resources of the country, and how inevitably they would lead to industrial and commercial supremacy over other nations. Artificial encouragements or restrictions by tariff duties could only stimulate unequal development, and by not recognizing the different needs of a country having so many diverse interests as the United States a waste of resource and a misdirected application of labor and capital would result. His former associates now turned from him, and the office he held was abolished. But his reports were printed in England and France, and led to a general acknowledgment of his abilities as an economist.

I have dwelt upon this incident in Mr. Wells's career because it illustrates his patient and careful study of whatever problem came before him, and his courage in announcing his conviction when fully formed by this study.

Upon leaving the service of the government his time and abilities were in demand in many quarters. He served on a commission to report on the system of State taxation in New York, submitting two reports, which were republished in England, and directed attention to the many anomalies of the State tax laws. He reported also on the subject of canal tolls, a matter of vital importance to the commercial interests of New York city and State. Associated with Charles Francis Adams, Jr., he was for some years a member of the board of railroad arbitration. When the national government was urged to purchase the telegraph systems of the country, Mr. Wells made a study of the economic points involved, and in an elaborate essay declared against governmental ownership. Belonging to the school of *laisser faire* economists, he looked with distrust upon any unnecessary extension of the control of the government over private concerns. His intimate knowledge of the practical side of tariff legislation made him opposed to creating further opportunities for special favors to the few at the expense of the many.

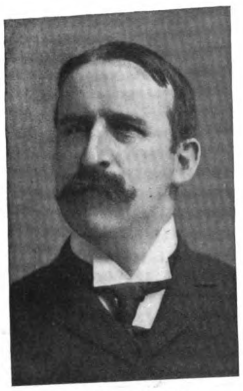
His point of view in State affairs widened with his more intimate knowledge of the moral questions they contained. The same convictions that led him to oppose a tariff that sacrificed revenue to protection led him to criticise schemes of land nationalization and to favor civil service reform. The same idea that taught him the inequalities of customs legislation, both for the country and for individuals, led him to favor honest government and political honesty. Because of his acquaintance with the laws of trade and the importance of international commerce he believed in drawing more closely the relations of the United States with the countries of Europe, and especially with Great Britain. His writings on political and economic topics are numerous, and hardly a public question in the last thirty years has not engaged his attention. Because of their practical qualities these writings have received high praise, and the many honors given to the writer by learned societies in Europe are evidence of the high estimation of his worth entertained in England, France, and Italy. The Institute of France, and the Lyncean Society of Italy, an even older institution, the Royal Statistical Society of Great Britain and the University of Oxford, recognized his work by honoring the man.

"There are few of my official acts," wrote Mr. Hugh McCulloch in his autobiography, "that I look upon with more satisfaction than the appointment of David A. Wells to be a revenue commissioner. . . . All of the reports which were made by Mr. Wells exhibited the most careful, painstaking, and intelligent investigation. In clearness and accuracy of statement and in logical force they have not been surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. Their ability was admitted even by those who disagreed with the writer in his conclusions. To the reputation which Mr. Wells acquired as a special commissioner of the revenue he has added very largely by his numerous papers upon economics. It is not too much to say that his rank is among the first of political economists of the time, in Europe as well as in the United States."

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GEORGE E. LOUNSBURY,
Connecticut, Republican.



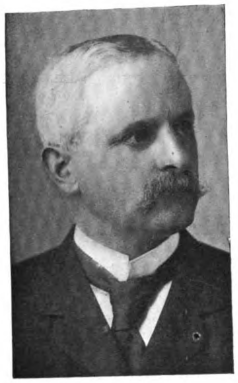
FRANK L. ROLLINS,
New Hampshire, Republican.



WILLIAM A. STONE,
Pennsylvania, Republican.



FOSTER M. VOORHEES,
New Jersey, Republican.



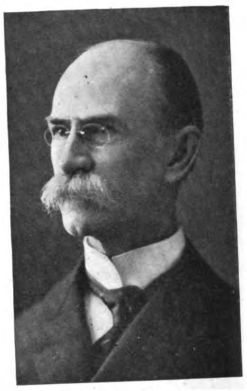
ROGER WOLCOTT,
Massachusetts, Republican.



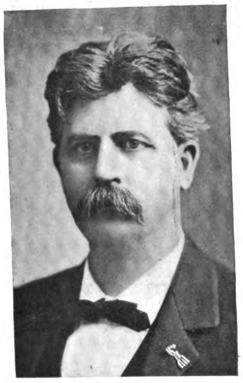
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
New York, Republican.
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HAZEN S. PINGREE,
Michigan, Republican.



CHARLES S. THOMAS,
Colorado, Fusion.



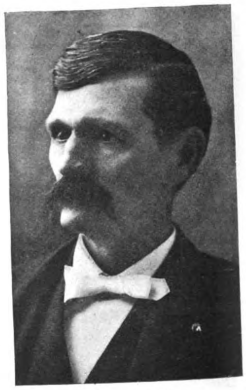
HENRY T. GAGE,
California, Republican.



JOHN LIND,
Minnesota, Democrat.



W. E. STANLEY,
Kansas, Republican.



W. A. POYNTER,
Nebraska, Fusion.



JOSEPH D. SAYERS,
Texas, Democrat.



BENTON McMILLIN,
Tennessee, Democrat.



F. B. FANCHER,
North Dakota, Republican.



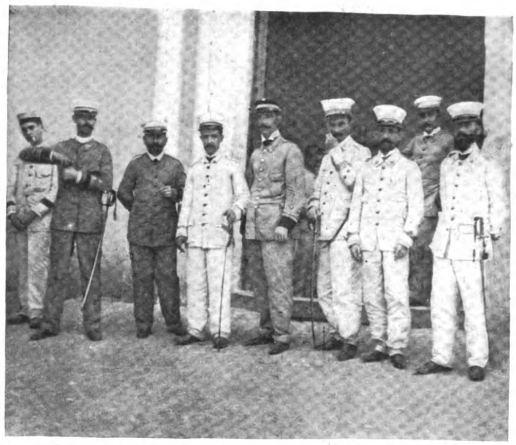
DE FOREST RICHARDS,
Wyoming, Republican.

GOVERNORS CHOSEN AT THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

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SPANISH SOLDIERS IN SAN CRISTOBAL BARRACKS.



SPANISH OFFICERS IN FRONT OF SAN CRISTOBAL BARRACKS.



RAISING THE FLAG OVER SAN JUAN, OCTOBER 18.



SAN JUAN HARBOR—VESSELS DECORATED IN HONOR OF THE DAY.



UNITED STATES TROOPS TAKING POSSESSION OF THE ARMORY OF THE 1ST (SPANISH) INFANTRY, SAN JUAN.

THE EVACUATION OF PUERTO RICO—SCENES ATTENDING THE FORMAL SURRENDER BY THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1139.]

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. WHEELER H. PECKHAM, the noted New York lawyer, who has a house at Morristown, New Jersey, has transferred his legal residence to New Jersey to escape the tax laws in New York. The trouble with such of the New York tax laws as men like Mr. Peckham object to is that they are inequitable in their operation. They tax personal property in such a way that shrewd men who will condescend to evade them can easily do it without absolute lying. Widows and other persons whose property is held in trust cannot readily escape them. These laws therefore mulct helpless and highly conscientious persons, while more masterful and less scrupulous citizens scoff at them. When reputable citizens frankly leave the State to escape its taxes, it is pretty safe to conclude that the tax laws need amendment. There is no doubt at all that the present laws taxing personal property in New York cause an amount of mischief and hardship that is out of all reasonable proportion to the revenue they bring in.

Dr. J. D. Emmet, of New York, writes to the WEEKLY in praise and cordial support of the efforts of the Tree-Planting Association (64 White Street) to promote the planting of trees along the streets of New York. By following the methods recommended by the association trees can be started in life, with fair prospects, for ten dollars each. Dr. Emmet believes in the movement, and has confidence that the sparrows will take care of the inch-worms, which formerly made shade trees in New York a nuisance.

Elsewhere in this number of the WEEKLY a picture shows the demolition of the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris to make room for buildings of the exposition of 1900. The exposition grounds as now provided for will include, besides the Champ de Mars, the Quai d'Orsay and the Esplanade des Invalides on the left bank of the Seine, and on the right bank the Cours-la-Reine and the site of the Palais de l'Industrie.

Nothing will be shown at the exposition which will be of so much interest to transatlantic visitors as the people who are getting up the show. A recent visitor to Paris, who went one day to a lecture at the Sorbonne, speaks of being delighted with the lecture, but shocked at the appearance of the students who were listening to it. Their physiognomy, their misshapen heads, small stature, and general appearance, impressed her as obvious tokens of degeneration, and she found evidences of the same sort in the soldiers and policemen of Paris, who impressed her as being undersized and stupid.

The New York *Times*, which lately reduced its price to one cent, begins to brag, as might be expected, of the great increase of its circulation. The experiment of the *Times* is interesting to observers of the conditions of the newspaper business as a test of the real taste of newspaper readers. Heretofore in New York a reduction of price by a big morning paper to one cent has been accompanied by an outburst of "popular features," such as cheap pictures and highly sensational reporting. The *Times*, so far, maintains the same quality and character that it had as a three-cent paper. If it continue to maintain that quality, and can demonstrate by actual experiment that there is as large a demand for a sanely conducted penny paper as for one that has chronic hysteria, the conclusion will be very creditable to the public taste and will justify its cost.

We, the people of the United States, had a fire on Sunday afternoon, November 6, in our Capitol at Washington. A violent explosion of gas in a small room under the hall on which the law library of the Supreme Court opens wrecked the floor above it, and was followed by an outbreak of fire, which did some damage to the law library, and also to the old Senate-Chamber, in which the Supreme Court now holds its sittings. The firemen came promptly and put the fire out, and the newspapers tell us that, though the Supreme Court will be turned out of its room for a month, our losses are not important, and can be made good for $5000 or $10,000. Some of the books in the library were damaged by fire or water, and will need new bindings, but no valuable papers were burned, and no harm befell our paintings, busts, or the interesting old furniture of the justices' robing-room. Thanks to the selection of Sunday as the day of the explosion, no one was hurt.

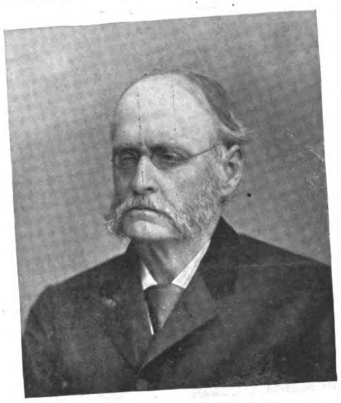
The controlling sentiment about the loss of the *Maria Teresa* was that it was a bit of very hard luck for Lieutenant Hobson that, after he had been at such pains to bring her up from the bottom of the sea, she should not have kept afloat. On Tuesday, November 1, being on her way from Guantanamo to Norfolk, under command of Lieutenant-Commander Ira Harris, in company with the collier *Leonidas*, and in tow of the wrecking-tugs *Vulcan* and *Merritt*, she was abandoned in a heavy northeast gale, about thirty miles north of San Salvador. All her crew were taken off and saved. Commander Harris reached Charleston on the *Merritt* on November 5, and reported his loss to the Navy Department. According to his report, the storm began about one o'clock on the morning of November 1. As it increased and the sea rose, the ship leaked badly, and the sea broke over her bows, making trouble for the forward pumps. Then water got into the forward fire-room, swashing the coal about and choking more pumps. It became difficult to keep up a serviceable amount of steam, and the mariners passed a laborious and very disagreeable night. About one o'clock P.M. Commander Harris determined that the ship was no longer tenable, and began to transfer his men to the *Merritt*. This was accomplished with great labor. At 5.30 the *Vulcan*, which up to that time had towed the *Maria Teresa*, slipped her hawser and cast her off. The *Merritt* then lost sight of the war-ship, and could not find her again, though twenty hours were spent in a search for her.

On Monday, November 7, a report reached New York that a steamer with two funnels, believed to be the *Maria Teresa*, was ashore on Cat Island. The report being confirmed, the *Vulcan* was sent from Norfolk, under command of Captain McCalla, and the *Potomac* from Guantanamo, in charge of Captain Converse, to investigate and take action. Lieutenant Hobson went with the *Vulcan* to get his old friend afloat again if she is found.

One result of the election that we have reason to be thankful for is the defeat of James Hamilton Lewis, of Washington State, Fusionist candidate for Congress. Lewis, whose portrait made a memorable appearance in the WEEKLY last spring, is a political blatherskite, who believes in advertising, and would far rather be known as a fool than not known at all. There are good and sensible people in the State of Washington who must feel relieved by the assurance that after next March they will no longer be represented in Congress by a mountebank.

It is evident from the verdict of the coroner's jury on the death of Harold Frederic that the British mind lacks the imaginative powers which would qualify it to deal with Christian Science in a manner satisfactory to Christian Scientists. The doctors whom the coroner summoned testified that Mr. Frederic had heart-disease and rheumatic fever, but would in all human probability have got over his illness if he had had proper care. The evidence was that he was too ill to take the responsibility for his own treatment, and that Mrs. Mills and Miss Lyon, who assumed that responsibility, had neglected to call in medical aid, and had themselves done nothing for him which the jury was able to regard as useful. The verdict was manslaughter. The accused were committed for trial and admitted to bail.

Next day, November 9, they were arraigned in the police court at Henley and remanded for a week. There is much interest in the case in this country, and its issue will be watched with close attention. Mrs. Mills was examined by the coroner as to her theories, and made glib statements of them which absolutely failed to convey any ideas to the minds of the coroner or his jury. A theory of the ascendency of mind over matter and of truth over error may never appeal to the British mind as a satisfactory preliminary to a funeral.



HON. DAVID AMES WELLS.

Born, June 17, 1828. Died, November 5, 1898.—[See Page 1123.]

The unsettled state of Europe has caused the German Emperor to cut short his visit in Palestine, and at this writing he is on his way home. His intention of stopping at some port of Spain is matter of much speculation. Only the sons of the prophets can speak with assurance in advance about William's purposes, but a despatch from Madrid, dated November 10, declares positively that he will land at Cartagena, visit Madrid, and take ship again at Cadiz; that he and the Empress will travel incognito while in Spain, and that his visit is expected to have important political consequences. A despatch from Berlin dated November 11 states that he will not leave his yacht.

On November 9 the Emperor was at Damascus, and went to a banquet, where he spoke highly of Saladin, and assured the Mohammedans of his imperial friendship. Among the more conspicuous political results of his tour have been the strengthening of his friendship with the Sultan, the propping up of the Sultan's throne, the weakening of the prestige of France as the protector of Catholics in the East, the placation of German Catholics by his gift of the Blessed Virgin's former residence to the Pope, and the gratification of German Protestants by the acquisition of important trade privileges in the East. German merchants, it seems, are to have the commercial port at Haidhr Pacha; the German railway from Bagdad to the Mediterranean is to be completed; the construction of a new railroad to connect the Sea of Marmora with the Persian Gulf is to fall into German hands; and the outlook for German commercial supremacy in Asia Minor is extremely promising. Besides all else, the Kaiser has undoubtedly had a first-rate time, and has advanced in an important degree his claim to rank as the Theodore Roosevelt of Europe. It is a great year for the political centre rushes; and so England seems to feel, judging by the vigorous way in which she still continues to scour her war-ships, and fill them with fighting-men and coal and victuals.

The most conspicuous result of the election is a large Republican loss in the House and a very important Republican gain in the Senate. In the Fifty-fifth Congress, which lasts until next March, the Republicans have controlled the House by a majority of about fifty, but were weak in the Senate, and unable to command a majority for all party measures. In the Fifty-sixth Congress, beginning March 4, 1899, the Republicans will have a majority of about twenty in the House and a majority of from twenty to twenty-five in the Senate. This strong Republican majority in the Senate is reasonably sure to outlast the present administration, and is a safeguard against free-silver legislation for a good many years to come. The States in which the Republican Congressional losses occurred were Illinois (three), Kentucky (one), Maryland (two), Massachusetts (two), Missouri (one), New Jersey (two), New York (thirteen), North Carolina (one), Pennsylvania (seven), Virginia (four), West Virginia (one) —in all thirty-seven members. The States in which the Republicans gained Congressmen were California (three), Delaware (one), Kansas (five), Michigan (two), Nebraska (one), Ohio (one), South Dakota (two), Washington (two) —in all seventeen. Populism in Kansas has been overwhelmed. Quayism is doubtless responsible for Republican losses in the Congressional districts, though Quay's candidate for Governor, Stone, was elected by a plurality estimated at 125,000. Greater New York elected a solid body of sixteen Democratic Congressmen. Two others were elected in other districts of the State, so that eighteen out of New York's thirty-four coming Congressmen are Democrats. Roosevelt's election as Governor of New York by a plurality of 17,634 is accompanied by the election of a Republican Legislature, which insures a Republican successor to Senator Murphy. Other Senators who will lose their seats and will have Republican successors are White of California, Gray of Delaware, Turpie of Indiana, Smith of New Jersey, Roach of North Dakota, Mitchell of Wisconsin, and Clark of Wyoming.

The beauties of the triumphal arch and rostral columns of the court of honor set up in Philadelphia for the recent peace jubilee are reported to have induced aspirations among the Philadelphians for a permanent reminder of the set-to we had with Spain. The T-Square Club, an organization of architects, approves the idea, and has started a fund for its realization. New York owes its Washington Arch to the public delight in a temporary arch set up for a special occasion. Perhaps Philadelphia may conclude to preserve one of her jubilee structures in marble.

The presidency of Oberlin University has been offered to Dr. John Henry Barrows, a distinguished preacher of Chicago, who lately returned to that town after a missionary lecturing tour in India, China, and Japan. Dr. Barrows is one of the eminent clergymen whose names have lately got into print as possible successors of Dr. Hall in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. He is a native of Michigan, fifty-one years old, and, besides being pastor of a church in Chicago, is a member of the faculty of the Chicago University, and a lecturer in its Divinity School.

Election brought out very serious rioting between negroes and whites in North and South Carolina. It is still difficult to get at the correct details of these occurrences, or to discover all the immediate causes of them, but the gross results in dead men are conspicuously considerable. As the results of election riots near Greenwood, South Carolina, about a dozen negroes and half as many white men are reported dead, and many others are wounded. Some of the negroes were shot; others were hanged. Still more serious, if possible, were the proceedings in Wilmington, North Carolina. In that city a newspaper, the *Record*, edited by a negro, published an article derogatory to white women. A mass-meeting of white citizens, called on November 9, ordered his expulsion from the city within twenty-four hours and the removal of his press. A committee of twenty-five appointed by the meeting called in fifteen prominent negroes and gave them notice of the meeting's edict. It appears that they agreed to try to comply with the demands of the committee, but their letter to that effect, being mailed instead of personally delivered to the committee's chairman, was not received in time. The editor of the *Record* ran away; but no action being taken about his press within the specified time, a mob of white citizens, led by former Congressman Waddell, proceeded, on November 10, to destroy the *Record's* press and gut its printing-office. Incidentally the mob burned the building. These proceedings agitated the negroes of the town, who feared a general massacre and began to get together. Fighting soon ensued between negroes and whites, and continued briskly during the day. About a score of negroes were killed and several whites. In the evening the Board of Aldermen resigned, one by one, the place of each being filled by his colleagues. When the board had thus been renewed the Mayor and Chief of Police resigned, and their places were filled by the new Board of Aldermen. Then 250 special policemen were sworn in, and with their help and that of three militia companies the new government hopes to restore order.

There are about 10,000 Russians members of a sect called the Doukhoborski, for whom a home is wanted somewhere, if possible in this country. The newspapers told a fortnight ago of the arrival in New York of an Englishman, Mr. Mode, who came to confer with a little group of Americans about the prospects of these people. The Americans who are interested in the matter include Mr. Howells, Mr. W. L. Garrison, Mr. Bolton Hall, Mr. Jane Addams, Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, Mr. J. N. Seligman and others. Trouble began with the Doukhoborski a century and a half ago, when some one—it is said to have been an English Quaker—taught them the doctrine of non-resistance. With it they gained, or added to, various other peculiar religious doctrines, which they believed and practised with contentment and satisfaction. But the Russian police discovered, about 1[illegible], that their piety did not conform to Russian standards, and in 1799 active persecution of them began. They were banished to the mines of Siberia, and compelled to work in chains. Later, under Alexander I., discipline relaxed, and they were allowed to hold farms in Siberia. But their unwillingness to bear arms got them into serious trouble, and subjected them to terrific punishments. In 1860 they were allowed to return to Russia, but were not been suffered to have any permanent abiding-place there, and have been driven from place to place. Meanwhile their numbers have dwindled from 25,000 to 10,000. Very recently Tolstoi got leave for them to emigrate from Russia. They are poor, but industrious, and the effort is to be made to find some spot on earth where they may live in laborious enjoyment of the privilege of [illegible] no man any harm.

E. S. MAR[illegible]

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# LONDON.

*October 29, 1898.*

A CARTOON in *Punch* representing France as an importunate organ-grinder with a monkey, asking John Bull what he would give him to go away, has been much condemned — in the press. I believe, however, that Mr. Burnand the editor, and Sir John Tenniel the veteran artist, have read the real mind of their undiplomatic countrymen with more perception than any of the newspaper critics. The average man, if he were honestly outspoken in public, undoubtedly does regard French government policy towards England in Egypt and elsewhere very much as the average householder views peripatetic musicians who trade on the desire for quiet in order to extort cash for the suppression of ear-splitting discords. The real reason for the unanimity of Englishmen to-day is that they are not only tired of the tail-twisting process indulged in by every French ministry, and resent successive concessions to people of that stamp, but despise the French in the mass as sincerely as when Nelson wrote to his wife on May 20, 1794, "I always was of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen." Manners have improved and knowledge increased since then, and that sort of statement is no longer publicly avowed. But the conviction of serious and sober middle and working class Britons is still that the French in the mass are good dancers, fiddlers, and cooks, but that they have made themselves intolerable as neighbors, and that the time has come for England to give them a thrashing if they really wish to insist on their ridiculous pretensions with regard to the Nile Valley.

Still, war with France over Fashoda is looked on as a disagreeable necessity by the nation at large. There is no pleasure or sense of triumph among the people as a whole in their ability to whip France, but the prevailing sentiment is that they must stand firm against the claims of the French politicians. It is admitted that if there is a war it will benefit Germany and injure England, but probably break France as a leading power. It is understood that the Queen has relaxed her unflinching principles of peace at almost any price, and that Lord Salisbury has now a free hand.

The Queen is sincerely and deeply interested in Egypt and in the recovery of the Sudan to civilization and peace. General Gordon's abandonment and murder affected her Majesty personally. She shed many bitter tears over the catastrophe at Khartum thirteen years ago. Gordon's Bible, marked with his own hand, is a conspicuous object in the Long Gallery at Windsor, and is looked on by her Majesty as one of her most priceless possessions. The Queen, who is naturally well informed about everything, knows that our neighbors, the French, with all their good qualities, are not remarkable for success in their dealing with savage tribes. Indeed, a revelation recently made by a French army surgeon, of the conduct of the French in Senegal, Tonkin, and other French possessions, makes it strongly desirable that the valley of the Nile should be developed by clean-living and healthy-minded Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Celts.

I have spared no pains to ascertain the truth about the prospects of a naval war with France if it were to break out now. Of course the unknown is a factor upon which it is idle to prophesy; but naval efficiency, the respective merits of vessels of war, the training and number of crews, marksmanship, national temperament, and coolness in action are factors which are known on both sides of the Channel and can be assessed with something like accuracy. Without going into any of the elaborate detail placed before me by the authorities I have consulted, it may be said that, on a moderate estimate of the chances of war with England, France will be virtually beaten in six weeks, although that result is not necessarily equivalent to peace. She would fight heroically, but her coasts, her colonies, her great naval cities, and her fleet would be at the mercy of England.

Sober-minded people are fully alive to the fact that the settlement of the Fashoda question with France has not removed standing troubles with that country. The Newfoundland French shore is a question that will shortly come to the front. There are many others. But whatever dispute takes place between England and France in the near future, provided we have a good case, it will not be England that will retire. If France wants war she can have it. Many people, not jingoes by conviction or heredity, consider that the psychological moment has arrived to settle up all our differences with France in Egypt, Africa, Newfoundland, New Guinea, Siam, and everywhere else. At the same time there is a prevailing sense that it would not be quite fair on the part of England to take advantage of French distractions in order to put an end to the French nagging to which Britannia has been subjected for the last fifteen years. With our fleet in its present state of efficiency we are never more likely than to-day to be in a better position to inflict condign punishment upon France with slighter loss to ourselves. It would, however, be contrary both to instinct and tradition to pick a quarrel for the purpose of declaring war. What will be done, therefore, is to take our stand on our rights.

The inherent love of peace in these islands sustains interest in the Tsar's proposals, which still continue to occupy unofficial attention. I learn from Russia that the conference will not consider burning questions. The churches, advanced Liberals, and humanitarians, in their enthusiasm, generally omit two matters which bear upon the Russian Eirenikon. The first point is that in any question of present or future disarmament the subtraction of equals from unequals gives an unequal remainder, and that therefore the result must favor the strongest powers and thus facilitate aggressive wars. The other point is that Russia has been in the past strongly in favor of altering the usages of war, nominally for humane purposes, but practically with the object of placing obstacles in the way of patriotic resistance to the parties attacked. I have previously mentioned the tentative Conference of 1874, held at Brussels. The delay (now ended) in the reply of England to the Tsar's proposal of 1898 is not improbably based on the precedent of 1875, when England, in common with the other great powers, received a proposal from the Russian government to a formal conference at St. Petersburg for the purpose of considering ruling practice on the points at issue in the usages of war. Lord Derby then bluntly declared, as Foreign Secretary, that the projected code of war urged by Russia was likely to favor the strongest party and to facilitate aggressive wars. There is a secular conflict between the Tsar, who is invariably pacific, and his advisers on foreign affairs, who are invariably ambitious and expansionist. Germany and Austria have, no doubt, the strongest desire to meet the wishes of Nicholas II. in the matter of disarmament, but the Conference of 1899 seems likely to break down on precisely the same ground as the abortive attempt of 1875—namely, on the question as to whether naval warfare, which at the Brussels Conference of 1874 was expressly excluded from the deliberations, should on the coming occasion be included among the subjects of discussion and regulated in a manner contrary to the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race.

At such a time as the present the weight of the chief organs of the English press, as exercised on the side of vigorous action, is probably a matter of interest across the Atlantic. I do not claim that the following summary analysis of the chief organs of public opinion is either exhaustive or omniscient, but it may stand, at all events, as impartial. The *Times* is a British institution, and, like other British institutions, it has survived many revolutions by continually adapting itself to the spirit of the age. The policy of the *Times*, since it possessed a policy at all, has been to stand firm for England; to denounce fraud, cant, and pretence; to protect the poor, defend just rights, and to redress real grievances. In following this policy the *Times* has often allied itself with the weaker side, and has sometimes found itself in the wrong. But, taken as a whole, the leading articles of the *Times* on grave national questions, such as that of Egypt, are certainly the weightiest, as they are distinctly the most moderate, declarations of English opinion. This paper, which has peculiar advantages in dealing with Egyptian questions, has never once screamed over Fashoda. Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager, who is currently credited with the chief share in wielding the thunder-bolts of Printing House Square, was long resident in Egypt, where he was engaged in commerce and at the same time represented the *Times* as its correspondent. He occasionally engages in controversy under a *nom de plume*, but has never yet known defeat. His knowledge of foreign affairs, and particularly of the Near East, is remarkable. There is a note of distinction in the manner in which the sedate traditions of the *Times*, in these days of hurry and flurry, are still maintained. The undertone of the articles that are now appearing, notwithstanding their calmness and courtesy, are noticeably hostile to France. The conductors of the *Times* know, behind the scenes, the maddening provocations to which English rulers in Egypt have been subjected by the French during the last fifteen years, and if there are now many men convinced that the time has arrived when the pretensions of France should be abated, it is due to the good taste as well as to the purpose and moderation with which the *Times* for a long series of years has dealt with our volatile neighbors. In well-known periods Kinglake has described the power and depravity of the *Times*. The historian attributed to the leading journal responsibility for the Crimean war. Whatever may be the justice meted out by Kinglake to the *Times*, there is no doubt that the paper is making history to-day in its resolve to pin Lord Salisbury to the attitude of inflexible determination which he has at last permitted himself to assume.

In point of authority the next most important journal is the infant *Daily Mail*, published at one cent, with an alleged circulation of over half a million daily. The *Daily Mail* is a marvel of sub-editing. Its foreign correspondence is sometimes of the best, at others beneath criticism. Its reputation in this department has steadily risen since Mr. G. W. Steevens, in his recent letters from the Sudan, obliterated the demarcation between literature and journalism. The leading articles of the *Daily Mail*, however, carry little weight. They bear marks of haste and of being the product of many minds and of young or half-informed men. Nor are they consistent. One explanation of these defects is said to be the overcrowding necessary in the editorial department until the new premises on the Thames Embankment are ready for occupation. The *Daily Mail's* articles, however defective in form or lacking in cogency, are never partisan. The *Daily Mail* is an Imperial organ, with a strong leaning to Mr Rhodes, sometimes displayed with more zeal than knowledge. It has admittedly injured its older rivals, and as a political force is not to be ignored. Next to the *Times*, Frenchmen quote the *Daily Mail* as representative of English opinion. It is controlled by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, a modern marvel of organization and commercial courage. Whether his great fortune supports or is augmented by the *Daily Mail* is unknown to the public.

The *Daily Telegraph* is the property of Sir Edward Lawson and his family, who acquired it with his uncle, Mr. Levy. The *Daily Telegraph* is strongly patriotic, bright, and up to date. Since the loss of Mr. George Augustus Sala and the rise of the *Daily Mail*, the influence of the *Daily Telegraph* has declined. Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Le Sage, and Mr. Beatty Kingston are understood to be largely responsible for the production of the *Daily Telegraph*. The recent Egyptian and Sudan telegrams of Mr Bennett Burleigh tended to the restoration of the paper to its old position, but newspaper men who accept titles from government necessarily lose weight with half the reading public.

The *Daily Chronicle* is a curious melange of opposing forces. The editor, Mr. H.W. Massingham, is lovable and idealist. Quick to appreciate the tendencies of public opinion, and humanitarian to his finger-tips, strict political consistency is not his strong point, but the lack of it adds to the zest of his writings. He is always to be found on the side of the oppressed and the needy, and he is generally "agin" the government, whichever side is in power. Collectivist in sentiment and opinion, the *Daily Chronicle* often runs counter to the economic individualism of the British Philistine, but the services it has performed in educating the tax-payers to bear the burdens informed in educating the tax-payers to bear the burdens incident to the possession of a strong navy, and the unusual knowledge of foreign affairs possessed by Mr. Henry Norman, the second in command, make the *Daily Chronicle* one of the most interesting, if not the most insular, vehicles of public opinion. Mr. Massingham's recent exposure of the impostor de Rougemont, or Grin, is an example of his versatility and analytical power. De Rougemont having been accepted as a lecturer by the British Association, Mr. Massingham's score has attracted world-wide attention.

The *Daily News* is the official Liberal paper, and supports the Rosebery section of the party. At one time Mr. Labouchere had a share in this journal, but is understood to have parted with it. Mr. E. T. Cook, formerly of the *Westminster Gazette*, is the scholarly editor. Mr. Cook has one of the most wonderful memories of any public man of his time. I have known him listen for half an hour to a long and complicated statement of facts without taking a note, and reproduce it without a single mistake. In addition to memory, Mr. Cook has scholarship, culture, and imagination. The *Daily News* is an exceedingly proper paper. Mr. Herbert Paul, formerly a member of Parliament, and gifted with a mordant pen, is a force which makes the leading articles in the *Daily News* a living power. Mr. Paul's pen portraitures of some Liberal politicians are some of the cleverest productions of English journalism. The *Daily News* is largely read by non-conformists, but its influence is not now equal to that of its erratic but more brilliant competitor, the *Daily Chronicle*. On Fashoda the *Daily News* has supported the government.

The *Morning Post* is the property of Lord Glenesk, once Sir Algernon Borthwick. The note of the *Morning Post* is aristocratic, and in many great houses the ladies of the family read nothing but Lord Glenesk's paper. It is a great property, since the cooks, valets, and ladies' maids in London obtain their situations through its advertisement columns. Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, who ranks as one of the best civilian experts on strategy and armaments who have caught the public ear, is a prominent contributor to the *Post*, and hence some of the most powerful appeals to the public and to the ministry for stronger armaments and greater firmness in foreign policy are found in the columns of the *Morning Post*. Correspondence is a feature of the paper, but, as a whole, it preaches to the converted and carries little weight in the country.

Of the evening papers, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, owned by Mr. Astor and edited by Sir Douglas Straight, is the most liberal pennyworth. Nothing is stinted. Sir Douglas Straight has recently performed a considerable service both to journalism and the community by exposing the system of newspaper bribes offered by city men of a certain class. The particular case involved was that of a company of which Lord Dufferin is chairman. Much to the surprise of the public, the former Viceroy of India and Canada and the ex-ambassador to Paris has not yet resigned his position in the company in question. The *Pall Mall* has the knack of getting news earlier than its rivals. Mr. Gladstone's retirement, the Anglo-German agreement, and the result of Thursday's cabinet council are cases in point.

The *Globe* is published on pink paper, and, being edited by an ex-lieutenant in the navy and the son of the proprietor, Sir G. Armstrong, is one of the most outspoken of the journals against the enemies of its country. The *Globe's* Rabelaisian references to France, and especially to the gallant Major Marchand, during the present crisis have been more remarkable for vigor than for taste. Still the *Globe* is, as a rule, extremely well edited, and abounds in a certain dry humor which is rarer in these days than when Addison wrote for the *Spectator*.

The *St. James's Gazette* is owned by a foreigner and follows strict Conservative lines. The *Westminster Gazette* is a Liberal journal published on green paper, owned by Sir George Newnes, the newspaper king, and edited by Mr. Spender, who is probably the ablest of the editors of the evening journals. For sheer influence on public opinion I consider Mr. Spender's verdant sheet to exceed that of his more popular rivals. It has a biting common-sense that takes with the average man.

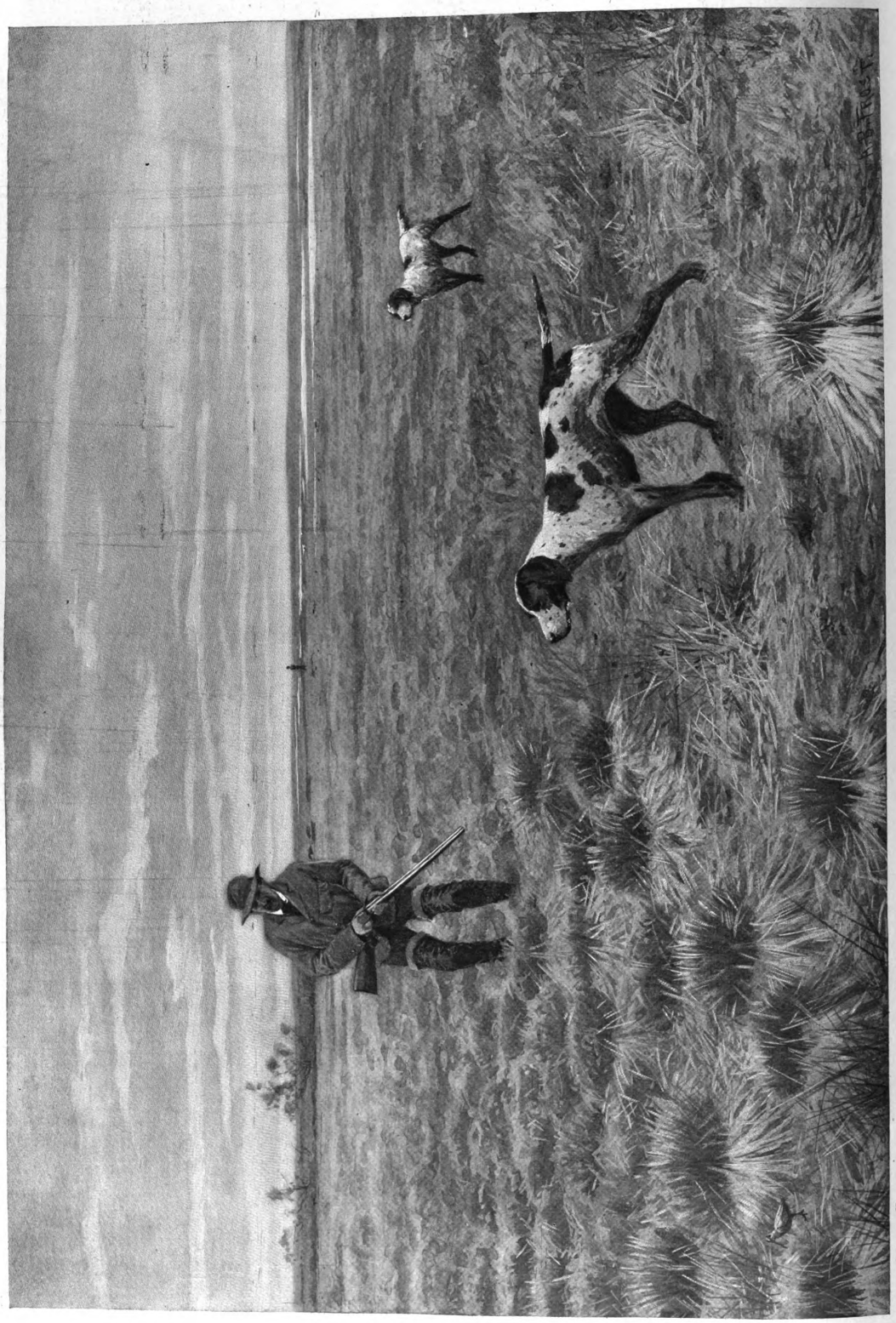
Of the weekly papers, the *Spectator* is easily first. Through the influence and abilities of the late R. H. Hutton, who probably exercised more power and influenced more opinion than any man outside the cabinet, the *Spectator* acquired a reputation for calm sagacity and philosophic analysis of burning questions which it has not wholly lost under the control of Mr. St. Loe Strachey.

A prominent example of the keener interest now felt in American affairs exists in the fact that the investigation of HARPER'S WEEKLY into the condition of "wide-open" New York under Tammany rule was telegraphed over here in considerable detail. The municipality of New York is of greater interest to English readers than that of any other city outside the empire; and the intrepid public spirit displayed by the WEEKLY is warmly appreciated.

The late Emperor of Russia, whose passion for peace was his most distinguishing characteristic, was much attached to the late Queen of Denmark, his mother-in-law. Never having been educated for the throne, the burdens and cares of autocracy sat heavily upon him. The late Queen of Denmark had a shrewd tongue, and was wont to exercise it on her numerous and powerful connections. As a mother-in-law she was not deficient in those qualities attributed by barbarian and civilized nations alike to the mother of a man's wife. The Prince of Wales has not visited the Danish Court except at rare intervals. With the late Russian Emperor it was different. He enjoyed his annual visit to Fredensborg as the happiest period of his year, and his zest was enhanced by the way in which he was taken to task by his mother-in-law, who vigorously scolded him when his actions did not, in her opinion, achieve the standard she laid down for her sons-in-law. I was told on one occasion, when the Tsar was in Copenhagen, by a high functionary at the Danish Court, that the late Russian Emperor was probably the only man in Europe who looked forward to his mother-in-law's annual scoldings as one of the keenest pleasures of his life. His late Majesty was rebuked by nobody else. The contrast was novel; and to an autocrat luxurious.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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SNIPE-SHOOTING.— Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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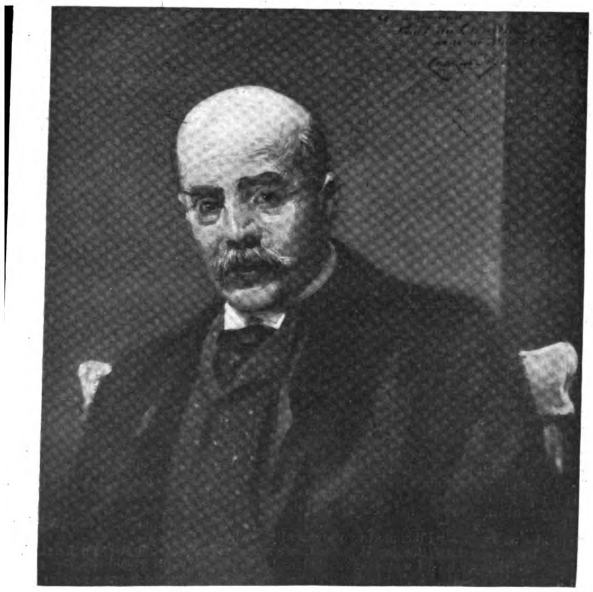
"UNRECONCILED."—F. S. Church, N.A.



ISELAND.



"DAY-DREAMS."—Irving R. Wiles, N.A.



SKETCH FOR PORTRAIT (PAUL DU CHAILLU).—Carroll Beckwith, N.A.

HIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

LLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[See Page 1135]

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

### XVIII.

"WOULD you," the Duchess said, "be, for five minutes, awfully kind to my poor little niece?" The words were addressed, in charming entreaty, to Mr. Longdon who, issuing from the house late on the Sunday afternoon—the second evening of his stay, which the next morning was to bring to an end—encountered the speaker at one of the extremities of the wide cool terrace. There was at this point a subsidiary flight of steps by which she had just mounted from the grounds, one of her purposes being apparently to testify afresh to that anxious supervision of little Aggie from which she had momentarily suffered herself to be diverted. This young lady, established, in the pleasant shade, on a sofa, of light construction, designed for the open air, offered the image of a patience of which it was a questionable kindness to break the spell. It was that beautiful hour when, towards the close of the happiest days of summer, such places as the great terrace at Mertle present to the fancy a recall of the banquet-hall deserted—deserted by the company lately gathered at tea and now dispersed, according to affinities and combinations promptly felt and perhaps quite as promptly criticised, either in quieter chambers where intimacy might deepen or in gardens and under trees where the stillness knew the click of balls and the good-humor of games. There had been chairs, on the terrace, pushed about; there were ungathered teacups on the level top of the parapet; the servants in fact, in the manner of "hands" mustered by a whistle on the deck of a ship, had just arrived to restore things to an order soon again to be broken. There were scattered couples in sight below and an idle group on the lawn, out of the midst of which, in spite of its detachment, somebody was sharp enough sometimes to cry "Out!" The high daylight was still in the sky, but with just the foreknowledge, already, of the long golden glow in which the many-voiced caw of the rooks would sound at once sociable and sad. There was a great deal, all about, to be aware of and to look at, but little Aggie had her eyes on a book over which her pretty head was bent with a docility visible even from afar. "I've a friend—down there by the lake—to go back to," the Duchess went on, "and I'm on my way to my room to get a letter that I've promised to show him. I shall immediately bring it down, and then, in a few minutes, be able to relieve you. I don't leave her alone too much—one doesn't, you know, in a house full of people, a child of that age. Besides"—and Mr. Longdon's interlocutress was even more confiding—"I do want you, so very intensely, to know her. You, *par exemple*, you're what I *should* like to give her." Mr. Longdon looked the Duchess, in acknowledgment of her appeal, straight in the face, and who can tell whether or no she acutely guessed from his expression that he recognized this particular juncture as written on the page of his doom?—whether she heard him inaudibly say "Ah, here it is: I knew it would have to come!" She would at any rate have been astute enough, had this miracle occurred, quite to complete his sense for her own understanding and suffer it to make no difference in the tone in which she still confronted him. "Oh, I take the bull by the horns—I know you haven't wanted to know me. If you had you would have called on me—I've given you plenty of hints and little coughs. Now, you see, I don't cough any more—I just rush at you and grab you. You don't call on me—so I call on *you*. There isn't any indecency, moreover, that I won't commit for my child."

Mr. Longdon's impenetrability crashed like glass at the elbow-touch of this large, handsome, practised woman who walked, for him, like some brazen pagan goddess, in a cloud of queer legend. He looked off at her child, who, at a distance, and not hearing them, had not moved. "I know she's a great friend of Nanda's."

"Has Nanda told you that?"

"Often—taking such an interest in her."

"I'm glad she thinks so then—though really her interests are so various. But come to my baby. I don't make *her* come," she explained as she swept him along, "because I want you just to sit down by her there and keep the place, as one may say—"

"Well, for whom?" he demanded as she stopped.

It was her step that had checked itself, as well as her tongue, and again, suddenly, they stood quite consciously and vividly opposed. "Can I trust you?" the Duchess brought out. Again then she took herself up. "But as if I weren't already doing it! It's because I do trust you so utterly that I haven't been able, any longer, to keep my hands off you. The person I want the place for is none other than Mitchy himself, and half my occupation now is to get it properly kept for him. Lord Petherton's immensely kind, but Lord Petherton can't do everything. I know you really like our host—"

Mr. Longdon, at this, interrupted her with a certain coldness. "How, may I ask, do you know it?"

But with a brazen goddess to deal with—! This personage had to fix him but an instant. "Because, you dear honest man, you're here. You wouldn't be if you hated him, for you don't practically condone—"

This time he broke in with his eyes on the child. "I feel, on the contrary, I assure you, that I condone a great deal."

"Well, don't boast of your cynicism," she laughed, "till you're sure of all it covers. Let the right thing for you be," she went on, "that Nanda herself wants it."

"Nanda herself?" He continued to watch little Aggie, who had never yet turned her head. "I'm afraid I don't understand you."

She swept him on again. "I'll come to you presently and explain. I *must* get my letter for Petherton; after which I'll give up Mitchy, whom I was going to find, and, since I've broken the ice—if it isn't too much to say to such a polar bear!—I'll show you *le fond de ma pensée*. Baby darling," she said to her niece, "keep Mr. Longdon. Show him," she benevolently suggested, "what you've been reading." Then again to her fellow-visitor, as arrested by this very question: "Caro signore, have *you* a possible book?"

Little Aggie had got straight up and was holding out her volume, which Mr. Longdon, all courtesy for her, glanced at. "*Stories from English History*. Oh!"

His ejaculation, though vague, was not such as to prevent the girl from venturing gently: "Have you read it?"

Mr. Longdon, receiving her pure little smile, showed he felt that he had never so taken her in as at this moment, and also that she was a person with whom he should surely get on. "I think I must have."

Little Aggie was still more encouraged, but not to the point of keeping anything back. "It hasn't any author. It's anonymous."

The Duchess borrowed, for another question to Mr. Longdon, not a little of her gravity. "Is it all right?"

"I don't know"—his answer was to Aggie. "There have been some horrid things in English history."

"Oh, horrid—*haven't* there?" Aggie, whose speech had the prettiest, faintest foreignness, sweetly and eagerly quavered.

"Well, darling, Mr. Longdon will recommend to you some nice historical work—for we love history, don't we? —that leaves the horrors out. We like to know," the Duchess explained to the authority she invoked, "the cheerful, happy, *right* things. There are so many, after all, and this is the place to remember them. *A tantôt*."

As she passed into the house by the nearest of the long windows that stood open Mr. Longdon placed himself beside her little charge, whom he treated, for the next ten minutes, with an exquisite courtesy. A person who knew him well would, if present at the scene, have found occasion in it to be freshly aware that he was, in his quiet way, master of two distinct kinds of urbanity, the kind that added to distance and the kind that diminished it. Such an analyst would furthermore have noted, in respect to the aunt and the niece, of which kind each had the benefit, and might even have gone so far as to detect in him some absolute betrayal of the impression produced on him by his actual companion, some irradiation of his certitude that, from the point of view under which she had been formed, she was a remarkable, a rare success. Since to create a particular little rounded and tinted innocence had been aimed at, the fruit had been grown to the perfection of a peach on a sheltered wall, and this quality of the object resulting from a process might well make him feel himself in contact with something wholly new. Little Aggie differed from any young person he had ever met in that she had been deliberately prepared for consumption and in that, furthermore, the gentleness of her spirit had immensely helped the preparation. Nanda, beside her, was a northern savage, and the reason was partly that the elements of that young lady's nature were already, were publicly, were almost indecorously, active. They were practically there, for good or for ill; experience was still to come and what they might work out to still a mystery; but the sum would get itself done with the figures now on the slate. On little Aggie's slate the figures were yet to be written; which sufficiently accounted for the difference of the two surfaces. Both the girls struck him as lambs with the great shambles of life in their future; but while one, with its neck in a pink ribbon, had no consciousness but that of being fed from the hand with the small sweet biscuit of unobjectionable knowledge, the other struggled with instincts and forebodings, with the suspicion of its doom and the far-borne scent, in the flowery fields, of blood.

"Oh, Nanda, she's my best friend after three or four others."

"After so many?" Mr. Longdon laughed. "Don't you think that's rather a back seat, as they say, for one's best?"

"A back seat?"—she wondered with a purity!

"If you don't understand," said her companion, "it serves me right, as your aunt didn't leave me with you to teach you the slang of the day."

"The 'slang'?"—she again spotlessly speculated.

"You've never even heard the expression? I should think that a great compliment to our time if it weren't that I fear it may have been only the name that has been kept from you."

The light of ignorance in the child's smile was positively golden. "The name?" she again echoed.

She understood too little—he gave it up. "And who are all the other best friends whom poor Nanda comes after?"

"Well, there's my aunt, and Miss Merriman, and Gelsomina, and Dr. Beltram."

"And who, please, is Miss Merriman?"

"She's my governess, don't you know?—but such a deliciously easy governess."

"That, I suppose, is because she has such a deliciously easy pupil. And who is Gelsomina?" Mr. Longdon inquired.

"She's my old nurse—my old maid."

"I see. Well, one must always be kind to old maids. But who is Dr. Beltram?"

"Oh, the most intimate friend of all. We tell him everything."

There was, for Mr. Longdon, in this, with a slight uncertainty, an effect of drollery. "Your little troubles?"

"Ah, they're not always so little! And he takes them all away."

"Always?—on the spot?"

"Sooner or later," said little Aggie with serenity. "But why not?"

"Why not indeed?" he laughed. "It must be very plain sailing." Decidedly, she was, as Nanda had said, an angel, and there was a wonder in her possession, on this footing, of one of the most expressive little faces that even her expressive race had ever shown him. Formed to express everything, it scarce expressed, as yet, even a consciousness. All the elements of play were in it, but they had nothing to play with. It was a rest moreover, after so much that he had lately been through, to be with a person for whom questions were so simple. "But he sounds, all the same, like the kind of doctor whom, as soon as one hears of him, one wants to send for."

The young girl had, at this, a small light of confusion. "Oh, I don't mean he's a doctor with medicine. He's a clergyman—and my aunt says he's a saint. I don't think you have many in England," little Aggie continued to explain.

"Many saints? I'm afraid not. Your aunt's very happy to know one. We should call Dr. Beltram, in England, a priest."

"Oh, but he's English. And he knows everything we do—and everything we think."

"'We'—your aunt, your governess and your nurse? What a varied wealth of knowledge!"

"Ah, Miss Merriman and Gelsomina tell him only what they like."

"And do you and the Duchess tell him what you *don't* like?"

"Oh, often—but we always like *him*—no matter what it is. And we know that, just the same, he always likes us."

"I see then, of course," said Mr. Longdon, very gravely now, "what a friend he must be. So it's after all this," he continued in a moment, "that Nanda comes in?"

His companion had to consider, but suddenly she caught assistance. "This one, I think, comes before." Lord Petherton, arriving apparently from the garden, had drawn near unobserved by Mr. Longdon, and the next moment was within hail. "I see him very often," she continued—"oftener than Nanda. Oh, but *then* Nanda. And then," little Aggie wound up, "Mr. Mitchy."

"Oh, I'm glad *he* comes in," Mr. Longdon returned, "though rather far down in the list." Lord Petherton was now before them, there being no one else on the terrace to speak to, and, with the odd look of an excess of physical power that almost blocked the way, he seemed to give them, in the flare of his big teeth, the benefit of a kind of brutal geniality. It was always to be remembered for him that he could scarce show without surprising you an adjustment to the smaller conveniences; so that when he took up a trifle it was not perforce, in every case, the sign of an uncanny calculation. When the elephant in the show plays the fiddle, it must be mainly with the presumption of consequent apples; which was why, doubtless, this personage had half the time the air of assuring you that, really civilized as his type had now become, no apples were required. Mr. Longdon viewed him with a vague apprehension and as if quite unable to meet the question of what he would have called, for such a person age, the social responsibility. Did this specimen of his class pull the tradition down, or did he just take it where he found it—in the very different place from that in which, on ceasing so long ago to "go out," Mr. Longdon had left it? Our friend doubtless averted himself from the possibility of a mental dilemma; if the man didn't lower the position, was it the position then that let down the man? Somehow he wasn't positively up. More evidence would be needed to decide; yet it was just of more evidence that one remained rather in dread. Lord Petherton was kind to little Aggie, kind to her companion, kind to every one, after Mr. Longdon had explained that she was so good as to be giving him the list of her dear friends. "I'm only a little dismayed," the elder man said, "to find Mr. Mitchett at the bottom."

"Oh, but it's an awfully short list, isn't it? If it consists only of me and Mitchy he's not so very low down. We don't allow her very *many* friends; we look out too well for ourselves." He addressed the child as on an easy jocose understanding. "Is the question, Aggie, whether we shall allow you Mr. Longdon? Won't that rather 'do' for us—for Mitchy and me? I say, Duchess," he went on as this lady reappeared, "*are* we going to allow her Mr. Longdon, and do we quite realize what we're about? We mount guard awfully, you know"—he carried the joke back to the person he had named. "We sift and we sort, we pick the candidates over, and I should like to hear any one say that in this case at least I don't keep a watch on my taste. Oh, we close in!"

The Duchess, with the object of her quest in her hand, had come back. "Well then, Mr. Longdon will close with us—you'll consider henceforth that he's as safe as yourself. Here's the letter that I wanted you to read—with which you'll please take a turn, in strict charge of the child, and then restore her to us. If you don't come I shall know you have found Mitchy and shall be at peace. Go, my little heart," she continued to the child, "but leave me your book to look over again. I don't know that I'm quite sure!" She sent them off together, but had a grave protest as her friend put out his hand for the volume. "No, Petherton—not for books; for her reading I can't say I do trust you. But for everything else—quite!" she declared to Mr. Longdon, with a look of conscientious courage, as their companion withdrew. "I do believe," she pursued in the same spirit, "in a certain amount of intelligent confidence. Really nice men are steadied by the sense of your having had it. But I wouldn't," she added gayly, "trust *him* all round!"

### XIX.

Many things, at Mertle, were strange for Mr. Longdon, but nothing perhaps, as yet, had been so strange as the sight of this arrangement for little Aggie's protection—an arrangement made in the interest of her remaining as a young person of her age and her *monde*, as her aunt would have said, should remain. The strangest part of this impression, too, was that the provision might really have its happy side and his lordship really understand better than any one else his noble friend's whole theory of perils and precautions. The child herself, the spectator of the incident was sure enough, understood nothing, but

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

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the understandings that surrounded her, filling all the air, made it a heavier compound to breathe than any Mr. Longdon had yet tasted. This heaviness had grown, for him, through the long, sweet summer day, and there was something in his at last finding himself ensconced with the Duchess that made it supremely oppressive. The contact was one that, none the less, he would not have availed himself of a decent pretext to avoid; with so many fine mysteries playing about him, there was relief, at the point he had reached, rather than alarm, in the thought of knowing the worst; which it pressed upon him, somehow, that the Duchess must not only supremely know, but must, in any relation, most naturally communicate. It fluttered him rather that a person who had an understanding with Lord Petherton should so single him out as to wish for one also with himself: such a person must either have great variety of mind or have a wonderful idea of *his* variety. It was true indeed that Mr. Mitchett must have the most extraordinary understanding, and yet with Mr. Mitchett he now found himself quite pleasantly at his ease. Their host, however, was a person *sui generis*, whom he had accepted, once for all, the inconsequence of liking, in pursuance of the need he occasionally felt to put it on record that he was not narrow-minded. Perhaps at bottom he most liked Mitchy because Mitchy most liked Nanda; there hung about him still, moreover, the faded fragrance of the superstition that hospitality not declined is one of the things that "oblige." It obliged the thoughts, for Mr. Longdon, as well as the manners, and, in the especial form in which he was now committed to it, would have made him, had he really thought any ill, ask himself what the deuce then he was doing in the man's house. All of which didn't prevent some of Mitchy's queer condonations—if condonations in fact they were—from not wholly, by themselves, soothing his vague unrest, an unrest which never had been so great as at the moment he heard the Duchess abruptly say to him: "Do you know my idea about Nanda? It's my particular desire that you should—the reason, really, why I've thus laid violent hands on you. Nanda, my dear man, should marry at the very first moment."

This was more interesting than he had expected, and the effect produced by his interlocutress, and doubtless not lost on her, was shown in his suppressed start. "There has been no reason why I should attribute to you any judgment of the matter; but I've had one myself, and I don't see why I shouldn't say frankly that it's very much the one you express. It would be a very good thing."

"A very good thing, but none of my business?"—the Duchess's briskness was not unamiable.

It was on this circumstance that her companion for an instant perhaps meditated. "It's probably not in my interest to say that—I should give you too easy a retort. It would strike any one as quite as much your business as mine."

"Well, it ought to be somebody's, you know. One would suppose it to be her mother's—her father's; but in this country the parents are even more emancipated than the children. Suppose, really, since it appears to be nobody's affair, that you and I should make it ours. We needn't either of us," she continued, "be concerned for the other's reasons, though I'm perfectly ready, I assure you, to put my cards on the table. You have your feelings—we know they're beautiful. I, on my side, have mine—for which I don't pretend anything but that they're strong. They can dispense with being beautiful when they're so perfectly settled. Besides, I may mention, they're rather nice than otherwise. Edward and I have a *cousinage*, though for all he does to keep it up—! If he leaves his children to play in the street, I take it seriously enough to make an occasional dash for them before they're run over. And I want for Nanda simply the man she herself wants—it isn't as if I wanted for her a dwarf or a hunchback or a *coureur* or a drunkard. Vanderbank's a man whom any woman, don't you think? might be—whom more than one woman *is*—glad of for herself: *beau comme le jour*, awfully conceited and awfully patronizing, but clever and successful and yet liked, and without, so far as I know, any of the terrific appendages which, in this country, so often diminish the value of even the pleasantest people. He hasn't five horrible unmarried sisters for his wife to have always on a visit. The way your women don't marry is the ruin, here, of society, and I've been assured in good quarters—though I don't know so much about that—the ruin also of conversation and of literature. Isn't it precisely just a little to keep Nanda herself from becoming that kind of appendage—say to poor Harold, say, one of these days, to her younger brother and sister—that friends like you and me feel the importance of bestirring ourselves in time? Of course she's portance of bestirring ourselves in time? Of course she's supposedly young, but she's really any age you like: your London world so fearfully batters and bruises them."

She had gone fast and far, but it had given Mr. Longdon time to feel himself well afloat. There were so many things in it all to take up that he laid his hand—of which, he was not unconscious, the feebleness exposed him—on the nearest. "Why, I'm sure her mother—after twenty years of it—is fresh enough."

"Fresh? You find Mrs. Brook fresh?"

The Duchess had a manner that, in its all-knowingness, rather humiliated than encouraged; but he was all the more resolute for being conscious of his own reserves. "It seems to me it's fresh to look about thirty."

"That indeed would be perfect. But she doesn't—she looks about three. She simply looks a baby."

"Oh Duchess, you're really too particular!" he returned, feeling that, as the trodden worm will turn, anxiety itself may sometimes tend to wit.

She met him in her own way. "I know what I mean. My niece is a person *I* call fresh. It's warranted, as they say in the shops. Besides," she went on, "if a married woman has been knocked about, that's only a part of her condition. *Ella l'a bien roulu*, and if you're married you're married; it's the smoke—or call it the soot!—of the fire. You know, yourself," she roundly pursued, "that Nanda's situation appalls you."

"Oh, 'appalls'!" he restrictively murmured.

It even tried a little his companion's patience. "There you are, you English—you'll never face your own music. It's amazing what you'd rather do with a thing—anything not to shoot or to make money with—than look at its meaning. If I wished to save the girl as *you* wish it, I should know exactly from what. But why differ about reasons," she asked, "when we're at one about the fact? I don't mention the greatest of Vanderbank's merits," she added—"his having so delicious a friend. By whom, let me hasten to assure you," she laughed, "I don't in the least mean Mrs. Brook! She *is* delicious, if you like, but believe me when I tell you, *caro mio*—if you need to be told—that for effective action on him you're worth twenty of her."

What was most visible in Mr. Longdon was that, however it came to him, he had rarely before, all at once, had so much given him to think about. Again the only way to manage was to take what came uppermost. "By effective action you mean action on the matter of his proposing for Nanda?"

The Duchess's assent was noble. "You can make him propose—you can make, I mean, a sure thing of it. You can *doter* the bride." Then as with the impulse to meet benevolently, and more than half-way, her companion's imperfect apprehension: "You can settle on her something that will make her a *parti*." His apprehension was perhaps imperfect, but it could still lead somehow to his flushing all over, and this demonstration the Duchess as quickly took into account. "Poor Edward, you know, won't give her a penny."

Decidedly, she went fast, but Mr. Longdon, in a moment, had caught up. "Mr. Vanderbank—your idea is—would require on the part of his wife something of that sort?"

"Pray, who wouldn't—in the world we all move in—require it quite as much? Mr. Vanderbank, I'm assured, has no means of his own at all, and if he doesn't believe in impecunious marriages it's not I who shall be shocked at him. For myself, I simply despise them. He has nothing but a poor official salary. If it's enough for one, it would be little for two, and would be still less for half a dozen. They're just the people to have, that blessed pair, a fine old English family."

Mr. Longdon was now fairly abreast of it. "What it comes to then, the idea you're so good as to put before me, is to bribe him to take her."

The Duchess remained bland, but she fixed him. "You say that as if you were scandalized, but if you try Mr. Van with it, I don't think he'll be. And you won't persuade me," she went on finely, "that you haven't, yourself, thought of it." She kept her eyes on him, and the effect of them, soon enough visible in his face, was such as presently to make her exult at her felicity. "You're of a limpidity, dear man!—you've only to be nudged and you confess. Consciously or unconsciously—the former, really, I'm inclined to think—you've wanted him for her." She paused an instant to enjoy her triumph; after which she continued: "And you've wanted her for him. I make you out, you'll say—for I see you coming—one of those horrible benevolent busybodies who are the worst of the class, but you've only to think a little—if I may go so far—to see that no 'making' at all is required. You're only one link with the Brooks, but that link is golden. How can we, all of us, by this time, not have grasped and admired the beauty of your feeling for Lady Julia? There it is—I make you wince: to speak of it is to profane it. Let us by all means not speak of it then, but let us act on it." He had at last turned his face from her, and it now took in, from the vantage of his high position, only the loveliness of the place and the hour, which included a glimpse of Lord Petherton and little Aggie, who, down in the garden, slowly strolled in familiar union. Each had a hand in the other's, swinging easily as they went; their talk was evidently of flowers and fruits and birds; it was quite like father and daughter. And one could see half a mile off, in short, that *they* weren't flirting. Our friend's bewilderment came in odd, cold gusts; these were unreasoned and capricious; one of them, at all events, during his companion's pause, must have roared in his ears. Was it not therefore through some continuance of the sound that he heard her go on speaking? "Of course you know the poor child's own condition."

It took him a good while to answer. "Do *you* know it?" he asked with his eyes still away.

"If your question's ironical," she laughed, "your irony's perfectly wasted. I should be ashamed of myself if, with my relationship and my interest, I hadn't made sure. Nanda's fairly sick—as sick as a little cat—with her passion." It was with an intensity of silence that Mr. Longdon appeared to accept this; he was even so dumb for a minute that the oddity of the image could draw from him no natural sound. The Duchess once more, accordingly, recognized an opportunity. "It has doubtless already occurred to you that, since your sentiment for the living is the charming fruit of your sentiment for the dead, there would be a sacrifice to Lady Julia's memory more exquisite than any other."

At this, finally, Mr. Longdon turned. "The effort—on the lines you speak of—for Nanda's happiness?"

She fairly glowed with hope. "And, by the same token, such a piece of poetic justice! Quite the loveliest, it would be, I think, one had ever heard of."

So, for some time more, they sat confronted. "I don't quite see your difficulty," he said at last. "I do happen to know, I confess, that Nanda herself extremely desires the execution of your project."

His friend's smile betrayed no surprise at this fruit of her eloquence. "You're bad at dodging, Nanda's desire is, inevitably, to stop off, for herself, every question of any one but Vanderbank. If she wants me to succeed in arranging with Mr. Mitchett, can you ask for a plainer sign of her private predicament? But you've signs enough, I see"—she caught herself up: "we may take them all for granted. I've seen perfectly from the first that the only difficulty would come from her mother—but also that that would be stiff."

The movement with which Mr. Longdon removed his glasses might have denoted a certain fear to participate in too much of what the Duchess could see. "I've not been ignorant that Mrs. Brookenham favors Mr. Mitchett."

But he was not to be let off with that. "Then you've not been blind, I suppose, to her reason for doing so." He not been blind, I suppose, to her reason for doing so." He might not have been blind, but his vision, at this, scarce showed sharpness, and it determined in his interlocutress the shortest of short-cuts. "She favors Mr. Mitchett because she wants 'old Van' for herself."

He was evidently conscious of looking at her hard. "In what sense—for herself?"

"Ah, you must supply the sense; I can give you only the fact—and it's the fact that concerns us. *Voyons*," she almost impatiently broke out; "don't try to create unnecessary obscurities by being unnecessarily modest. Besides, I'm not touching your modesty. Supply any sense whatever that may miraculously satisfy your fond English imagination: I don't insist in the least on a bad one. She does want him for herself—that's all I say. '*Pourquoi faire?*' you ask—or rather, being too shy, don't ask, but would like to if you dared, or didn't fear I'd be shocked. I *can't* be shocked, but, frankly, I can't tell you either. The situation belongs, I think, to an order I don't understand. I understand either one thing or the other—I understand taking a man up or letting him alone. But I don't, really, get at Mrs. Brook. You must judge, at any rate, for yourself. *He* could, of course, tell you if he would—but it wouldn't be right that he should. So the one thing we have to do with is that she's in fact against us. I can only work Mitchy through Petherton, but Mrs. Brook can work him straight. On the other hand that's the way you, my dear man, can work Vanderbank."

One thing, evidently, beyond the rest, as an effect of this vivid demonstration, disengaged itself to Mr. Longdon's undismayed sense, but his consternation needed a minute or two to produce it. "I can absolutely assure you that Mr. Vanderbank entertains no sentiment for Mrs. Brookenham—"

"That he may not keep under by just setting his teeth and holding on? I never dreamed that he does, and have nothing so alarming in store for you—*rassurez-vous bien!*—as to propose that he shall be invited to sink a feeling for the mother in order to take one up for the child. Don't, please, flutter out of the whole question by a premature scare. I never supposed it's he who wants to keep *her*. He's not in love with her—be comforted! But she's amusing—highly amusing. I do her perfect justice. As your women go, she's rare. If she were French she'd be a *femme d'esprit*. She has invented a *nuance* of her own, and she has done it all by herself, for Edward figures in her drawing-room only as one of those queer extinguishers of fire in the corridors of hotels. He's just a bucket on a peg. The men, the young and the clever ones, find it a house—and Heaven knows they're right—with freedom of talk. You'll tell me we go farther in Italy, and I won't deny it, but in Italy we have the common-sense not to have little girls in the room. The young men hang about Mrs. Brook and the clever ones ply her with the uproarious appreciation that keeps her up to the mark. She's in a prodigious fix—she must sacrifice either her daughter or what she once called to me her intellectual habits. Mr. Vanderbank, you've seen for yourself, is one of the most cherished, the most confirmed, of these. Three months ago—it couldn't be any longer kept off—Nanda began definitely to 'sit'—to be there and look, by the tea table, modestly and conveniently abstracted."

"I beg your pardon—I don't think she looks *that*, Duchess," Mr. Longdon lucidly broke in. How much she had carried him with her in spite of himself was betrayed by the very terms of his dissent. "I don't think it would strike any one that she looks 'convenient.'"

His companion, laughing, gave a shrug. "Try her and perhaps you'll find her so!" But his objection had none the less pulled her up a little. "I don't say she's a hypocrite, for it would certainly be less decent for her to giggle and wink. It's Mrs. Brook's theory moreover, isn't it? that she has, from five to seven at least, lowered the pitch. Doesn't she pretend that she bears in mind every moment the tiresome difference made by the presence of sweet virginal eighteen?"

"I haven't, I'm afraid, a notion of what she pretends!"

Mr. Longdon had spoken with a curtness to which his friend's particular manner of overlooking it only added significance. "They've become," she pursued, "superficial or insincere or frivolous, but at least they've become, with the way the drag's put on, quite as dull as other people."

He showed no sign of taking this up; instead of it he said abruptly: "But if it isn't Mr. Mitchett's own idea—?"

His fellow-visitor barely hesitated. "It would be his own if he were free—and it would be Lord Petherton's *for* him. I mean by his being free Nanda's becoming definitely lost to him. Then it would be impossible for Mrs. Brook to continue to persuade him, as she does now, that by a waiting game he'll come to his chance. His chance will cease to exist, and he wants so, poor darling, to marry. You've really now seen my niece," she went on. "That's another reason why I hold you can help me."

"Yes—I've seen her."

"Well, there she is." It was as if, in the pause that followed this, they sat looking at little absent Aggie with a wonder that was almost equal. "The good God has given her to me," the Duchess said at last.

"It seems to me then that she herself is, in her remarkable loveliness, really your help."

"She will be doubly so if you give me proofs that you believe in her." And the Duchess, appearing to consider that with this she had made herself clear and her interlocutor plastic, rose in confident majesty. "I leave it to you."

Mr. Longdon did the same, but with more consideration now. "Is it your expectation that I will speak to Mr. Mitchett?"

"Don't flatter yourself he won't speak to *you!*"

Mr. Longdon wondered. "As supposing me, you mean, an interested party?"

She clapped her gloved hands with joy. "It's a delight to hear you practically admit that you *are* one! Mr. Mitchett will take anything from you—above all perfect candor. It isn't every day one meets *your* kind, and he's a connoisseur. I leave it to you—I leave it to you."

She spoke as if it were something she had thrust bodily into his hands and wished to hurry away from. He put his hands behind him—straightening himself a little, half kindled, still half confused. "You're all extraordinary people!"

She gave a toss of her head that showed a limited enthusiasm. "You're the best of us, *caro mio*—you and Aggie, for Aggie's as good as you. Mitchy's good too, however—Mitchy's beautiful. You see it's not only his money. He's a gentleman. So are you. There aren't so many. But we must move fast," she added more sharply.

"What do you mean by fast?"

"What should I mean but what I say? If Nanda doesn't get a husband early in the business—"

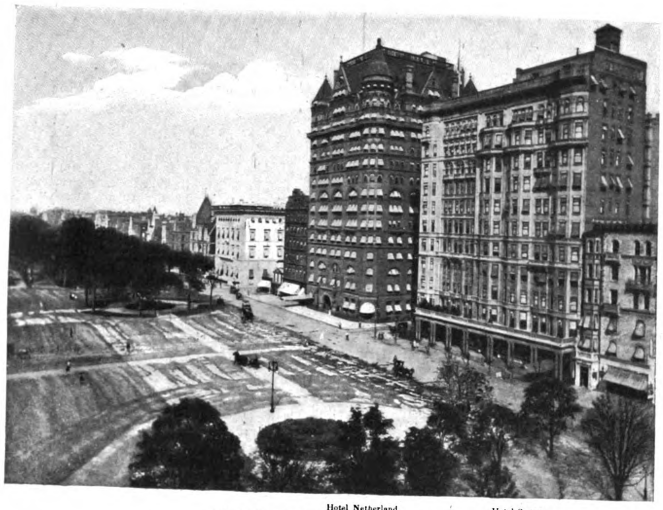
"Well?" said Mr. Longdon, as she appeared to pause with the weight of her idea.

"Why, she won't get one late—she won't get one at

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PANORAMIC VIEW OF LOWER NEW YORK, SH

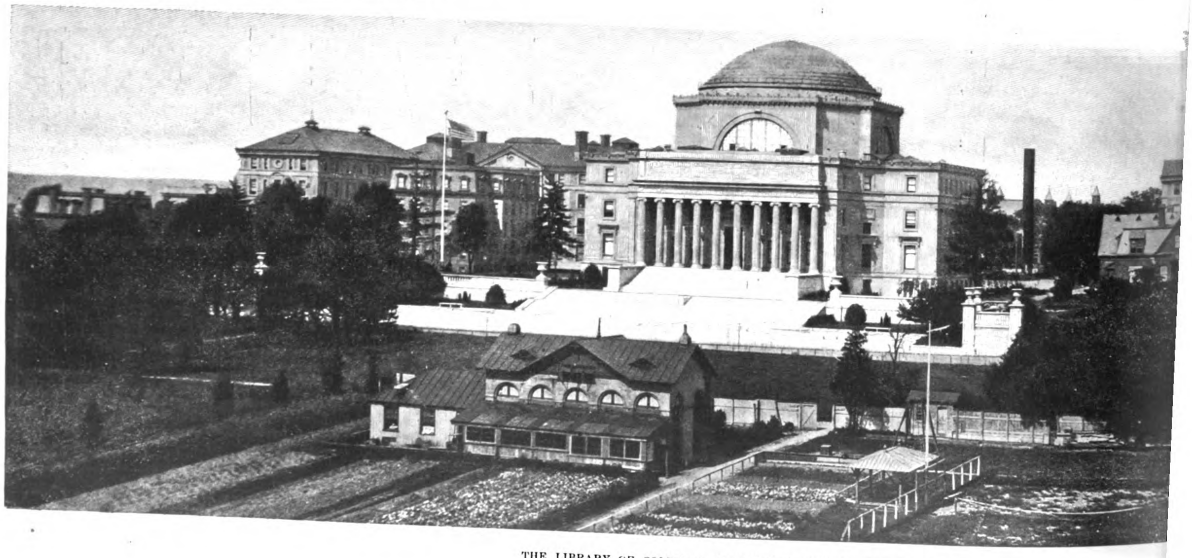


Hotel Netherland.

THE PLAZA, FIFTY-NINTH STREET.



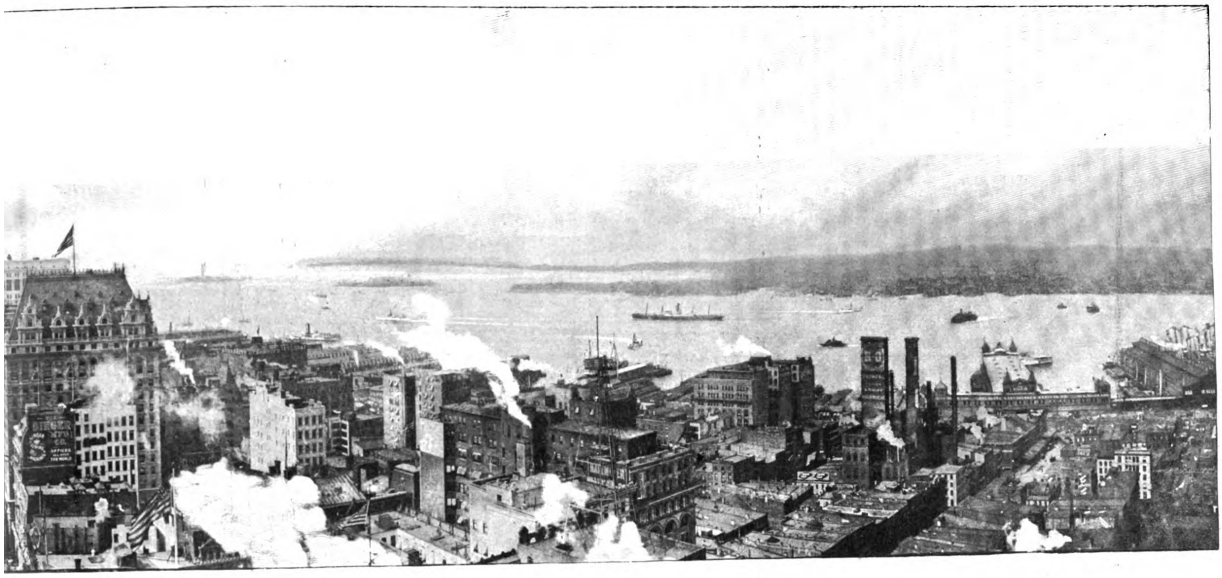
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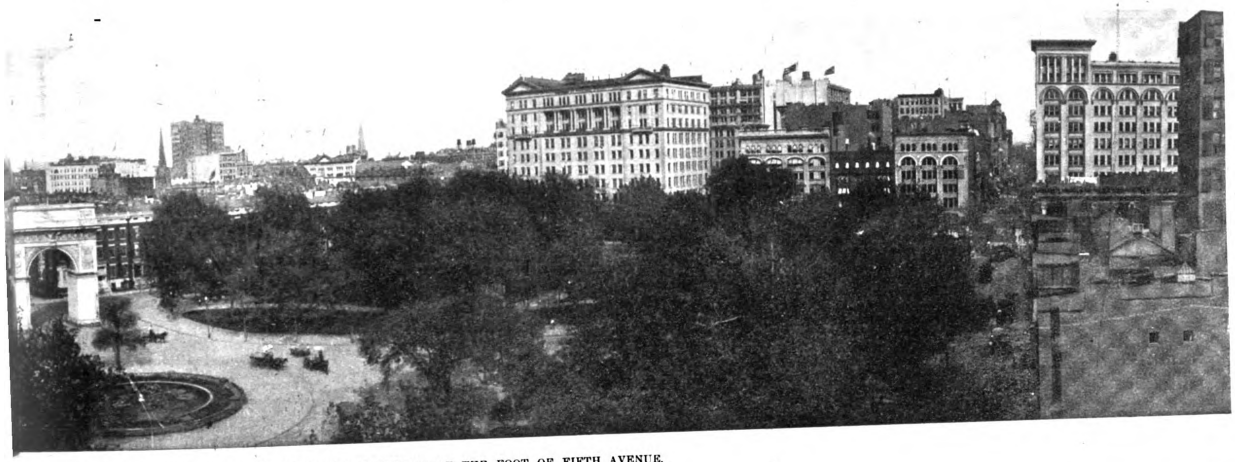
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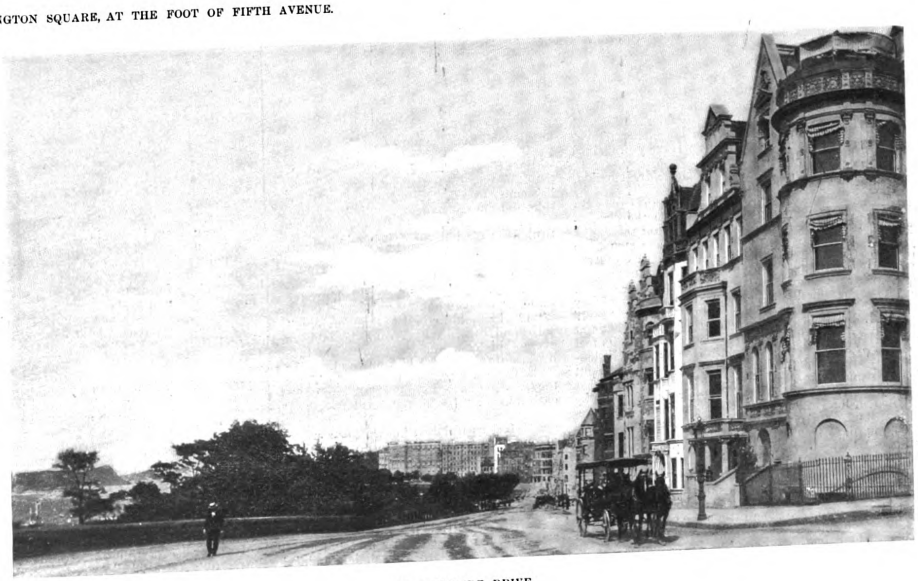


ING THE MULTIPLICATION OF SKY-SCRAPERS.



THE WASHINGTON ARCH AND WASHINGTON SQUARE, AT THE FOOT OF FIFTH AVENUE.





ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

WS OF NEW YORK CITY.—From Recent Photographs.

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all. One, I mean, of the kind she'll take. She'll have been in it long for *their* taste."

She had moved, looking off and about her—little Aggie always on her mind—to the flight of steps, where she again hung fire; and had really succeeded in producing in him the manner of keeping up with her to challenge her. "Been in what?"

She went down a few steps while he stood with his face full of perceptions strained and scattered. "Why, in the air they themselves have made for her!"

## XX.

Late that night, in the smoking-room at Mertle, as the smokers—talkers and listeners alike—were about to disperse, Mr. Longdon asked Vanderbank to stay, and then it was that the young man, to whom, all the evening, he had not addressed a word, could make out why, a little unnaturally, he had prolonged his vigil. "I've something particular to say to you, and I've been waiting. I hope you don't mind. It's rather important." Vanderbank expressed, on the spot the liveliest desire to oblige him and, quickly lighting another cigarette, mounted again to the deep divan with which a part of the place was furnished. The smoking-room at Mertle was not unworthy of the general nobleness, and the fastidious spectator had clearly been reckoned on in the great leather-covered lounge that, raised by a step or two above the floor, applied its back to two quarters of the wall and enjoyed, most immediately, a view of the billiard table. Mr. Longdon continued, for a minute, to roam with the air of dissimulated absence that, during the previous hour and among the other men, his companion's eye had not lost; he pushed a ball or two about, examined the form of an ash-stand, swung his glasses almost with violence and declined either to smoke or to sit down. Vanderbank, perched aloft on the bench and awaiting developments, had a little the look of some prepossessing criminal who, in court, should have changed places with the judge. He was unlike many a man of marked good looks in that the effect of evening dress was not, with a perversity often observed in such cases, to overemphasize his fineness. His type was rather chastened than heightened, and he sat there moreover with a primary gravity quite in the note of the deference that, from the first, with this friend of the elder fashion, he had taken as imposed. He had a strong sense for shades of respect and was now careful to loll scarcely more than with an official superior. "If you ask me," Mr. Longdon presently continued, "why, at this hour of the night—after a day at best too heterogeneous—I don't keep over till to-morrow whatever I may have to say, I can only tell you that I appeal to you now because I've something on my mind that I shall sleep the better for being rid of."

There was space to circulate in front of the dais, where he had still paced and still swung his glasses; but with these words he had paused, leaning against the billiard table, to meet the interested gayety of the reply they produced. "Are you very sure that, having got rid of it, you *will* sleep? Is it a pure confidence," Vanderbank said, "that you do me the honor to make to me? Is it something terrific that requires a reply, so that I shall have to take account, on my side, of the rest I may deprive you of?"

"Don't take account of anything—I'm myself a man who always takes too much. It isn't a matter about which I press you for an immediate answer. You can give me no answer, probably, without a good deal of thought. *I've* thought a good deal—otherwise I wouldn't speak. I only want to put something before you and leave it there."

"I never see you," said Vanderbank, "that you don't put something before me."

"That sounds," his friend returned, "as if I rather overloaded—what's the sort of thing you fellows nowadays say?—your intellectual board. If there's a congestion of dishes, sweep everything, without scruple, away. I've never put before you anything like this."

He spoke with a weight that, in the great space, where it resounded a little, made an impression—an impression marked by the momentary pause that fell between them. He partly broke the silence, first, by beginning to walk again, and then Vanderbank broke it as through the apprehension of their becoming perhaps too solemn. "Well, you immensely interest me, and you really couldn't have chosen a better time. A secret—for we shall make it that, of course, sha'n't we?—at this witching hour, in this great old house, is all that my visit here will have required to make the whole thing a rare remembrance. So, I assure you, the more you put before me the better."

Mr. Longdon took up another ash-tray, but with the air of doing so as a direct consequence of Vanderbank's tone. After he had laid it down, he put on his glasses; then, fixing his companion, he brought out: "Have you no idea at all—?"

"Of what you have in your head? Dear Mr. Longdon, how *should* I have?"

"Well, I'm wondering if I shouldn't perhaps have a little in your place. There's nothing that, in the circumstances, occurs to you as likely for me to want to say?"

Vanderbank gave a laugh that might have struck an auditor as slightly uneasy. "When you speak of 'the circumstances' you do a thing that—unless you mean the simple thrilling ones of this particular moment—always, of course, opens the door of the lurid for a man of any imagination. To such a man you've only to say 'Boh!' in a certain tone for his conscience to jump. That's at any rate the case with mine. It's never quite on its feet—so it's now, already, on its back." He stopped a little—so his smile was a trifle strained. "Is what you want to put before me something awful I've done?"

"Excuse me if I press this point"—Mr. Longdon spoke kindly, but if his friend's want of ease grew his own thereby diminished. "Can you think of nothing at all?"

"Do you mean that I've done?"

"No, but that—whether you've done it or not—I may have become aware of."

There could have been no better proof than Vanderbank's expression, on this, of his having mastered the secret of humoring without appearing to patronize. "I think you ought to give me a little more of a clew."

Mr. Longdon took off his glasses. "Well—the clew's Nanda Brookenham."

"Oh, I see." Vanderbank had responded quickly, but for a minute he said nothing more, and the great marble clock that gave the place the air of a club ticked louder in the stillness. Mr. Longdon waited with a benevolent want of mercy, yet with a look in his face that spoke of what depended for him—though indeed very far within—on the upshot of his patience. The hush, for that matter, between them, became a conscious, public measure of the young man's honesty. He evidently at last felt it as such, and there would have been for an observer of his hand, some, controlled face a study of some sharp things. "I judge that you ask me for an utterance," he finally said, "that very few persons, at any time, have the right to expect of a man. Think of the people—and very decent ones—to whom, on many a question, one can only reply at best that it's none of their business."

"I see you know what I mean," said Mr. Longdon.

"Then you know also the distinguished exception I make of you. There isn't another man with whom I'd talk of it."

"And even to me you don't! But I'm none the less obliged to you," Mr. Longdon added.

"It isn't only the gravity," his friend went on; "it's the ridicule that inevitably attaches—"

The manner in which Mr. Longdon indicated the empty room was in itself an interruption. "Don't I sufficiently spare you?"

"Thank you, thank you," said Vanderbank.

"Besides, it's not for nothing."

"Of course not!" the young man returned; but with a look of noting, the next moment, a certain awkwardness in his concurrence. "But don't spare me now."

"I don't mean to." Mr. Longdon had his back to the table again, on which he rested with each hand on the rim. "I don't mean to," he repeated.

His companion gave a laugh that betrayed at least the drop of a tension. "Yet I don't quite see what you can do to me."

"It's just what, for some time past, I've been trying to think."

"And at last you've discovered?"

"Well—it has finally glimmered out a little in this extraordinary place."

Vanderbank frankly wondered. "In consequence of anything particular that has happened?"

Mr. Longdon had a pause. "For an old idiot who notices as much as I, something particular is always happening. If you're a man of imagination—"

"Oh," Vanderbank broke in, "I know how much more, in that case, you're one! It only makes me regret," he continued, "that I've not attended more, since yesterday, to what you've been about."

"I've been about nothing but what, among you people, I'm always about. I've been seeing, feeling, thinking. That makes no show, of course I'm aware, for any one but myself, and it's wholly my own affair. Except indeed," he added, "so far as I've taken into my head to make, on it all, this appeal to *you*. There are things that have come home to me."

"Oh, see, I see"—Vanderbank showed the friendliest alertness. "I'm to take it from you then, with all the avidity of my vanity, that I strike you as the person best able to understand what they are."

Mr. Longdon appeared to wonder an instant if his intelligence now had not almost too much of a glitter; he kept the same position, his back against the table, and while Vanderbank, on the settee, pressed, upright, against the wall, they recognized in silence that they were sounding each other. "You're much the best of them. I have my ideas about you. You've great gifts."

"Well then, we're worthy of each other. When Greek meets Greek—!" and the young man laughed as, a little with the air of bracing himself, he folded his arms. "Here we are."

His companion looked at him a moment longer, then, turning away, went slowly round the table. On the further side of it he stopped again and, after a minute, with a nervous movement, set a ball or two in motion. "It's beautiful—but it's terrible!" he finally murmured. He had not his eyes on Vanderbank, who for a minute said nothing, and he presently went on: "To see it, and not to want to try to help—well, I can't do that." Vanderbank still neither spoke nor moved, remained as if he might interrupt something of high importance to him, and his friend, passing along the opposite edge of the table, continued to produce in the stillness, without the cue, the small click of the ivory. "How long—if you don't mind my asking—have you known it?"

Even for this, at first, Vanderbank had no answer—none but to rise from his place, come down to the floor and, standing there, look at his friend across the table. He was serious now, but without being solemn. "How can one tell? One can never be sure. A man may fancy, may wonder, but with a girl, a person so much younger than himself and so much more helpless, he feels a—what shall I call it?"

"A delicacy?" Mr. Longdon suggested.

"It may be that; the name doesn't matter; at all events he's embarrassed. He wants not to be an ass on the one side, and yet not some other kind of brute on the other."

Mr. Longdon listened with consideration—with a beautiful little air indeed of being, in his all but finally contracted state, earnestly open to information on such points from a magnificent young man. "He doesn't want, you mean, to be fatuous?—and he doesn't want to be cruel?"

Vanderbank, visibly preoccupied, produced a faint, kind smile. "Oh, *you* know!"

"I? I should know less than any one."

He had turned away from the table on this, and the eyes of his companion, who after an instant had caught his meaning, watched him move along the room and approach another part of the divan. The consequence of the passage was that Vanderbank's only rejoinder was presently to say: "I can't tell you how long I've imagined—have asked myself. She's so charming—so interesting, and I feel as if I had known her always. I've thought of one thing and another to do—and then, on purpose, I haven't thought at all. That has, mostly, seemed to me best."

"Then I gather," said Mr. Longdon, "that your interest in her—"

"Hasn't the same character as her interest in *me*?" Vanderbank had taken him up responsively, but, after speaking looked about for a match and lighted a new cigarette. "I'm sure you understand," he broke out, "what an extreme effort it is to me to talk of such things."

"Yes, yes. But it's just effort, only? It gives you no pleasure? I mean the fact of her passion," Mr. Longdon explained.

Vanderbank had really to think a little. "However much it might give me, I should probably not be a fellow to gush. I'm a self-conscious stick of a Briton."

"But even a stick of a Briton—!" Mr. Longdon hesitated. "I've gushed, in short, to *you*."

"About Lady Julia?" the young man frankly asked.

"Is that what you call it?"

"Say then we're sticks of Britons. You're not in any degree at all in love?"

There fell between them, before Vanderbank replied, another pause, of which he took advantage to move once more round the table. Mr. Longdon meanwhile had mounted to the high bench and sat there as if the judge were now in his proper place. At last his companion spoke. "What you're coming to is of course that you've conceived a desire."

"That's it—strange as it may seem. But, believe me, it has not been precipitate. I've watched you both."

"Oh, I knew you were watching *her*," said Vanderbank.

"To such a tune that I've made up my mind. I want her so to marry—" But on the odd little quaver of longing with which he brought it out the old man fairly hung.

"Well?" said Vanderbank.

"Well, so that on the day she does she'll come into the interest of a considerable sum of money—already very decently invested—that I've determined to settle upon her."

Vanderbank's instant admiration flushed across the room. "How awfully jolly of you—how beautiful!"

"Oh, there's a way to show practically your appreciation of it."

But Vanderbank, for enthusiasm, scarcely heard him. "I can't tell you how admirable I think you." Then eagerly, "Does Nanda know it?" he demanded.

Mr. Longdon, after a hesitation, spoke with comparative dryness. "My idea has been that, for the present, you alone shall."

Vanderbank also hesitated. "No other man?"

His companion looked still graver. "I need scarcely say that I depend on you to keep the fact to yourself."

"Absolutely, then, and utterly. But that won't prevent what I think of it. Nothing, for a long time, has given me such pleasure."

Shining and sincere, he had held for a minute Mr. Longdon's eyes. "Why, you do care for her."

"Immensely. Never, I think, so much as now. That sounds of a grossness, doesn't it?" he laughed. "But your announcement really lights up the mind."

His friend, for a moment, almost glowed with his joy. "The sum I've settled upon would be, I may mention, substantial, and I should of course be prepared with a clear statement—a very definite pledge—of my intentions."

"So much the better! Only"—Vanderbank suddenly pulled himself up—"to get it she *must* marry?"

"It's not in my interest to allow you to suppose she needn't, and it's only because of my intense wish for her marriage that I've spoken to you."

"And on the ground also, with it"—Vanderbank so far concurred—"of your quite taking for granted my only having to put myself forward."

If his friend seemed to cast about, it proved but to be for the fullest expression. Nothing, in fact, could have been more charged than the quiet way in which he presently said: "My dear boy, I back you."

Vanderbank, clearly, was touched by it. "How extraordinarily kind you are to me!" Mr. Longdon's silence appeared to reply that he was willing to let it go for that, and the young man next went on: "What it comes to then—as you put it—is that it's a way for me to add something handsome to my income."

Mr. Longdon sat for a little with his eyes attached to the green field of the billiard table, vivid in the spreading, suspended lamp-light. "I think I ought to tell you the figure I have in mind."

Another person present might have felt rather taxed either to determine the degree of provocation represented by Vanderbank's considerate smile, or to say if there was an appreciable interval before he rang out: "I think, you know, you oughtn't to do anything of the sort. Let that alone, please. The great thing is the interest—the great thing is the wish you express. It represents a view of me, an attitude toward me—!" He pulled up, dropping his arms and turning away, before the complete image.

"There's nothing in those things that need overwhelm you. It would be odd if you hadn't, yourself, about your value and your future, a feeling quite as lively as any feeling of mine. There *is* mine, at all events. I can't help it. Accept it. Then of the other feeling—how *she* moves me—I won't speak."

"You sufficiently show it!"

Mr. Longdon continued to watch the bright circle on the table, lost in which a moment he let his friend's answer pass. "I won't begin to you on Nanda."

"Don't," said Vanderbank. But in the pause that ensued each, in one way or another, might have been thinking of her for himself.

It was broken by Mr. Longdon's presently going on: "Of course what it superficially has the air of is my offering to pay you for taking a certain step. It's open to you to be grand and proud—to wrap yourself in your majesty and ask if I suppose you bribable. I haven't spoken without having thought of that."

"Yes," said Vanderbank sympathetically, "but it isn't as if you proposed to me, is it? anything dreadful. If one cares for a girl one's deucedly glad she has money. The more of anything good she has the better. I may assure you," he added with the brightness of his friendly intelligence and quite as if to show his companion the way to be least concerned—"I may assure you that, once I were disposed to act on your suggestion, I would make short work of any vulgar interpretation of my motive. I should simply try to be as magnificent as yourself." He smoked, he moved about; then he came up in another place. "I dare say you know that dear old Mitchy, under whose blessed roof we're plotting this midnight treason, would marry her like a shot and without a penny."

"I think I know everything—I think I've thought of everything. Mr. Mitchett," Mr. Longdon added, "is impossible."

Vanderbank appeared for an instant to wonder. "Wholly then through *her* attitude?"

"Altogether."

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Again he hesitated. "You've asked her?"

"I've asked her."

Once more Vanderbank faltered. "And that's how you know?"

"About *your* chance? That's how I know."

The young man, consuming his cigarette with concentration, took again several turns. "And your idea *is* to give one time?"

Mr. Longdon had, for a minute, to turn his idea over. "How much time do you want?"

Vanderbank gave a head-shake that was both restrictive and indulgent. "I must live into it a little. Your offer has been before me only these few minutes, and it's too soon for me to commit myself to anything whatever. Except," he added gallantly, "my gratitude."

Mr. Longdon, at this, on the divan, got up, as Vanderbank had previously done, under the spring of emotion; only, unlike Vanderbank, he still stood there, his hands in his pockets and his face, a little paler, directed straight. There was disappointment in him even before he spoke. "You've no strong enough impulse—?"

His friend met him with admirable candor. "Wouldn't it seem that if I had I would by this time have taken the jump?"

"Without waiting, you mean, for anybody's money?" Mr. Longdon, for a little, cultivated a doubt. "Of course she has seemed—till now—tremendously young."

Vanderbank looked about once more for matches and occupied a time with relighting. "Till now—yes. But it's not," he pursued, "only because she's so young that—for each of us, and for dear old Mitchy too—she's so interesting." Mr. Longdon had now stepped down, and Vanderbank's eyes followed him till he stopped again. "I make out that, in spite of what you said to begin with, you're conscious of a certain pressure."

"In the matter of time? Oh yes, I do want it *done*. That," the old man simply explained, "is why I myself put on the screw." He spoke with the ring of impatience. "I want her got out."

"'Out'?"

"Out of her mother's house."

Vanderbank laughed, though, more immediately, he had colored. "Why, her mother's house is just where I see her!"

"Precisely; and if it only were not, we might get on faster."

Vanderbank, for all his kindness, looked still more amused. "But if it only were not, as you say, I seem to see that you wouldn't have your particular vision of urgency."

Mr. Longdon, through adjusted glasses, took him in with a look that was sad as well as sharp, then jerked the glasses off. "Oh, you understand me."

"Ah," said Vanderbank, "I'm a mass of corruption!"

"You may perfectly be, but you shall not," Mr. Longdon returned with decision, "get off on any such plea. If you're good enough for me, you're good enough, as you thoroughly know, on whatever head, for any one."

"Thank you." But Vanderbank, for all his happy appreciation, thought again. "We ought, at any rate to remember, oughtn't we? that we should have Mrs. Brook against us."

His companion faltered but an instant. "Ah, that's another thing I know. But it's also exactly why. Why I want Nanda away."

"I see, I see."

The response had been prompt, yet Mr. Longdon seemed suddenly to show that he suspected the superficial. "Unless it's with Mrs. Brook you're in love." Then on his friend's taking the idea with a mere head-shake of negation, a repudiation that might even have astonished by its own lack of surprise, "Or unless Mrs. Brook's in love with you," he amended.

Vanderbank had for this any decent gayety. "Ah, that of course may perfectly be!"

"But *is* it? That's the question."

He continued light. "If she had declared her passion shouldn't I rather compromise her—?"

"By letting me know?" Mr. Longdon reflected. "I'm sure I can't say—it's a sort of thing for which I haven't a measure or a precedent. In my time women didn't declare their passion. I'm thinking of what the meaning is of Mrs. Brookenham's wanting you—as I've heard it called—for herself."

Vanderbank, still with his smile, smoked a minute. "That's what you've heard it called?"

"Yes, but you must excuse me from telling you by whom."

He was amused at his friend's discretion. "It's unimaginable. But it doesn't matter. We all call everything—anything. The meaning of it, if you and I put it so, is—well, a modern shade."

"You must deal then yourself," said Mr. Longdon, "with your modern shades." He spoke now as if the case simply awaited such dealing.

But at this his young friend was more grave. "*You* could do nothing?—to bring, I mean, Mrs. Brook round."

Mr. Longdon fairly started. "Propose, on your behalf, for her daughter? With your authority—to-morrow. Authorize me, and I instantly act."

Vanderbank's color again rose—his flush was complete. "How awfully you want it!"

Mr. Longdon, after a look at him, turned away. "How awfully *you* don't!"

The young man continued to blush. "No—you must do me justice. You've not made a mistake about me—I see in your proposal all, I think, that you can desire I should. Only *you* see it much more simply—and yet I can't just now explain. If it *were* so simple I should say to you in a moment 'Do speak to them for me'—I should leave the matter with delight in your hands. But I require time, let me remind you, and you haven't yet told me how much I may take."

This appeal had brought them again face to face, and Mr. Longdon's first reply to it was a look at his watch. "It's one o'clock."

"Oh, I require"—Vanderbank had recovered his gayety—"more than to-night!"

Mr. Longdon went off to the smaller table that still offered to view two bedroom candles. "You must take of course the time you need. I won't trouble you—I won't hurry you. I'm going to bed."

Vanderbank, overtaking him, lighted his candle for him; after which, handing it and smiling: "Shall we have conduced to your rest?"

Mr. Longdon looked at the other candle. "You're not coming to bed?"

"To *my* rest we shall not have conduced. I stay up a while longer."

"Good." Mr. Longdon was pleased. "You won't forget then, as we promised, to put out the lights?"

"If you trust me for the greater you can trust me for the less. Good-night."

Vanderbank had put out his hand. "Good-night." But Mr. Longdon kept him a moment. "You *don't* care for my figure?"

"Not yet—not yet. *Please.*" Vanderbank seemed really to fear it, but on Mr. Longdon's releasing him with a little drop of disappointment they went together to the door of the room, where they had another pause.

"She's to come down to me—alone—in September."

Vanderbank hesitated. "Then may *I* come?"

His friend, on this footing, had to consider. "Shall you know by that time?"

"I'm afraid I can't promise—if you must regard my coming as a pledge."

Mr. Longdon thought on; then raising his eyes: "I don't quite see why you won't suffer me to tell you—"

"The detail of your intention? *I* do then. You've said quite enough. If my visit positively must commit me," Vanderbank pursued, "I'm afraid I can't come."

Mr. Longdon, who had passed into the corridor, gave a dry, sad little laugh. "Come then—as the ladies say—'as you are'!"

On which, rather softly closing the door, Vanderbank remained alone in the great empty, lighted billiard-room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SEVENTEENTH AUTUMN EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

A PICTURE show at the National always contains much that, depending upon the point of view, is either a snare or an instruction. The Academy is a venerable institution, considerably overgrown with moss, and the moss covers a great deal that fifty years ago would have seemed admirable, but for which the modern art-lover has no use. If one realizes this, the exhibitions have a historical and antiquarian interest that is very instructive, such as might be afforded by a survey of steamships from the first paddle-wheel boat to the modern ocean greyhound. The opportunity of comparison makes the visitor recognize more clearly what strides have been made in the way of improvement. On the other hand, every one is more or less posted upon the progress which has been made in shipbuilding, but only a limited number consider it a necessary part of a liberal education to be equally conversant with the progress in painting and sculpture. Herein is the snare. The uninitiated, seeking knowledge, visit the exhibitions, reasonably supposing that the appearance of a picture upon the walls of the National Academy is a guarantee of its excellence. Therefore it cannot be too often and too clearly stated that this is not the case. National academicians the world over regard their institutions as close corporations existing for their own individual exploitation. Monopoly makes them satisfied with themselves and intolerant of outside influences. They take in new members from time to time, but these are always too few in number to leaven the mass, which is mainly fossilized. So the fossils predominate and continue to monopolize the best and biggest part of the walls. This is not an attack upon our National Academy *per se*, but on these institutions generally. A visit to the Royal Academy in London, or to the Salon in Paris, will not give you a correct idea of English or French modern art. These places have the prestige and draw the crowds, but the majority of the exhibits are commonplace, and the best work of the year is, for the most part, conspicuous by its absence, or, if admitted, hung often at a disadvantage.

So much as a preface to the survey of this present exhibition. You will find a large number of pictures that, without individual characterization, do not possess the qualities which we look for and find in modern work. In the landscapes, for example, Nature has not been the direct inspiration. The infinite loveliness of her moods, by turns pensive, joyous, grand, and tender, has not been studied; the magic of light, the mystery of atmosphere, have been overlooked, and the painter has viewed the scene with the same sort of eye that belongs to the camera in the hands of an unpoetical photographer. More details than the human eye can comprehend at a glance are crowded into the foreground, the subtle fascination of successive distances is lost, and the inanimate machine cannot share Nature's particular mood of the moment. The painter, instead of responding to the mood like a poet, observing the scene with a more penetrating vision than belongs to the average eye, grasping all and yet selecting only the points essential to represent the sentiment of the scene, has given us a record which aims at mere material fidelity. He has missed the poetry and falls behind the photograph in accuracy.

Keeping this in mind, the visitor to the Academy will have no difficulty in distinguishing between the work which is characteristic of the aims of fifty years ago and that which thrills with the modern spirit. A comparison can hardly fail to make him conscious of the superiority of the latter. Among the landscape and water pieces exhibited are many admirable canvases. Jules R. Mersfelder sends two studies of Gloucester Harbor, one a gray day, the other an evening effect. Both are characterized by a delightful sense of repose and mysteriousness. "Twilight," by Joseph H. Boston, represents a wooded road winding down into darkness. A laborer is moving homewards, and in a pasture on the right cows loom out of the gathering shade. It is a strong, earnest composition in which the vanishing light is well expressed. George A. Williams contributes an interesting little picture, "A Gray Studia." Gray wooden farm buildings, fence, and tree stems are contrasted with the vivid gray-green of grass, through which a road passes, having a solitary puddle that brings a bit of the blue sky into the foreground. It is a little pensive poem very musically rendered. J. Alden Weir's "A Rainy Day," in the same room, has much the same suggestion, but the problem was more difficult, and its solution involved more technical ability. The subject is a queer one—a chicken-pen composed of a scaffolding of irregularly shaped saplings covered with netting. A few chickens stand about, with flecks of bright color on their plumage, and there is a mass of light green trees beyond. With a world so full of beauty, it seems an uninteresting subject to have chosen, but perhaps it was all that was visible from the painter's window on some wet day. However, of its technical skill there can be no question. The netting is suggested without being painted, and the atmosphere is thick with warm moisture. Close by is a very attractive picture by Edward Potthast, "Evening Low Tide, Annisquam," a favorite summer haunt of painters. A tremulously vaporous sky of gray-purple, with a watery moon, hovers over a blue-purple reach of land, with a smooth expanse of water in front, reflecting gray and crimson, and sprinkled with flots of brown-red sea-weed. In the foreground is a kind of jetty, made of rough, uneven stones, with a shingle building at one side. With the exception of the stones, the various parts of the picture are beautifully painted, but they do not quite key together into a harmonious whole. The same painter also shows a very clever "Study—Late Afternoon" of a man in a boat, lying upon his oars, on a smooth sea. It might have been painted with the same palette as the other picture, only here the dreaming is replaced by a clear and vivid arrangement of color that culminates in the man's brilliantly white shirt. It is interesting to compare with this a picture by Theodore Wores, entitled "Crabbing." Here too there is a brilliant white spot. A boy is standing in smooth water, with a blue shadow thrown by his broad-brimmed straw hat upon the shoulders of his white jumper. Somehow in this case the white seems to jar.

Returning to the landscapes, one remembers Charles Warren Eaton's "The Wood Road," with its velvety mass of dark brown-green trees framing in a slumberous, golden sky; and "The River," by Francis C. Jones, yellow sunlight over bright green willows and smooth water, very daintily treated. Then there is a view at close range of cottages peeping out from a profusion of foliage, a stream in the foreground with a bed of rushes, and figures moving along the bank. It is by William E. Plimpton, and called, "By the Brook-side," a strongly painted picture of luxuriant vegetation and prosperous homesteads. "A Gray Day in Spring," by H. Bolton Jones, "Just a Hay-stack," by A. Francis Watson, "Moonlight," by Eliot Clark, and Cullen Yates's "September Moonlight" will well repay attention. Andrew Teggin, in "Sandy Hook"—a stretch of water with a patch of weeds, sandy shore, and bank covered with stunted dark-colored trees—has kept close to nature, and by selecting a mellow light produced a canvas very rich in color. "Night in Halifax Harbor," by H. M. Rosenberg, has some beautiful qualities. The whole scene swims in a bath of green-blue vibrating with pale light. Sea is scarcely to be distinguished from sky, but a smoky blur in which roofs and chimneys are discernible marks the horizon. The limpidity and luminosity of the atmosphere are delightfully expressed. One wonders if the quality of the blue is true to nature, but is glad to accept it for its beauty as a piece of decoration. There is a landscape by G. A. Traver that would seem to have much charm, but it has been hung where it is impossible to see it properly.

The portraits are not numerous. Carroll Beckwith shows an interesting sketch and a finished "Portrait of Miss Rice," a dainty conception without, however, much distinction. The "Portrait of Miss E.," by Benjamin Eggleston, involves a handsome arrangement of black, brown, and cream color. The picture arrests attention, but upon examination scarcely proves impressive. J. Allen St. John's "Portrait of Caroline M. Hoyt" represents the lady in a cream satin Empire dress against a gray-green background. The painting is dry and a little hard, but the unaffected dignity and graciousness of both the color and the characterization are extremely agreeable. The little "Portrait of Alden Freeman, Esq.," by H. R. Poore, should not be overlooked. It is a study in gray, brown, and black, which, with the ruddy coloring of the hands and face, make a very distinguished *ensemble*. It is quite small, but is painted so straightforwardly and carefully that it makes its mark.

Among the subject pictures is a "Head of Christ," by George B. Butler, which one would like to study away from its surroundings. The face is long, the hair and short beard a tawny red, and the eyes very dark. A study of some of Durer's work might have suggested the character of the expression. It combines the human and the spiritual, idealism and realism. It is impressive without being exactly noble, and yet it is a picture that one feels one must go and see again. It is most shockingly hung. In "The Christmas Tree" J. Alden Weir has represented with masterful fidelity the reflection on a child's face and dress from the flare of wax tapers in daylight. It is difficult to see in the picture anything more than the results of most minute observation expressed with consummate skill. F. Luis Mora's "Arabian Harness-Maker," a seminude workman handling some brilliant-colored horsegear, is a well-composed, vigorous picture, far above the average. It is also far above the eye and in a corner! "Noonday Rest" is an agreeable little canvas by Henry Mosler. There is a great deal that is interesting in Irving R. Wiles's "Day Dreams," and Henry W. Parton and M. V. Wolf send charming studies of flowers. Noticeable amongst the sculpture are J. Massey Rhind's four sketches for the bronze statues on the Exchange Court Building on Broadway, and a new sketch for a statute of Lincoln by C. H. Niehaus. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

## A NIGHT THOUGHT.

NIGHT'S darkness is an airy dust of coal
Which Morn with shining shovel joyous pours
Upon the sun—Day's smiling rosy grate.

At eve the orange flames burn dull and low
And, as Night's wing's unfolded on the world,
I know glad Nature's laying in the coal
Whose light shall wake the lark's exultant song
And glisten in the dew, whose crystal spheres
Tremble upon the flower and the vine.

Then Nature stands the tongs and turkey wing
Within the corner, and the poker takes
And gently rakes the sun-grate's brazen bars
Till Day's gray silver ashes drift away
And vanish o'er the still and drowsy fields.
Then the white fallen coals all bloom, the stars
Upon the blue hearth of the boundless sky!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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PARIS PREPARING FOR THE EXPOSITION OF 1900—THE DEMOLITION OF THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.
Drawn from Life by P. Renouard.—[See Page 1126.]

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# AMATEUR SPORT

HARVARD'S VICTORY OVER UNIV. OF PENN. (10–0) Saturday last at Cambridge rudely revealed the illusory character of that far-famed "guards-back" play which for several years in Philadelphia has been as a fetich. And it is eminently fitting Harvard should be the means to that end, since defeat of the crimson first brought the guards-back play into prominence, while repeated conquest over the same opponent nourished the fallacy of its invincibility. Not that the awakening on Saturday lay in the mere defeat, but rather in the manner of it.

Perhaps in the history of American football no single style of play has brought to a university eleven renown so widespread or success so continuous, and Univ. of Penn.'s confidence in its invulnerability is not difficult to understand. Yet to the unpartisan observer the day of reckoning has appeared inevitable; the wonder is it has been so long delayed. To those of us who follow football more or less closely the wonder has been, too, that Univ. of Penn. should place such dependence on any one style of play, be it never so strong. And here again we may the better appreciate the Univ. of Penn. view-point if we remember that for five years her only big game has been with Harvard. It was doubtless entirely natural Univ. of Penn. should disregard other plays for one that proved so peculiarly telling against the well-known football weaknesses of her single big adversary.

BUT UNIV. OF PENN. SHOULD HAVE STUDIED the work, not the scores, of her team against Harvard, and of Yale's against Harvard, and of Yale's against Princeton, and taken the hint the comparative showings offered. Not, perhaps, that Univ. of Penn.'s rank in the respective seasons would have been materially altered, but her football sponsors must have realized the error of subordinating all play to the guards-back formation; or rather, to put it more pointedly, of relying almost solely on that style for the team's effective offence. As a matter of fact, and entirely beside the question as to the probable winner, a game with either Yale or Princeton in any one of the last four years would have convinced Univ. of Penn. of the danger of this kind of development.

No one will deny the guards-back play to be a very powerful one against the best of teams; properly done, perhaps it is the most powerful one we have seen; even slovenly executed, it is irresistible against elevens of only slightly inferior skill and endurance. But, on the other hand, for its full effectiveness no play yet developed demands so much of its men in absolute timeliness and endurance. It must start as a flash and move like lightning, with every man fitting into his place like a piece of finely adjusted machinery. It requires speed and strength and harmony to an unusual degree, and if only one of these qualities is missing, the play sinks at once to mediocrity. Its full power can be realized only by the employment of exceptional material, and to the fortunate possession of such and to Harvard's hitherto inability to profit by past experience Univ. of Penn. owes her repeated victories over the crimson eleven.



ONE OF PENN.'S FUMBLES.

THE WORK OF UNIV. OF PENN. against Chicago University disclosed the vulnerability of the guards-back formation and the weakness of the team with its main dependence shattered. Added to which it foreshadowed defeat at Cambridge a week later, if only Harvard could put a team in the field of equal endurance with Univ. of Penn., and a line quick enough and strong enough to take advantage of the obvious lack of unison and of speed in Univ. of Penn.'s this year's exploitation of the play that has earned her so many touch-downs. It must be frankly acknowledged that those who had witnessed Harvard's work against the Carlisle Indian team were confused as to the crimson's chances against Univ. of Penn. The altogether new signs of physical strength gave encouragement, but it seemed hardly likely that an attack so slow and unsupported would be effective against a team, like Univ. of Penn., of known aggressiveness.

Truth to tell, the Harvard-Univ. of Penn. game was replete with surprises, not the least one of which was that Harvard gained about 195 yards with the ball in hand during the two halves of the match. I will warrant that in a big game so many yards were never before gained by an attack that started so slowly and straggled forward so disunitedly. Time and again the interferers and the runners fell foul of one another, and repeatedly the runners simply ambled into the line. That they gained at all was due to the shoving support Harvard gave her runners, and to the breaking down of Univ. of Penn.'s defence. Harvard completely outplayed and outgeneralled Univ. of Penn. in every department of the game, and won the contest strictly on its merits. But neither exhibited first-class football except in spots. Harvard fumbled too much for her welfare, had she been playing against Yale, but Univ. of Penn.'s fumbling was execrable, and this and the muffing of punts more than anything else worked to her defeat.

THE LINES OF BOTH TEAMS were strong on the defensive, Harvard's the more so. Neither was first-class on the offensive. Back of the line, Harvard, because of Haughton's punting, completely outclassed Univ. of Penn., whose only kicker was Hare, a wonderful man at line-bucking, but who kicked so low as to invite blocking, or, escaping that fate, so fast as to give his ends no time to get under the ball, and consequently Harvard invariably ran back on caught punts twenty or more yards. In line-bucking the teams were about evenly matched, each making about 195 yards, and, quite reversing previous records, and as suggestive of the physical condition of the team, Harvard making the greater gains in the second half. In running the ends Univ. of Penn. was the better, boxing Harvard's ends, especially Cochrane, on nearly every attempt. Harvard could do little on the ends, her interference being broken up repeatedly. One of Harvard's most glaring blunders was lack of provision against Univ. of Penn.'s ends, who frequently got clear behind Harvard's line and tackled the runner almost in his tracks.

THERE WERE VERY FEW OCCASIONS during the game when the runner broke clear of the line, and those few were to the credit of Hare and McCracken (guards) and Outland of Univ. of Penn. The great majority of gains were by hard line-smashing for a yard or two at a time. For Harvard, Captain Dibblee made some pretty gains on caught punts, and in the second half ran his team with excellent judgment. A little more kicking in the first half, it seemed to us on the side-line, would have been serviceable. Daly's work at quarter was of high order. He not only handled the ball cleanly and speedily, but made the only end run of consequence for his side, besides several other gains in the back field on caught punts. On the defensive he was even stronger, his tackling stopping many a gain for Univ. of Penn., and probably on one occasion, when he tackled McCracken, saving a touch-down against Harvard. Harvard used only two of her rushers in running with the ball, and of these Boal did the only noteworthy work.

FOR UNIV. OF PENN., Hare seemed always to be the man with the ball; certainly he was the only man who could with surety gain in the line, and some of his drives through the centre were really notable exhibitions of line-bucking. Outland and McCracken were called on, and did their work well; but Hare was the only dependable line-hitter. Univ. of Penn.'s backs were chiefly noticeable for their fumbling, though Harrison made one two ten-yard runs, and Outland helped out Hare and McCracken, on whom the main offence of Univ. of Penn. appeared to rest. Gardiner was outclassed by Daly, and the quarter-back kick which he tried several times lost as much ground as it gained.

Perhaps the most startling surprise of the entire game, however, was the persistency with which Univ. of Penn. clung to the guards-back play in the second half, when it was being stopped on nearly every occasion, to the wear and tear of her own men. Harvard had shown her ability to break up the play in the first half, and in the second completely turned it. Yet Univ. of Penn. continued to work it desperately, apparently demoralized, or with no other play to work. Univ. of Penn.'s generalship was poor throughout the match, and in the last half distinctly bad. Harvard's judgment in the second half somewhat redeemed her exhibitions in the first, when frequently, from her own twenty-five and thirty yard line, she attempted to run the ball, very often only to lose it on downs before getting fairly started. In the second half, however, the ball was repeatedly sent back to Haughton, who kicked it to the Univ. of Penn. backs, who almost invariably muffed it. Haughton's punting was done as cleanly and with as good judgment as any we have seen. He gave his ends ample time to get down, and yet was not blocked once. Hare, on the other side, had two kicks blocked, Boal and Burden being responsible.



P. D. HAUGHTON,
Right Tackle.

Both teams began the game in prime physical condition, and ended it without accident. Harvard put in two new men—Farley at end (who proved a decided improvement on the one he succeeded), and Burnett at centre—in the middle of the second half, to replace Cochrane and Jaffray, worn out. Univ. of Penn., at the beginning of the second half, replaced Coombs with McMahon because of the former's fumbling. There were two missed tries for goal from field, one by Outland from Harvard's twenty-yard line, and one by Cochrane from Univ. of Penn.'s twenty-two-yard line.

It is interesting to note that of Univ. of Penn.'s rush-line, all save Folwell were on the '97 team, and Folwell was a substitute in '97. Outland played tackle last year, and the balance of the men are new. Of the men on Harvard's team who lined up against Yale or Univ. of Penn. are Boal, Haughton, Dibblee; Cochrane, Donald, and Warren have had previous 'varsity experience, however.

THE STORY OF THE GAME begins with Harvard scoring in perhaps record time, and ends with the ball in Harvard's possession two feet from Univ. of Penn.'s goal line. Univ. of Penn. won the toss, and chose the goal from which the wind was blowing. On the kick-off by Cochrane, Coombs muffed on his five-yard line, and before he or the spectators realized it, the Harvard guard Boal had made a touch-down. Time, six seconds. It was some minutes before we on the side-line could adjust ourselves to the unusual conditions; when we did, Hare had just sent the ball to Harvard's fifteen-yard line, where Daly caught and ran it back twenty-five yards. Harvard fumbled on the next line-up, Univ. of Penn. getting the ball, and now for the first time we viewed the strength of Harvard's line on the defence. Neither Hare nor Outland could gain; and Harvard, in Dibblee, secured the ball on Gardiner's quarter-back kick. Harvard could not gain around the ends, and punted to Gardiner. Line-bucking gave Univ. of Penn. her distance, and another quarter-back kick resulted in no gain, though Univ. of Penn. kept the ball. More line-bucking for short gains by Univ. of Penn. and another quarter-back kick gave Daly the ball on Harvard's twenty-five-yard line. From now on to the end of the first half the ball changed hands repeatedly, neither keeping it for longer than a second first down at most, and more often kicking or yielding it for no gain. There was not much punting in the first half, however. Univ. of Penn. in the first half gained twenty-five more yards than Harvard with the ball in hand, but it became apparent after fifteen minutes' play that Penn.'s guards-back was not up to its previous efficiency, and that Harvard was stopping it, and could win if she had endurance and played a kicking game.

MOST PEOPLE, NO DOUBT, EXPECTED the usual when the teams came out for the second half—looked for Harvard to weaken, and Univ. of Penn.'s well-known endurance to pull the game out to her credit. This was another of the day's surprises. Harvard not only failed to weaken, but started in on the aggressive, playing harder and faster than in the first half—something no one has seen a Harvard team do for years. She held Univ. of Penn. on downs, and when she could not herself gain, which until the last ten minutes was frequently, Haughton punted the ball. Univ. of Penn.'s gains with ball in hand were lessening, and she was losing on every exchange of kicks.

Burnett's goal from the forty-five-yard line on Daly's free catch seemed to assure Harvard of victory, and gave a dash and confidence to her play which found responsive



PENN. GOING AROUND HARVARD'S END.



REID GOING THROUGH PENN.'S CENTRE.

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dispirited endeavor on Univ. of Penn.'s part, though the latter played hard, and for all she was worth, to the last. McCracken's fine run, until downed by Daly, was the only bit to gladden Univ. of Penn. hearts in the last of the second half. For ten minutes before time was called Harvard had been ripping the Univ. of Penn. line to pieces and breaking up the guards-back play, outkicking, outcatching, outplaying Univ. of Penn., who finally lost the ball on her own ten-yard line with less than three minutes to play; when the whistle blew, Harvard had the ball two feet from Univ. of Penn.'s goal-line. Univ. of Penn.'s conduct all through the game and after her defeat was sportsmanlike. Play was fierce at all times, and the struggle desperate on each side, but the game was entirely free of unpleasant features. It was clean, hard football.

ALTHOUGH HARVARD'S GAME WITH UNIV. OF PENN. showed, as compared with her work against Carlisle the week previous, the capacity of the eleven for considerable improvement—much greater advance is necessary if Harvard is to score on, not to say defeat, Yale. And this, despite the altogether extraordinary fumbling of Yale in the Princeton game. It is safe to say that such a slow scattering attack as Harvard revealed at Cambridge against Univ. of Penn. would yield no gains against Yale. Then, too, Yale will strike the Harvard line with a force it was not called upon to withstand in the Univ. of Penn. game, despite the battering guards-back play. Speed and concentration in attack are precisely what Yale emphasizes in her play, and any elasticity in Harvard's line will be fatal to her chances of winning. It is not enough that the line must stand as firmly on the defence as it did on the 5th; it must also be more of an aggressive factor in the offence. Harvard is unlikely to have so much of the good luck she had against Univ. of Penn., or so generous a profit in Yale's fumbling as Princeton enjoyed. Fumbles similar to those Harvard made on Soldiers' Field, few though they were, are apt to be more costly in the Yale game than they proved to be against Univ. of Penn.

IF HARVARD'S DEFENSIVE WORK acquires the usual profit of a big game, it should be satisfactory next Saturday. Of the offensive one cannot write so definitely. Certainly it was short of the required strength last week. Whether unison and speed can be drilled into the men in these remaining days is more than one can venture to say. Sometimes I feel that these football virtues in the back field are more largely matters of individual disposition than of coaching. Under the most favoring conditions, the attack of a team cannot always be changed from slow and indifferent to fast and direct in ten days, and Harvard will be accomplishing a great deal if she succeeds in steaming up her attacking force to the requisite power. Still, Harvard has so entirely upset tradition this year in the physical condition and consequent endurance of her team, that there is some reason for expecting the team to yet further disturb the monotony of previous records.

It will, however, be a trying day for the Harvard eleven—with the traditional prowess of Yale looming large on its mental horizon, and the cheers and songs of the rival's home grounds sounding in their ears—but for all that, not in six years has Harvard had such substantial cause for hope of victory.

If Harvard does succeed in developing an attack sharp, strong, and harmonious, and, for the rest, plays to the full of the team's ability, defeat of Yale is more than a probability.

Such an attack as that employed against Univ. of Penn., however, will not enable Harvard to cross Yale's goal-line, always provided Yale does not offset weak attack by weaker fumbling. On the other hand, Harvard's defence is so strong that, failing herself to score, she should yet make it exceedingly difficult for Yale to secure five points.

It is not possible, in discussing a coming game, to take into consideration such wretched fumbling as Yale was guilty of last Saturday. Should Yale repeat that exhibition, the score may be any number against her. The chances are, however, she will better her Princeton game by 50 per cent., but even so I doubt if that will be good enough to win. Harvard will be stronger on the ends, at quarter, and probably in the kicking game generally. Added to which, Harvard, in the line and back of it, is fitter than Yale to play a hard, desperate game to the finish. This indeed is most unusual, the reverse having hitherto been the case. There is something the matter with Yale's training this year.

There may, of course, be some startling reversals next Saturday. We have before seen Yale come up with a wonderful brace and Harvard go to pieces—but if the Harvard team realizes its capabilities it ought to defeat Yale.

Needless to say, every sportsman would rejoice in a merited victory by Harvard over the rival to whom she owes so many defeats on the gridiron.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY'S PLAY against Univ. of Penn. in Philadelphia came as a revelation to the East. Perhaps this section may be further enlightened by the statement that there are two other football teams in the Middle West—University of Michigan and University of Wisconsin—in the class with Chicago. Moreover, a full half dozen not a great deal inferior to these larger university elevens perform in the same neighborhood. Not far away is Oberlin, whose recent strong showing against Cornell (0-6) is indicative of the westward spread of football prowess. Cornell, it may be remembered, was beaten by Princeton (6-0) in October.

The most gratifying feature of Middle Western success in the game is that the superior strength and skill of the elevens came after the downfall of that semi-professionalism which flourished a few years ago. There have been trying times recently, but, on the whole, the result is most satisfactory. In some directions I regret to see no improvement, and will take up the matter fully a little later. For the time being the Middle West generally is to be congratulated on the results of its splendid efforts for wholesome sport. I particularly congratulate University of Wisconsin on her final recognition of the only plan upon which permanent prosperity in amateur sport may be attained—cleanliness.

COMPARING CHICAGO AND UNIV. OF PENN. as they played in Philadelphia, there can be no question that superior physical strength and not superior football gave Univ. of Penn. the victory. And in the attainment she had to extend herself to the full, using some of the tricks probably stored for Harvard. In all-round football Chicago was a better-drilled eleven. Besides, it was more resourceful. Univ. of Penn. clung to the "guards-back" one style of play was far from perfectly executed. Chicago's back field was much the stronger, but her line was the weaker, especially at the ends; in the handling of the ball, Chicago's quarter, Kennedy, outclassed Gardiner, whose work and that of Folwell must have made Harvard spectators hopeful for their coming game.

In truth, the eleven seemed the poorest one Univ. of Penn. has had since '94. The men did not fit into the offensive work as they must to make Univ. of Penn.'s style of play telling against strong teams, nor did the plays start off with that dash absolutely needful.

CHICAGO STARTED IN WITH A RUSH that appeared to dazzle the Pennsylvanians, and for the first half the famous guards-back was not only futile in ground-gaining, but often broken up for a loss. Chicago was playing straight football, and playing it so hard and clean that Univ. of Penn. was driven to resort to fake and delayed passes, which, by-the-way, were worked astonishingly well by both sides.

Curious how these hoary chestnuts continue prosperous e'en in their sear and yellow!

Masterful punting by Herschberger, fumbling by Gardiner, and runs by Clarke—one for twenty yards around Folwell—gave Herschberger his first opportunity to try for goal from placed kick, which Univ. of Penn. stopped, though Chicago secured the ball. A trick play or two and a run through left tackle soon after gave Chicago the ball on Univ. of Penn.'s five-yard line, and on the next play Clarke went past Folwell for a touch-down, making the score 6-0 in favor of Chicago six minutes after the game was called. For some little time after the scoring Univ. of Penn. was outplayed—failing to gain in rushes, and repeatedly surrendering the ball on downs; meantime, Chicago made her distance at nearly every effort. Herschberger, the while, was punting remarkably, one drive being for about seventy yards. A prettily executed fake pass gave Penn.'s first touch-down after a fifty-yard run by Ouland around Chicago's right end, and thus the half ended with the score 6-5 in Chicago's favor.

THE GUARDS-BACK FORMATIONS, which resulted in no gain for Univ. of Penn. in the first half, worked in the second as they had so frequently in other games—satisfactorily and tellingly. That added energy which Woodruff has been able to put into his men in the second half was very much in evidence, and Chicago was weakening. She had not the physical endurance to stand the hammering for another period. So much at least the guards-back play had accomplished; it had worn out the opponents and become a scoring play. With Chicago in possession of her full vigor, it had been futile.

But for Herschberger's repeated punting, Univ. of Penn. would have rolled up the score. Even so, there was a period in the second half when Chicago's line, battered though it was, braced, and held Univ. of Penn. from again scoring for fifteen minutes after she had made a touch-down by line plunges straight down the field. Univ. of Penn. was not to be denied, however, and though Herschberger made a field-goal, the result was foreseen. Score—Univ. of Penn wins, 23-11. Chicago has reason to be proud of her team's showing, and of Clarke, Kennedy, and Herschberger.

It looks very much now as if Herschberger would also close the year number one on the full-back list. Certainly his punting thus far outchasses that of any other back, while goals from the forty, forty-five, and even fifty yard lines show his possibilities.

He kicks with either foot, and is said to be a strong and fast man with the ball, though he was used so little with the ball in hand in the Univ. of Penn. game as to give us no opportunity to judge of his work in that direction.

THE SCORE OF THE PRINCETON-WEST POINT game (5-5), although suggesting the first-class all-round work of the cadets, hardly indicates the strength of the offence Princeton developed. It is by no means belittling the work of the cadets to say that perhaps ten points added to Princeton's score would more fairly represent the relative strength of the two teams on that day. By steady and irresistible rushes Princeton twice put the ball on West Point's ten-yard line, and once on her fifteen-yard line, only to lose it by the umpire's ruling which, to some on the side-lines, seemed to conflict with the permission, in the revised rules, given a back on the offence to take one step forward before the ball is put in play. At the rate Princeton was driving through the West Point line, undoubtedly a touch-down would have resulted on two of the three occasions referred to. But West Point, at the outset of the game, took the same risk in the umpire's judgment as Princeton, and though the latter suffered the more, the game must go on record as a moral victory for West Point, for that is virtually what a tie game with Princeton means to the cadets.

WEST POINT'S GAME was a clever exhibition of heady play. Driven down the field by Princeton's heavy formations on tackle, and unable in turn to make much impression on her opponents' strong line, West Point devoted her skill and energy to kicking, and to such good advantage as to keep Princeton's score down, while on one of the many exchanges Humphrey made a free catch on Princeton's thirty-five yard line, which Romeyn converted into five points by a pretty goal from place kick. This was near the end of the second half. Previously, in the first half, with only two minutes of play remaining, Princeton had scored a touch-down by rushing, and Geer missed an easy goal. That extra point added to the touch-down by the football committee alone saved Princeton from a recorded defeat in '98 by West Point.

There was a great deal of punting first and last in the game, and Romeyn on every exchange outkicked the Princeton full-back Ayres. Kromer ably followed up every advantage Romeyn's punting gave, and once made a run of forty yards aided by exceedingly good interference. Kromer is one of the strongest quarters in the country. He has the alertness and surety, and in addition is a powerful runner, perhaps the hardest man to stop of all the quarter-backs. West Point may well be satisfied with the work of her eleven. Saturday's game was the cadets' best this season, which they close with the satisfaction of being the only team in '98 to score against Princeton.

This is a fitting and, to all sportsmen, a thoroughly gratifying completion of the year's football-work of an academy whose team for four years has shown more uniformly first-class play than any other eleven outside the four great Eastern universities. No disparagement of others hereby intended—certainly none to the other national academy, Annapolis, which cannot be included in comparisons simply because geographical position prevents its meeting the strongest elevens.

YALE'S DEFEAT BY PRINCETON (6-0) on Saturday may be directly attributed to three separate causes: first, poor judgment in starting the game with a quarter-back obviously unequal to the demands of so important a position; second, wretched handling of Princeton's kicks; third, persistent and the most startling exhibition of fumbling a 'varsity eleven has given within my recollection. The display was the more surprising because so unusual in a Yale team. Princeton's touch-down was due to a fumble by a Yale half-back. Although scores resulting from fumbling are always unsatisfactory to non-partisan onlookers, yet they provide no reason for belittling the achievements of the victor. It is just as much a part of the game that a team should suffer by loss of the ball on fumbles as by its loss on downs. It is quite as much the business of a runner to hold on to the ball as to gain with it. Therefore sportsmen have no patience with excuses offered for games lost through fumbling. Princeton's play was none the less excellent because of her opponent's shortcomings, of which she took indeed swift advantage on nearly every occasion.

In some respects the game was the most remarkable I have ever witnessed. Perhaps there has never been a more telling illustration of how completely the splendid work of forwards may be wrecked by miserable blunders of the back fielders, or how severe the penalties which may be visited upon a team by weakness in even a single department of the game. Time and again in the first half Yale lost her opportunity, and often the ball also, by a fumble just as the play was fairly under way; several times when the team had settled to steady gaining, a disheartening fumble gave the ball to Princeton, who, after perhaps a try at line-bucking, usually punted. In the first half Princeton ran more and kicked less, but in the second half she punted at once almost invariably. It was one of the features of this somewhat extraordinary game that the side which lost had immeasurably the better of it in line-bucking. During the entire game Princeton gained five yards in the required number of downs only a few times. Yale, on the other hand, sent her runners repeatedly through Princeton's line and around the ends, not always for considerable or continuous gains, but more often than not for their distance. Several times Yale rushed the ball, before losing it, ten and fifteen yards, and once carried it fifty yards.

IT WAS IN THE KICKING GAME that Princeton made her ground, not so much in the distance of her own punts as in running back with those of Yale. During the greater part of the first half the ball was in Princeton's territory, thereafter it went backwards and forwards, several times getting near the goal-line of each—but for the greater part travelling near the centre of the field. In the second half Yale usually secured the ball on a punt somewhere in the middle of her territory, when she would begin rushing, to lose eventually on a fumble or down, only to have Princeton punt back, and Yale begin rushing over again. Sometimes Yale lost ground by fumbling caught punts, and almost without variance she failed of getting the full benefit of her own kicks, because her ends so seldom were near enough the Princeton backs to keep them from running the ball back. Two exceptions to the general rule I recall—both by McBride—one a beautiful punt down the side-lines, and the other a low twister which went over the Princeton full back's head. Thus in nearly every exchange of kicks Yale lost ground, and as in the Harvard-Univ. of Penn. game, the danger to the team failing in that department was emphasized. Yet, despite the fumbles, the game was most closely contested, and the teams evenly matched. Three times Yale had the ball on Princeton's 20-yard line, to lose it on downs, and once on the 10-yard line, to lose it by the fumble which gave Poe, twelve minutes after the game was called, the chance to make Princeton's touch-down after a run of ninety yards. Twice Princeton had the ball on Yale's 10-yard line, and once on her 3-yard line, losing it on downs. Chamberlin tried a field-goal from the 25-yard line, and Wheeler made an attempt from the 40-yard line, and both missed.

PRINCETON PLAYED TO THE LIMIT of her capability; the men were fit to the hour, and none failed to show his best game. The defensive strength of the line was usual and expected, but the great improvement in attack and excellent handling of kicks proved rigorous and painstaking coaching in the ten days preceding the game. Notwithstanding Yale sent runs around each of them, Palmer and Poe were more valuable to their team than were Yale's ends to theirs. Considering his experience, Geer played exceptionally opposite so strong a tackle as Chamberlin. The same may be said of Stillman, who opposed Hillebrand, one of the best tackles of the day. The great weight of Princeton's centre trio did not save them from being a bit outplayed. Edwards ought to have been ruled off. Duncan was an acceptable quarter, and Wheeler outplayed McBride.

All the Yale backs were able to gain against Princeton, but Durston and Benjamin spoiled their work by fumbling; Corwin and Townsend did better. De Saulles was in no condition to play, and gave positive evidence of it before he had been on the field five minutes; the wonder is he was not taken off sooner. Had Ely started the game, the team no doubt would not have become so unsteady. Such lack of judgment and the condition of the team suggest something wrong with the New Haven management this year.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—BY WALTER CAMP.—NEW AND REVISED EDITION.—POST 8VO. CLOTH, $1.25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

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## THE EVACUATION OF PUERTO RICO.

SPAIN formally released Puerto Rico from her sovereignty at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, October 18, 1898, by the withdrawal of her troops from the capital city of San Juan.

In the harbor lay a Spanish transport, ready to carry home the soldiers, while outside, on a calm ocean, lay our ships, loaded with blue-uniformed men, waiting for the moment when the booming of the mid-day gun was to sound the death-knell of Spanish supremacy and give Puerto Rico to the American government.

At daylight on Tuesday the last callings of the Spanish bugles rang through the town from the cuartels of San Cristóbal and Morro, and sixteen hundred Spanish soldiers, who had spent the day before in preparation for departure, came marching through the massive-walled portals, down the narrow streets of the town, and out to the westward suburban town of Santurce, where they were to camp temporarily, until the arrival of a second Spanish steamer.

The Spanish soldiers and Guardia Civil have married largely among Puerto-Rican women, and have become factors in the domestic life of the island. The evacuation programme did not provide for a condition like this, so the Spaniard goes back to his own country, though only for a time perhaps, and his wife and children must weep and go hungry until his return.

As the hour of twelve drew near, American soldiers stood before the white front of the balconied home of past Spanish captains general, and in the plaza before the Chamber of Deputies and the City Hall, and again at the gates of the castles of Morro and San Cristóbal, patiently awaiting the coming of the hour. Around them at all these places were gathered queer, interesting, and withal motley crowds of American tourists and newspaper men, of well-dressed Spanish and Puerto-Rican merchants and landholders, and of the dark-colored ragged and tattered natives. The minutes were passed in hushed waiting, a straining of eyes toward the bare flag-poles, and a nervous consultation of watches.

Now it was coming, and a long-drawn breath sighed through the packed crowds, followed by the first uneasy shuffling of feet. The cry of "Attention!" caused every soldier to straighten rigidly on his heels, except a few poor fellows who had dropped, weak and sweltering, under the fierce heat of the sun, and lay uncaring beneath the shaded walls. The newsmen craned their necks in eager expectancy, and the click of adjusted camera-shutters could be heard from every point of elevation.

At each flag-staff a shoulder-strapped man stood grasping the flag-halyards, trying them now and again, in fear lest they might fail at the critical moment, and from their high-perched positions they watched the clock-towers, or looked seaward toward the bold, rugged, fortified castles for the first flash of fire and smoke from the great black guns.

Ding! and the little sweet-toned bell of a near-by cathedral sang the first stroke of twelve; it was overpowered in its first vibrations by the deep-bellowing clang of the great bell of the City Hall. They answered each other in rhythmic chime, the ponderous and the weak, one after another, until the last echoing thrill of twelve made Puerto Rico ours.

The stars and stripes rose gently over every building, and were wafted by a new-born breeze as if in sympathy with the rousing cheers of the surging Americans beneath, and as if in salutation to the roaring guns which belched their smoke far to seaward as they boomed out the twenty-one shots of honor and of freedom.

It was a deeply impressive occasion. Done without ostentatious display, done without gold-laced uniforms or martial panoply, but well done. The very simplicity of the celebration appeals to American hearts. Our attitude was not that of the dictator, but of the protector. No bombastic speeches wounded the still sensitive Spanish pride; no great military pomp caused the teeth of a vanquished enemy to grind in hidden rage; we raised our flag softly—proudly, if you like—but we raised it with an outstretched hand of friendship.

With the floating of our flag over Spain's provincial capital of San Juan the United States became not only the master of a veritable Garden of Eden, but the possessor of a vast amount of government property. In the cities of the whole island permanent structures have been erected in the nature of buildings for officials, barracks for soldiers, many hospitals, and, on the sea-coast, massive stone forts. In San Juan itself our prizes include two wonderful stone forts, whose gray moss-covered walls tell a story of antiquated defences, but which would even at the present offer a very material protection against modern projectiles. On them were mounted fifty-six guns, new and old, twenty-eight of which are fairly modern 6-inch breech-loading rifled guns, and four modern mortars. In the magazines were stored immense quantities of powder and ammunition; in fact, shortly before war was declared, an entire ship-load of the most approved projectiles was landed at San Juan, and now belongs to our government. Again, in this city we now own a five-storied infantry barracks, which has been constructed during the last five years. It was damaged badly, but not beyond repair, during the three hours' naval bombardment of the city. There are two other immense barracks, but they are of old Spanish architecture—the cuartel San Cristóbal and the marine barracks. The United States also owns a new City Hall and a great public building, the "Intendencia," both facing the Plaza of the city. The value of our entire acquisitions runs up into millions of money.

The American officers who had the honor of raising the flags at San Juan were Major J. T. Dean at the Governor's palace; Colonel Goethals, of the Engineer Corps, over the "Intendencia"; Major Carson, of the Quartermaster's Department, at the City Hall; and Major Day, in command of a battery of the Fifth Artillery, over Morro Castle. Major Day also raised the first American flag floated on the island.

Few troops took active part in the ceremony—two battalions of the Eleventh Infantry at different points, Troop A of the Sixth Cavalry at the palace, and the Fifth Heavy Artillery at Morro and San Cristóbal. All the afternoon, however, the soldiers were marching from camps without the city's limits, until at nightfall several thousand men were scattered through the town. On Monday night, at every street corner stood the Spanish Guardia Civil, the official tyrant of the island, while sentries of the Spanish army were posted near all government buildings; when Tuesday's sunset came our armed soldiers paced back and forth over the selfsame posts, while the Spanish soldiers, without guns, though armed with bayonets, wandered through the town as aliens, or gathered in clusters in animated discussion. It was a curious metamorphosis.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

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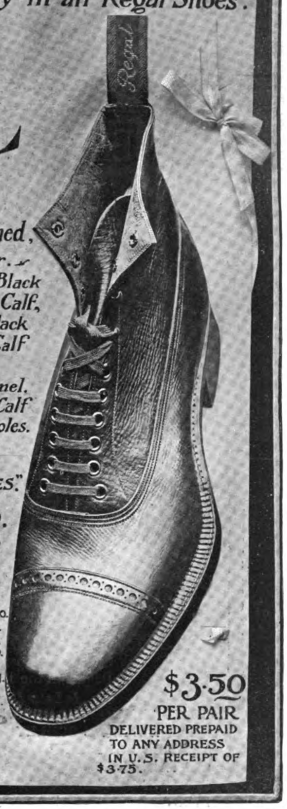
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"KATE KIP, Buyer," the new farce by Mr. Glen MacDonough, with which Miss May Irwin bids fair to hold the Bijou Theatre for the rest of the season, has the initial virtue of being inspired by a phase of American life. It has to do with the rivalries of two Western cities that both aspire to be the capital of the State. As *Kate Kip*, the travelling buyer of a department store, Miss Irwin is no less American. In a flying visit of two hours and a half she undertakes to bring the coveted prize to her brother's town, merely that he may marry the girl he loves on the proceeds of a lot he has invested in. In two acts she is able to twine herself about the hearts and pockets of three influential Senators, and at the same time to spare a few minutes now and then to give a coon song for the especial benefit of the audience. In the last act she is so busy tricking and countertricking her political allies that she is obliged to take advantage of the right of female suffrage, granted by our chivalrous West, and sing to the Senate in session a coon song that, by all precedent, belonged to the audience. To those who know Miss Irwin's coon songs it is needless to say that she wins the Senate, hands down and arms akimbo. The idea of the play is familiar enough to be easily intelligible, and the jokes cannot be lost by any one who has followed our funny papers. That dear old tale (from *Life*, I think) of *Finnigan. Off again. On again. Flanagan.* greets us as an elaborate song. And even if the plot and jokes had not, as the people at the universities say, "the strength of appeal that belongs alone to a fable derived from antique folklore," I think we should all understand them, they are so very American in every syllable. Some of Miss Irwin's syllables are the quintessence of Americanism. Any one who is homesick for the West, as happened to be the case with the present deponent, will have to restrain the weeps at those syllables in which she burrs the letter "r." And as for the wisdom she utters, it is positively gnomic—"Our first loves make splendid wives and husbands—for somebody else.... Marriages made from raw material don't wear."

The Homeliest Girl that ever Crossed the Pike.

But what is the use? Miss Irwin is Miss Irwin. She jokes about her Falstaffian figure in a neo-Falstaffian vein. She jokes about her age and the blondness of her hair with the abandon of utter good-comradeship. She orders dry Martini cocktails at regular intervals—and has the good sense not to allow them to be brought on the stage. And at last she blandly falls flat on her back on the stage in a faint, with Ignatio Martinetti for an acrobatic pillow. It is as if *Audrey* had the wit and good-humor of *Sir John*. Her joviality is so full of the deeper homeliness of human nature that we might as well call it Shaksperean as anything. *Homely*, that is the very word. I went away from the theatre softly humming the refrain of one of her coon songs that we are all fated to hear more of,

> You *is* de *homelies*' wench dat ever cross' de pike,
> But dere's sumfin about you dat I *like*.

A late journalistic encounter between "Max," the successor of G. B[ernard] S[haw], as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, and W[illiam] A[rcher], who holds the corresponding position on the *World*, has given us no end of suggestions with regard to criticism and the drama in England and elsewhere. "Max" is one Max Beerbohm, a weighty jester, who won fame by proposing his brother, Beerbohm Tree, as a prominent subject for one of a series of articles on "Humble Brothers of Great Men."

More Shakspere, or less?



MISS ADELE AUS DER OHE,
Pianist.

When Bernard Shaw had ridden his broomstick-horse of detraction of Shakspere to a stand-still, "Max" was unlucky enough to be chosen to continue the splendid race. Accordingly "Max" comes out with a proposal to abolish Shakspere from the English stage for a period of thirty years. His solemn reason is that we are so familiar with Shakspere that the freshness of plot and the surprise in action necessary to dramatic effect are impossible. Our heads are so filled with the details of various interpretations, that the representation loses all force as a drama and becomes a mere text for comparative criticism. In answer to this Mr. Archer has said a few memorable things: "The memory for the details of acting is the rarest of faculties. I have known only two or three people in the course of my life (and these professed students and enthusiasts) who possessed it in any marked degree. The immense majority of an audience, after a month has passed, retains nothing but a vague general impression of even the vividest performance.... The 'comparative criticism' which he denounces as 'dreary' is quite beyond the power of most critics, and is very rarely practised.... Not one in five hundred of any given audience comes to the theatre with the vaguest idea, or ideal, as to how a play or a part should be acted." Mr. Archer then points out that, though freshness of plot and surprise in the action are necessary to the first success of a play with all of us, they have to do only indirectly with the true delight we find in a masterpiece. "A great play is like a great piece of music: we can hear it again and again with ever new realization of its subtle beauties, its complex harmonies, and with unfailing interest in the merits and demerits of each particular rendering.... If people saw these great plays oftener they would enjoy them more.... What we really want is, that audiences should feel an intelligent pleasure in the manifold and marvellous spiritual achievement represented by each of these plays.... If we had a theatre where (as at the leading German theatres) our great stage classics were frequently passed in review, instead of being sumptuously revived at intervals of from five to fifty years, they would rapidly educate their smaller but still numerous and commercially adequate public, and familiarity would breed not boredom, but subtler understanding and livelier pleasure." What Mr. Shaw had to say to us about Shakspere and the drama was so clever and suggestive, even in his moments of ecstatic perversity, that, with one exception, he was never adequately answered. That exception was when some one asked him if he did not spell his name with a P. Mr. Beerbohm would do better if he would make it possible for us not to take him seriously.



JULIA ARTHUR AS *ROSALIND*.
As she will appear at Wallack's Theatre, New York.

The *succès d'estime* which Miss Annie Russell and her company scored in Lavedan's "Catherine" is steadily taking the more substantial form of a popular success. At the same time the staging has been refined and the book improved. Miss Elsie de Wolfe's even ing gown is now accompanied by the palliation of a sunset glow behind the scenes; and several passages in the action have been shortened. The translation, which is said to be by Mr. Max Beerbohm, and upon which I have already animadverted, has had especial attention. For instance, where *Catherine's* father (Mr. Le Moyne) at first caused irrelevant mirth by greeting the Duke's proposal with "This is so sudden!" he for a time substituted *unexpected* and afterward *wonderful*. And now it is announced that the translation is to be given the final Hall-mark of the author of "The Christian." Let us hope that it will not prove, as some one has foreboded, the brand of Caine. At any rate, we have an excellent example of that enlightened management the infrequency of which Mr. Zangwill so bitterly deplored. Let others profit by its success.

A good Thing profitably Done.

Best of all, Miss Russell's acting is gaining in power. Or perhaps it is only that one is beginning fully to comprehend it! At first I merely felt sure that it was excellent technically. Of the more deeply artistic delight of the performance it was not easy to speak—it would have been stupid not to allow for a possible personal equation! Five hearings, while they have multiplied the shortcomings discernible in the rest of an unusually excellent company, only convince me the more that one is utterly right in being delighted with Miss Russell. There is something in her *Catherine* beyond the accuracy, variety, and strength of her powers of expression, and far removed from any mere personal charm. It is given to some to express with fidelity to the author the differing shades of their different parts; it is given to others to add to each part an unvarying modicum of personal charm. What one likes in *Catherine* is, in a measure, both of these; but above both is an impalpable essence that belongs neither to personality nor to expression—the power of creative individuality, the word for which has been too often profaned. It is the virtue of this individuality that it cannot be expressed except as Miss Russell expresses it. One can only say that it is wholly refined, both in feeling and in utterance, wholly true to the rarest instincts of feminine nature.

Last week Mr. Hall Caine "invited" the clergymen of Greater New York to come to the Knickerbocker and see for themselves what a highly moral play "The Christian" is. This week Mr. Al Hayman is sending about a list of the nightly box-office receipts, which shows how great a success the play has since become financially. The incident lends new point to the remark in *Life* that others than the Syndicate are able to "do" the Christian. It has long been gossiped in London that, one night at the Garrick Club, Mr. Caine discussed at length the edifying question of whether he more nearly resembled the portraits of Shakspere or those of Our Lord. At that time he was dressing up to the Shakspere ideal; but his success was somewhat impaired by the fact that he had unadvisedly chosen as his model the Chandos portrait, which has Jewish features, and is almost beyond question spurious. He has since apparently chosen his alternative rôle, and with a similar result. How should one break the news to an admiring public that he seems more expert, on the whole, in such pursuits as concern thirty (or more) pieces of silver?

Which is the Christian here, and which Hall Caine?

Mr. Joseph Jefferson was unable to appear during the last days of the time allotted to "The Rivals," and a few days later his reappearance in "Rip Van Winkle" was postponed a week. His illness is reported to be no more serious than a hoarseness that prevents his speaking, but he is so endeared to the hearts of his public that one is easily led into alarm. To thousands of Americans the dearest memory of the stage is the serene beauty of his acting. JOHN CORBIN.

Mr. Jefferson's Illness.



MAX ALVARY AS *SIEGFRIED*.

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# MUSIC

## CONCERTS AND CONDUCTORS.

THE history and influences of the Philharmonic Society make up a career of such dignity and benevolence that we may properly be anxious whenever something like a new chapter is to be opened. A new conductor almost inevitably must mean such a chapter. Between the Society's outset, far back in the winter of 1842–3, and last spring, just six leaders have been its pilots—Eisfeld, Bergmann, Neundorff, Leopold Damrosch, Thomas, and Seidl. When Mr. Seidl's death deprived the Society of his services and his personal prestige, there were many troublous considerations affecting not only the choice of a successor (whom the actual players in the Society's band elect), but his utility. For at least a dozen years the Society's orchestra has suffered artistically, while no firmer pecuniary support could be asked from a great public more devoted than keen. Rehearsals have been scanted; and rehearsals are the marrow of symphonic duty. The new and auxiliary musicians have not always been well chosen, and when above par they have been tantalizingly kept in the rear of serviceableness. Again, many of the Philharmonic's authoritative players have lost the fire of youth, have become wonted to playing as a bit of annual mechanics, and so the interpretations of works, both new and old, have lacked eloquence and virtuosity. Temperament is a gift to be cherished, but it evaporates in academic musical air. Moreover, the veteran musician is not apt to new schooling, not tender to being kept up to his full duty and nervosity. The *vieilles moustaches* of an orchestra have their own ideas. Like Hubert in "Ivanhoe"—"My grandsire drew a good bow at the Battle of Hastings and never *played* at such a mark in his life and—neither will I." Such members of an orchestra would rather have King Log than King Stork. Should King Stork be chosen and persist in being every inch a king, why, the symphonic frog-pond can make his reign a fine purgatory for him.

The Philharmonic Society of New York.

Mr. Emil Paur's selection in Mr. Seidl's place wounded no sentimentalities, could augur only a rule of the highest musical capability and conscientiousness. Yet there were misgivings in our minds as to Mr. Paur's concrete success when the time for work should come. Never was a concert-director summoned to a post more demanding tact, firmness, knowledge of human nature, and insight into a special *status in quo*, for reasons quite below general public observation. Mr. Paur could be trusted for his part. But would he be met half-way? The Philharmonic's public seemed to expect so, for never has the Society's year set out with a more splendid subscription. The patrons already have their reward. The first concerts seem conclusive of Mr. Paur's personal esteem from his great charge, and of the new life that he will breathe into it. I have heard the Philharmonic for some twenty-odd years. I have not heard it play in a dozen seasons with the vigor, the *ensemble* quality of tone, and with the precision in the work of individual members which entered into its opening rehearsal and concert for this fifty-seventh season. The musicians—yes, even Mr. Arnold and Mr. Schmitt and Mr. Roebbelen, and many more of the honored conscript fathers of the Society—seemed to have had a sip of the Fountain of Youth. They watched their new leader as a man to be watched, and perceptibly they obeyed him. The quality of the great orchestra's tone is noticeably more refined, rounded, and solidified already, and it continually leaped to a life quite new. The strings rose to a noble sonority; the wood-wind group—never the Philharmonic's golden treasury—was more intent on *nuances* and tone than it has been since Mr. Thomas's days of authority. The brass was mellower, and significantly discreet or alert in turn. The programme gave well-worn numbers, but wisely picked—Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" prelude, Brahms's B flat piano-forte concerto, and Beethoven's Symphony in A. Mr. Paur is, beyond doubt, one of the truest "readers" and leaders of Beethoven now before any public, and again came evidence thereof. The Brahms concerto (perhaps the most beautiful one yet written) brought again to New York auditors Miss Adele aus der Ohe. Her absence from us has certainly not lessened by a shade her exquisite, sensitive, reserved art, and that charm of sincerity and high musicianship that has set her apart from a thousand other pianists of her sex in a profession so over-crowded that often there seems hardly room where she is—at the top.

An old Society's new Leadership and new Season begun.

The procession of this winter's great concerts is fairly forward. There was nothing if not success and enthusiasm in the entrance last week, on Wednesday and Thursday, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on a thirteenth season that has none of the omens belonging to the number mentioned. How insidiously do years and orchestral anniversaries succeed! These orchestras and singers and players betray us pitilessly by their beguilements. Last week, strikingly less than real seemed the flight of so much time since the Boston Orchestra first came to us. With Mr. Gericke it came. Long terms, new leaders, have intervened. But now was not Mr. Gericke again here, tall and straight, before us bodily and vigorously once more?—looking in every essential detail quite the same disciplinarian, the same vigilant creator of the Orchestra's glory, that he was when he left his charge. Mr. Gericke, too, was conducting it to-day with all that admirable leadership, calm yet inspiring, unostentatious yet dignified, which charmed us aforetime. The Orchestra's experiment of afternoon concerts here (with programmes quite other than those of the evening series, though with identical soloists) opens with every outward success. Both concerts, in fact, were crowded. Both repeated the cordiality toward Mr. Gericke, and the intent, discriminating delight in the Orchestra which warmed to its yearly visits under his direction of old, not to speak of our regard for the work of the many seasons when Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur have been the leaders before us. The band this year has turned to Carnegie Hall for its auditorium, an excellent change from the dreadful hollow of the Metropolitan's area. The effect of the playing of the afternoon and evening was vastly the gainer by the removal. The programmes respectively offered (*a*) Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, Chopin's piano-forte concerto in E minor, Brahms's "Chorale 'St. Antoni'" variations, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; and (*b*) Schumann's symphony in C major, Scharwenka's second concerto for piano-forte, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" tone-poem, and the prelude and death-finale of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Rosenthal was the soloist. It is of interest to notice that Mr. Gericke finds the band he now redirects as little altered in actual personnel by the decade as he himself is by his absence. Less than a dozen changes have occurred. But in gradual and sure progress upward toward a perfection of *ensemble* not surpassed by any symphonic organization either in America or Europe, the Orchestra has passed into a finer individuality, season by season, not a little with thanks to the integrity of its wise early adjustment under the director who is once more at its head to-day.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra: Mr. Wilhelm Gericke returns.

The note of personal tragedy always sounds more dolorous in connection with the stage than under any other circumstances, especially if the sorrow come untimely. The death of Max Alvary, which has occurred in his German home, must have been a shock and regret to a great circle of the American musical public. Mr. Alvary's career was built on his brilliant and just American successes as a member of the German companies who gave us especially such bright pages of our Wagnerian chronicle between 1883 and 1890–1. His début here occurred in the autumn of 1885. Like many German tenors, Mr. Alvary had a better voice than skill in its use, and was, on the whole, more an artist in his diction and acting than a really accomplished opera-singer. But his free and magnetic art as an actor, the resonance of a tenor voice originally not "heroic," but rapidly developed in its volume and fibre, and his personal charm, captivated all the public. He became its bright star, and he had no rival. As *Adolar* in Weber's "Euryanthe" Alvary was a real individuality; as *Assad* in Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba," as *Loge* in Wagner's "Rheingold," scarcely less so. He was a charming *Walther*, too, in "Die Meistersinger." But of all his impersonations his *Siegfried*—the boyish *Siegfried* of the third Nibelungen music-drama—was the most unapproachable. We have never had another *Siegfried* like him, and we shall never have one. Alvary was as if born for this part, and he made it his own with a verve and beauty to haunt the eye and the ear through a lifetime. It is in just that remembrance that I have taken out of a large pile of portraits of him lying at my hand, not his every-day self, but his *Siegfried* identity, as it was before us in 1887 or 1888, in all its graceful and statuesque beauty. Mr. Alvary last returned to America early in 1896, and though singing less effectively, was welcomed with renewed favor. About three years ago accident created a lingering and dreadful disease—cancer of the stomach. His career was closed. I understand that, through no fault of his, it was closed in poverty, and that his family are penniless. His life was the romance of a gentleman, a successful artist, and a nature of beautiful refinement and perceptiveness, suddenly cast into shadow and an untimely fate. It is only in such lovely fables as Andersen's "The Nightingale" that Death can be kept away by a song!

Max Alvary: 1856–98.

The Castle Square Company is reviving a special success of last year—"Carmen." As usual, Bizet's masterpiece has the fullest attention from a public that grows more and more general. "Il Trovatore," "Roméo et Juliette," and "The Pirates of Penzance" have succeeded each other recently. The principal lack of this interesting and faithful organization, of which much may come, is a couple of light tenors who have good looks as well as good voices and training, and a considerable repertory into the bargain. Both Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Lavin are wholly insufficient or ill placed in romantic opera.

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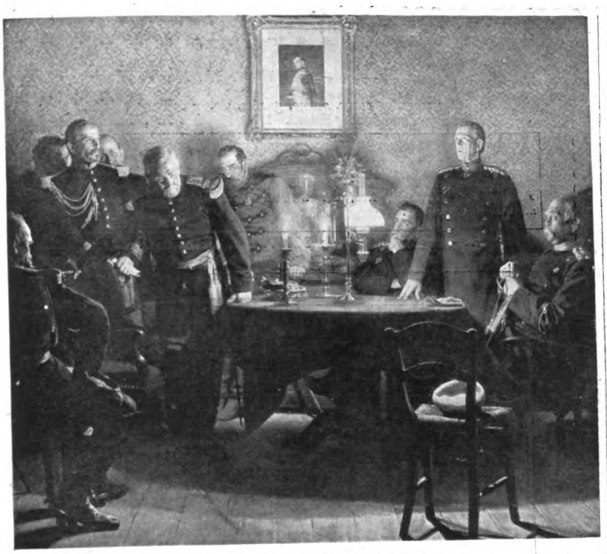
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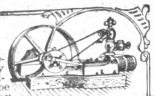
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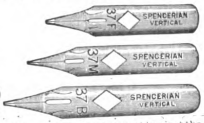
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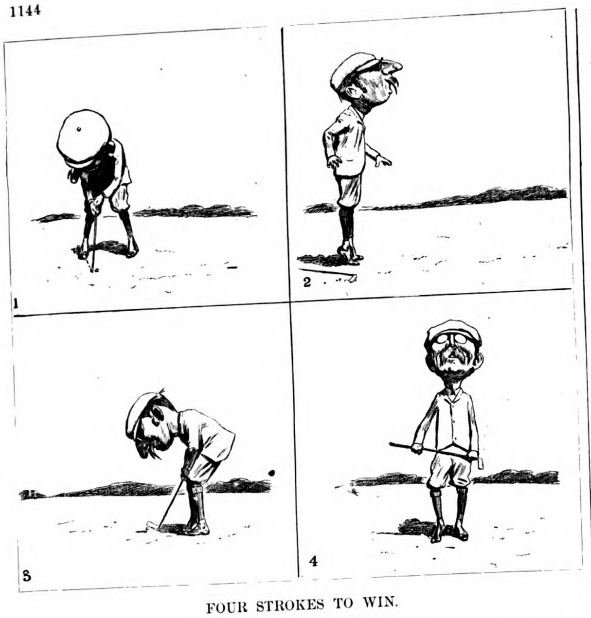
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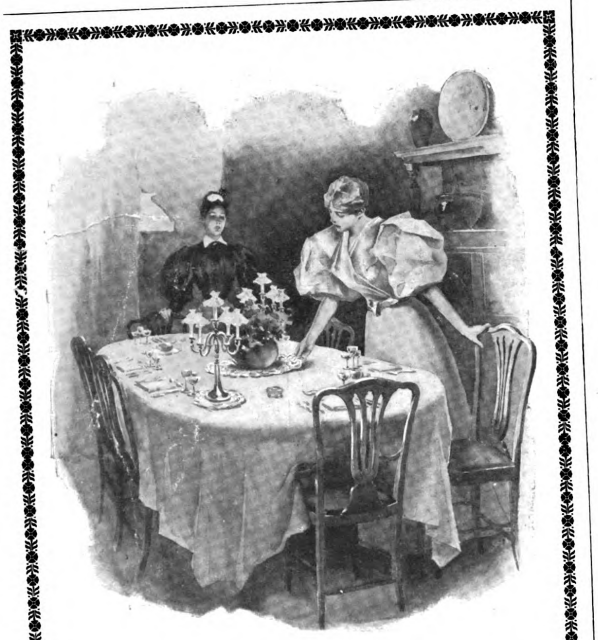
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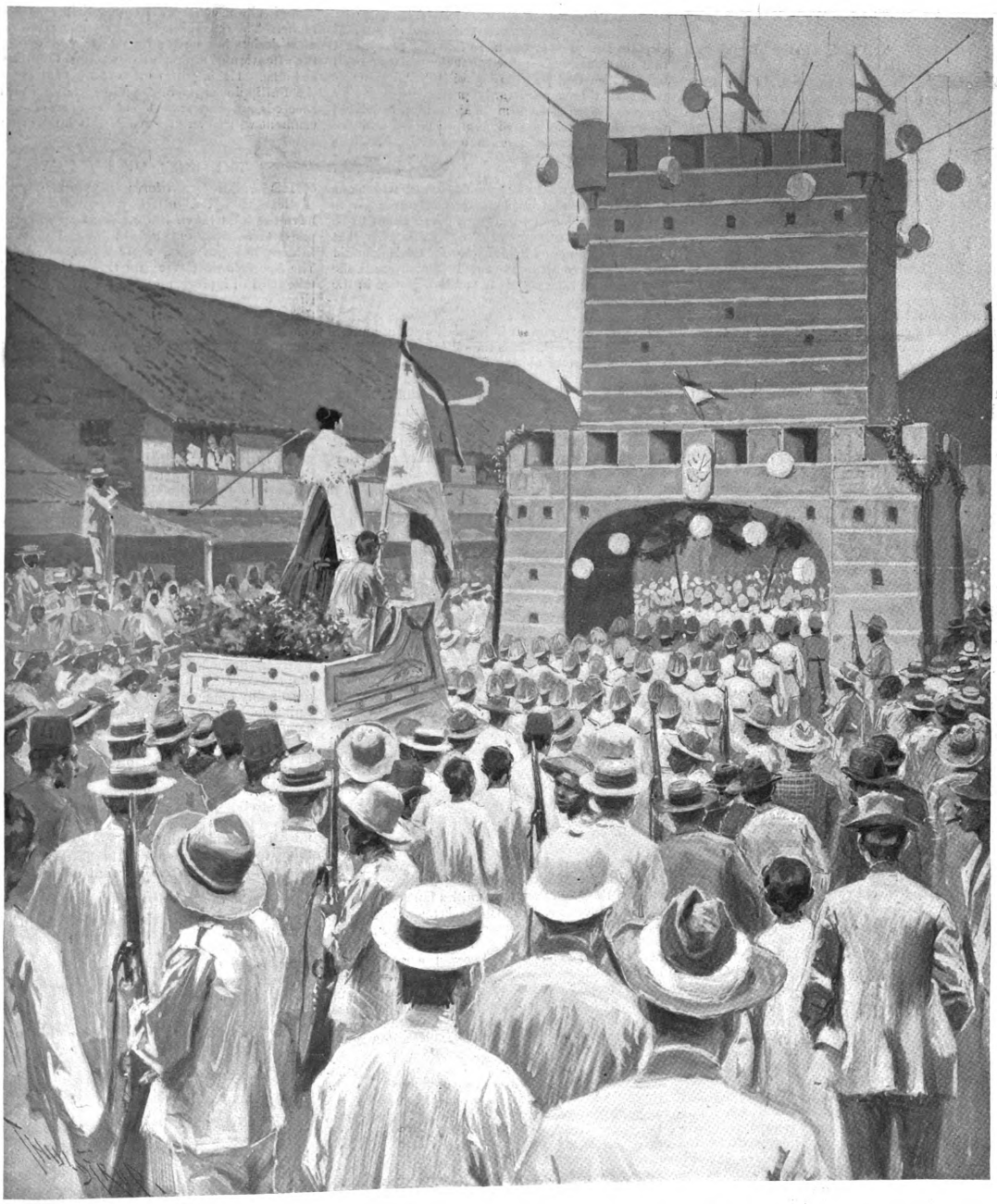
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2188.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

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A TRIUMPHAL PARADE OF INSURGENT TROOPS IN MANILA.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY WITH THE INSURGENT FLAG ON A FLOAT DRAWN BY NATIVES.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER PHOTOGRAPH FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

*Subscriptions may begin with any Number*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris


CHAIRMAN BABCOCK, of the Republican Congressional Committee, says that, as a result of the election, "free silver and fiat money are now eliminated from politics," while Senator CULLOM says practically the same thing. As a matter of fact, fiat money will not be eliminated from our politics until our monetary system is reformed and put upon a proper basis, and that task rests with the Republican party.

WE are not yet inclined to believe that Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW is Mr. PLATT'S choice as a successor to EDWARD MURPHY, Jr., in the United States Senate. Mr. DEPEW would not, perhaps, be rebellious against Mr. PLATT'S power, but he would cut so much of a figure in the Senate that Mr. PLATT would be very much obscured—although he would continue to preside at the distribution of the spoils, and his practical usefulness would therefore be much the same that it is now.

IT is said that among the features of the report of the commission appointed by the President to devise a government for Hawaii is a provision for the election of a delegate to Congress similar to the provision for the election of delegates from our Territories. Unless the natives are disfranchised, this delegate will probably be one of themselves, and then we shall have the edifying spectacle of the American politician cultivating the native vote of the Sandwich Islands. We never believed that the Americans of the islands would retain their power very long after annexation, and the signs are beginning to multiply that their lease of power is short.

MR. RICHARD CROKER announces that he is temporarily tired of politics, and he has gone to Chicago to rest. Our readers who have carefully considered the articles by Mr. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS on "Wide-open Chicago" and "Wide-open New York" will find much food for reflection in this visit of the New York boss to the Western city. It is thoroughly well understood that the vicious and lawless of Chicago are permitted to ply their trades without let or hinderance from the law, in order to strengthen the kind of Democracy which Mayor CARTER HARRISON represents. Primarily this segregation of the vice of Chicago was in the interest of free silver; secondarily it was in the interest of the Democratic party; in the third place, it was in behalf of Mayor CARTER HARRISON, who seeks the Democratic nomination in 1900. Mr. CROKER permitted New York to be wide open—that is, permitted vice to rule in this city—for similar reasons. Naturally, in the hour of his defeat—for his incursion into the larger politics of the State ended in defeat—he seeks to discover from CARTER HARRISON whether his alliance is supposed to be as valuable as it was. He and CARTER HARRISON are probably consulting as to the general welfare.

INSPECTOR-GENERAL BRECKINRIDGE has given some very strong testimony against the management of SHAFTER'S campaign, and against current army administration in general. It is an interesting fact, however, that General BRECKINRIDGE himself sought for a command in the field, although he now says that he was practically displaced by an order directing inspectors in the field to report directly to the Adjutant-General. However this may be, it is a fact worthy of the serious consideration of Congress, when the subject of army reform comes before it, that both the Inspector General's department and the Adjutant-General's department were practically broken up by the sending of the officers connected with them into the field. These departments have always insisted that they should have many more officers than were granted them by Congress, because they were organized, not to perform the business of twenty-five thousand men, the peace establishment of the army, but to conduct the affairs of an army of one hundred thousand men in time of war. No sooner did war break out, however, than these officers, who were supposed to be trained to staff duties, obtained employment in the field, leaving the staff duties to be performed by newly appointed civilians and others entirely inexperienced.

THE French Court of Cassation is now on its trial in the case of Captain DREYFUS. Up to a certain point it may be admitted it has stood the test quite as well as could have been expected. Attempts were undoubtedly made to influence if not to terrorize it in the interests of the army—which means, of course, the corrupt administration of the army of France; but fortunately it appears so far to have withstood those attempts. The question that still remains is, after all, the crucial one—shall Captain DREYFUS at last have fair play? It is said that the court has required that the prisoner shall have notice that he is to be retried, and the fact that even this was solemnly protested against by representatives of the army may perhaps be looked upon as the last confession of weakness and the strongest admission of guilt on their part. This small instalment of justice, it seems, will at least be granted the prisoner of Devil's Island; but what of the rest? Is the victim of the most audacious and corrupt denial of justice probably ever perpetrated in any famous trial of modern times to be placed at the disadvantage of every disability that can be heaped upon him at his second trial? Should his judges be compelled to acquit him, after all, the result will be the greatest triumph of justice in the face of odds on record.

ONE more experiment in legislation is announced from New Zealand. This time it takes the form of a state system of old-age pensions, by which the poor are to be provided for in their old age in all cases in which they have not made a sufficient provision to secure themselves against want. As yet the details of the scheme are not available for criticism, but its main features are sufficiently distinct to arouse interest and attention. Unlike the German pension system, which is paternal in its operation by compelling workmen to contribute to a provident fund while they are young and vigorous, the New Zealand plan is evidently socialistic in idea. There is to be no special contribution by the workers to secure the advantage of the pension. As a citizen, the state recognizes that it is bound to see that he or she does not want enough food and covering in old age, and if it is clear that any one has not the means of providing these at sixty-five years, the state will supply it. The pensions are to be paid out of the general taxation of the country, and will of course be made to take the place of other state aid as administered elsewhere, in the various forms of workhouses, refuges, and other state charities. Many things may no doubt be urged both for and against the experiment in theory, but it can hardly be doubted that the civilized world may be the gainer by having it presented as an object-lesson in practice. New Zealand has already tried many things—some of them with marked success; it will be interesting to see the results that follow upon her last departure in state socialism.

THE white mobs of South Carolina and North Carolina may in the end bring about a peaceful state of things in the communities lately the scenes of violent outrage. It all depends upon the amount of killing which they can accomplish. The negroes have been overpowered, and many of them have disappeared. The war between the races, which appears to have reached a climax in Wilmington, in Greenwood, and in McCormick, is a natural result of the bestowal of political power upon the blacks. The war has been going on ever since the negroes were enfranchised. In Mississippi and in South Carolina enfranchisement has been practically abolished by constitutional provision. Nevertheless, the war between the races is not over even in those States, and it has been aggravated by the appointment of negro Federal officials, much to the disgust of the whites, who resent what they call "negro rule." There is no good reason that can be given by those who are responsible for the appointment of negroes for thus inciting disturbance of the peace. They are to blame, as all men are to blame who do not deal tactfully with the situations confronting them. It is no more right to appoint a distasteful negro as postmaster in the South than it is right to appoint a distasteful white man to be postmaster in the North. But, all this barred, so long as the government is within its right—that is, the right of its power and its jurisdiction—it should have the strength and the firmness, and its Chief Executive should have the courage, to maintain peace and order everywhere within its borders. The riot in North Carolina seems to have been entirely beyond the Federal jurisdiction; but the riot in South Carolina involved an assault upon a Federal official, and therefore invited and demands Federal interference. More serious still than either one of these riots in Southern States is the conduct of Governor TANNER of Illinois in making war upon Alabama negroes who were seeking work in Illinois, and who, as citizens of the United States, had the right to the protection of the State. The riots in the South and in Illinois are a blot upon our civilization and an impeachment of our government. The immediate duty of the country lies here and with these offenders. To distract the attention of the country from these domestic crimes and this weakness at Washington is to invite a continuance of bad government at home. The one thing that the politician of to-day most desires is a means by which he may distract the attention of the American people from his sins at home. He is just now seeking that means in the Philippines and in the West Indies, and if he succeeds, we may expect that the days of bad government will be lengthened in this land.

## THE COST OF EMPIRE.

THE London *Spectator*, writing on "The American Colonies," utters some reflections which have not been taken into account by our own expansionists, since enthusiasm instead of thoughtfulness has governed their superheated minds. The *Spectator* believes that this country ought to take the Philippines, and all the other Spanish territory on which we can lay our hands. It believes that eventually we shall be able to govern these colonies wisely, but it is not much concerned with that problem, and, well-informed as it usually is, it is wholly ignorant of the defects of our administrative system and of their political causes—causes that may be said to be in the bone of our system, although, we hope, not born there and not ineradicable. The *Spectator's* attitude on the policy of American expansion is naturally and properly British. It believes, as Lord SALISBURY does, that British interests would be promoted, or at least protected, by the extension of the sovereignty of the republic into Asiatic waters. At the same time, the *Spectator*, unlike our own expansionists, is willing to count the cost of the proposed enterprise, and it realizes that it will be very great, and perhaps discouraging.

The *Spectator* says: "To govern such possessions, so peopled, wisely, with a certain vivifying gentleness, and yet through devices from above, is very difficult work, as we discovered when we began it, and before an experience marked by many failures had taught us a sound tradition, and the Americans will find that the task will produce many changes, both in their internal organization and their dominant ideas. They must, for example, as they already admit, greatly strengthen their navy.... Then they must have a much larger regular army.... Moreover, half their troops must be dark men—negroes, half-castes, Tagals, and, we should say, Mohammedan Malays.... A tropical civil service, again, to be pure, and to be composed of picked men, must be highly paid, and must be provided with pensions, which become in time a serious burden on the Treasury.... And lastly, the colonies are in want of public works, railways, roads, harbors, healthy barracks, quays, and light-houses, and the amount which can be spent on these 'necessities of civilization' is almost limitless. The colonies may cost a good deal of money for some years, and though the Union can pay anything, we are not quite sure of its willingness to export treasure."

The mere money cost of this colonial enterprise, even so far as we have gone, will be enormous. The annual cost of our small army on a peace footing is about $24,500,000. The cost of the administrative force and the miscellaneous and incidental expenses of the War Department is about $7,000,000, making a total of a little more than $31,000,000. The cost of the navy, counting the appropriation for its increase, is about $30,000,000. No military authority believes that we ought to maintain an army of less than 100,000 men. The pay, travelling, transportation, and general expenses of the army, as it stood before the war, were about $16,000,000. On this basis the same expenses would amount to quite $65,000,000; for not only would the pay of the troops be multiplied by four but the cost of their transportation would be increased in a much greater ratio. The cost of subsistence for the army would be increased from $1,750,000 to at least $7,000,000. The item o

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quartermaster's supplies would grow from $2,300,000 to quite $10,000,000 for several years to come, and after that to at least $5,000,000. There would be an increase of expenditure for horses alone of about $500,000, and of at least $1,500,000 for the medical and ordnance departments and other incidentals. This estimate, which is moderate, shows an annual increase of $64,000,000 for army expenses alone if the army be increased to 100,000, while the additional cost of new fortifications, new post buildings, quarters, and barracks, would easily bring this up to $65,000,000. But it is very well understood, even by those who are talking of increasing the army to 100,000 men, that such a force would not begin to be adequate to the demands of the new colonies for their defence and for service at home, and that an army of at least 250,000 men will be necessary for these purposes, including the maintenance of peace at home; and the statesman who is counting the cost of annexation and expansion, if there be such a statesman in the country, would be imprudent to estimate for an annual increase of the army budget of less than $100,000,000.

As to the navy, we shall, in the first place, be obliged to count on an expenditure of at least $100,000,000 for the purpose of bringing it into the rank of first-class "fighting fleets," and instead of appropriating from $9,000,000 to $13,000,000 annually for the purpose of increasing it, Congress will be obliged to appropriate from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 if we are to catch up with European governments. Even then they will be obliged to halt for us if we are to arrive speedily at their state of preparation. The annual cost of the British navy is about $115,000,000, and that of the French navy about $57,000,000. We shall be lucky if we get off with an expenditure for the navy of less than $60,000,000 a year in excess of the expenditures of 1897.

After this war we shall have to reckon on large additions to our civil list, which will be made necessary by our new colonies. They must be governed, and governed thoroughly and expensively, if they are to be governed well. The cost of a colonial service must be largely matter of conjecture. It depends on the intelligence of Congress; and we are painfully aware that the legislative branch of the government is not inclined to expend the public money merely where it is needed. Congressmen are always desirous that it shall go where it will do the most good—to them; that is, where their constituents may get a share, whether government receives a return for its expenditure or not. We are assuming, however, that in time circumstances, which are likely to be delicate on distant frontiers, will compel the establishment of a good colonial service, and in that event we fancy that its cost will be a good deal larger than the present cost of our foreign service, which is in the neighborhood of $1,700,000. The cost of our diplomatic service must also increase with new international complications, and this increase together with the cost of the colonial service will certainly amount to $3,000,000.

Thus we have at once an annual increase of expenditures for colonial defence and government of the very considerable amount of $163,000,000. The calculations on which this estimate is based are necessarily crude, but the result may be depended upon to be well within the sum which the possession of distant colonies will add to the cost of government. Moreover, this great sum must be raised by direct taxation; for the extension of the free-trade principle to these colonies—the principle which obtains between the States—will deprive the government of a main source of its customs revenue. We cannot levy a customs duty on the products of our own country. But in ordinary years raw sugar pays us more than $50,000,000 in revenue, while tobacco pays us from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. Are the sugars of Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and Hawaii to come in free, and the tobacco and cigars of the West Indies and the Philippines to be untaxed at the threshold of the country? Certainly, if the countries in which these products are produced are to become part of the United States. Here then we have at least $60,000,000 to be added to the amount which the colonies will actually cost, making in all something like $223,000,000 that must be raised every year by direct taxation, in addition to the present ordinary expenses of the government, which are supposed to be enormously extravagant. We repeat that this great sum must be raised by direct taxation, because we assume that in due time our politicians will come to understand that expansion and protection cannot go together. But this is a subject for future consideration. We rest content at present with showing that the cost of empire is as splendid as empire itself. We might go further, and point out that the returns from such colonies as those which are now stimulating the imaginations of our politicians would make a most insignificant showing on the other side of the ledger. Of this we may be sure, that the further we go in this predatory scheme, the more surely will we realize that empire in our time and for us will be a useless extravagance, on account of whose burdens our descendants will deride us, for they will consider annexation and expansion as the political and economic follies of the end of a century the opening of which glowed with the hope of democracy.

## THE SULTAN'S FRIEND.

THE German Emperor is a remarkably clever man. Slowly it is being recognized that the Kaiser is no laughing matter; that beneath his rhetoric and extravagances there lie a purpose as cool and a statesmanship as bold and far-seeing as CAVOUR'S or DISRAELI'S. Russian diplomacy is not more effective in its slow perseverance than are the Kaiser's rattling strokes of policy.

Look only at the fruits of his policy in the Near East. It was Germany that made the Concert nugatory; it was with German arms and under the instruction of German officers that the Turks defeated the Greeks in the spring of 1897; and only the other day it was Germany, alone of all the European powers that count, that refused to join in bundling the Turkish soldiers out of Crete. The last act of friendship was still to come. His most Protestant Majesty visited, in person, the author of the Armenian massacres, embraced him as an ally and a brother, and handed in his bill for services rendered. It was honored not only in such thanks and compliments as the ruler of the Faithful had never yet bestowed on a European prince, but in solider payment. The abode of the Blessed Virgin was made over as a free gift, to be placed, by the Kaiser, in charge of the German Catholics. Railway and harbor concessions that had waited years for official favor were granted by special irades. German trade was given exclusive advantages, and arrangements were made for welcoming German colonists in the Sultan's domains.

What are the net results? The Sultan is rehabilitated. He has a protector pledged to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and not to be swerved by sentimentalism from the policy of self-interest. His frontier is strengthened against Russian advance by the German railroad that is to join the Sea of Marmora with the Persian Gulf. He can snap his fingers at Europe and all its concerts. He has an assured international position. For Germany the benefits are more tangible. The new lines that are to be built from the Persian Gulf to Scutari and from Bagdad to the Mediterranean will give to Germany the commercial supremacy of Asia Minor. The banks and railroads of Palestine and Syria are already largely in German hands, and more German settlers are to be found there than in the whole of Greater Germany. The Emperor's visit has laid the foundations of a German empire in the Near East.

It has done more than that. The Catholic Centre is the determinating party in the Reichstag. It holds the balance between the Right and the Left, and its support or opposition is always of first importance. The Kaiser has now laid it under obligations that must rally it to his domestic policy. To present to the Pope, in the name of the German Catholics, the abode of the Blessed Virgin was a master-stroke. It pleased and gratified the Vatican, and made it impossible for LEO XIII. to resent the snub afterwards administered to French pretensions in Asia Minor.

The protectorate over all Catholics in the Orient, French or otherwise, has been for many centuries one of the privileges of France as the eldest daughter of the Church. It was reaffirmed by the Pope just before the Kaiser started for Constantinople. The protectorate brings with it something more than a moral prestige. The missionaries receive their credentials from Paris, and in case of need apply to the French minister at Constantinople. All negotiations between the Sultan and the Pope are carried on through his office. Catholics in the Orient, no matter of what nationality, no matter whether they are missionaries, pilgrims, or travellers, have been used to look upon France as their protector. In this way a position of commanding influence was within reach of the French government, not only in the Ottoman Empire, but in China, where it likewise held the post of guardian over the lives and property of all Catholics.

The Germans, of late years, have been bent on undermining this authority. The tale of their efforts is interesting, but too long to relate. Their success was shown by the affair of Kiao-chau. Ten years ago the German government would have left it to the French minister at Peking to demand compensation for the murder of the German missionaries. The Kaiser acted otherwise. He took upon himself the protection of his own subjects, and seized a portion of Chinese territory by way of indemnity. He refused to admit that German subjects could be under the control of any government but that of Berlin. As in the Far East, so in the Near East. Speaking at Jerusalem to a body of German Catholics, the Kaiser said, with unmistakable significance: "Whenever one of you needs my protection, I am here. Let him come to me, no matter what his creed may be. Happily the German Empire is in a position to afford its subjects abroad effective protection."

By those words France is stripped of her patrimony in the Levant. The nationalization of the missions in China led directly to Kiao-chau. In the Ottoman Empire it may have results not dissimilar.

## IMPERIALISM AND THE SENATE.

IT was the Home Market Club of Boston, of all bodies in the world, that described the prospect of our making ourselves responsible for the future of the Philippines as "appalling." No wonder. There is no doubt that when there was laid down in the protocol a clause reserving to the United States the occupancy of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which should determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines, the President had not made up his mind what the country wanted in respect to those islands, and was waiting for light. The question was purposely left in the air by the language of the protocol. But it was not left so much in the air that it may not fairly be said that the language of the protocol did not include the demand for the whole archipelago, and that this demand is an enlargement of its terms.

However that may be, it was plain that the President was waiting for light upon public opinion, and it would be interesting to know whence he derived that estimate of public opinion which led him, a fortnight ago, to spring upon the peace commission the demand for all the Philippines. Because many of "the men of light and leading" in this country had already been heard from, and the weight of their opinion was against the acquisition. Evidence has accumulated that the policing of the islands would cost more than their whole trade could possibly come to; that they would make us not less but more vulnerable in case of foreign complications, which, moreover, the possession of them would invite; that we should have to begin our operations in them by giving a beating to our "allies," on whose account we were asked to take them; that we had no means of administering distant possessions, and were not likely to come at once into possession of any good ones; that the holding of the Philippines would be a violent contradiction of the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that it would be a direct violation or a pettifogging evasion of our pledge that the war with Spain was not undertaken with a view to conquest; and finally that the islands, instead of promising any benefit, threatened grave injuries, material, political, and moral, to the United States.

These considerations were making their way, unopposed by any argument on the other side. Undoubtedly it seemed that the opposition to imperialism was increasing and prevailing, when the American commissioners startled their countrymen, not less than the Spaniards, by demanding all the Philippines. The demand was apparently the result of the President's Western trip. As he journeyed he came near Indianapolis, and "suddenly there shined round about him a light." But the demand had no sooner been made as a consequence of this illumination than many and clear voices were raised in protest from the President's own party. In his long political life Senator HOAR has not done himself more honor than by his manly and patriotic denunciation. And his protest was followed by others not less weighty, from Republicans not less important.

It is long since intelligent Americans had cause to repeat WEBSTER'S congratulation, "It is fortunate that there is a Senate of the United States." But just now they can heartily re-echo that sentiment, and add their congratulations that the power of the President to make treaties is limited by the proviso that two-thirds of the Senators present concur. It seems inconceivable that such a concurrence can be obtained for a treaty annexing the Philippines, since opposition to expansion may already be called a doctrine of the Democratic party with much more confidence than expansion can be called a doctrine of the Republican party.

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## THE SECOND ZIONIST CONGRESS.

WHAT a birthday party we have enjoyed! One year ago, on the closing day of the first Zionist congress, Dr. Theodor Herzl, author of *Der Judenstaat* and foremost in the leadership of the new Zion movement, casually remarked to a circle of friends: "The Roumanian Jews have long believed that the Messiah would be born on this day, the 29th of August. I now share their belief, for I too am persuaded that this day marks the birth of the Messiah, the dawn of a Messianic hope for my people." In this wise the gifted standard-bearer of Zion silenced for all time the cavillings of those who had looked upon Herzl as a self-deluded pseudo-Messiah, and, on the other hand, clearly proclaimed his personal conviction that Zionism was *the*—not *a*—solution of the Jewish question; that, in the memorable words of Max Nordau, "Der Zionismus ist die letzte, grosse moralische Anstrengung der Juden." If, then, August 29, 1897, was the birthday of the Messiah, the 29th of August, 1898, may fairly be said to have been a glorious birthday feast.

The former congress was convened in part in order that some estimate might be formed of the depth of sentiment in Jewry touched into life by the summons, "Let us journey back—in a higher sense, forward—to the land of our fathers." In so far, therefore, the gathering of a twelvemonth ago was experimental in respect of its plans of organization, and limited in the scope of its deliberations. So pronounced at the outset was this feeling of uncertainty as to the outcome, and insecurity as to the consequences, that the Russian delegates not unwisely refrained from public participation in the debates, fearful lest their eagerness to assist in the rebuilding of the Jewish nation might appear treasonable in the sight of over-alert officials. One year had changed all this—in truth, one day, for ere the sun had set on the first day of the first congress a message had gone forth to the farthest ends of the earth, telling that this Jewish assembly, far from being an international conspiracy, was but the modern and popular expression of a noble and olden aim—the undying aspiration of the scattered remnants of a people to put an end



DR. THEODOR HERZL.

to long centuries of sore travail and wandering and homelessness by creating a "Heimstätte" for themselves. And if one year ago the scorner was constrained to respectful silence by the dignity and fervor with which a "mercenary lot" pledged their devotion, like unto Arthurian knights, to the pursuit of an ideal, this year the would-be mockers were moved to admiration of the practical statesmanship with which these idealists had set about the realization of their hopes.

One might have searched long and vainly for any sign of wavering or indefiniteness in the character of the second congress, for within a year Zionism had felt and tested and multiplied its own strength. The figures presented by the committee on organization were welcomed in proof of this, showing as they did that the number of organizations formally allied with the cause had increased ninefold within a few months. Statistics are scarce needed on this score, if we but think of the six millions of unhappy Jewish dwellers (citizens they are not) in Russia, Roumania, and Galicia alone, whom only the promise of release from persecution can save from the slough of abject despond by pointing comfortingly and encouragingly to the well-beloved home of their forebears.



OBVERSE. REVERSE.

COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL OF THE SECOND ZIONIST CONGRESS.

"Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the nations, . . . and bring them into their own land."

Of far greater moment than any witness to the spread of Zionism among the Jews is the proof, yielded in abundant measure at the various stages of the congress, that Zionism has not merely gained the friendly sympathy of the Christian world, but even arrested the attention of some of Europe's crowned heads. No more watchful listener followed the proceedings of the congress than a certain visitor who is known to have been intrusted by his royal master, Emperor William of Germany, with the duty of preparing a report of the congress in all its many-sidedness. Again, on the last day of the congress, Dr. Herzl, in his official capacity as president of the congress, sent a message of congratulation to the Sultan of Turkey in honor of the celebration of his accession to the throne, to which the "Commander of the Faithful" immediately replied, by the hand of his Lord High Chamberlain, in terms most genial as compared with the ordinarily barren phrases of diplomacy. Will doubters now urge that Wilhelm and Abdul-Hamid have likewise succumbed to the blandishments of the poetry and sentiment which are oft decried as the fatal charm of Zionism? We prefer to recall that these two rulers may some day cast the decisive vote in the settlement of one phase of the Eastern question. By reason of its situation, as well as its natural endowments, Palestine has been happily named "The Gateway of the East." True, but the gate is shut and tightly barred. Who shall open it? The Turks? They lack the gift of initiative, as well as the genius of enterprise. They must be taught and trained to follow whither others have led. Shall the door be opened by one of the European powers? The proposition is unthinkable; against such aggrandizement an invincible concert of the nations would speedily array itself. Shall it not be left to the Jews to open that door, which has never been widely opened since it was closed against the outcasts of Judæa? Inasmuch as Israel is destitute of ambition for temporal power or national supremacy, will not the Jewish reoccupation of Palestine be at one and the same time the simplest and the noblest solution of one of the most perplexing phases of the great Eastern problem?

We can do no more at this place than lightly touch upon the leading incidents which occurred in congress week; for although the delegates were nominally convened for three days, this the greatest synod of the Jews in the eighteen hundred years of the Diaspora, as the congress has justly been styled, lasted throughout the whole of the week, and even longer. On the Sunday prior to the actual assembling of the delegates the minister of the Anglican Church, who conducted services at the improvised chapel of a Basle hotel, pleaded earnestly and eloquently with his Christian hearers in behalf of Zionism. His stirring discourse derived a heightened interest from the frank admission on his part that he was born in Jerusalem, of Jewish-Christian parents, and had lived in the Holy Land until his nineteenth year. Sermon texts are not always of great moment—the personal testimony of a preacher—but the Rev. Mr. Schorr's was of peculiar interest, seeing that his text was the twenty-first verse of the thirty-seventh chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel, which is engraved upon the reverse of the congress medal. How proud we were of this commemorative medal, partly because designed by a French-Jewish Zionist and struck off in the mint of France (an act of rare and saving grace *anno* Dreyfus), furthermore because it so graphically illustrates the purpose of Zionism! The Genius of History points with hand uplifted to the sun of promise rising over the hills of Zion beyond the sea, and is evidently bent upon urging a typical Jewish family to heed the summons of destiny. The father leans heavily upon his travelling-staff, the tragic symbol of his people's lot; the mother holds an infant to her breast; some young children are near by; but the faces of all betoken the resolution to follow the bidding of the vision before them.

Wednesday evening witnessed a splendid demonstration in honor of the arrival of Dr. Herzl. A hundred or more delegates waited at the railroad station for hours in a blinding rain-storm, the enthusiasm of the welcome being marred in slight degree by the failure of the party to have agreed in advance upon some common form of salutation. Master of a dozen tongues though he is, Dr. Herzl was for a moment bewildered by the Babel-like storm of greetings. This was perhaps the only occasion upon which the "polyglotism" of the delegates was noticeable. German, the Jewish Volapük, was the official language, but Hebrew and French were heard on every hand, varied by the occasional accents of Russian, Polish, Roumanian, Arabic, English, Dutch, Italian, and Turkish, most or all of which tongues not a few delegates spoke with equal facility. The following days—Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—were given over to a multitude of preliminary conferences on the important questions of policy which it was known would arise. "Safety-valves" these forgatherings were called by a witty German jurist; "peace negotiations" by another, who was cognizant of the many differences to be healed prior to the assembling of the delegates.

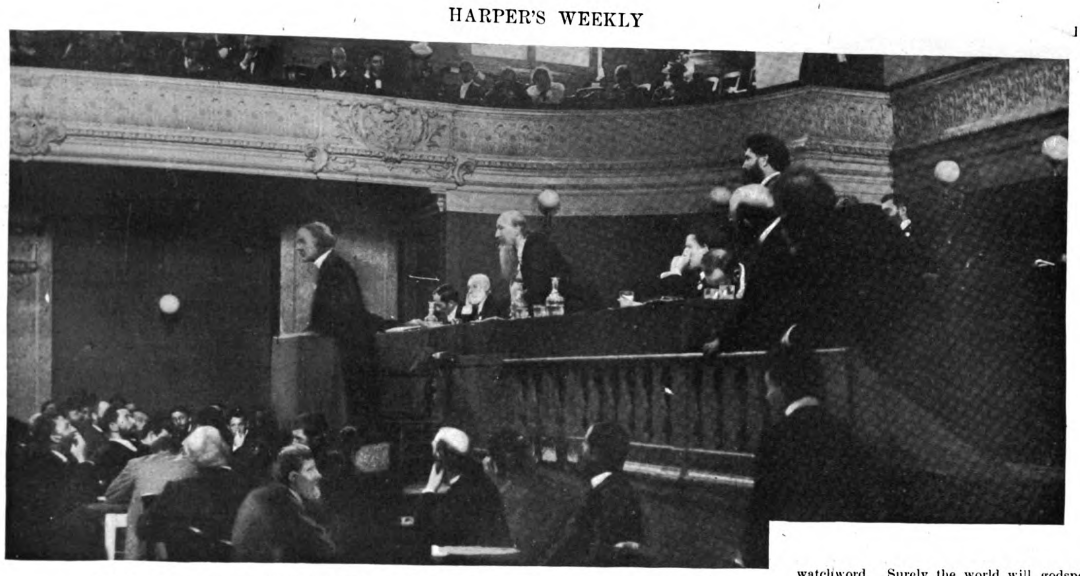
A seemingly trivial incident occurred on Friday evening, which afforded the deepest satisfaction to the lovers of Zion in Basle assembled. It was the twenty-sixth day of August, the feast of St. Jacques, in annual commemoration of the great national victory of 1444. As the holiday procession filed by the meeting-place of the congress, the grotesquely attired lines paused under the blue and white flag of Zion unfurled for the first time from the balcony of the Stadt-Casino, and shouted aloud: "Hoch die Juden!" "Hoch die Zionisten!" Herzl was visibly moved by this show of good feeling, and in his presidential address rightly interpreted this friendly act as a sign of sympathy with the manly, outspoken stand taken by the Zionists in their determination to help themselves.

On the Sabbath morning the stately synagogue of the town became the Mecca of the visitors. Favored, blessed shrine! Since last the pilgrims of Jerusalem offered up their prayers in the Temple of the Most High, no altar had sheltered such a body of worshippers, come together literally from the four corners of the earth. What rapt devotion! What tearful entreaty! What fervent thanksgiving! Within these walls there reigned no confusion of tongues, for the speech of the prophets and the sweet singers in Israel lived again. How these hosts thundered forth the *Shemang Yisrael*, Israel's ancient declaration of faith in the unity of God! Instinctively the congregation rose in reverence as Herzl mounted the altar steps and



GROUP OF DELEGATES AT THE ZIONIST CONGRESS, BASLE.

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AT THE SECOND ZIONIST CONGRESS, BASLE, SWITZERLAND—SPEAKING FROM THE TRIBUNE.

stood with bowed head before the holy scroll of the Law; and as the "Vorbeter" chanted in a soft minor strain such passages as "Have Thou mercy on Zion, for it is the house of our life," strong men covered their faces and silently wept.

I must forbear to dwell upon the actual proceedings of the congress, and can do no more than make the briefest mention of the chief features of those eventful days. These were, though perhaps not in the order of their importance—first, the scenes of enthusiasm which were enacted at the close of the inaugural address of Herzl, and the incomparably fine review of the past year in Jewry by Dr. Nordau; second, the masterly summary of the aims of Zionism, in which Professor Mandelstamm, the eminent oculist of Kiev, proved the nearest task of Zionism to be the upbuilding of the physical and moral life of the Jewish people as the first step on the way to self-government; third, the tumultuous receptions again and again accorded Bernard Lazare, the French littérateur who paved the way for the revision of the Dreyfus case by burrowing out the proofs of the illegality of the trial and placing them in the hands of Scheurer-Kestner and Émile Zola—these scenes reaching a climax on the day following the adjournment of the congress, when the confession and suicide of Colonel Henry were announced; fourth, the joyous acclaim with which the congress hailed the reading of the Czar's proposal to call a conference of the powers, to the end that the peaceful offices of arbitration be substituted for the cruel arbitraments of war—the congress coupling with these congratulations the heartfelt prayer that the proposed conference deal in a spirit of wisdom and justice with the affairs of the afflicted Jews, and further the return to their ancestral home; fifth, the admirable paper, by Dr. Motzkin, based upon personal study and painstaking investigation, showing that the Holy Land, provided its resources were properly developed, could again be made to support a population of millions; sixth, the *Fest-Commers* of Monday night arranged by the young Zionists of Basle, at which, in true German-student fashion, goblets of Palestinian wine were emptied, amid the singing of tuneful Zion songs in classic Hebrew by a thousand voices, and the presentation of some simple plays, portraying side by side the helpless, wailing Jews of the old Zion and the sturdy, contented husbandmen of Zion the new; seventh, the high order of the post-prandial oratory at the luncheon of Tuesday, given in honor of the representatives of the press, upon which occasion Dr. Herzl, who is editor of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, proudly stated that his book calling attention to the "Judenelend" the world over was put forth as the work of a journalist, for he conceived the office of journalism was to speak of the wrongs of to-day in order that they might be righted on the morrow; eighth, the matchless dignity and beauty of that early Wednesday morning hour when, after a practically continuous day and night sitting, Dr. Herzl brought the congress to a close with the words: "Zionism is both a mournful necessity and a glorious ideal. We are to journey henceforth along new paths; Judaism is about to set out upon a moral pilgrimage. Whither shall the way lead?.... Let us hope for better and brighter days!"—cheers and sobs dying in men's throats as they beheld the first ray of the dawning day fall prophetically upon the noble countenance of their loved leader, and light up a large map of the land of promise hanging overhead.

The results of the congress—who can accurately foresee at this early hour? We may, howbeit, confidently declare that a tremendous uplift has been given to the cause by the second Zionist congress. For one thing, Zionism has resolved that the immigration of foreign Jews into Palestine shall not be abetted or countenanced as long as the restrictive and prohibitive laws be not repealed from the statute-



THE ZIONIST FLAG.

books. Zionism will not sanction or even tolerate further evasion; Jews shall not smuggle or beg their way back into Palestine. We shall wait until we can return with head erect and the firm step of men knowing and cherishing their rights. We can wait a little longer, for who will deny to the long-suffering house of Israel the possession of the virtue of patience? Again, acting upon the report of a committee headed by Professor Gottheil of Columbia University, and president of the American Federation of Zionists, the second Zionist congress emphasized the fundamental principle that Zionism shall take no account of the differences touching the religious beliefs and practices of its adherents. We hope to teach the world a lesson in the true meaning of toleration; the most rigidly orthodox shall not be hindered in the performance of Jewish rites and ceremonies as he understands them; on the other hand, the largest freedom shall be allowed such as reject the olden forms and customs of Judaism. Last, the establishment by the congress of the Jewish Colonial Bank at London, with a preliminary capitalization of ten million dollars, shows that, whenever needed, the means will be forth-coming with which to consummate the plans of Zionism. One-tenth of the aforementioned sum had already come to hand unsolicited from the very slender purses of the Russo-Jewish working-classes. Large sums will surely be at the disposal of the cause when such as are favored and prosperous among the Jews will awaken to the understanding of the grandeur of the Zionist movement.

"Ubi bene, ibi patria!" How the world despises such as cling to this maxim, "Wheresoever I am prosperous shall be my home"! Shall the Jew forever be expected to moan in tones of resignation, "Ubi male, ibi patria"? Shall there be no pity for such as cry out from the depth of their misery and suffering, "Where I am hated and wronged cannot be meant to be my father-land"? "Let us go back to our home, to our fathers' land," has become the new watchword. Surely the world will godspeed with love and helpfulness the aims of the Jews, who, after centuries of exile, turn with longing, aching hearts to Zion.

REV. STEPHEN S. WISE,
Secretary for the English Language of the Second Zionist Congress.



STADT-CASINO AT BASLE, WHERE THE CONGRESS MET.

## THANKSGIVING FOR ALL.

NOVEMBER 24, 1898.

LET all the nations of the earth on this Thanksgiving day
Unite in one grand swelling hymn, and grateful homage pay
For all the mercies of the year, and blessings unsurpassed,
Which have relieved the meed of war by which we've been harassed.

Let Johnny Bull rejoice that he now after many years
Of an estrangement kept alive by bickerings and jeers
With Uncle Sam is friends again, and that across the sea
Their hands once more are firmly clasped in perfect amity.

And let the Cossack folk rejoice that in these latter days
A light has dawned upon the mind that regulates their ways,
For he who seeks the reign of peace cannot be very far
From substituting love for hate in cold Siberia.

And let the Teuton race rejoice that he whose destiny
Has placed him on a lofty throne in glorious majesty
Has lived throughout another year, and in its tedious length
Done nothing to impair at all his people's wondrous strength.

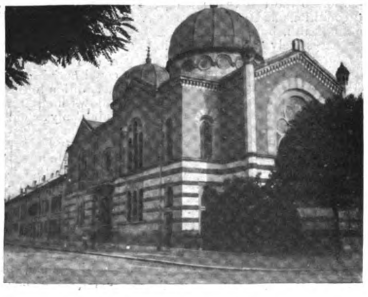
And ancient France, now fallen low, let even France rejoice,
However humbled be her pride, or strident be her voice,
That though she's murdered justice, and is full of shame and dread,
The fact of Zola proves at least her conscience is not dead.

And as for Spain—poor walloped Spain!—she too may join the hymn;
For though her power's broken, and her glories all are dim,
She's lost her chiefest troubles in her mutineering lands,
And knows at last beyond all doubt exactly where she stands.

And Uncle Sam? Well, rather! He should fairly bellow praise
Until the very skies are rent, and all the heavens raise,
For Dewey, Hobson, Sampson, Clark, and all their gallant crew,
For men who stood behind the guns, the grimy stokers too;

For heroes on the hill-side, and for heroes in the vale,
With blood to shed and grit to show before the shotted hail;
For strong and sturdy men at home whose hearts were in the cause
To fight for Justice till 'twas won and give the Tyrant pause!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



SYNAGOGUE AT BASLE.

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# DAILY LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.

It may seem fanciful or whimsical to recall the fact that the venerable Cardinal Joseph Pecci described the birthplace of Leo XIII., the little Volscian town of Carpineto, as "*an eagle's nest*, placed for security high above the plain, between two gigantic rocks," and then, in immediate conjunction with this statement, to place the equally indisputable assertion that the two hundred and sixty-third successor of St. Peter in the bishopric of Rome is the first of all the line to look westward searchingly with such clear vision that he is eminently the foreigner who could supply a just definition of Americanism.

But I find that other students have been led towards a similar conclusion from wholly different starting-points. "My friend Paul Bourget," the Vicomte de Vogüé has written, "defines the American as 'a man who invariably uses the newest method.' This is also the dominant trait in the character of Leo XIII. Within the measure permitted him by a heavy chain of traditions, he does not hesitate to grasp the most modern weapons.... He relies upon the example set by the great popes of the Middle Ages, who, in their day, came down to the market-place, stirred the crowds, and led the people on to new horizons."

M. de Vogüé does not, so far as I have read, expressly refer to the inability of the prisoner of the Vatican to "come down to the market-place" in order to "lead the people on to new horizons," but he dwells upon Leo's desire to speak directly to the masses, to draw them to himself by every means, and in the throne-room he hears expressions that would seem to have been caught west of the Mississippi rather than in the Eastern States: "We must go to the people, conquer the hearts of the people. We must seek the alliance of all honest folk, whatever their origin or opinion." And he makes a point of telling us that the Pope finds time, in his day which somehow balances twenty hours of activity against four hours of rest, good-humoredly to explain his politics to an editor of *Le Petit Journal*. But this expansiveness may follow hours of literary work, in which the Holy Father became so absorbed that he wiped his pen on his white sleeve.

And the same writer, who is, among Frenchmen, probably the most competent observer in this particular field, says that Leo XIII. "looks upon mysterious America as Noah must have gazed at the peak of Mount Ararat when the waters of the deluge were rising, seeking there the place of refuge in which the divine promises shall be fulfilled, and whence the rescued people may start afresh and begin a new cycle of life."

In the vast building, begun in the time of Charlemagne and improved and enlarged by saintly, penitent, or ostentatious persons during a thousand years, until it has now eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two rooms, Leo XIII. is still in character and manner unchanged since the time when, as Bishop of Perugia, he composed his pastoral letter on the abuses of magnetism. Indeed, one may go further: the characteristic marks of the native of south-Italian mountains have not been effaced in the eighty-eight years of his life. Constant devotion to the highest ideals, daily contacts with the most cosmopolitan people, have not altogether prevailed against certain formative influences that he shared with other inhabitants of the little town situated in a cleft of the Monti Lepini. Both Signor Giovanni Amadi and Mr. F. Marion Crawford have been especially impressed with the many evidences of this survival, and no doubt the reader of the present sketch will recognize traits that suggested to the Italian writer, as well as the American, that eyry in the southern mountains where Joachim Vincent Raphael Louis, fourth son of Count Domenico Lodovico Pecci, was born, on March 2, 1810.

Summer and winter the Pope is awake at six o'clock in the morning, and rather before than after that hour; and he may have, in token of a sleepless night, a piece of Italian or Latin poetry to dictate to one of the secretaries before mass. Or maybe there is some more practical affair that has kept him awake while he outlined the essential points in an argument, an appeal, a letter of instructions (in this case he dictates from the notes, which are afterwards scrupulously destroyed). This immense capacity for literary work is only one manifestation of the uncommon vigor derived from his early training. Mr. Crawford has called attention to the fact that not only were the conditions at Carpineto most favorable to health, but that "as a boy he was excessively fond of birding, the only form of sport afforded by that part of Italy"; and still—or until the last year or two—one could hear it said in the Vatican, "*Il Papa corre sempre.*" In addition to the four or five hours of sleep at night, he allows himself a nap after dinner (in a little room containing only an old lounge and an easy-chair), but otherwise he has occupations from morning till night. To begin the day he says early mass, ordinarily in the chapel in his private apartments, but on Sundays and feast-days in a room that is large enough to accommodate the visitors who have received permission to be present. Dressed in a cassock of pure white, a circle of snow-white hair showing beneath the white skull-cap, or beretta, the Pope is seen holding a silver aspersory, sprinkling holy water on the assembled worshippers; and so much in harmony with his surroundings is this figure that Rev. Bernard O'Reilly is led to say, "It is as if one of Fra Angelico's glorified saints had walked out of the canvas, or come down from the frescoes on the wall, and shone on us." Immediately after saying mass himself he hears a second one, said by a private chaplain. The second mass of thanksgiving being finished, an arm-chair is brought and placed on the Epistle side, and the Pope is seated. All present go forward in turn, to kneel at his feet, kiss his hand, and receive communion. Then a frugal breakfast follows of coffee and a bit of bread and goat's milk.

At ten o'clock the Secretary of State is in consultation with the Holy Father, and this conference lasts until about eleven; but on Tuesdays and Fridays the Under-Secretary confers with the Pope, while the diplomatic corps assembles in the apartments of the Secretary of State; and there is also the duty of receiving ambassadors and distinguished Italians and foreigners. The congregations of cardinals report regularly, and we barely intimate the importance of the subject-matter thus reported when we state that all things connected with the administration of a Church numbering perhaps two hundred millions are divided among these standing committees. In some cases the sessions are actually held in the Pope's presence, and even when that additional tax upon his attention and his strength is avoided, it still remains true, as the author last quoted asserts, that his "solicitude extends to every diocese and mission on the surface of the globe." And besides these, many other congregations and commissions charged with special work must satisfy Leo's demands for the utmost regularity, punctuality, and exactness in their reports. The Cardinal Vicar has his audience every Saturday evening to report on affairs of the diocese of Rome, when every detail is gone into most carefully. The progress of the various schools, primary and secondary, and of the higher institutions of learning, the condition of the confraternities, and the parochial work in all the churches are to the Pope, as Bishop of Rome, matters of such interest that he insists upon examining and judging for himself, even when these departments are confided to his ablest lieutenants.

If we were to speak at greater length of the congregations and commissions devoted to the studies in which Leo XIII. has always especially excelled, the enumeration would seem needlessly precise. In a single sentence, then, let us convey a sense of activity in the discharge of duties that form a series "as uninterrupted as the circulation of the blood": After having received ambassadors, archbishops, bishops, pilgrims, deputations, and addresses from Catholic unions and committees and congresses, the quiet hours of the night are reached; but then, in the time that others give to sleep, Leo's encyclicals, his consistorial allocutions, his addresses to pilgrims, deputations, and societies, his most important bulls or constitutions, are written or corrected.*

Between breakfast and dinner the Pope takes a cup of broth, and he dines about an hour after noon. When the weather is fine enough to permit of walking or driving in the gardens, two Noble Guards and a corps of fifty monsignori ride beside the carriage doors. Mr. Crawford gives many interesting details in this connection. During the great heat of summer, after mass the Holy Father goes into the gardens and spends the whole day there, receiving as he would in the Vatican, dining and resting in the fresh air. In the evening he attends at a recitation of the rosary, or evening prayers, by his private chaplain; then retires to his room, where he reads and writes. A light supper is brought to him about ten o'clock. Virgil and Dante are his favorite poets, and he knows a great part of both by heart. He reads the newspapers, of course, but to save time the most important and interesting passages are marked. He particularly likes to see and talk with men of letters.

Of late years the services in St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel have not been conducted by the Pope, who nevertheless makes a concession in favor of the many strangers who visit Rome during Holy Week, and celebrates mass in the Sala Ducale.

Magnificent staircases of marble lead to the Pope's apartments, and before coming into his presence one must pass through eight anterooms, where soldiers of the Swiss Guard with their mediæval halberds and the courtly Maestro di Camera may perhaps divide the visitor's attention with the matchless objects of art and of historical interest accumulated in this building, that was designed to stand forever. Reigning sovereigns and persons of distinction are received in the grand throne-room, beyond which the princes' suites are not admitted, though the Pope may retire with his special guest to the small private throne-room.

It is understood that strict economy is observed in the management of the Vatican. The splendid and costly objects that one sees are gifts. All money contributed by Catholics in the various countries of the globe (in the aggregate a very large sum, of course) is held in trust for the Church, used in the purchase of Italian national bonds, or otherwise invested, the finances being under the "direct and exceedingly thrifty control of the Pope himself." The Pope's personal tastes are so simple that the expense of his table is said to be less than 250 lire a month, or about one dollar and a half a day.

The rare union of qualities suited to the varied and exacting duties of his position has been well summarized by one of our authorities, who says: "The head of the Catholic Church to-day must be a modern man, statesman, and administrator as well as Holy Father—and he is all four in the august person of Leo XIII.; he must be able to cope with difficulties as well as with heresies; he must lead his men as well as guide his flock; he must be the Church's steward as well as her consecrated arch-head; he must be the reformer of manners as well as the preserver of faith; he must be the understander of men's venial mistakes as well as the censor of their mortal sins."

The photographs on pages 1156 and 1157 were selected for reproduction in this issue of the WEEKLY from a large number taken by Mr. W. Kennedy-Laurie Dickson, for the mutoscope and biograph, who gives an interesting account of his experiences at the Vatican.

"I was granted five separate sittings," Mr. Dickson says. "Two scenes were taken in the upper Loggia of the Vatican. A carefully planned picture of his Holiness driving through the gardens of the Vatican (April 20) was the next achievement. Several weeks later I was admitted to the Vatican gardens, on which occasion his Holiness recognized the biograph, and asked if it were not the same apparatus and I the same gentleman he had seen in the Loggia early in the summer. On receiving an affirmative reply, he laughed, and said, 'Oh, then we must do something for him!' That evening the camera was placed opposite the door of the garden villa, and the Holy Father kindly lent himself to the requirements of the biograph. A valuable series of views was obtained, in connection with which Leo XIII. showed a kindly and intelligent interest. He asked me how long I would remain in Rome. I replied that that depended entirely upon his Holiness. 'I am altogether at your disposal,' he answered, 'and am charmed to assist you by every means in my power.' When I rose to go he detained me, entering with extreme cordiality into my description of the manner in which the mutoscopes would be placed and their important use in bringing his Holiness before that large number of people who were debarred from a pilgrimage to Rome, and the reception of the Pontifical blessing.

"When, a little later, I submitted to Leo XIII. the mutoscope containing the living reproduction of himself, he betrayed the most gleeful interest, exclaiming frequently, 'Oh, see me blessing!' Then to Monsignor della Volpa, 'Why, how splendid you look!'

"At the close of the interview I said, 'Holy Father, will you not complete the sum of my indebtedness by giving me one more sitting in the garden by the Summer Villa?' He laughed and shook his head. 'Have you not enough?' 'No,' I answered; 'but give me to-morrow morning, and I will promise to be content.' His Holiness was silent a minute, and then said: 'Well, then, I agree, but not for to-morrow morning. To-morrow afternoon at six o'clock.'

"Next day, punctually at the hour agreed, the superb carriage was seen winding its way along the avenue. The guards fell into position, and Monsignor della Volpa and Count Pecci—the one glorious in robes of scarlet and purple, the other stately in blue and gold—advanced to meet his Holiness. Roar, roar, went the great machine, all fell on their knees, and the Pontiff walked to the stone bench beside the gate. After a brief interval, during which he conversed easily with his immediate attendants, his Holiness rose to complete the programme agreed upon, and began to cross the intervening space to the throne; but here an unavoidable contretemps occurred. My assistant



COLOR-SERGEANT GEORGE BERRY, TROOP D, 10TH U. S. CAVALRY,
Who carried the Colors of the 10th and 3d Cavalry in the Charge at San Juan Hill, Santiago.
[See Page 1151.]

* See *Life of Leo XIII.*, by Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D., p. 575.

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had been so hurried that he had not had time to replace another film, so I was forced to beg his Holiness to return to the bench while this was being done—a request with which he cheerfully complied. I then threaded the machine in breathless haste, pivoting it in the direction of the throne, after which I invited his Holiness to pass into the picture, which he did, scattering smiles and benedictions, and interchanging remarks with his nephew and the maggiordomo, and finally taking his seat right royally upon the crimson throne. Before leaving, the Pontiff gave me a special blessing, and laughingly demanded if I were at last satisfied."

HARPER'S WEEKLY has been fortunate in securing the exclusive right to reproduce a number of these photographs prior to their first exhibition, which will be a private one, to be given in Washington, D. C., next Wednesday evening, before a company of Roman Catholic dignitaries, headed by Monsignor Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate, and Cardinal Gibbons, and including Dr. Conaghty and Dr. Garrigan, the rector and the vice-rector of the Catholic University of America, Dr. Rucker, secretary of the papal legation, Rev. Dr. John D. Whitney, rector of Georgetown University, and many other dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America. MARRION WILCOX.

## A SABLE HERO.

GEORGE BERRY, Troop D, Tenth Cavalry, with the rank of First Sergeant, was retired at Camp Forse, Huntsville, Alabama, November 1, 1898. That the man is alive to-day seems nothing short of a miracle, because of his conduct at San Juan Hill, where, under heavy fire, fifty feet in advance of his comrades, he waved aloft two flags, the stars and stripes of the Tenth and the Third Cavalry.

This hero did not burst upon his commanding officers as first distinguished for gallantry in the war with Spain. He had long before won his laurels, having, during his thirty years' service in the army, actively participated in six separate campaigns, against the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Comanches, Apaches, Utes, in Colorado, Kansas, Texas, and New Mexico.

Sergeant Berry, who, after the manner of all real heroes, is modest of his own achievements, in speaking of his action at San Juan Hill, where he successfully planted the colors of his own regiment upon the works from which the Spaniards were even then running away, said:

"Where did my courage come from? It came from our 'war chief,' Captain Ayres. When I saw him leading his men, waving his hat in the air, shouting out like a trumpet to the soldiers to follow, I took the two sets of colors and ran, calling as I ran: 'Dress on the colors, boys! Dress on the colors!'"

During the recent peace celebration in Philadelphia, as this sable hero, bearing the tattered battle-flags he had carried so gallantly at Las Guasimas, San Juan, and Santiago, marched in the procession with the Tenth Cavalry, he was pelted with roses from the balconies and stands crowded with people.

The picture on the opposite page shows Sergeant Berry standing near Captain Ayres's tent at Huntsville, Alabama. In his left hand he holds his regimental national colors, while in his right is the regimental flag ribboned by the Spanish bullets in the three great land battles of the Spanish-American war. KATHERINE E. THOMAS.




### NEW COMIC OPERAS—A NOTE ON AN OLD SERIOUS ONE.

A STORY used to be told of an eminent Boston clergyman that, when a little boy, and often a naughty little boy, he would hold out for hours at a time under punishment before capitulating toward proper behavior. One such state of unrepentance kept him seated in a corner almost all day. Suddenly the culprit—he was afterwards to be known as the Rev. Dr Phillips Brooks—burst out laughing and got down from his perch, exclaiming, with his sunniest cheerfulness: "I can't help being good, mother, in spite of myself! It's too much bother to stay bad!"

Our American comic opera, as has been pointed out lately in this journal, is more and more in the development when it seems easier for it to be good than to be bad. In spite of whatever is interpolated to give it the old aspect, I beg to maintain that it now is advanced surprisingly beyond ancient lines. The plots are entertaining, and touched—albeit incongruously—with seriousness. They give room for writing and for acting in an opera-comique vein. The dialogue is amusing, and the music is musicianly. The whole plane of actual interpretation—I mean the orchestral service and the singing—is almost wholly of an artistic order. "The Jolly Musketeer," now at the Broadway Theatre, is the latest example of this argument, and an excellent one. It is true that Mr. Stanislaus Stange and Mr. Julian Edwards must needs write the libretto and music around the personality and the purposes of Mr. Jefferson De Angelis. Mr. De Angelis is a low-comedian of very broad methods in fun-making, and he is not more of a singer than one is allowed to rank him by most liberal kindness for his intentions. Again, Mr. De Angelis has in the piece what a harmonist would call a perfect second in Mr. Harry Macdonough. Mr. Macdonough is another singing low-comedian, with almost as much natural humor as has Mr. De Angelis (I do not want to slight that rare blessing), but of cruder vein. Both these gentlemen are shining and tireless devisers of horse-play; exceedingly amusing in what really is an excrescence in the piece. Such goings-on always will be excrescences, especially if so outrageously funny. Something is wrong with the spleen or the bank account of a man who cannot laugh at the cat duet and the gymnastics of *Henri de Beaupret* and *Didot Blanc*. But if you will dismiss for a moment their clowneries, and will ask what "The Jolly Musketeer" is without them, you have, all the same, a genial, graceful, laudable remainder. The plot, turning on Richelieu's effort to suppress duelling, and on a rivalry between two friends in the Cardinal-Duke's Musketeer Guards, is romantic in the Dumas key, as well as comic. The libretto which Mr. Stange has shaped is not much, but it is distinctly effective, and it is carried from one actual incident to another with sound libretto-carpentering. One scene in it is capital comedy—that in which an excited lover is kept on an open balcony during a thunder-storm, watching his best friend's successful wooing. The music that Mr. Edwards has written, except for some lapsing toward the Vienna pattern, is remarkably charming. It is unbrokenly melodious in that light, dexterous way, which has the happy effect of sounding unstudied, though it means a careful hand and peculiarly lucid notions of operetta. Except for one concerted number—notably pretty—done in the Sullivan manner, Offenbach is more happily hinted than in any such score before us this long while. The good singing of everybody assisting Mr. De Angelis is as much a trait in "The Jolly Musketeer" as is the merrymaking of its lively little protagonist—who, by-the-bye, as *Henri de Beaupret*, often shows how sincerely well he can act, as well as merely cut capers, higher than Sir Andrew Aguecheek's. Miss Bertha Walzinger and Miss Maud Hollins each sing so well that the honors of a prima donna are evenly divided. Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler takes a long step toward real individuality by his well-balanced, spirited acting, and by singing everything in his part even better than he did the small rôle of which he made much in "The Geisha." The chorus and orchestra are satisfactory, the costumes rich, and the scenery has atmosphere as well as color. "The Jolly Musketeer" is successful, and it should be successful, even if its humor were exploited in much more subdued, refined, and reserved methods.

"The Jolly Musketeer."



JULIA ARTHUR AS *PARTHENIA*.

In postscript to a reference last week to the death of Mr. Max Alvary, and to the disastrous circumstances in which his illness had left a most amiable family, many readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY should be interested in knowing that a modest fund for securing to Mrs. Alvary and to her children a home and maintenance is in progress, under the care of Mrs. Edward G. Love, of No. 80 East Fifty-fifth Street, in this city. To her all remittances can be sent, and they will be forwarded promptly to Mrs. Alvary. A relatively small sum, as such things go in this country, is lacking. If all those who remember the dead singer with pleasure will only give the price, or even half the price, of the opera-ticket that admitted them to a Wagner performance, the mortgage on the house in Thuringia will soon be cancelled. The matter has been in progress some time, but it was desired to keep it from the knowledge of Mr. Alvary, and it is really public only since his decease. Nothing of the kind could be more suitable than its success.

The Alvary Fund.

"Euryanthe," that masterly opera of Weber, is announced for a special revival at the Royal Opera in Berlin. The work has fallen into an improper disuse on all those German stages which should keep so noble a score before its own public. New York did high honor to it in 1887–88. During that season, "Euryanthe" was performed repeatedly here in the finest possible way, under the late Anton Seidl, with Lilli Lehmann (*Euryanthe*), Marianne Brandt (*Eglantine*), Max Alvary (*Adolar*), and Ernst Fischer (*Lysiart*). Madame Lehmann sang the title rôle for the first time in her long career, and incomparably well. We have heard the magnificent overture played here again, on the orchestra's recent visit to us. I often read with interest what Mr. William F. Apthorp writes as music-reviewer for the *Boston Transcript*, and I must confess to a good deal of surprise on discovering a curious statement in his programmme notes; one that, in fact, seems inexplicable. It is—or should be—well known to every professional concert-goer that the overture to "Euryanthe" contains a passage hingeing on one of the most singular devices ever attempted in all romantic opera. In the middle of the overture to Weber's work its brilliant movement subsides. The curtain is slowly raised. A vast tomb is seen in a vault by a dim hanging light. *Euryanthe* is discerned on her knees praying beside the coffin of the poisoned *Emma*, while the wicked *Lady Eglantine* is crouched in shadow, spying on her. At the same time a set of strange and ghostly harmonies are heard in the orchestra from an unmuted viola (that soul of instrumental melancholy) sustained by and contrasted with muted violins—a striking combination. Then, slowly as before, the tableau fades, and the curtain descends. On rushes the overture through its former gorgeous stress to its close. The whole episode, the interpolated tomb tableau and the orchestral incident, are part and parcel of each other, and Weber, in fact, shaped them both expressly to make a little clearer the opera's incoherent and mutilated libretto. When "Euryanthe" was presented in New York every music-reviewer was on the *qui vive* to know whether Mr. Edmund C. Stanton, then the manager of our Opera House, would give the tableau, and so would present Weber's work as Weber wrote it. In Germany, managers have been careless about the matter, important as it is, and usually cut the tableau quite out. Luckily, Mr. Seidl, Mr. Alvary, Madame Lehmann (who sang the great rôle of *Euryanthe* for the first time), Madame Brandt, and Mr. Stanton were all of one mind. The tomb-scene was given, and nobody who ever attended those representations will forget the effect of it, external detail as it was in a presentation of the highest musical and dramatic force. It was one of the many instances of the good conscience toward art that entered into those Metropolitan seasons of old. Boston is not far from New York, and I should suppose reference-books were almost superfluous in so accomplished a reviewer's library. I am puzzled, therefore, to understand what is Mr. Apthorp's authority for the following:

Of the Tomb-Tableau in Weber's "Euryanthe."

> Now we come upon one of the most originally poetic episodes in all Weber. The passage is borrowed from the scene in the forest in the second act of the opera. In slow *Largo* [sic] eight violins *soli e con sordini* play the most mysterious sustained harmonies in scarcely audible *pianissimo*—the violas soon entering beneath them with a subdued *tremolo*, like the soft rustling of leaves.

The opera season in Chicago seems to have pleased the discerning of that city, as so strong a stellar organization certainly could be expected to do. But the audiences have not been proportionately large. Next Monday evening brings the opening of the Metropolitan official season. Many of Mr. Grau's singers are already with us, and the rest are on their winding way as I write. In Chicago, Mr. Ernest Van Dyk has been the most potent attraction. A portrait on this page presents him in one of his lighter parts—*Lionel* in "Martha." E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

Opera in Chicago




THE success of "Im Weissen Rössl" (at the White Horse Inn), Blumenthal & Kadelburg's latest farce, at the Irving Place Theatre, is an apt illustration of the fact that a true convention is more serviceable than a false one, even in the least legitimate field of the drama. A previous farce by the same authors, "Number 9," produced a year ago at Daly's Theatre, turned on one of the commonest false conventions known to the stage. The various men in the play were embarrassed in their marital and other relations by the discovery of those same old amatory episodes. For a proper enjoyment of the farce it was necessary to assume that husbands are not to be expected to be very scrupulous, and that wives and parents-in-law are nuisances generally. The farce was fresh in its machinery—the men-folk had been inveigled into their misdeeds to furnish material for a kinetoscope exhibition that later exhibited in their town; it was brisk and unexpected in its development, and was presented as well as Mr. Daly knew how. Yet it failed. The present farce is antediluvian in comparison, yet its wholesome fun kept the audience in a ripple of delight throughout the evening. The situations come from the love affairs of the inn people and their guests. Everybody is allowed to be genial and wholesome—as people mostly are—and those who show whims and crotchets turn out to be not half bad. In the end all the young people fall happily in love, as young people mostly have done, in spite of *Lysander* and of Shakspere himself, ever since the course of true love was invented; and all the Blumenthal-Kadelburg jokes, of which there were many excellent examples, warm the heart and tickle the diaphragm. This, I take it, is high praise, for there are only a few things in dramatic art more worthy than wholesome and natural amusement.

The Virtue of a True Convention.

To be strictly just, there are a few fresh touches in the piece. One of them is the part of a young woman who lisps so badly that she only dares to say "yes" and "no." She finds her soul's mate in a young fellow who is prematurely bald beneath a jauntily ribboned hat. He teaches her to say "Ich bin dir gut" and "Ich liebe dich" without the shadow of a lisp. Her father (Franz Kierschner) is a dear old scholar, whose stipend is so slender that he



ERNEST VAN DYK,
Tenor, with the Maurice Grau Opera Company.

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Edith Hendee. Bertha Waltzinger. Maud Hollins. Helena Frederick.

QUARTETTE IN "THE JOLLY MUSKETEER," NOW PLAYING AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

has to drink water and forswear tobacco in order that, one summer out of four, he may gratify his passion for travel. By this means he has travelled "almost everywhere"—in German Switzerland, Austrian Switzerland, French Switzerland, and Italian Switzerland. He has missed only the true Switzerland—that is too dear. When his daughter is betrothed to the bald young man, he is given his first glass of champagne, and drinks it with mingled feelings at the thought that each sip costs as much as a kilometre and a half of travel. Herr Direktor Conried and his people deserve all success, for no theatre in town produces so many good plays. Last season they produced seventy-two, and the list includes all kinds, from farces and children's plays to Suderman, Humperdinck, and Ibsen.

An adaptation of "Im Weissen Rössl" will be presented later by Mr. Daniel Frohman.

It has become the duty of this department to accuse two of the most popular theatres in New York of the gravest offence known to the theatrical profession. I mean the offence of indulging in dramatic criticism. The gravity of this cannot be fully appreciated by the unprofessional world. When Mr. Booth founded The Players, he was unwilling to admit his life-long friend, Mr. William Winter, because of Mr. Winter's nefarious connection with the New York *Tribune;* and though the club has always included the American men of letters who are most familiar with the stage, not a mother's son of them is permitted to have his say about contemporary plays and play-actors. At The Lambs, it is said, the mildest-mannered critic that ever cut a throat has not the right to cross the threshold that confronts the bar. Yet the stages of Messrs. Koster & Bial and Messrs. Weber & Fields every year give a dressing down to the most prominent plays and actors of the season; and these gentlemen confront the bar at The Lambs without let or hinderance. They are perhaps in a position similar to that of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," who, to his profound satisfaction, discovered that he had spoken prose all his life without knowing it; but I doubt if they would be as delighted to learn that they have long been our most popular dramatic critics.

The obnoxious Critic.

"Sir Andy de Bootjack," at Koster & Bial's, is notable for the fact that *Mr. Augustin Daly* and *Mr. Richard Mansfield* act as chorus in frock-coats and top hats, and help along the burlesque considerably by wrangling as to their respective rights in the play, and as to what speeches shall go to *Rorziana Rehan* (Josephine Hall) and what to *Sir Andy*. When *Mr. Daly* asks *Sir Andy* to join his company, *Sir Andy* lampoons him with a parody of *Cyrano's* reply to the similar request from *De Guiche*. What, give up my freedom as a man? No, thank you! Submit myself to whims and crotchets? *No, thank you!* Have all my fattest speeches cut out, or put into the mouth of a woman? No, THANK YOU! Theatrical writers have been pretty outspoken as to these points, but for the knock-down blow commend me to the Thirty-fourth Street critics. Some of the charges are so lacking in amenity that it is not possible even to repeat them. Mr. Daly's shortcomings as a manager are well known, but our critical writers have never been sufficiently bold or sufficiently forgetful of his great services to our stage to permit themselves the license of these members of Mr. Daly's own profession. The lack of amenity is, as one might expect, an index to its lack of humor. It flatly failed.

Sir Andy de Bootjack.

"Cyranose de Bric-à-brac," at Weber & Fields's, is as delightfully good-humored as "Sir Andy de Bootjack" was stupid and painful. It is full of rollicking fun, of the kind that could be recognized as coming from Henry B. Smith, even if his name were not on the programme. The baker-poet is *Ragamuffin*, "author of half-baked verses, the only poet who ever had any 'dough.'" Mr. Joseph Weber introduces himself in the part as follows:

Cyranose de Bric-à-brac.

> I am a baker with the soul of a poet,
> And I like at all the theatres to go it.

I don't think that any of the rhymes in Mr. Mansfield's version are worse than that. *Cyranose* is described as a "champion middle-weight duellist, poet, meddler, rubber-neck-and-nose specialist." The part is taken with great spirit by Mr. Lou Fields. "I never enchoy myself," says *Cyrano* in the well-known dialect, "unless I'm being insulted." The duel in verse arises from the fact that he is asked if he is "stuck on" his nose, or if his nose is stuck on him. The duel takes the form of a boxing-match to the accompaniment of a cake-walk. If Mr. Mansfield could see how nearly Mr. Fields's cake-walk tread resembles his own *Cyrano's* airy Gascon carriage, I do not think he could fail to be amused. In the balcony scene, *Cyranose* shouts to *Roxy*, "Come oudt, come oudt, I've got a bunch of langwidges I want to t'row at you!" That is the word for *Cyranose's* speeches—a bunch of langwidges! In the end *Roxy* says to *Cyranose*, "You won't marry me, not even after fourteen years?" *Cyranose* intimates that he is more stuck on his nose than on her, and she waltzes off with the *Count de Peach*, to the audible delight of the women in the audience. Mr. Smith's fun is all so genial and genuine that the lover of *Cyrano* can laugh with the best of consciences.

The virtue of a burlesque is that in some undefinable manner it suggests the atmosphere of the original. A stupid or a malicious take-off is an offence to every artistic sensibility; but a good take-off is not only infinitely amusing, but has a rare poetic delight. For example, in "One More Last Ride Together," and in the sonnet on the two voices—"one is of the deep . . . and one is of an old half-witted sheep, and, Wordsworth, both are thine"—J. K. S[tevens] has given us more of the best quality of Browning and Wordsworth than is to be found in reams of their minor verse. It is only a step from the ridiculous to the sublime. I am not saying that Mr. Smith's "Cyranose" is all as suggestive of the original as the lines I have quoted from it. Much of it is mere buffoonery. But at times it does recreate the atmosphere of the original and comments upon it. In a word, it is true criticism, and criticism of the highest order. I say this even at the risk of imperilling his popularity with the profession.

Song 'n' Dance Criticism.

Such criticism has usually thriven side by side with the arts—even the dramatic art! The earliest criticisms of "Hamlet," for instance, are in plays and poems that did for the Elizabethan theatre much the same service that Weber & Fields's is doing for ours. The satiric phrases that one finds are innumerable, for instance:

> I will not cry *Hamlet, Revenge* my greeves,
> But I will call *Hang-man, Revenge* on thiev

Thomas Lodge tells of an "incarnate divel" who "looks as pale as the Visa[ge] of ye ghost which cried so miserably at ye Theator like an oister wife, *Hamlet, Revenge.*" In Paris, the most artistic modern community, there is a Latin Quarter Theatre that on each New-Year reviews the popular plays of the season with all of the wit and none of the impriety one finds at Weber & Fields's. Wherever there is a truly vigorous theatrical life there will be theatrical criticism. That is one of the many hardships suffered by the most sensitive professions. The only thing they would find more unendurable is that there should be no press notices.

JOHN CORBIN



Harry Macdonough. Jefferson De Angelis.

"THE WAY TO WOO A WOMAN."
Duet in "The Jolly Musketeer."

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THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW—SCENE AT THE ENTRANCE TO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN THE EVENING.—Drawn by H. C. Christy.—[See Page 1165.]

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

XXI.

PRESENTING himself in Buckingham Crescent three days after the Sunday spent at Mertle, Vanderbank found Lady Fanny Cashmore in the act of taking leave of Mrs. Brook, and found Mrs. Brook herself in the state of muffled exaltation that was the mark of all her intercourse—and most of all perhaps of her farewells—with Lady Fanny. This splendid creature gave out, as it were, so little that Vanderbank was freshly struck with all Mrs. Brook could take in, though nothing, for that matter, in Buckingham Crescent, had been more fully formulated than the imperturbable grandeur of this very absence, on the part of the famous beauty, of articulation. Every aspect of the phenomenon had been freely discussed there and endless ingenuity lavished on the question of how exactly it was that so much of what the world would in another case have called complete stupidity could be kept by a mere wonderful face from boring one to death. It was Mrs. Brook who, in this relation as in many others, had arrived at the supreme expression of the law, had thrown off, happily enough, to whomever it might have concerned: "My dear thing, it all comes back, as everything always does, simply to personal pluck. It's only a question, no matter when or where, of having enough. Lady Fanny has the courage of all her silence—so much therefore that it sees her completely through and is what really makes her interesting. Not to be afraid of what may happen to you when you've no more to say for yourself than a steamer without a light—that truly is the highest heroism, and Lady Fanny's greatness is that she is never afraid. She takes the risk every time she goes out—takes, as you may say, her life in her hand. She just turns that glorious mask upon you and practically says: 'No, I won't open my lips—to call it really open—for the forty minutes I shall stay; but I calmly defy you, all the same, to kill me for it.' And we don't kill her—we delight in her; though when either of us watches her in a circle of others it's like seeing a very large blind person in the middle of Oxford Street. One fairly looks about for the police." Vanderbank, before his fellow-visitor withdrew it, had the benefit of the glorious mask in which Mrs. Brook alone showed the stress of thought. Lady Fanny, in the other scale, sat aloft and Olympian, so that though, visibly, much had happened between the two ladies it had all happened only to the hostess. The sense in the air in short was just of Lady Fanny herself, who came to an end like a banquet or a procession. Mrs. Brook left the room with her and, on coming back, was full of it. "She'll go, she'll go!"

"Go where?" Vanderbank appeared to have for the question less attention than usual.

"Well, to the place her companion will propose; probably—like Anna Karénine—to one of the smaller Italian towns."

"Anna Karénine? She isn't a bit like Anna."

"Of course she isn't so clever," said Mrs. Brook. "But that would spoil her. So it's all right."

"I'm glad it's all right," Vanderbank laughed. "But I dare say we shall still have her with us awhile."

"We shall do that, I trust, whatever happens. She'll come up again—she'll remain, I feel, one of those enormous things that fate seems somehow to have given me as the occupation of my odd moments. I don't see," Mrs. Brook added, "what still keeps her on the edge, which isn't an inch wide."

Vanderbank looked, this time, as if he only tried to wonder. "Isn't it *you?*"

Mrs. Brook mused more deeply. "Sometimes I think so. But I don't know."

"Yes, how *can* you, of course, know, since she can't tell you?"

"Oh, if I depended on her telling—!" Mrs. Brook shook out, with this, a sofa cushion or two and sank into the corner she had arranged. The August afternoon was hot and the London air heavy; the room moreover, though agreeably bedimmed, gave out the staleness of the season's end. "If you hadn't come to-day," she went on, "you would have missed me till I don't know when, for we've let the Hovel again—wretchedly, but still we've let it—and I go down on Friday to see that it isn't too filthy. Edward, who's furious at what I've taken for it, had his idea that we should go there this year ourselves."

"And now"—Vanderbank took her up—"that fond fancy has become simply the ghost of a dead thought, a ghost that, in company with a thousand predecessors, haunts the house in the twilight and pops at you out of odd corners."

"Oh, Edward's dead thoughts are indeed a cheerful company and worthy of the perpetual mental mourning we seem to go about in. They're worse than the relations we're always losing without seeming to have any fewer, and I expect every day to hear that the *Morning Post* regrets to have to announce in that line too some new bereavement. The apparitions following the deaths of so many thoughts *are* particularly awful in the twilight, so that at this season, while the day drags and drags, I'm glad to have any one with me who may keep them at a distance."

Vanderbank had not sat down; slowly, familiarly, he turned about. "And where's Nanda?"

"Oh, *she* doesn't help—she attracts rather the worst of the spooks. Edward and Nanda and Harold and I seated together are fairly a case for that—what do you call it?—investigating Society. Deprived of the sweet resource of the Hovel," Mrs. Brook continued, "we shall each, from about the tenth on, forage somehow or other for ourselves. Mitchy perhaps," she added, "will insist on taking us to Baireuth."

"That will be his way, you mean, of foraging for *himself?*"

Mrs. Brook just hesitated. "Unless you should prefer to take it as your own way."

Vanderbank appeared for a moment, obligingly enough, to turn this over, but with the effect of perceiving an objection. "Oh, I'm afraid that I shall have to grind straight through the month, and that by the time I'm free every Ring at Baireuth will certainly have been rung. Is it your idea to take Nanda?" he asked.

She reached out for another cushion. "If it's impossible for you to manage what I suggest, why should that question interest you?"

"My dear woman"—and her visitor dropped into a chair—"do you suppose my interest depends on such poverties as what *I* can manage? You know well enough," he went on in another tone, "why I care for Nanda and inquire about her."

She was perfectly ready. "I know it, but only as a bad reason. Don't be too sure!"

For a moment they looked at each other. "Don't be so sure, you mean, that the elation of it may go to my head? Are you really warning me against vanity?"

"Your 'reallys,' my dear Van, are a little formidable, but it strikes me that, before I tell you, there's something I've a right to ask. Are you 'really' what they call thinking of my daughter?"

"Your asking," Vanderbank returned, "exactly shows the state of your knowledge of the matter. I don't quite see, moreover, why you speak as if I were paying an abrupt and unnatural attention. What have I done the last three months but talk to you about her? What have you done but talk to *me* about her? From the moment you first spoke to me—'monstrously,' I remember you called it—of the difference made in your social life by her finally established, her perpetual, her inexorable participation: from that moment what have we both done but put our heads together over the question of keeping the place tidy, as you called it—or as *I* called it, was it?—for the young female mind?"

Mrs. Brook faced serenely enough the directness of this challenge. "Well, what are you coming to? I spoke of the change in my life, of course; I happen to be so constituted that my life has something to do with my mind and my mind something to do with my talk. Good talk: you know—no one, dear Van, should know better—what part, for me, that plays. Therefore when one has deliberately to make one's talk bad—"

"'Bad'?" Vanderbank, in his amusement, fell back in his chair. "Dear Mrs. Brook, you're too delightful!"

"You know what I mean—stupid, flat, fourth-rate. When one has to take in sail to that degree—and for a perfectly outside reason—there's nothing strange in one's taking a friend sometimes into the confidence of one's irritation."

"Ah," Vanderbank protested, "you do yourself injustice. Irritation hasn't been, for you, the only consequence of the affair."

Mrs. Brook gloomily thought. "No, no—I've had my calmness: the calmness of deep despair. I've seemed to see everything go."

"Oh, how can you say that," her visitor demanded, "when just what we've most been agreed upon so often is the practical impossibility of making any change? Hasn't it seemed as if we really can't overcome conversational habits so thoroughly formed?"

Again Mrs. Brook reflected. "As if our way of looking at things were too serious to be trifled with? I don't know—I think it's only you who have denied our sacrifices, our compromises and concessions. I myself have constantly felt smothered in them. But there it is," she impatiently went on. "What I don't admit is that you've given me ground to take for a proof of your 'intentions' —to use the odious term—your association with me on behalf of the preposterous fiction, as it after all is, of Nanda's blankness of mind."

Vanderbank's head, in his chair, was thrown back; his eyes ranged over the top of the room. "There never has been any mystery about my thinking her—all in her own way—the nicest girl in London. She *is*."

His companion was silent a little. "She is, by all means. Well," she then added, "so far as I may have been alive to the fact of any one's thinking her so, it's not out of place I should mention to you the difference made in my appreciation of it by our delightful little stay at Mertle. My views for Nanda," said Mrs. Brook, "have somehow gone up."

Vanderbank was prompt to show how he could understand it. "So that you wouldn't consider even Mitchy now?"

But his friend took no notice of the question. "The way Mr. Longdon distinguishes her is quite the sort of thing that gives a girl, as Harold says, a 'leg up.' It's awfully curious and has made me think: he isn't anything whatever, as London estimates go, in himself—so that what is it, pray, that makes him, when added on to her, so double Nanda's value? I somehow or other see, through his being known to back her, and through the pretty story of his loyalty to mamma and all the rest of it (oh, if one chose to *work* that!) ever so much more of a chance for her."

Vanderbank's eyes were on the ceiling. "It *is* curious, isn't it?—though I think he's rather more 'in himself,' even for the London estimate, than you quite understand." He appeared to give her time to take this up, but as she said nothing he pursued: "I dare say that if even I now *were* to enter myself it would strike you as too late."

Her attention to this was but indirect. "It's awfully vulgar to be talking about it, but I can't help feeling that something possibly rather big will come of Mr. Longdon."

"Ah, we've talked of that before," said Vanderbank, "and you know you did think something might come even for me."

She continued, however, as if she scarce heard him, to work out her own vision. "It's very true that up to now—"

"Well, up to now?" he asked as she faltered.

She faltered still a little. "I do say the most hideous things. But we *have* said worse, haven't we? Up to now, I mean, he hasn't given her anything. Unless indeed," she mused, "she may have had something without telling me."

Vanderbank went much straighter. "What sort of thing have you in mind? Are you thinking of money?"

"Yes. Isn't it awful?"

"That you should think of it?"

"That I should talk this way." Her friend was apparently not prepared with an assent, and she quickly enough pursued: "If he *had* given her any it would come out somehow in her expenditure. She has tremendous liberty and is very secretive, but still it would come out."

"He wouldn't give her any without letting you know. Nor would she, without doing so," Vanderbank added, "take it."

"Ah," Mrs. Brook quietly said, "she hates me enough for anything."

"That's only your romantic theory."

Once more she appeared not to hear him; she came up suddenly in another place. "Has he given *you* anything?"

Her visitor smiled. "Not so much as a cigarette. I've always my pockets full of them, and *he* never; so he only takes mine. Oh, Mrs. Brook," he continued, "with me too—though I've also tremendous liberty!—it would come out."

"I think you'd let me know," she returned.

"Yes, I'd let you know."

Silence, upon this, fell between them a little; which Mrs. Brook was the first to break. "She has gone with him this afternoon—by solemn appointment—to the South Kensington Museum."

There was something in Mrs. Brook's dolorous drop that yet presented the news as a portent so great that he was moved again to mirth. "Ah, that's where she is? Then I confess she has scored. He has never taken *me* to the South Kensington Museum."

"You were asking what we're going to do," she went on. "What I meant was—about Baireuth—that the question for Nanda is simplified. He has pressed her so to pay him a visit."

Vanderbank's assent was marked. "I see: so that if you do go abroad she'll be provided for by that engagement."

"And by lots of other invitations."

These were such things as, for the most part, the young man could turn over. "Do you mean you'd let her go alone—?"

"To wherever she's asked?" said Mrs. Brook. "Why not? Don't talk like the Duchess."

Vanderbank seemed for a moment to try not to. "Couldn't Mr. Longdon take her? Why not?"

His friend looked really struck with it. "That *would* be working him. But to a beautiful end!" she meditated. "The only thing would be to get him also asked."

"Ah, but there you are, don't you see? Fancy 'getting' Mr. Longdon anything or anywhere whatever! Don't you feel," Vanderbank threw out, "how the impossibility of exerting that sort of patronage for him immediately places him?"

Mrs. Brook gave her companion one of those fitful glances of almost grateful appreciation with which their intercourse was even at its darkest hours frequently illumined. "As if he were the Primate or the French Ambassador? Yes, you're right—one couldn't do it; though it's very odd and one doesn't quite see why. It does place him. But he becomes thereby, exactly, the very sort of person with whom it would be most of an advantage for her to go about. What a pity," Mrs. Brook sighed, "he doesn't know more people!"

"Ah well, we *are*, in our way, bringing that to pass. Only we mustn't rush it. Leave it to Nanda herself." Vanderbank presently added; on which his companion so manifestly left it that she touched, after a moment's silence, on quite a different matter.

"I dare say he'd tell *you*—wouldn't he?—if he were to give her any considerable sum."

She had only obeyed his injunction, but he stared at the length of her jump. "He might attempt to do so, but I shouldn't at all like it." He was moved immediately to drop this branch of the subject and, apparently to help himself, take up another. "Do you mean she understands he has asked her down for a regular long stay?"

Mrs. Brook barely hesitated. "She understands, I think, that what I expect of her is to make it as long as possible."

Vanderbank laughed out—as it was even after ten years still possible to laugh—at the childlike innocence with which her voice could invest the hardest teachings of life, then with something a trifle nervous in the whole sound and manner he sprang up from his chair. "What a blessing he is to us all!"

"Yes, but think what we must be to *him*."

"An immense interest, no doubt." He took a few aimless steps and, stooping over a basket of flowers, inhaled it with violence, almost buried his face. "I dare say we *are* interesting."

He had spoken rather vaguely, but Mrs. Brook knew exactly why. "We render him no end of a service. We keep him in touch with old memories."

Vanderbank had reached one of the windows, shaded, from without, by a great striped sun-blind, beneath which and between the flower-pots of the balcony he could see a stretch of hot, relaxed street. He looked a minute at these things. "I do so like your phrases!"

She had a pause that challenged his tone. "Do you call mamma a 'phrase'?"

He went off again, quite with extravagance, but quickly, leaving the window, pulled himself up. "I dare say we *must* put things for him—he does it, cares or is able to do it, so little himself."

"Precisely. He just quietly acts. That's his nature, dear thing. We must *let* him act."

Vanderbank seemed to stifle again too vivid a sense of her particular emphasis. "Yes, yes—we must let him." ess pursued, "from finding the fun of a whole month at Though it won't prevent Nanda, I imagine," his hostBeccles—or whatever she puts in—not exactly fast and furious."

Vanderbank had the look of measuring what the girl might "put in." "The place will be quiet, of course, but when a person's so fond of a person—!"

"As she is of him, you mean?"

He hesitated. "Yes. Then it's all right."

"She *is* fond of him, thank God!" said Mrs. Brook.

He was before her now with the air of a man who had suddenly determined on a great blind leap. "Do you know what he has done? He wants me so to marry her that he has proposed a definite basis."

* Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

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Mrs. Brook got straight up. "'Proposed'? To *her?*"

"No, I don't think he has said a word to Nanda—in fact I'm sure that, very properly, he doesn't mean to. But he spoke to me on Sunday night at Mertle—I had a big talk with him there alone, very late, in the smoking-room." Mrs. Brook's stare was serious, and Vanderbank now went on as if the sound of his voice helped him to meet it. "We had things out very much and his kindness was extraordinary—he's the most beautiful old boy that ever lived. I don't know, now that I come to think of it, if I'm within my rights in telling you—and of course I shall immediately let him know that I *have* told you; but I feel I can't arrive at any respectable sort of attitude in the matter without taking you into my confidence—which is really what I came here to-day to do, though till this moment I've funked it."

It was either, as her friend chose to think it, an advantage or a drawback of intercourse with Mrs. Brook that her face being at any moment charged with the woe of the world, it was unavoidable to remain rather in the dark as to the effect of particular strokes. There was therefore something in Vanderbank's present study of the signs that showed he had had to learn to feel his way and had more or less mastered the trick. That she had turned a little pale was really the one fresh mark. "'Funked' it? Why in the world—?" His own color deepened at her accent, which was a sufficient light on his having been stupid. "Do you mean you've declined the arrangement?"

He only, with a smile somewhat strained, continued for a moment to look at her; clearly, however, at last feeling, and not much caring, that he got in still deeper. "You're magnificent. You're magnificent."

Her lovely gaze widened out. "*Comment donc?* Where—why? You *have* declined her?" she went on. After which, as he replied only with a slow head-shake that seemed to say it was not, for the moment, all so simple as that, she had one of the inspirations to which she was constitutionally subject. "Do you imagine I want you for myself?"

"Dear Mrs. Brook, you're so admirable," he answered, laughing, "that if by any chance you did, upon my honor I don't see how I should be able not to say 'All right.'" Then he spoke more gravely. "I was shy of really bringing out to you what has happened to me, for a reason that I have of course to look in the face. Whatever you want for yourself, for Nanda you want Mitchy."

"I see, I see." She did full justice to his explanation. "And what did you say about a 'basis'? The blessed man offers to settle—?"

"You're a wonderful woman," her visitor returned, "and your imagination takes its fences in a way that, when I'm out with you, quite puts mine to shame. When he mentioned it to me I was quite surprised."

"And I," Mrs. Brook asked, "am not surprised a bit? Isn't it only," she modestly suggested, "because I've taken him in more than you? Didn't you know he *would?*" she quavered.

Vanderbank thought, or at least pretended to. "Make *me* the condition? How could I be sure of it?"

But the point of his question was lost for her in the growing light. 'Oh then, the condition's you only—?"

"That, at any rate, is all I have to do with. He's ready to settle if I'm ready to do the rest."

"To propose to her straight, you mean?" She waited, but as he said nothing she went on: "And you're not ready. Is that it?"

"I'm taking my time."

"Of course you know," said Mrs. Brook, "that she'd jump at you."

He turned away from her now, but after some steps came back. "Then you do admit it."

She hesitated. "To *you*."

He had a strange faint smile. "Well, as I don't speak of it—!"

"No—only to me. What is it he settles?" Mrs. Brook demanded.

"I can't tell you."

"You didn't ask?"

"On the contrary—I stopped him off."

"Oh then," Mrs. Brook exclaimed, "that's what I call declining!"

The words appeared for an instant to strike her companion. "Is it? Is it?" he almost musingly repeated. But he shook himself the next moment free of his wonder, was more what would have been called in Buckingham Crescent on the spot. "Isn't there rather something in my having thus thought it my duty to warn you that I'm definitely his candidate?"

Mrs. Brook turned impatiently away. "You've certainly—with your talk about 'warning'—the happiest expressions!" She put her face into the flowers as he had done just before; then as she raised it: "What kind of a monster are you trying to make me out?"

"My dear lady"—Vanderbank was prompt—"I really don't think I say anything but what's fair. Isn't it just my loyalty to you, in fact, that in this case has positively strained my discretion?"

She shook her head in mere mild despair. "'Loyalty' again is exquisite. The tact of men has a charm quite its own. And you're rather good," she continued, "as men go."

His laugh was now a little awkward, as if she had already succeeded in making him uncomfortable. "I always become aware with you sooner or later that they don't go at all—in your sense; but how am I, after all, so far out if you *have* put your money on another man?"

"You keep coming back to that?" she wearily sighed.

He thought a little. "No then. You've only to tell me not to, and I'll never speak of it again."

"You'll be in an odd position for speaking of it if you do really go in. You deny that you've declined," said Mrs. Brook; "which means then that you've allowed our friend to hope."

Vanderbank met it bravely. "Yes, I think he hopes."

"And imparts his hope to my child?"

This arrested the young man, but only for a moment. "I've the most perfect faith in his wisdom with her. I trust the delicacy of his tenderness. He cares more for her," he presently added, "even than we do."

Mrs. Brook gazed away at the infinite of space. "'We,' my dear Van," she at last returned, "is one of your own real, wonderful touches. But there's something in what you say: I *have*, as between ourselves—between me and him—been backing Mitchy. That is I've been saying to him 'Wait, wait: don't, at any rate, do anything else.' Only it's just from the depth of my thought for my daughter's happiness that I've clung to this resource. He would so absolutely, so unreservedly, do anything for her." She had reached now, with her extraordinary self-control, the pitch of quiet, bland demonstration. "I want the poor thing, *que diable*, to have another string to her bow and another loaf, for her desolate old age, on the shelf. When everything else is gone Mitchy will still be there. Then it will be at least her own fault—!" Mrs. Brook continued. "What can relieve me of the primary duty of taking precautions," she wound up, "when I know as well as that I stand here and look at you—"

"Yes, what?" he asked as she just paused.

"Why, that so far as they count on you, they count, my dear Van, on a blank." Holding him a minute as with the soft, low voice of his fate, she sadly but firmly shook her head. "You won't do it."

"Oh!" he almost too loudly protested.

"You won't do it," she went on.

"I *say!*"—he made a joke of it.

"You won't do it," she repeated.

It was as if he could not at last but show himself really struck; yet what he exclaimed on was what might in truth most have impressed him. "You *are* magnificent, really!"

"Mr. Mitchett!" the butler, appearing at the door, almost familiarly dropped; on which Vanderbank turned straight to the person announced.

Mr. Mitchett was there, and, anticipating Mrs. Brook in receiving him, her companion passed it straight on. "She's magnificent!"

Mitchy was already all interest. "Rather! But what's her last?"

It had been, though so great, so subtle, as they said in Buckingham Crescent, that Vanderbank scarce knew how to put it. "Well, she's so thoroughly superior."

"Oh, *à qui le dites-vous?*" Mitchy cried as he greeted her.

## XXII.

The subject of this eulogy had meanwhile returned to her sofa, where she received the homage of her new visitor. "It's not I who am magnificent, a bit—it's dear Mr. Longdon. I've just had from Van the most wonderful piece of news about him—his announcement of his wish to make it worth somebody's while to marry my child."

"'Make it'?"—Mitchy stared. "But *isn't* it?"

"My dear friend, you must ask Van. Of course you've always thought so. But I must tell you, all the same," Mrs. Brook went on, "that I'm delighted."

Mitchy had seated himself, but Vanderbank remained erect and became perhaps even slightly stiff. He was not angry—none of the inner circle at Buckingham Crescent was ever angry—but he looked grave and rather troubled. "Even if it *is* decidedly fine"—he addressed his hostess straight—"I can't make out, however, quite why you're doing *this*. I mean immediately making it known."

"Ah, but what do we keep from Mitchy?" Mrs. Brook asked.

"What *can* you keep? It comes to the same thing," Mitchy said. "Besides, here we are together, share and share alike—one beautiful intelligence. Mr. Longdon's 'somebody' is of course Van. Don't try to treat me as an outsider."

Vanderbank looked a little foolishly, though it was but the shade of a shade, from one of them to the other. "I think I've been rather an ass!"

"What then, by the terms of our friendship—just as Mitchy says—can he and I have a better right to know and to feel with you about? You will want, Mitchy, won't you?" Mrs. Brook went on, "to hear all about *that.*"

"Oh, I only mean," Vanderbank explained, "in having just now blurted my tale out to you. However, I of course do know," he pursued to Mitchy, "that whatever is really between us will remain between us. Let me then tell you myself exactly what's the matter." The length of his pause, after these words, showed at last that he had stopped short; on which his companions, as they waited, exchanged a sympathetic look. They waited another minute, and then he dropped into a chair, where, leaning forward, his elbows on the arms and his gaze attached to the carpet, he drew out the silence. Finally he looked at Mrs. Brook. "*You* make it clear."

The appeal called up for some reason her most infantine manner. "I don't think I *can*, dear Van—really *clear*. You know, however, yourself," she continued to Mitchy, "enough, by this time, about Mr. Longdon and mamma."

"Oh, rather!" Mitchy laughed.

"And about mamma and Nanda."

"Oh, perfectly: the way Nanda reminds him, and the 'beautiful loyalty' that has made him take such a fancy to her. But I've already embraced the facts—you needn't dot any i's." With another glance at his fellow-visitor Mitchy jumped up and stood there florid. "He has offered you money to marry her." He said this to Vanderbank as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Oh *no*," Mrs. Brook interposed with promptitude: "he has simply let him know before any one else that the money is there *for* Nanda, and that therefore—"

"First come, first served?"—Mitchy had already taken her up. "I see, I see. Then, to make her sure of the money," he inquired of Vanderbank, "you *must* marry her?"

"If it depends upon that, she'll never get it," Mrs. Brook returned. "Dear Van will think, conscientiously, a lot about it, but he won't do it."

"Won't you, Van, really?" Mitchy asked from the hearth-rug.

"Never, never. We shall be very kind to him, we shall help him, hope and pray for him, but we shall be at the end," said Mrs. Brook, "just where we are now. Dear Van will have done his best, and we shall have done ours. Mr. Longdon will have done his—poor Nanda, even, will have done hers. But it will all have been in vain. However," Mrs. Brook continued to expound, "she'll probably have the money. Mr. Longdon will surely consider that she'll want it if she doesn't marry still more than if she does. So we shall be *so* much at least," she wound up—"I mean Edward and I and the child will be—to the good."

Mitchy, for an equal certainty, required but an instant's thought. "Oh, there can be no doubt about *that*. The things about which your mind may now be at ease—!" he cheerfully exclaimed.

"It does make a great difference!" Mrs. Brook comfortably sighed. Then in a different tone: "What dear Van will find at the end that he can't face will be, don't you see? just this fact of appearing to have accepted a bribe. He won't want, on the one hand—out of kindness for Nanda—to have the money suppressed; and yet he won't want to have the pecuniary question mixed up with the matter—to look, in short, as if he had had to be paid. He's like you, you know—he's proud; and it will be there we shall break down."

Mitchy had been watching his friend, who, a few minutes before perceptibly embarrassed, had now recovered himself and, at his ease, though still perhaps with a smile a trifle strained, leaned back and let his eyes play everywhere but over the faces of the others. Vanderbank evidently wished now to show a good-humored detachment.

"See here," Mitchy said to him: "I remember your once submitting to me a case of some delicacy."

"Oh, he'll submit it to you—he'll submit it even to *me*," Mrs. Brook broke in. "He'll be charming, touching, confiding—above all he'll be awfully *interesting* about it. But he'll make up his mind in his own way, and his own way won't be to accommodate Mr. Longdon."

Mitchy continued to study their companion in the light of these remarks, then turned upon his hostess his sociable glare. "Splendid, isn't it, the old boy's infatuation with him?"

Mrs. Brook just hesitated. "From the point of view of the immense interest it—just now, for instance—makes for you and me? Oh yes, it's one of our best things yet. It places him a little with Lady Fanny—'He will, he won't; he won't, he will!' Only, to be perfect, it lacks, as I say, the element of real suspense."

Mitchy frankly wondered. "It does, you think? Not for me—not wholly." He turned again, quite pleadingly, to their friend. "I hope it doesn't for yourself totally either?"

Vanderbank, cultivating his detachment, made at first no more reply than if he had not heard, and the others meanwhile showed faces that testified perhaps less than their respective speeches had done to the absence of anxiety. The only token he immediately gave was to get up and approach Mitchy, before whom he stood a minute, laughing kindly enough, but not altogether gayly. As if then for a better proof of gayety he presently seized him by the shoulders and, still without speaking, pushed him backward into the chair he himself had just quitted. Mrs. Brook's eyes, from the sofa, while this went on, attached themselves to her visitors. It took Vanderbank, as he moved about and his companions waited, a minute longer to produce what he had in mind. "What *is* splendid, as we call it, is this extraordinary freedom and good-humor of our intercourse and the fact that we do care—so independently of our personal interests, with so little selfishness or other vulgarity—to get at the idea of things. The beautiful specimen Mrs. Brook had just given me of that," he continued to Mitchy, "was what made me break out to you about her when you came in." He spoke to one friend, but he looked at the other. "What's really 'superior' in her is that, though I suddenly show her an interference with a favorite plan, her personal resentment is nothing—all she wants is to see what may really happen, to take in the truth of the case and make the best of that. She offers me the truth, as she sees it, about myself, and with no nasty elation if it does chance to be the truth that suits her best. It was a charming, charming stroke."

Mitchy's appreciation was no bar to his amusement. "You're wonderfully right about us. But still it was a stroke!"

If Mrs. Brook was less diverted she followed perhaps more closely. "If you do me so much justice then, why did you put to me such a cold, cruel question?—I mean when you so oddly challenged me on my handing on your news to Mitchy. If the principal beauty of our effort to live together is—and quite according to your own eloquence—in our sincerity, I simply obeyed the impulse to do the sincere thing. If we're not sincere, we're nothing."

"Nothing!"—it was Mitchy who first responded. "But we *are* sincere."

"Yes, we *are* sincere," Vanderbank presently said. "It's a great chance for us not to fall below ourselves; no doubt, therefore, we shall continue to *planer*. We pay for it, people who don't like us say, in our self-consciousness—"

"But people who don't like us," Mitchy broke in, "don't matter. Besides, how can we be properly conscious of each other—?"

"That's it!"—Vanderbank completed his idea: "without my finding myself, for instance, in you and Mrs. Brook? We see ourselves reflected—we're conscious of the charming whole. I thank you," he pursued after an instant to Mrs. Brook—"I thank you for your sincerity."

It was an affair sometimes really to hold her eyes, but they had, it must be said for her, their steady moments. She exchanged with Vanderbank a somewhat remarkable look, then, with an art of her own, broke short off without appearing to drop him. "The thing is, don't you think?"—she appealed to Mitchy—"for us not to be so awfully clever as to make it believed that we can never be simple. We mustn't see *too* tremendous things—even in each other." She quite lost patience with the danger she glanced at. "We *can* be simple!"

"We *can*, by God!" Mitchy laughed.

"Well, we are now—and it's a great comfort to have it settled," said Vanderbank.

"Then you see," Mrs. Brook returned, "what a mistake you would make to see abysses of subtlety in my having been merely natural."

"We *can* be natural," Mitchy declared.

"We can, by God!" Vanderbank laughed.

Mrs. Brook had turned to Mitchy. "I just wanted you to know. So I spoke. It's not more complicated than that. As for *why* I wanted you to know—"

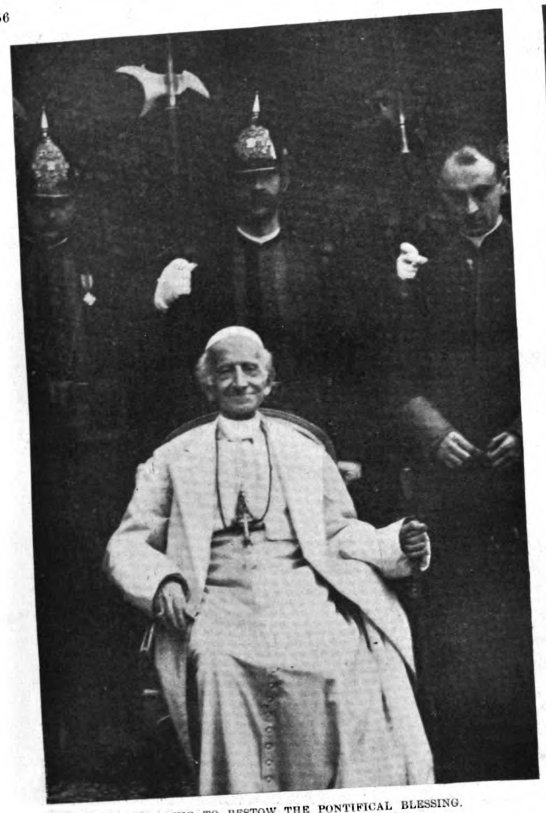
"What better reason could there be," Mitchy interrupted, "than your being filled to the finger-tips with the sense of how I would want it myself, and of the misery, the absolute pathos, of my being left out? Fancy, my dear chap"—he had only to put it to Van—"my *not* knowing!"

Vanderbank evidently couldn't fancy it, but he said quietly enough: "I should probably have told you myself."

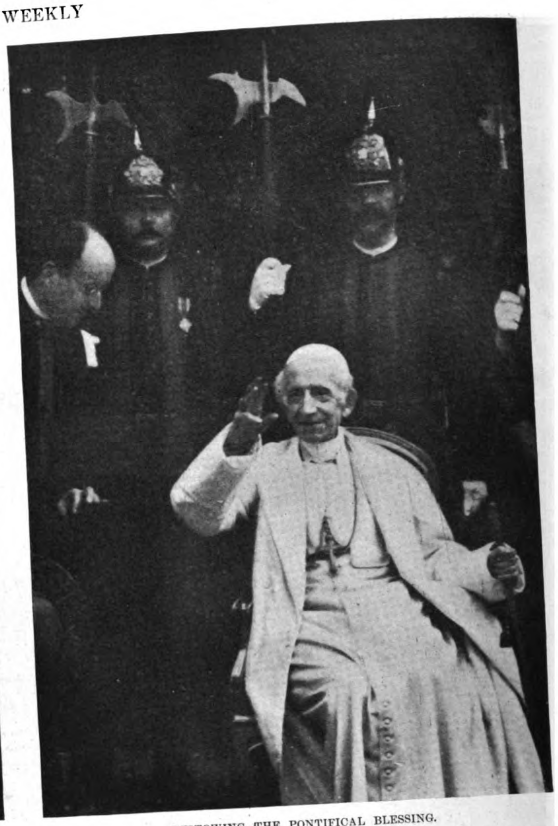
"Well, what's the difference?"

"Oh, there *is* a difference," Mrs. Brook loyally said. Then she opened an inch or two, for Vanderbank, the

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door of her dim radiance. "Only I should have thought it a difference for the better. Of course," she added, "it remains absolutely with us three alone, and don't you already feel from it the fresh charm—with it here between us—of our being together?"

It was as if each of the men had waited for the other to assent better than he himself could, and Mitchy then, as Vanderbank failed, had gracefully, to cover him, changed the subject. "But isn't Nanda, the person most interested, to know?"

Vanderbank gave, on this, a strange sound of hilarity. "*Il ne manquerait plus que cela!*"

It produced, for a few seconds, something like a chill, a chill that had for consequence a momentary pause, which in its turn added weight to the words next uttered. "It's not I who shall tell her," Mrs. Brook said gently and gravely. "There!—you may be sure. If you want a promise, it's a promise. So that if Mr. Longdon's silent," she went on, "and you are, Mitchy, and I am, how in the world shall she have a suspicion?"

"You mean of course except by Van's deciding to mention it himself."

Van might have been, from the way they looked at him, some beautiful unconscious object, but Mrs. Brook was quite ready to answer. "Oh, poor man, *he'll* never breathe."

"I see. So there we are."

To this discussion the subject of it had for the time nothing to contribute, even when Mitchy, rising with the words he had last uttered from the chair in which he had been placed, took, sociably, as well, on the hearth-rug, a position before their hostess. This move ministered, apparently, only to Vanderbank's silence, for it was still without speaking that, after a little, he turned away from his friend and dropped once more into the same seat. "I've shown you already, you of course remember," Vanderbank presently said to him, "that I'm perfectly aware of how much better Mrs. Brook would like *you* for the position."

"He thinks I want *him* myself," Mrs. Brook blandly explained.

She was indeed, as they always thought her, "wonderful," but she was perhaps not even now so much so as Mitchy found himself able to be. "But how would you lose old Van—even at the worst?" he earnestly asked of her.

She just hesitated. "What do you mean by the worst?"

"Then even at the best," Mitchy smiled. "In the event of his falsifying your prediction; which, by-the-way, has the danger, hasn't it?—I mean for your intellectual credit—of making him, as we all used to be called by our nurse-maids, 'contrary.'"

"Oh, I've thought of that," Mrs. Brook returned. "But he won't do, on the whole, even for the sweetness of spiting me, what he won't want to do. *I* haven't said I should lose him," she went on; "that's only the view he himself takes—or, to do him perfect justice, the idea he candidly imputes to me; though without, I imagine—for I don't go so far as that—attributing to me anything so unutterably *bête* as a feeling of jealousy."

"You wouldn't dream of my supposing anything inept of you," Vanderbank said on this, "if you understood to the full how I kept on admiring you. Only what stupefies me a little," he continued, "is the extraordinary critical freedom—or we may call it if we like the high intellectual detachment—with which we discuss a question touching you, dear Mrs. Brook, so nearly and engaging so your most private and most sacred sentiments. What are we playing with, after all, but the idea of Nanda's happiness?"

"Oh, I'm not playing!" Mrs. Brook declared with a little rattle of emotion

"She's not playing."—Mr. Mitchett gravely confirmed it. "Don't you feel in the very air the vibration of the passion that she's simply too charming to shake at the window as the house-maid shakes the table-cloth or the jingo the flag?" Then he took up what Vanderbank had previously said. "Of course, my dear man, I'm 'aware,' as you just now put it, of everything, and I'm not indiscreet, am I, Mrs. Brook? in admitting for you, as well as for myself, that there *was* an impossibility that you and I used sometimes to turn over together. Only—Lord bless us all!—it isn't as if I hadn't long ago seen that there's nothing at all *for* me."

"Ah, wait, wait!" Mrs. Brook put in.

"She has a theory"—Vanderbank, from his chair, lighted it up for Mitchy, who hovered before them—"that your chance *will* come, later on, after I've given my measure."

"Oh, but that's exactly," Mitchy was quick to respond, "what you'll never do! You'll walk in magnificent mystery 'later on' not a bit less than you do to-day; you'll continue to have the benefit of everything that our imagination, perpetually engaged, often baffled and never fatigued, will continue to bedeck you with. Nanda, in the same way, to the end of all her time, will simply remain exquisite, or genuine, or generous—whatever we choose to call it. It may make a difference to us, who are comparatively vulgar, but what difference will it make to *her* whether you do or you don't decide for her? You can't belong to her more, for herself, than you do already—and that's precisely so much that there's no room for any one else. Where, therefore, without that room, do I come in?"

"Nowhere, I see"—Vanderbank seemed obligingly to muse.

Mrs. Brook had followed Mitchy with marked admiration, but she gave, on this, at Van, a glance that was like the toss of a blossom from the same branch. "Oh then, shall I just go on with you *both?* That *will* be joy!" She had, however, the next thing, a sudden drop, which shaded the picture. "You're so divine, Mitchy, that how can you not, in the long-run, break *any* woman down?"

It was not as if Mitchy was struck—it was only that he was courteous. "What do you call the long-run. Taking about till I'm eighty?"

"Ah, your genius is of a kind to which middle life will be particularly favorable. You'll reap then, somehow, one feels, everything you've sown."

Mitchy still accepted the prophecy only to control it. "Do you call eighty middle-life? Why, my moral beauty, my dear woman—if that's what you mean by my genius—is precisely my curse. What on earth is left for a man just rotten with goodness? It renders necessary the kind of liking that renders *un*necessary anything else."

"Now that *is* cheap paradox!" Vanderbank patiently sighed. "You're down for a fine."

It was with less of the patience perhaps that Mrs. Brook took this up. "Yes, on that we *are* stiff. Five pounds, please."

Mitchy drew out his pocket-book even though he explained. "What I mean is that I don't give out the great thing." With which he produced a crisp bank-note.

"*Don't* you?" asked Vanderbank, who, having taken it from him to hand to Mrs. Brook, held it a moment, delicately, to accentuate the doubt.

"The great thing's the sacred terror. It's you who give *that* out."

"Oh!"—and Vanderbank laid the money on the small stand at Mrs. Brook's elbow.

"Ain't I right, Mrs. Brook?—doesn't he, tremendously, and isn't that, more than anything else, what does it?"

The two again, as if they understood each other, gazed in a unity of interest at their companion, who sustained it with an air clearly intended as the happy mean between embarrassment and triumph. Then Mrs. Brook showed she liked the phrase. "The sacred terror! Yes, one feels it. It *is* that."

"The finest case of it," Mitchy pursued, "that I've ever met. So my moral's sufficiently pointed."

"Oh, I don't think it can be said to be that," Vanderbank returned, "till you've put the whole thing into a box by doing for Nanda what she does most want you to do."

Mitchy caught on without a shade of wonder. "Oh, by proposing to the Duchess for little Aggie?" He took but an instant to turn it over. "Well, I *would* propose, to please Nanda. Only I've never yet quite made out the reason of her wish."

"The reason is largely," his friend answered, "that, being very fond of Aggie, and in fact extremely admiring her, she wants to do something good for her and to keep her from anything bad. Didn't you know—it's too charming—regularly believes in her?"

Mitchy, with all his recognition, vibrated to the touch. "Isn't it too charming?"

"Well then," Vanderbank went on, "she secures for her friend a phœnix like you, and secures for you a phœnix like her friend. It's hard to say for which of you she desires most to do the handsome thing. She loves you both, in short"—he followed it up—"though perhaps, when one thinks of it, the price she puts on you, Mitchy, in the arrangement, is a little the higher. Awfully fine, at any rate—and yet awfully odd too—her feeling for Aggie's type, which is divided by such abysses from her own."

"Ah," laughed Mitchy, "but think then of her feeling for mine!"

Vanderbank still more at his ease now and with his head back, had his eyes aloft and afar. "Oh, there are things in Nanda—!" The others exchanged a glance at this, while their companion added: "Little Aggie's really the sort of creature she would have liked to be able to be."

"Well," Mitchy said, "I should have adored her even if she *had* been able."

Mrs. Brook, for some minutes, had played no audible part, but the acute observer we are constantly taking for granted would perhaps have detected in her, as one of the effects of the special complexion, to-day, of Vanderbank's presence, a certain smothered irritation. "She couldn't possibly have been able," she now interposed, "with so loose—or rather, to express it more properly, with so perverse—a mother."

"And yet, my dear lady," Mitchy promptly reflected, "how, if, in little Aggie's case, the Duchess hasn't prevented—?"

Mrs. Brook was full of wisdom. "Well, it's a different thing. I'm not, as a mother—am I, Van?—bad *enough*. That's what's the matter with me. Aggie, don't you see? is the Duchess's morality, her virtue; which, by having it, that way, outside of you, as one may say, you can make a much better thing of. The child has been for Jane, I admit, a capital little subject, but Jane has kept her on hand and finished her like some wonderful piece of stitching. Oh, as work, it's of a *soigné!* There it is—to show. A woman like me has to be *herself*, poor thing, her virtue and her morality. What will you have? It's our lumbering English plan."

"So that her daughter," Mitchy sympathized, "can only, by the arrangement, hope to become at the best, her immorality and her vice?"

But Mrs. Brook, without an answer for the question, appeared suddenly to have plunged into a sea of thought. "The only way for Nanda to have been *really* nice—"

"Would have been for you to be like Jane?"

Mitchy and his hostess seemed for a minute, on this, to gaze together at the tragic truth. Then she shook her head. "We see our mistakes too late." She repeated the movement, but as if to let it all go, and Vanderbank, meanwhile, pulling out his watch, had got up with a laugh that showed some inattention and made to Mitchy a remark about their walking away together. Mitchy, engaged for the instant with Mrs Brook, had assented only with a nod, but the attitude of the two men had become that of departure. Their friend looked at them as if she would like to keep one of them, and for a purpose connected somehow with the other, but was oddly, almost ludicrously, embarrassed to choose. What was in her face indeed, during this short passage, might prove to have been, should we penetrate, the flicker of a sense that, in spite of all intimacy and amiability, they could, at bottom and as things commonly turned out, only be united against her. Yet she made at the end a sort of choice in going on to Mitchy: "He hasn't at all told you the real reason of Nanda's idea that you should go in for Aggie."

"Oh, I draw the line there," said Vanderbank. "Besides, he understands that too."

Mitchy did, on the spot, himself and every one justice. "Why, it just disposes of me, doesn't it?"

Vanderbank, restless now and turning about the room, stopped, on this, with a smile for Mrs. Brook. "We understand too well!"

"Not if he doesn't understand," she replied after a moment, while she turned to Mitchy, "that his real 'combination' can, in the nature of the case, only be—"

"Oh yes"—Mitchy took her straight up—"with the young thing who is, as you say, positively and helplessly modern, and the pious fraud of whose classic identity with a sheet of white paper has been—oh tacitly, of course, but none the less practically—dropped. You've so often reminded me. I do understand. If I were to go in for Aggie it would only be to oblige. The modern girl, the product of our hard London facts, and of her inevitable consciousness of them, just as they are—she, wonderful being, *is*, I fully recognize, my real affair, and I'm not ashamed to say that when I like the individual I'm not afraid of the type. She knows too much—I don't say; but she doesn't know, after all, a millionth part of what *I* do."

"I'm not sure!" Mrs. Brook earnestly exclaimed.

He had rung out, and he kept it up, with a limpidity unusual. "And product for product, when you come to that, I'm a queerer one myself than any other. The traditions *I* smash!" Mitchy laughed.

Mrs. Brook had got up and Vanderbank had gone again to the window. "That's exactly why," she returned; "you're a pair of monsters and your monstrosity fits. She does know too much," she added.

"Well," said Mitchy, with resolution, "it's all my fault."

"Not *all*—unless," Mrs. Brook returned, "that's only a sweet way of saying that it's mostly mine."

"Oh, yours too—immensely; in fact every one's. Even Edward's, I dare say; and certainly, unmistakably, Harold's. Ah, and Van's own—rather!" Mitchy continued; "for all he turns his back and will have nothing to say to it."

It was on the back Vanderbank turned that Mrs. Brook's eyes now rested. "That's precisely why he shouldn't be afraid of her."

He faced straight about. "Oh, I don't deny my part." He shone at them brightly enough, and Mrs. Brook thoughtful, wistful, candid, took in for a moment the radiance. "And yet to think that after all it has been mere *talk!*"

Something in her tone again made her hearers laugh out; so it was still with the air of good-humor that Vanderbank rejoined: "Mere, mere, mere. But perhaps it's exactly the 'mere' that has made us range so wide."

Mrs. Brook's intelligence abounded. "You mean that we haven't had the excuse of passion?"

Her companions once more gave way to gayety, but "There you are!" Vanderbank said, after an instant, less sociably. With it too he held out his hand.

"You *are* afraid," she answered as she gave him her own; on which, as he made no rejoinder, she held him before her. "Do you mean you *really* don't know if she gets it?"

"The money, if he *doesn't* go in?"—Mitchy broke, almost with an air of responsibility, into Vanderbank's silence. "Ah, but, as we said, surely—!"

It was Mitchy's eyes that Vanderbank met. "Yes, I should suppose she gets it."

"Perhaps then, as a compensation, she'll even get *more*—!"

"If I don't go in? Oh!" said Vanderbank. And he changed color.

He was by this time off, but Mrs. Brook kept Mitchy a moment. "Now—by that suggestion—he has something to show. He won't go in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE MOST NAILING BAD SHOT IN CREATION.

### A Story of the Indian Mutiny.

BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

This, again, is one of poor Craddock's stories, which he told me when we were stretching a steel-edged ribbon of rail across shifting sand hills; that ribbon uniting West to East, on which, a few years later, he met his death in trying to rid the permanent way of something which Fate decreed should be permanently in the way.

It happened in mutiny-time. He was serving as a volunteer in one of the breastworks, which, as the long hot-weather months dragged by, began to seam and scar the face of the red rocks of the Ridge at Delhi, creeping nearer and nearer to the red face of the city wall.

And with him, as the catch-phrase runs, "lay" Joe Banks, the Yorkshireman—tall, stolid, silent. Good-looking also, with a thick close crop of curly fair hair and hard, honest blue eyes. He was not stupid, by any means, only phenomenally silent, except when the talk turned on women, and then, as Craddock put it tersely, he "damned free," perhaps because, as the latter worthy used to add, with a suspicion of sympathy in his drink-blurred face, he had "cared a sight deal too much for one woman to 'ave much likin' left for the lot."

To one side of the breastwork lay a dry ravine, where, every day, the vipers used to sun themselves on the hot red rocks. Just across it, within range, rose a small Mohammedan shrine amid sparse brushwood, which thickened a bit till it was barred by the ruined wall of a garden, where the slow oxen circled round the well, sending runnels of slippery-looking water to the scented shade of citrons, roses, and mangoes, heedless of the spent cannon-balls which sometimes came trundling like playthings down the wide walks. Not often, though, for the stress of strife lay at the other angle of the breastwork, which faced the city wall.

Still, those who came to smoke a hard-earned pipe in what was the safest spot in the outpost soon found that the pious-looking shrine, the peaceful-looking garden, were not always so innocent as they looked. In the dusk of dark or dawn they were tenanted by what, after a time, the men agreed to call the "most nailin'" bad shot in creation.

"The direction wasn't, so to speak, so bad, sir," Craddock used to explain to me. "'E'd about 'ave 'it the sea serpent for length; it was the elevation which, as Bull's Eyes said—savin' your presence, sir—was d——ficient. The top of the Monument was about in it, sir; an' that was why the only feller as really use' langwidge was Joey Banks, for 'e was a 'end and shoulders 'igher than the lot o' us."

So when, in the dark, a flash used to glimmer for a second among the brushwood like a fire-fly, the men learnt to sing out, "That's for you, Joey," "Duck, my darlin', duck," and other witticisms of that kind, until the big Yorkshireman's face darkened beyond jesting-point: for he had the devil's own temper when roused. It was this, he had the devil's own temper when roused. It was this, joined to his extreme good looks and a somewhat hazy recollection of the Bible and the classics among the volunteers, which earned him the name of Apollyon. So to soothe him some of the wilder spirits would organize a

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charge over the ravine, scattering perhaps a few drowsy adders which had forgotten to go to bed, but nothing else. The blind old fakeer in the shrine was always fast asleep, the bullocks in the garden circling slowly, driven by a drowsy lad curled up behind them.

So the days passed, and, despite practice, the "Most Nailin' Bad Shot" shot badly as ever. The odds, however, as the men pointed out gravely to Apollyon, kept on improving, so that sooner or later there must be a "casoolty" in the garrison of No. 1 Outpost. Joey, too, would get careless; he wouldn't stoop enough, etc., etc. And, sure enough, one evening, just as the moonlight was gaining on the daylight, and Joey Banks had risen to his full height—in a huff because Craddock for once had sided against him in the perennial argument as to whether it was worth while fighting for women who didn't know what they would be at and hadn't the pluck of a mouse—one of the fire-fly flashes was followed by a sudden clapping of the giant's hands to the very crown of his head.

"We looked, sir," Craddock used to say gravely, with that reminiscent biblical knowledge of his which had doubtless supplied the name Apollyon, "for 'im to fall dead, as 'e deserve rich, for 'e'd bin damnin' uncommon free, sir. But 'e only usc' it worse. And then, savin' your presence, sir, we see that 'e'd 'ad, so ter speak, a narrer-gauge line laid down thro' 'is jungle—right through 'is curls, sir. Lordy! 'ow we laughed! It was a lady, we told 'm, as wanted some locks, an' nó mistake. It sorter made 'im mad, for 'e just stooped and gathered the lot—bein' fair, you could see it shinin' in the dust—together. 'She shall 'ave 'em, never fear,' 'e says, quiet like. 'Yes! the person who fired that shot shall 'ave more o' my 'air than he reckon for.'"

Just at that moment, however, one of those sudden alarms which, for three months, kept the men and officers before Delhi on the alert by day and night, broke up the company, and so Joe Banks's loss passed out of most minds. Except his own, of course. It lingered there, aided by that narrow-gauge over his brain, on which the cool night wind blew pleasantly.

So when the alarm passed, instead of coming back to rest, he crept out surreptitiously by the back of the breastwork—for such sorties were strictly out of order—and so by a slant downwards across the ravine. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and he caught the sparkle of many a deadly pair of eyes among the rocks. But he was in no mood to step aside from any danger, and, once beyond fear of recall, he strode along straight, as if the whole place belonged to him; it might have, for all the opposition he got. The fakeer was asleep, as usual, the oxen circling round the well, and in the scented shade of the roses and citrons he could find nothing save some drowsy birds, who fluttered and twittered helplessly as his tall head forced a way through the thickets.

Feeling ill-used, he set his face back towards the breastwork, until the extraordinary peace of the moonlit scene—which, as Craddock asserted, used in the interval of onslaught to make the beleaguered city look like the New Jerusalem—brought him to a standstill: first to look, then to take out his pipe, finally to sit on a rock and think vaguely of the Yorkshire wolds, and of some one, no doubt, who had not had the courage of her convictions; for after a bit he murmured, "She were a right down coward—that's where it is, aw'm thinkin'."

He had not much time for reflection, however, for at that moment there was a flash, a crack, and something whizzed past his left ear. The "Most Nailin' Bad Shot" was better at close quarters! His blood was up in a second, and without pausing to pick up his musket, which he had laid aside, he was off to the spot whence the flash had come. And there! *Whoop, forward! Gone away!* was his quarry for sure, running like a hare for some hiding-place, no doubt, among the rocks. It might have been reached, for rumor tells of many secret passages between palaces inside the city and gardens without, but for a true-lovers' knot of vipers which refused to budge from the path, which made the flying figure give a screech, and the flying feet, in their effort to overleap it, miss footing and fall.

The next instant Joe Banks was on it as it lay, conscious even in his hurry that what he gripped was something young and soft. A boy, no doubt—devil's spawn!

"Aw'm goan ter choak ye on t' hair," he said, grimly. "Open yer domned mouth. D'ye hear?"

It was almost as if the prostrate figure understood; but the next instant a set of gleaming white teeth had closed like a squirrel's round Joe Banks's first finger. He let off an echoing yell to the previous screech, and an oddly satisfied smile came to the fierce little face he could scarcely see for his big hand. It was an oval face, smooth as a girl's.

"That's nowt to Joey Banks, lad; he can kill anoother waay," he growled savagely, as he shifted a knee to pin his prisoner down, loosed his left hand, his right being detained, and deliberately drew out one of the many knives stuck in his enemy's waistband. "Aw'll lay t' hair abun tha' heeart, tha' wriggliu' worm, and driv' it hoam—that aw' wull."

In pursuance of which plan he undid an embroidered satin waistcoat and began to push aside an inner muslin vest. A sniff of musk and roses mingled with the moonlight. "Stinks and bites like a foumart," he muttered. "Son, lie thee still, will tha'? an' tak that to thissen, ma'—Gor amoighty!"

Joe Banks was on his feet; so was his enemy. Both dazed, uncertain. Flight seemed to come uppermost to the latter's thought, until the big man suddenly laughed—a low chuckle of sheer amusement.

"An' t' coom like a wild-cat at Joey Banks—that caps owt!"

The next instant he was grappling with a whirlwind of knives, nails, anything.

"Woa! woa! ma' lass! Hands off, tha' little vixen, till I git a look at tha'!" he said, soothingly, as he prisoned two small hands in one huge fist, and with the other held his adversary almost tenderly at arm's-length. What he saw, as he afterwards described it to Craddock, was just "a mort o' pistols an' pouches."

"Well! well! Aw'm jiggered!" he exclaimed at last, adding, argumentatively, "Whatten iver mad' tha' go fur t' do it, tha' foolish lass?"

Something in his broad, not unkindly rebuke seemed to take the starch out of the "Most Nailin' Bad Shot." It seemed to cower in on itself and become smaller; though, as Joe Banks told himself perplexedly, it had been small enough to begin with.

"Well! aw—aw'm jiggered!" he repeated, more softly. "Whatten made tha' do it, ma' lass?"

The answer was feminine and disconcerting—a sudden storm of tears. So they stood, the quaintest couple in the world, she bristling with cold steel of sorts, he bareheaded in the moonlight, with nothing but his hands for weapons.

"Dunnot," he said, soothingly, not without a certain trepidation. "Aw'm noan goan t' hurt thee, ma' gell. We'm not thaat soort t' womenkind; an' tha's a main pratty gell." Here he laughed softly, a laugh that was lost in a third—

"Well, aw'm *jiggered!*"

He appeared to be so, for he ceased thrusting her from him—she being, indeed, too much engaged with tears to make such cessation dangerous—and passed his hand over his forehead, as if to clear his brain.

"Aw'm noan goan t' hurt tha', ma' lass," he repeated suddenly, as if for his own information; "aw'm nobbut goan t' shame tha' fur tha' badness."

And with that he lifted her right up like a baby, sat down on a neighboring rock, and set her on his knee.

"Thou'rt as light as a feather," he said, almost admiringly. "An' t' coom at Joey Banks like a wild-cat; for sure it caps owt; but thou'rt a bad gell an' mun be shamed. So sit still an' be doon wi' 't."

Once more he might have claimed comprehension, for the "Most Nailin' Bad Shot" sat still, with the half-wicked, half-frightened look of a curious squirrel, as one by one he transferred knives and pistols to his own person. It was rather a lengthy business, by reason of his right hand—the one that had been bitten—being still occupied in prisoning her. Not that she struggled; on the contrary, she sat curiously still, checking even her sobs.

"Now for t' hair," he went on methodically, pulling off the large green turban wound around the small head. He sat half-perturbed and breathless after this was done, and the half-wicked, half-frightened dark eyes watching him seemed to admit a faint smile.

"Whew—w—w!" he said, under his breath; "it's long for sartin sure." It was, and a faint scent of orange blossom assailed him as he loosed the plaits. His hand trembled among them a little and lingered.

"Aw' mun be as good 's ma' word," he muttered—"as Joey Banks's word. See tha' here—sit tha' still, there's a good lass, an' let me hurry up, wilt thou?" There was almost an appeal in his voice, and both hands shook a little as the long black tresses twined themselves about the big fingers like snakes.

"Aw'm noan goan t' hurt—" he was reiterating blindly, when, perhaps fortunately, the whole bewildering face before him relapsed into a mischievous smile, and one small finger pointed derisively to the crown of his head. He flushed up scarlet.

"Thee's nobbut a wicked, bad gell!" he said, fiercely, "an' Joey Banks 'll shame tha'—a bold hussy!" So he set her on her feet and attacked her last bit of masculinity. This was a long green waistband wound round her middle, and which had carried a score or so of pistols, yataghans, and Heaven knows what murderous weapons. Of this portion of the toilet Craddock said it was hard to get Joey Banks to speak at all, and when he did his voice dropped to a whisper and he looked positively scarlet. She was so main slender, he said, that he thought he would never have done unwinding, though after a bit she helped cheerfully by twiddling like a teetotum. At last, however, she stood there, slim, girlish, her long hair shimmering, her dark eyes shining, half with tears, half with smiles.

"'An' then, Joey?' I arst 'im, sir, when 'e sate mumchance," Craddock would say at this period of his recital. "'Aw' out wi' "Fower angels rou-and ma' bed," man, an' a' up wi' her in ma' arms an' a' kissed her face fair an' oft, man—fair and oft, just t' shame her—an' a' runned awaay. Thet's what a' did, aw' runned awaay.' An' maybe, sure's my name's Nathaniel James in 'Oly Baptism, sir, he done a wise thing."

Half-way across the ravine, however, he paused to pick up his musket and look back. The "Most Nailin' Bad Shot in Creation" was standing where he had left her, with her face hidden in her hands. For an instant something tore at his heart, bidding him go back; then he set his teeth with an oath and ran on. Five minutes later he had slipped into a favorite cranny of rock beside Craddock, and was puffing away at his pipe as if nothing had happened—absolutely silent, till, according to the latter's report, he "gave a silly sort of laugh," and in the moonlight his eyes could be seen shining like stars as he turned and said, softly,

"Well, lad, a' ha' dune it this time."

"Done what, Apollyon?" asked Craddock.

"A' dunnot roightly kna', but a' ha' dune it for sartin' sure," replied Joe Banks, succinctly. And then he told the story.

"One of them *gazes*,* as they call 'em," interrupted Craddock, when the big man told of his discovery, in a sort of hushed voice. "They make 'em male an' female—the latter most vicious. Bad lots ut o' the bazaar needin' a passport to the skies—or the devil." Joe Banks's big fist came down like a sledge-hammer on Craddock's knee.

"Hush, mon!" he said, peremptorily. "She wo'ant none that sort. When a' kissed her—" he stopped short and blushed furiously.

"Apollyon!" remarked Craddock, after a pause, with great severity, "it ain't wholesome to keep sech things comfortable in yer buzzum. It's better to 'ave up an' done with it, an' begin again. When you kiss her, wot then?"

But Joe Banks's eyes were looking out into the soft darkness, soft and dark too, for all their shininess. "A' meant to 'a' keppen co'ont, but a' didn't, somehow." His voice was quite dreamy, and Craddock rose in wrath.

"It's my belief, same as I was in the catechising, Joey Banks, that you bin an' fallen in love with a female *gaze;* but mark my word, there ain't no gratitoode to speak of in *gazes*, and she'll nick you yet, sure as my name's Nathaniel James. She'll nick you yet, I do assure you."

But Craddock was wrong. Whatever else she did, the "Most Nailin' Bad Shot" shot no more. Not that it mattered much to Joey Banks whether she did or not, since but a few days after the long-prophesied "casoolty" came to No. 1 Outpost. Volunteer Joseph Banks, sometime canal overseer, was reported missing after a sortie; but as he had been last seen mortally wounded close to the city wall, his comrades mourned Apollyon from the first as dead. So, as Craddock said, feelingly, "there weren't even a lock o' 'is 'air for 'is old mother, an' she was a widder."

There was not, however, much time for mourning in the outpost, since the long months of the siege were drawing to a close. Then came the final assault, the ten days of struggle within the city, until even the palace was ours, and the army which had taken it prepared to move off elsewhere. It was the evening before the start, and Craddock, who as a volunteer had more liberty to go and come as he chose, went down to the now deserted outpost to smoke a last pipe and think over the past with the pleasing melancholy which goes so admirably with tobacco.

"Poor Joey Banks!" he thought, as memory came round to that episode. "'Im an' 'is female *gaze*. I sha'n't never forget 'em."

I will tell the rest in Craddock's own words; they suit the story.

"I look up, sir, an' you might 'ave knocked me over with a ninepin, for there was Joey, lookin' as spry as spry. 'Joey,' says I, takin' it as one does, sir, for all them sayin's of ninepins and feathers and such like, quite calm, 'so you're not dead?'

"'Na, lad,' he says back, as calm like. 'Aw'm goan t' be married, an' a've coom t' get t' best man.'

"It took me all of a 'eap, sir—sorter Malachi an' the minor prophets, sir—as things does sometimes. 'Joey, my boy,' I says, 'you ain't never goin' to marry a female *gaze?*' says I.

"But 'e was, sir. Ter cut a long story short, she'd found him an' nussed him. An' we all knows wot that means, white or black, sir. 'E'd a 'eap to tell—though Lord knows where 'e got it, for 'e didn't know no 'Industanee to speak of, sir—about 'ow she lived in quite a fine 'ouse, and 'ow her father an' brothers 'ad bin killed, so as she kinder 'adn't no choice but *gazing*. But I wasn't to be took with chaff, so I says to 'm, quite solemn like, 'Afore I'm best man, I've got to know, Joey—is she square?' 'E just look at me, sir, as if I were slush.

"'She'd gotten ma' hair in t' buzzum,' he said, and said no more.

"So I gave my word to be best man, sir, an' 'e sighed like as a weight was took off him. 'Than coom awa' wi' me t' passon,' says 'e, 'fur I'm goan t' be marri'd afoor aw' goes with t' army to-morrer.'

"'Then you've 'ad the bans cried?' said I; for, my father bein' bell-ringer—same as give me my name in 'Oly Baptism, sir—I was up to them dodges. 'E give me a real Apollyon frown, sir.

"'Na, lad; aw've noan had nought cried, but aw'm goan t' wed her fair afoor a fight; so save t' breath an' coom t' passon.'

"Well, sir, parson wasn't a bad chap, as I knowed, 'avin' seen 'im doin' dooty stiddy like the rest o' us, but 'e'd got 'is black coat on agin an' 'e were by natur' the *canonized red-bricky* sort; so 'e wouldn't none o' it, though I stood solemn for Joe like as if I bin godfather, tellin' 'im 'ow Joe would 'ave bin a deader but fer 'er, an' 'ow she was willin' to become a Christian in 'Oly Baptism when she 'ad a chanst, an' 'ow Joe wouldn't never 'ave bin in a 'urry without bridemaids but for bein' that eager to fight 'is country's foes agin—for of course, sir, 'e hadn't 'ad a look in at anything but beef tea an' barley water till we took the city.

"'Why doesn't he wait decently till he comes back?' says parson. 'The Sacrament of Marriage is not a responsibility to be entered into unawares, my good—'

"Joe rose up. Lord bless you! two 'eads taller than parson. 'Coom awa', best man!' 'e says. 'It's weaste toime heer, an' aw'll need tha' at t' Mosque; passon theear arn't so scrumfumptious, an' she towt ma t' *Kulma* this marnin', foor fear.' That's their creed, sir, same as the *gazes*, male an' female, yell when they're a-stickin' of you. Well, parson 'e brought up sharp at this, an' said, 'Stay a bit.' Then 'e look at Joe, an' Joe look at 'im.

"'Tha' see, she's gotten t' be ma' wife, man,' said Joe, apologetic like, an' parson he push 'is *red-bricky* prayer-book away fretful.

"'But I don't know anything,' he said; 'I don't even know if she is a spinster or a widow. Will you swear she hasn't a husband living?'

"Well, sir, Joe looked at parson and then 'e looked at me, an' then 'e scratch 'is 'ead—the curls 'ad grown tight as ever, sir—an' then sudden 'e smile—one o' them smiles like the sun on a daisy, sir.

"'Aw' dunnot know,' said 'e; 'aw' never arst her!'

"'Aw' never arst her,' says he, quite cheerful like. An' parson 'e look at me, an' at 'im, and at the Solemnization o' 'Oly Matrimony. Well, the end o' it was that the three o' us went down to one o' them light an' shady open-air houses, with a tree growin' out o' a wall and a lot o' pigeons. Parson 'e stood on one o' the arches raised up a step or two, an' they stood in the steps below, right in the sun, an' I stood 'twixt and between; for, you see, sir, I was clerk as well as best man.

"'Will you take this woman to be thy wedded wife?' arst parson.

"'Such is my desire,' says I, in order; but Joe wouldn't none o' that.

"'Fur better fur worse,' 'e says, 'fur richer, fur poorer; domned if a' doan't.'

"So 'e was wedded to the 'Most Nailin' Bad Shot in Creation.'"

"And was she pretty?" I asked of Craddock.

He shook his head. "I never set eyes on her, sir, though I was best man. She was wrapped up in a white veil, an' 'e kep' 'er so—said she liked it; they does, sir, when they've got a good 'usband."

"So they lived happy ever after?"

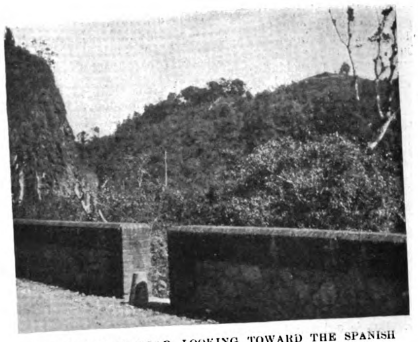
"Not for long, sir." Here Craddock slipped his hands into his pockets as the first step towards slouching off. "That sort o' thing don't somehow last long, sir." Here his eyes sought the gold of the setting sun, as they had a trick of doing when they grew soft. "Seems to me, savin' your presence, sir, as if there was too much o' the Noo Jerewsalem about that sort o' thing fur this world; that's 'ow it is. She died, sir, a few years after, when 'e was back in the Canals in a God-forsaken spot where there wasn't no one to—to be best man like. An' so they found 'im beside her with a bullet in his brain. So I was a minor prophet, after all, an' Joey Banks got nicked at last by the 'Most Nailin' Bad Shot in Creation.'"

* Ghazis—religious fanatics.

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CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN ON THE GREAT MILITARY ROAD, NORTH OF AYBONITO.



THE MILITARY ROAD, LOOKING TOWARD THE SPANISH POSITION AT AYBONITO.



GUAVA-TREE, FROM THE FRUIT OF WHICH GUAVA JELLY IS MADE.



SUGAR-CANE FIELDS AT VIEQUES, OR CRAB, ISLAND.
One and Two Years' Growth.



ISABELLA SEGUNDA, THE PRINCIPAL TOWN OF VIEQUES ISLAND, OFF PUERTO RICO.



THE TOWN OF AYBONITO, FROM THE SOUTH—THE HIGHEST POINT ON THE MILITARY ROAD.



CATHEDRAL AT GUAYAMA, AND THE PLAZA.



ARROYO'S WATER-FRONT, FROM A LIGHTER IN THE HARBOR.

PUERTO RICO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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## AMATEUR SPORT

AFTER ALL THE EXPERIENCE of last spring, it would seem that Wisconsin's athletic committee has either lost its head or had none to lose. Such is the conclusion prompted by the manner in which Wisconsin has brought her charges against members of the Chicago University eleven. There is too strong a suggestion of a revengeful spirit; too much evidence of a desire "to get even." I am told, and I have every reason to believe, that a bitter feeling against Chicago exists among the undergraduates of Wisconsin, who blame the former for the boycott of last spring. We can forgive something of this kind in the immature undergraduate, but we cannot understand a faculty that permits it to go before the world as the deliberate action of the university. If Chicago has men on her eleven who are ineligible to play, unquestionably Wisconsin is perfectly justifiable in protesting, but that protest should be made first to the committee of the Chicago University, and not through the medium of the daily press.

There should be this winter a meeting of the faculties of these several universities and another attempt made for more complete agreement as to the method of protesting members of one another's teams. Unless something of this sort is accomplished, the atmosphere of college sport in the Middle West will be long clearing.

IT WOULD BE MOST UNFORTUNATE if Wisconsin and Chicago should break relations because of the present misunderstanding. Nothing will be gained to either; on the other hand, much harm will be done Middle-Western college sport.

Chicago has good cause to be indignant over the method Wisconsin is pursuing. At the same time, Chicago and the others should remember that the course pursued last spring against Wisconsin could have been very much improved upon. There is need for charity and good faith.

The present difficulty between Chicago and Wisconsin indicates too much undergraduate impulsiveness and too little mature faculty judgment. One would think these universities surfeited with recrimination and sensational newspaper discussion. What the Middle West university athletic committees need now is more respect for one another, more confidence in one another's good intentions, less washing of soiled linen in public. I have before frequently commented on the menace to the wholesome development of sport that Western tendency to rush into print on the slightest occasion offers.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF THE MIDDLE WEST have in '98 passed through a trying year; but despite the present most unpleasant discussion between two of them, I believe it bids fair to turn out a profitable one, at least so far as concerns the ultimate bearing upon a harmonious stand for pure sport.

The season which opened in March with charges by Chicago, Michigan, and Illinois against Wisconsin ended, on the whole, with a pretty good feeling, and with some lessons learned both as to the necessity of fair and square dealing in sport, and as to the desirability of acting with frank good faith toward one another. While Wisconsin was not the only one needing the lesson, her attitude generally had for a year been antagonistic to wholesome sport, not only in upholding Maybury and Cochems, whom the Western Inter-collegiate Association had whitewashed, to its everlasting disgrace, but in the conduct of its baseball and football teams, especially the latter.

WITHOUT ENTERING UPON DETAILS, it may be assumed, and it is true, that the faculty boards of Michigan, Chicago, and Illinois universities acted conscientiously for the sake of sport in the Middle West when, last spring, they publicly charged the University of Wisconsin with condoning professionalism, and forthwith broke off athletic relations with that institution. It is to Wisconsin's credit that her own athletic council finally searched out the evidence which positively convicted Maybury and Cochems not only of professionalism in 1895, but of subsequent and repeated lying in their many declarations of innocence. Wisconsin's board was emphatically reprehensible for not having searched earlier and more diligently.

Its failure to do so gave to the other three institutions the natural feeling that a tendency to "whitewash" suspected athletes ruled at Madison. Certainly the public act of the three was tantamount to declaring that the faculty members of Wisconsin's council would not act in good faith if charges against certain men on its baseball and track teams were submitted. Coming after the '96 convention, to which all had subscribed, and whereip it had been expressly agreed that all suspected cases should be submitted to the faculty of the college concerned, and its decision accepted as made in good faith, this declaration of the three was a flagrant and insulting breach of contract, which can only be explained by the want of confidence in Wisconsin's honest wish for wholesome sport which its menacing attitude had created.

At all events, as the case stands now, Wisconsin's final action acquits her of whitewashing at least Maybury and Cochems.

THE LESSON THAT SHOULD BE HAMMERED HOME to all Western universities is the imperative need of open and aboveboard dealings with one another in the future. Let there be no further boycotting, no more seeking for newspaper notoriety, but let all protests be submitted in good faith to the faculty committee of the institution whose athletes are under suspicion. If relief be withheld, let the matter then be laid before a joint committee.

The bickerings and bad feelings of the past season must have emphasized the undesirability of leagues. If exception be made at all, then only should it be in the case of track athletics. The undergraduates are clamoring now for such an organization on a new plan, and profess confidence in smooth sailing. But the undergraduate is now, and always will be, clamorous and hopeful. The experience of the past, East and West, is against leagues. Dual meets are more nearly the ideal for the promotion of good feeling and honest sport on the track and field. Let them become more common in the Middle West and there will be no place for the phantasies of "championships" that now seem to set undergraduates and alumni by the ears. Independent athletic relationship is the healthful plan for universities, and in the annual Western conference of professors no efforts will be more surely rewarded nor work more certainly for the benefit of wholesome sport than those in this direction.

THERE WAS ONE PHASE of the athletic tangle last spring, settled at the conference suggested by Wisconsin, which reveals the type of sporting creature that represents the A. A. U. in the Middle West. When Michigan, Chicago, and Illinois withdrew from the Western Inter-collegiate Athletic Association last June because Maybury and Cochems had been scandalously whitewashed by that body, the A. A. U. officials in the West proceeded to disqualify the athletes of these three institutions for subsequently holding a triangular meet open only to college men. No criticism was made by the A. A. U. on the amateur status of the entries, the only excuse being support of the W. I. A. A., an affiliated body.

It was a presumptuous piece of business, indeed, and revealed the character of the A. A. U.'s Western representatives, whose animus was perfectly apparent. Maybury and Cochems were members of the Chicago A. A., that was recruiting a team throughout the Middle West to use against the New York club, and wanted the services of these two men. Such recruiting has increased greatly in recent years, to the notable harm of track athletics, and the A. A. U., instead of restraining the evil within legitimate bounds, has rather, through its Western representatives—men with small conception of amateur sport—encouraged it. This evidence of vicious mismanagement, and the presumption of the A. A. U. in attempting to direct the course of college sport not only by its attitude last summer, but by its attempt this autumn to usurp control of football, has drawn upon itself the contempt of Middle-Western colleges. Chicago already has a rule forbidding their athletes competing for clubs during the years they are in college. Michigan will probably adopt a like rule, aimed at the A. A. U., and forbidding its athletes wearing any but university colors during summer or college term. Unless Western colleges desire their best athletes contaminated by free board, etc., at the Chicago A. A. during the summer, they must in self-defence take such measures.

MIDDLE-WESTERN AMATEUR STATUS has been steadily improving in the last three years.

That it is not yet entirely satisfactory as is to be somewhat expected. At Wisconsin there appears to be evidence of a pretty thorough regeneration and a return to the vigorous policy which for a time characterized that institution's part in the move for reform. Meanwhile there are hints that the old evil is creeping into one or two other institutions. Faculties cannot afford to be lax for a moment so long as, in the unsettled condition now to be found in the Middle West, undergraduate and some graduate sentiment still makes for victory first and cleanliness afterwards. The flurry at Michigan over the Stuart case (in which a student sneaked in only for football and was sneaked out again) is evidence of this. At Michigan, however, the undergraduate sentiment is really more wholesome than ever before. The same can be said of Chicago, Illinois, and Northwestern universities. There are hints and rumors of football-players at these colleges whose standing is at least suspicious. So far no definite proofs are submitted; but the rumors urge upon faculties of those and all colleges the necessity of vigilance that shall be more unremitting than ever. Minnesota and Purdue have rather dropped out of the prominence they obtained through their strong football teams. Beloit and Notre Dame have taken their places temporarily, but it cannot be said the ethical condition at either of these institutions, which are not subscribers to the Western faculty rules, has improved, as was hoped it might. It is time for somebody on the faculties of these two active colleges to take hold of things.

I am glad to note that the alumni football game appears to have become a fixture. Middle-Western college sport needs nothing more than frequent contact with its alumni. Michigan started the game last autumn, and




AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW—EXAMINING THE HORSES DURING THE EARLY MORNING HOURS.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 1165.]

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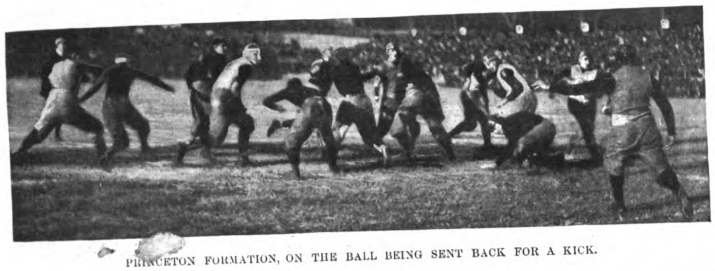
A. R. T. HILLEBRAND,
Princeton's Captain and Tackle.

this year Illinois, Purdue, Wisconsin, and some of the smaller colleges have followed her example. The game at Ann Arbor this year attracted special excursions from Detroit and about 1000 alumni from different sections. This is a very large turning out for a Middle West college.

THE Harvard-Brown game (17–6) was notable chiefly for the excellent showing Brown made against her much stronger opponent. It also suggested the need of Cochrane's work being very much improved before the Yale game, or of his giving way to Farley. Brown's touchdown was made because Cochrane's punt was blocked; and neither Cochrane nor any other of the Harvard eleven was spry enough to catch Washburn before he had crossed Harvard's goal-line. No one expected Harvard to reveal her best game against Brown, but it was surprising there should be such a departure from the very strong defence shown against Pennsylvania. It was surprising, too, that, after the display of tackling at Cambridge, Brown's half-backs should have been permitted to make such gains. Richardson, in particular, seemed able to get his distance whenever he wished, not to mention a thirty-yard run around the end, and a fifty-five-yard run from scrimmage.

In the first half, Brown carried the ball from the centre of the field, without losing it, straight down the field to within six inches of Harvard's goal-line, where she lost it by a very close decision of the referee. In the series of plays by which Brown carried the ball so close to scoring, the Harvard line has not had a more continuous battering this season. Brown's backs, Washburn and Richardson, together with Murphy and Hapgood, proving irresistible in their formations.

HARVARD BEGAN THE GAME at a very lively pace, and had Brown on her twenty-five-yard line in short order.



PRINCETON FORMATION, ON THE BALL BEING SENT BACK FOR A KICK.

Then Harvard gained the ball on a fumble, and immediately afterwards lost it in the same way. A forty-five-yard run by Sawin put the ball on Brown's fifteen-yard line, and a few plays thereafter served to carry it over for a touchdown. It was immediately after this that Brown made her brace which came so near to scoring. Harvard's next score was gained in a manner similar to the first—a long run by Sawin followed by rushing the ball over. Toward the end of the first half, Brown made her touch-down, and very shortly after, Cochrane's attempt to drop a goal from the thirty-five-yard line was blocked, the half ending with the score 11–6 in Harvard's favor.

Harvard's defence stiffened considerably in the second half, although Richardson was able to make a couple of long runs; and Brown showed poor judgment in trying a drop-kick for goal when there was such a chance for a touch-down in rushing.

Harvard's next, and last, touch-down was the result of line-plunging, which carried the ball from her own forty-five-yard line straight across to Brown's goal.

The game did not reflect creditably on Harvard, the absence of interference for her runners and the general slowness of the men in getting into the play being features one hardly expects to see emphasized by a 'varsity eleven one week before its final great game. The showing of Brown's eleven was exceedingly creditable. It handled the ball cleanly and seemed to understand the business of the play thoroughly.

PENNSYLVANIA'S GAME AGAINST CARLISLE (35–5) was just one of that kind which has done so much to create overwhelming confidence in the invariable efficiency of the guards-back play. It was one of those games in which the Pennsylvania team overshadowed its opponents sufficiently to have at no moment, in either half, its confidence shaken. There was no time when the famous play was being broken, nor was there evidence at any time of her opponents being sufficiently expert in the finesse of football to take advantage of Pennsylvania's fumbles. No play has ever been developed which, under such circumstances, produces results so satisfactory. I think I have said before, that when the opposing team is only slightly inferior, the guards-back formation is a startlingly powerful play. The reason the guards-back play failed to work against Harvard was because Harvard was stout enough to stand the terrific hammering without losing any of her own effective strength. Carlisle lacked that strength. The Pennsylvania team certainly played a dashing accumulative game against Carlisle, and let it be understood that it would have shown to equal advantage against Harvard under like conditions of opponents' inferiority.

From first to last of the game against the Indians, Pennsylvania depended almost entirely on the guards-back play. There was practically no other style attempted. Perhaps the surprise of the game was the manner in which the Indians gained through the Pennsylvania line, Metoxen, Wheelock, and Pierce seeming able to make their distance with unexpected frequency. As against Chicago, Pennsylvania's large score was due more largely to her physical than to her football superiority. Had the Indians not been so overmatched in that particular, the disparity in scores would have been less.

THIS IS BY NO MEANS TO BELITTLE Pennsylvania's work as a team, which was excellent, but merely to emphasize the comment I have already made concerning the need of physical superiority for the success of the guards-back play. Hare, as usual, was Pennsylvania's chief ground-gainer; and football has seen very few such line-bucking guards as this one of Pennsylvania. McCracken was Pennsylvania's other line-bucker of note. The most sensational features of the game were the two runs by Outland, Pennsylvania's half-back. His first was made from a kick-off. After a difficult catch on Pennsylvania's five-yard line, he carried the ball through the entire Indian team — ninety yards — to Carlisle's twenty-yard line. The other was made on a caught try for field-goal by Wheelock. Instead of touching the ball down and bringing it out for the kick-off, Outland again went through the Carlisle team, running ninety-five yards before finally tackled by Seneca. They were beautiful runs, and valuable ones to Pennsylvania, as each resulted in a touch-down. But they were exceptional opportunities that probably would not have been offered by a team thoroughly drilled in the game. The fact of their accomplishment illustrates the weakness of the Indians' team—viz., its apparent difficulty in mastering the open-field game, and in taking quick action and the proper kind when the unusual occurs. This simply means, however, that it has not been playing football long enough to know the game thoroughly. Such knowledge comes only with long experience.

Another instance of the Indians' inexperience was the gain Pennsylvania made on the quarter-back kick. In these days of football, a quarter-back kick should never be a gaining play against a first-class team; when it is, somebody is not attending to his business properly. The Indians' only goal was kicked by Wheelock from placement.

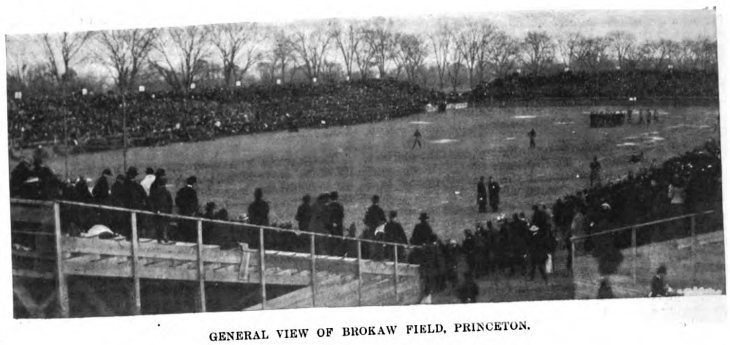
THE PENNSYLVANIA-CORNELL Thanksgiving-day game is bound to be intensely interesting. I am quite curious to see how Cornell winds up, after her brilliant start at the beginning and her slump in the middle of the season.

The team sought preliminary practice at Richfield Springs this year, and because of it its scores in first games were considerably larger than usual. But extra and harmful training had the same effect on Cornell as it has had before on the University of Pennsylvania—viz., the men reached their top form too early in the season. Cornell has probably never played better than against Carlisle, whom she defeated (23–6) October 8. It was, too, the first big game of the Indians, and their condition seemed the best shown this season. The play was very hard, and while no Cornell man left the game, several who had stood the brunt of work were hurt in practice a week later, and the team, as a whole, has not yet recovered the form displayed in October.

It looks as though she would be in tiptop shape on Thanksgiving day, and if so, it is my opinion the contest will be the closest Pennsylvania and Cornell have yet had. If Cornell does reach such form, her game will be a telling one against Pennsylvania's single reliance. Cornell at best is very aggressive.

OF THE CORNELL INDIVIDUALS, in the line, Reed (l. g.) is by all odds the strongest man on the team. He gave evidence last year of being one of the best of the season's guards, and had he not been hurt shortly after the Indian game this year, the results of Cornell's subsequent games would unquestionably have been different. Not only has his absence been felt in the line, but back of it, since Whiting's game owes much of its brilliancy to the assistance given by Reed by his interference and general co-operation.

This is not to detract from Whiting's work; he is a fast runner, a good dodger, and uses his head all the time while he has the ball; but it is literally true that his brilliant runs have by no means been so frequent during Reed's absence from the line.



GENERAL VIEW OF BROKAW FIELD, PRINCETON.

Alexander may play left tackle or he may go into the back field; that is not yet decided. In either position he ought to be a ground-gainer. He is 6 ft. 3 in., and weighs about 180 lbs., and can run 100 yards in a little over ten seconds. Formerly he played at tackle, but was changed into the back field, where first-class material appeared to be scarce. Now, however, the team has Perkins and Starbuck, and very likely he will be of more service at tackle. Last year he was hurt early in the season, so this is practically his first year. If he plays tackle, it will make the left side of the line strong.

Lueder (r. g.) and Sweetland (r. t.) are both old players; each is big and strong and knows the game pretty thoroughly; but neither is sufficiently aggressive, and each too much considers his individual efforts to fit into team-play successfully. It would be well for Cornell if she could replace these two men with two others, newer to the game, perhaps, but with more ambition and more adaptability to team-work.

Sweetland has the very valuable trait of keeping his eye always on the ball; but all his energy goes in this direction, at the expense of his general play. He seems always to be watching for a chance to pick up the ball and run for a touch-down.

CALDWELL, AT CENTRE, IS TOO SLOW. He weighs nearly two hundred pounds, and is strong proportionately, but not alive to the possibilities of his position. He passes the ball pretty well. In general play he is not so good as Dorner, whose only failing is lack of weight.

Cornell's ends are not up to the standard. Hogan appears to be showing the best of the lot; but it is uncertain who will fill right end, now that Cross is out of it. Deval will probably play at left.

(Continued on page 1166.)



L. T. PALMER,
Princeton's Right End.



ARTHUR POE,
Princeton's Left End.

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# THE WEST INDIES.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

## JAMAICA AS A TOURIST'S RESORT.

AN enterprise that perhaps as much as any other would alter for the better social economic conditions of life in Jamaica would be the extension to the island of that system of tourist trips which has done so much for places of interest in the States and Canada. Think what it has done for the White Mountains and for the Adirondacks; how it has encouraged the purchase of land and settlement at the pleasure-resorts on the Lakes, and travel to Florida and the Southern bays! Now that Cuba has been added to the list of "places that must be seen"—the battle-fields on the Santiago coast are already on the extended itinerary of the winter tourist, and as soon as the Peace Commissioners shall give the word, the *entrepreneur* is prepared to let loose upon the northern coast—upon Havana and Matanzas—an eager host of sight-seers. In anticipation of these prolongations of travel, far-seeing men have already taken the Bahama Islands in hand, shrewdly surmising that the visitors will prefer returning home by a different route from that by which they sallied abroad. At present, therefore, the round trip stands Florida, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Bahamas, and a sufficiently fascinating one it is. But add Jamaica to it, and how the vista of possibilities opens out. Every traveller who has been to Jamaica, and committed his impressions to print, has left on record his opinion that this island is the *most* beautiful spot upon the earth. For myself—and I have traversed as much of the earth's surface as probably any man—I place New Zealand first; but comparing Jamaica only with what it should perhaps be fairly compared with—the tropics, the East Indies, and South America—I give this island the palm for not only beauty, but for variety of charm and accessibility. Most excellent roads traverse the island in all directions, and the visitor, with the utmost comfort, can pass in his carriage from one point of interest to another in complete security and ease. But for tourist traffic upon a scale large enough materially to benefit the island one must presuppose a system of hotel accommodation of proportionate dimensions. At present Jamaica does not possess these. There are hotels, of course—and very delightful stopping-places they are, being located in every case on a beautiful site, and convenient to spots of special interest—but they are not all large enough for the number of tourists that may reasonably be expected, so that the first direction in which enterprise must expand is the enlargement of the present hostelries and the erection of two more, one at Port Antonio and the other at Montego Bay. This once accomplished, the influx of tourists could be received from Cuba at Port Antonio, a wondrously beautiful spot on the north coast, be forwarded thence by road or rail across the island to Kingston on the southern shore, and, radiating from there, be distributed in parties over the island. After the tour they would muster again either at Port Antonio or Kingston, and thence sail to Puerto Rico, and, taking the Bahamas *en route*, return to the States.

On the first approach to Port Antonio the scene is almost exciting in its loveliness. When the sun was setting yesterday there was in sight behind us only the repellent outlines of Cuba, its grim and treacherous cliffs terraced in alternate light and shade, its slopes fleeced with harsh, short scrub, and along the water-line the steep sea-wall of coral that belts the island on the south, pitted with black caverns, in and out of which the sea perpetually plunges, gnawing at the rock and grumbling. When the sun rises next morning, what a fairy change of scene! A great green island stands up in front of us, its lofty summits wonderful with pale blue mist, and as we glide towards it the verdure separates itself into many tints, painting the scene in all shades of green, while the shadows and lights of the breaking day further serve to dapple in undertones of color the undulations of the verdant land. For now the surface of the island, as the dawn grows brighter, begins to break up into hill and vale, to marshal in due order its lower heights and its upper, to reveal its plains and plateaus. But where is the harbor? We approach nearer, yet the coast-line shows no break, no opening in the solid mountain of vegetation. We are close enough now to distinguish the pale breadths of sugar-cane on the slopes, the bright green patches of bananas on the lowland flats, the darker groves of palm that crowd down to the very edge of the sea. Straight for these our pilot seems to be steering us, for, though within a few hundred yards of the shore, there is no sign of a port or of life. But the engines are slowing down, the ship is swinging, and, lo! an island that we had thought was the foreshore of the mainland seems to be turning back as if on its hinges; thus gradually opens a waterway very, very narrow, but sufficient; and gliding into this rift of still blue water, we find ourselves on a sudden in an incomparably beautiful harbor—the bay of Port Antonio. It is impossible that any one having beheld it could ever forget the first sight of this wonderful scene; the magical suddenness of the revelation of the entrance, the unexpected apparition of a spacious and beautiful harbor where all had seemed to be solid land, are never to be forgotten. Along the shore lies the little town, snugly settled at the foot of the hills, which, densely covered with valuable crops of fruit, slope backwards from the sea and rise, rampart behind rampart, up to the blue-capped heights of the loftier ranges.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

# PUERTO RICO.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

## THE MILITARY ROAD.

THE finest road in the Western hemisphere is to be found in the island of Puerto Rico; in fact, it is a road equalling any in the world, with the exception of some of the marvellous roadways across the Swiss Alps.

It was built by the Spanish government, at an approximate cost of four million dollars, for military purposes solely, and traverses the island from side to side diagonally across its very heart for one hundred and thirty-three kilometres (over eighty miles).

This magnificent highway was commenced in 1880, under General Sanz's military régime in Puerto Rico, and completed eight years afterwards by General Pulido Gomez. Thousands of workmen, called peons, worked year after year at a daily wage of fifty cents (Spanish), under the direction of Spanish engineers, and kept from open mutiny by a strong guard of soldiers. While the construction of the thoroughfare contemplated no philanthropic purpose, and was an expensive gift to the inhabitants, it will be in the future of incalculable commercial value, for it gives to the country the only road within the confines of the island which is really passable at all seasons of the year.

It is macadamized from end to end with finely broken calcareous rock, which cements itself into an almost solid floor. It has good bridges over the numerous fast-flowing streams, with the exception of four small rivers just north of Ponce, and the gradients are as low as it is possible to make them without extreme tortuousness of the highway. Every few kilometres are found substantial single storied houses with red roofs, called "camineros," in which the road-tenders lived, whose duty it was to keep the road up to the high standard originally set by its promoters.

There are other roads in Puerto Rico, all

(*Continued on page 1164.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

A VALUABLE BOOK.

"INFANT HEALTH," sent out by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., New York, Proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a valuable book, that should be in every home.—[*Adv.*]

THE LATEST PARISIAN NOVELTY.

AN exquisiteness, a little marvel just created and of which our mundanes will be passionately fond—the Flower Sachet. Is it not a pretty idea?—roses, violets, pinks, presented in their natural shape, exhaling the sweetest natural and lasting scent, forming the most delicate decoration for stone and crystal ware, filling wardrobes and apartments with their sweet breath, scenting everything around them with their permeating perfume, and so advantageously replacing the former sachets, whose scent becomes insipid and wears out. The Flower Sachet is a marvel, I tell you; it is signed "ORIZA."—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

IF health be wealth, they are "healthy, wealthy, and wise" who use Abbott's, The Original Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by the use of the tonic DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

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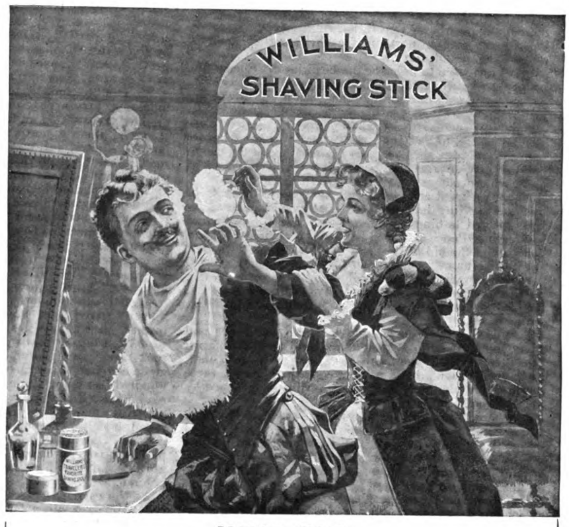
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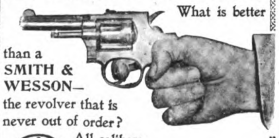
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cut by the mountain streams and walled by steep ridges, covered to their very crests with the green of growing things, lay partially veiled in darkness, or lightly masked by the white, diaphanous clouds of vapor which seemed gently to caress each blade of green as they slowly floated upward toward the now sunlit and tinted peaks above.

We climbed the steep ascents of the backbone of the mountain just a few miles from Aybonito. The road doubled and twisted on itself in half a dozen places until it looked like a gigantic snake winding away in the distance. A great wall had been built at one point where the road scaled the steep side of a cone-topped mountain, and the advance carriage could be seen from below laboring onward a hundred feet above us. In the wall embrasures gaped empty where recently the Spanish guns swept the road below. It was this stretch of road that the Spanish soldiers commanded from an impregnable position on the mountains. It would have proved a fearful trap had our men marched into it, since from the trenches which crowned the high hills the artillery and small-arms could have annihilated an army of 10,000 men as easily as the 3000 men who were preparing to advance when the messenger arrived with the news of peace. On the side toward the enemy was a steep and precipitous mountain which fell into a narrow valley below; on the other, the rock rose bare and forbidding for fifty feet, and then, green-covered, at an angle of forty-five degrees for two hundred feet more. For over a mile extended this bare road, from which there would have been no escape except a retreat along its way, and the Spanish fire could have raked it with shrapnel and shell at perfectly known ranges. Our military men who have seen this deadly and picturesque position agree that it would have involved great loss of life, if not utter rout, if the assault had been ordered.

As the carriages passed over the highest point of the road, some seventeen hundred feet above the sea-level, a double vista revealed itself, that already viewed in the rear, and a new one to the front, even more impressive in its varied beauties of nature than the one behind us.

Down the mountain we rushed toward Aybonito for three miles. Aybonito came into view as a dream of fairy-land, with castles floating in the clouds. Unfortunately, all its beauty lay in the artistic touch of nature. In reality it was a dirty, squalid little town, one of the few where no evidence of progress is observable.

Between Aybonito and Cayey we began to notice the coffee-bushes, covered with berries turning red, and in the early morning troops of women and children trudged by us, swinging closely woven baskets in which they gather the coffee-beans. The coffee-plantations lie under the shade of forests, which are necessary to protect them from the fierce heat of the noonday sun, and the uninitiated would never dream that he was passing anything more than a jungle-thick virgin forest. On every mountain-side clearings, almost hanging in the air, dot the landscape and tell a story of renewed vigor in the native breast, and the planting of his little crop of sweet-potatoes, plantains, beans, and bananas. Away down in the valleys, lining the banks of the mountain streams, are the sugar-cane fields, and on the larger plantations the high chimneys of the sugar-boiling houses rise far above the plain. It is a scene of quiet, indolent life in which man works one hour and nature the rest of the day.

Cayey is the great tobacco centre and the place of manufacture of the finest cigars on the island. It is also a hotbed of Spanish sympathizers, who make cigars for a living, and have worked under the patronage of the Spanish government.

Between Cayey and Caguas we saw stretches of waving sugar-cane, interspersed with small fields of corn. No great tobacco-fields were seen, and it is said that the best tobacco is raised on the hill-sides towards the east and away from the main road. For miles along this section the road is lined with the beautiful tree-fern, whose delicately traced fronds look like filigree-work, and here and there patches of high, slender bamboo wave their heads to and fro.

Oranges, limes, bananas, alligator-pears, nisperos, and gourd-trees fringe the road at every step, and their heavy burden of ripening fruit is a constant source of surprise and delight to the novice in tropical climes. It is a veritable Garden of Eden, where one has only to ask and receive, and the tall, stately cocoanut and royal-palm trees are scattered amid all this luxuriance, suggesting one's childhood ideal of Paradise.

A second smaller mountain range is passed over between Caguas and Rio Piedras, though the topography is less rough in character than that previously traversed, and the valleys have widened out into broad level fields, filled with tasselling sugar-cane, which in January will be taken to some of the dozens of tile-roofed sugar-houses now visible everywhere.

Rio Piedras is the suburban town of San Juan, and a narrow-gauge railroad connects it with the capital.

Little road-houses, typically Southern, are found every few miles along the road-side from Caguas to San Juan. Each one is a little store, with the counter opening on the road; and the drivers of the heavy-yoked and lumbering oxen stop often to drink a cup of *café negro*, or nibble some dulce cake.

As we approached San Juan fierce-looking walls along the road-side guarded the way to the city's entrance, and the great forts of San Cristóbal and Morro showed their heads above the rest of the city.

The Spanish Guardia Civil, always courteous, even in defeat, saluted us as we passed opposite the flashing lights which filtered out of the store doors.

This ride should be taken by every American who visits the island. As a cycling trip it is unexcelled; as a coaching trip, with fine animals, it would be superb; and even with poor, badly treated little ponies, driven by men with no feeling for animal suffering, it is a trip always to be remembered.

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# THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

IT is one of those little surprises of life—the querulous call them ironies—that this year, when the vulgar parade outside the ring in the Garden was less violent than usual, the exhibit inside the ring should be the finest in the history of the Association. And my only excuse for the comment is the fact that in the early days of the Association the "parade" outside the ring gave the show its first firm lease of life, and has been perhaps its greatest money-making feature.

It is one of the weaknesses of human nature to enjoy, and oftentimes to court, admiration of its possessions, whether they be adornments of the mind or of the body. It is equally human to give generously of the admiration sought. The annual horse show has provided unrivalled opportunities for the indulgence of both failings.

It was entirely to be expected that fashion, both by subscription and by attendance, should stamp the show with its unqualified approval. And as every second mortal is at heart a snob, it was quite as expected that more people should be attracted by the display in the boxes and on the walk around the ring than by the horses. Therefore the projectors of the Association made the most of the occasion. The occupants of the boxes were catalogued, so to say, and diagrams published, that the curious in the gaping, staring multitude that thronged the walk might distinguish one member from another of the mystic "400." There is no denying that the crowd secured its money's worth.

As each show has come and gone, the same programme has been provided and the same performance repeated; newspaper reporters have exploited the social features, and a popular impression has been created, no doubt, that the annual fixture in Madison Square Garden was in reality an exhibition of gowns and bonnets, with a side show of horses. Meantime those who sought the stalls knew better. This year some one predicted that "fashion" would withdraw its patronage from the Garden, to the irremediable damage of the show's prosperity; and the prophecy, widely circulated because the sale of boxes failed to realize the abnormal figures of other years, eventuated most happily. Not in its fulfilment, but rather in its effect upon the character of the attendance, for it served to keep at home a percentage of the gaping multitude, and made room for those others whom the magnificent quality of the horses attracted. By all means let us have an annual prophet attached to the impedimenta of the horse show.

What really did happen was the final suspension of that altogether obnoxious diagram, which, like the catalogue with its "names and numbers of all the horses,"



"I HAVE HALF A DOZEN ENTRIES."

substantially revealed the names and seat numbers of the socially prominent New-Yorkers, and the retirement from boxes to seats less conspicuous, in the Garden, of a great many of those who have sustained the ill-bred stares and discussions of the passing throng throughout so many horse-show weeks. Contrary to viewing this as a sign of approaching disaster, I should be inclined to regard it as indicative of more abiding interest in the motives of the exhibition. At all events, it greatly pleases sports men and women that there is the evidence of more serious concern in the show. After all, perhaps it is as well there was something to attract the "gaping multitude"; a certain percentage is sure to carry away some little knowledge of how a trap looks properly turned out.

Crowds will seek out the Garden as sure as the annual show opens its gates; the majority will attach themselves to the human merry-go-round which revolves about the judging-ring, but more each year will seek a place at the rails, or climb into the gallery for a less obstructed view of the horses. The moments I enjoyed most at the London shows were those spent among the spectators at the ring-side, noting their intelligent interest in the horses and listening to their pertinent and quaint comment. A corresponding class of onlookers at our New York ring-side is so little in evidence as to make no impression. We see more of it at the other horse shows throughout America, and especially at those in the smaller cities. But the average man in an amusement-seeking American crowd has neither the knowledge of nor the regard for the horse that the man of the average English crowd entertains. Nowhere is the dissimilar disposition towards horses exhibited more clearly than at the race-track: if you mix in the crowd about the paddocks in England you will find it discussing the horses; around American paddocks the talk turns to odds for or against. So the more the crowd comes to Madison Square, the better we shall be pleased.

In the light of what has been accomplished in the last dozen years for the betterment of the horse and diffusion of knowledge concerning him, there is no limiting what may be achieved in similar directions during the coming



HORSE-LOVERS.

dozen. After feasting on the equine display at the Garden last week, it is hard to realize that the magnificent quality of the horses and the perfect appointment of the harness classes generally have been acquired during even the last eight years. The average best of '90 would in all probability get nothing better than the gate in '98. I distinctly remember the incongruities of livery, the confusion over the equipment respectively of Park and Road fours, the agitation incident to turning out a tandem, the indistinction concerning classes, and the vague ideas regarding form. A dozen years ago there were not more than a dozen men showing who, unaided, could turn out a perfectly appointed equipage. And the same comment applies to the average skill of driving in those days. It was formerly really a rare treat to see a four handled properly in the ring or out of it, while the difficulties into which the average tandem-driver got himself six or eight years ago were complex and frequent.

After a period of characteristic American enterprise, and with equally characteristic intolerance of mediocrity, the week in '98 at the Madison Square Garden reveals horses of a quality as high as any for like purpose in the world, appointments as perfect, and half a dozen, where formerly there was one, amateur whips of finished skill. Neither in the shows in London nor in Paris (certainly not in Berlin, where they are just beginning to know what first-class appointments mean) have I seen fours, or tandems, or road-wagons, or horses and traps, in any of the harness classes turned out on an average of excellence so high. The harness horses over there do not have the style and action of our trotter-bred carriage-horse, nor, with few exceptions, do Englishmen or Frenchmen spend as much money in appointments. At the same time, in my judgment, a better taste is shown in the plainer harness used in England. I shall always remember my satisfaction in viewing the simplicity of the harness on the horses of the Princess of Wales's brougham, which drove into a building where the spring hunter show was being held. It was totally without jangling chains or buckles, or the numerous crested flaps one sees so often hung on at various vantage-points most likely to catch the passing eye.

And the major part of this improvement has been brought about by the very element which unthinking people are prone to ridicule. It matters not whether the impelling force has come from genuine interest in horse-flesh or from the mere fulfilment of one's destiny in the social world, the fact remains that to the money and to the taste and the enterprise of these men we are indebted for the present high standard of the American harness horse. Let us, moreover, not forget the men who have guided this development by their annual judgment in the ring. The Coaching Club was the first, I think, to lend a helping hand to the movement making for better form, and members of that club have ever since been closely identified with its progression. It is not too great a tribute to the judges—usually the same from year to year—of the harness classes to say that their consistent and impartial judgment is largely responsible for the handsome results.

This is the more satisfactory when we realize that New York sets the standard in these classes for the shows which, one after another, and successful almost without variation, have become annual institutions in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and at San Francisco, St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, not to mention the innumerable country fairs where horse, and a thoroughly good type, is the chief object of interest, even though he be turned out with less style. It is eminently fitting, therefore, that the national character of the New York show should be recognized throughout the land, and more carefully nourished at home. It has seemed to me the directors of the Association have fallen short of requirements in this direction at times, and again have overlooked the fact that it is the breeders whose best interests ought never to be neglected.

There were many pleasing features in this year's show, chief of which was the evidence of an effort to separate the saddle from the harness classes. But there is much left to do yet. That the Association should permit of any mixing of these two classes is incomprehensible. If it were a country fair or a small city show, I could understand the hesitation to make unequivocal rules—but in the New York—the national show—and at this stage of our improvement, the appearance of the same horse in both harness and saddle classes is shocking. If the gentlemen who own these serviceable hacks must be appeased, why not provide a special class in which the entries shall perform under the saddle and immediately thereafter before a cart, the award to made on their work in both.

This all-round animal is most valued in the family whose purse is not long enough to satisfy the several ambitions of the various members of the household—but that is no type for the National Association to put forward. Occasionally—so seldom as to leave scarcely an impression—we see a horse that is equally good under the saddle and in harness, but never have I seen one that was an ideal of both types. It is absurd to allow the confounding of the two at a show which pretends to establish standards. The gaits are so entirely different—the high knee and hock action of the harness animal being undesirable in the saddle-horse. Of course, so long as the Association directors, with whom the remedy rests, for the judges are powerless, fail to make definite ruling on the subject, so long will there be men to enter their horses in as many different classes as inclination prompts and the prize invites.

The same is true of the hunter and saddle classes, though to a minor degree. There is less difference between a hunter and a saddle type than between the latter and a harness type, but there is a distinction, and a most decided one.



HER FIRST HORSE SHOW.

Altogether too decided to have it slighted in such fashion by a National Horse Show Association whose direction is so excellent in some quarters, it seems a pity it should be so slovenly in others. They do not make the mistake in England of confusing the hunter and saddle types. Why do we, who make so much pretence? At least one much-needed amendment has been made in the hunter classes by the provision that "no horse having taken a first prize in the hunter or jumping classes at any of the Association's previous shows can be entered in the hunter classes, but it may compete in the Corinthian, jumping, and champion classes."

A rule of similar purport might prove of value in all the classes of the show. If winners of one year were barred from the open classes of the succeeding year, and confined to a championship class, it would tend to encourage entries in the open events and heighten interest



JUST FROM DINNER.

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in the finals. But repeated winners were in no other instance the pressing question they were in the conduct of the hunter classes. Another excellent improvement in the conduct of the hunter classes is holding in the daytime trials for the jumping contest of the night. By so doing the sport of the jumping is distributed over two periods, to the satisfaction of those who enjoy this feature of the week, and at the same time it weeds out the indifferent and assures a smooth, undelayed performance in the finals.

But the most impressive feature of the week, and I have no doubt the most pleasing one to all, with a very few exceptions, was the brilliant triumph of the American standard-bred trotter type in the harness classes. When the hackney was imported, several years ago, in considerable numbers, and at lavish individual and aggregate expense, much was predicted, by those directly interested, of the influence for the better the type was destined to have upon our carriage-horse. We waited through the first two or three years of the experimental stage expectantly and patiently, but nothing resulted to fulfil the confidently repeated promises. We are still waiting for any substantial evidence to justify the claims advanced for this type five years ago.

The fact is that, so far as appreciable influence on our carriage-horse is concerned, the hackney appears to have been an emphatic disappointment, if not a failure. Such, at least, is the conclusion, judged by his appearance at the various horse shows. As good blood has been imported as England breeds, and money distributed with unstinted hand, but our only view of its accomplishment has been an annual stately parade of dams and foals, or the ring-trotting of a sire with yelling groom hanging on to his head-stall line, and rival claques of heelers raising offensive chorus at each turn of the stable end of the show ring. Very seldom have we seen a hackney in harness, and on no occasion had he any claims to distinction. In the New York show the hackney, half or full bred, has rarely remained with the best in the harness classes, and then to be beaten by the standard-bred trotter type. Last year Mr. Widener, who took up hackneys a few years ago and spent a great deal of money in their development, sought a Maine-bred horse in Von Harbinger, and won the Waldorf-Astoria Challenge Cup. If there was a hackney this year in the harness classes—nobody knew it.

It was unquestionably a week of triumph for the trotter-bred animal and for the harness classes, which more and more each year have been attaining predominance. How richly they deserved the eminence may be judged by the statement that those two great steppers of two years ago, Walsingham and Rockingham, failed last week to get even H. C. Horses that only last year, or the year before, stirred spectators to frankest enthusiasm received scarcely a hand-clap last week—not that they failed of showing the form of their winning days, but there were new-comers that raised the standard beyond the reach of '96 and '97 winners. Even the great Coxey, champion of '96, and perhaps accredited with more blue ribbons than any other harness-horse living, had to yield honors to the new-comers; and Coxey is a magnificent piece of horseflesh, moving or standing. The absence of Von Harbinger was a source of great disappointment to sportsmen; his defence of the Cup against Lady Ursula would have made a superb competition and a difficult one for the judges.

The saddle classes, although they have not enjoyed the consistently excellent judging of the harness classes, have yet made, and especially show it this year, a very considerable advance on the standard of several years ago. And New York, I think, is not the most favorable point of observation on the actual development of the saddle-horse. A larger number of the highest type are more likely to be seen around Philadelphia and Boston, and almost anywhere in Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Virginias. The classes in New York have usually shown satisfactory conformation and style, and this year is no exception in that respect, while in the matter of manners and gait, the weakest point of the New York classes, there is this year much improvement. The judging seems, too, to have grown more intelligent; too often gait and manners appeared to count for little in the estimation of the judges, whereas they are the two essentials to a first-class saddle animal. It seems to me the New York judges have always leaned too much on the side of stockiness; while substance is absolutely necessary, it should stop short of dray-horse proportions. If a class calls for a horse up to carrying 160 pounds, one built on the lines of a Clydesdale is not the desired ideal, though he may excel in the requirements of weight-carrying. A generous supply of bone and substance is always desirable in the hunter, but in the Park back enough is as good as a feast. And therein lies another reason why the saddle and hunter classes should not be confused.

But the class which suffers now, and has from the beginning, the greatest injustice from confusion of types is the one officially catalogued for roadsters. This class is entirely monopolized by trotters; the same animal competes and wins in the roadster and in the trotter classes—the judges are trotter men. If a roadster is a nervous, highly strung, light-boned, delicately fashioned trotter, whose utility begins and ends with ability to accomplish bursts of a 2.30 gait on the macadamized driveway—then the New York horse show reveals ideals of the type; but if a roadster is an animal of good blood and bone, well set up, well mannered, with stylish, easy, all-round action, and sufficient speed to haul a cart over the country at the rate of ten miles an hour, and stamina enough to keep up the pace—then the roadster is unknown to the New York horse show, and apparently to the Association's directors.

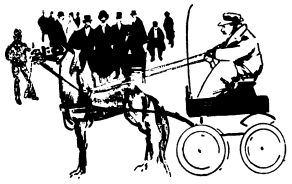
The breeding classes, except those for trotters and ponies, were disappointing—the thoroughbred exhibition particularly so. Fancy only two entries in the class for running thoroughbreds! The confusion of hunter and saddle animals made the judging ridiculous in the class for "stallions for getting hunters and saddle-horses." To make such a class was evidence of no sympathetic or intelligent comprehension of the types; and the result was in keeping with the conception of the class, first prize going to Applegate, who had rightly taken the blue in the Class No. 1, where breeding and racing qualities counted heaviest, but who looks hardly up to the requirements of a hunter sire.

Another distinguishing feature of the '98 show—and one, were I a director of the Association, I should view with alarm—was the predominance of the professional horse-dealer. It might not inappropriately be called a dealers' show. I sounded a note of warning to indifferent directors on this subject so long ago as '93, and the expected has come. The number of absentees from the former list of amateurs is long and startling. It means that the amateur and the professional cannot thrive check by jowl. The professional should be encouraged, certainly one who gets together such superb animals and turns out his traps so perfectly appointed as Mr. Bates—he is needed—but so is the amateur. If the amateur loses interest, who buys the professional's wares? Separate classes should be established for the professional—that the annual exhibition retain the character of an owners' show, and not take on so much that of the dealers.

In the trotter-breeding classes the Hamlins swept the field, with six blue and four red ribbons; Lawrence Kip had his usual success in the driving classes, which means he took all the important ones. Theodore Cuyler Patterson's triumph in the pony-breeding classes was as marked, Maritje and Kasim proving unbeatable. W. T. L. Wall did as much in the Shetland-pony classes. Of the carriage horses most prominent during the week were Whirl of the Town, Sporting Life, Coxey, Sigsbee, Sampson, Uncle Sam, Blucher, Western Star, Duke, Egbert, Encore, Lady Ursula, Lady Flavia, Lord Brilliant, Hi, High Tide, and Lord Chesterfield. Whirl of the Town, singly, captured the championship and three blue ribbons, and with Sporting Life the double championship and four firsts, and with Coxey the double championship and four firsts, and with Coxey first in a tandem class, Coxey and Whirl taking second in the same class. The Park fours were a good lot, Bostwick's $10,000 team winning. Bates saved the road-four class from mediocrity. His appointments were perfect.

Fayette McCord and Oriflamme won the championship in their respective saddle classes, Lady of Quality and Magnet receiving the reserve ribbon. Other noticeable ones were American Boy, Vinco, Compeer, Gaven Baby, Canadian Belle, Con Amore, Saxon Spark, Edna West, and His Nibs.

The complexion of the hunter classes has changed much, but there were some very good ones, notably Samoset, Welcome, and Fellowship, winners of the heavy, middle, and light weight qualified championships. Other good ones were Richmond, Miss Dark, Fritz, First Choice, Delay, Blue Rock, Burford, Red Rover, King Crow, King Pin, Lady Elgin, and American Beauty.



(Continued from page 1162.)

Young the quarter-back keeps the team moving well, fumbles a little, but is a sure tackler, despite his weight of 135 pounds. He is particularly good on the defensive.

In the back field, Captain Whiting is the most consistent ground-gainer, added to which he runs the team well, and his men have confidence in him.

While the form Cornell has shown seems hardly good enough to warrant hope of defeating Pennsylvania, yet the latter's fumbling, which is always most apparent when opposed to a team strong enough to hinder the smooth working of the guards-back play, may lead to Cornell's scoring. The chances are, however, that Cornell has not had enough play against first-class teams to give either the needed endurance or alertness to defeat Pennsylvania.

WHATEVER THE REAL REASON entertained by the Secretaries of War and of the Navy for withholding permission from the cadets for annual football games, at least it is shameful that the cause alleged, of "bad blood" and "ill feeling aroused by the last match," is allowed to be handed from newspaper to newspaper without correction. I suppose, however, Mr. Alger is not looking into newspapers these days. Those who have viewed the sportsmanly conduct of games at West Point and at Annapolis know the statement to be utterly false. Those who were fortunate enough to see the games between the two national academies must be astonished to read of a cause so suppositious now put forth to keep them apart. Having had the good luck to see all the games between the two—to have been with the elevens and their respective supporters on and off the playing-field, before and after the game, in and out of the mess—my word may be accepted when I say that I never beheld any deviation from that strong, wholesome, sportsmanly sentiment which, since first I knew them, has been paramount in sport at Annapolis and West Point. Perhaps some one in the Metropolitan or in the Army and Navy Club waxed patriotic, but as for "bad blood"—the honorable Secretaries at Washington should become better acquainted with army and navy men.

HARVARD DEFEATED YALE 17–0 at New Haven on Saturday. And there never was a match that gave the critic less excuse for explanatory writing. Harvard won because she outplayed Yale in every department of the game, because of the physical superiority of her team, and her exhibition of higher-class football. From first to last Harvard showed the abler generalship, overwhelmed Yale in rushing the ball, altogether outclassed her in the kicking game, and made fewer and less costly fumbles. Only twice in the game did a Yale runner show prominently, and both times it was Ely, who made thirty yards in the first half on a caught punt, and about fifteen in the second around the end. Twice—once on her fifteen-yard line, and again on her ten-yard line, and both in the second half—Yale secured the ball by a furious defence, when on each occasion a touch-down was impending. Twice, both times in the second half, Yale's attack resulted in substantial and continuous gains; once when steady line-bucking secured twenty yards, and again when line-bucking for seventeen yards was supplemented by Ely's fifteen-yard end run. At all other times Yale was on the defensive, and forced to most desperate work to keep Harvard from gaining her distance even on the second down. Considering the rain and the mud, the handling of the ball was surprisingly clean, especially so by Harvard, while Yale in this respect bettered her work against Princeton, when the day was clear and the field comparatively dry. Although the muffing of Yale's backs on punts frequently gave the ball to Harvard, it was a source of gratification that none of these directly resulted in the scoring of the winner. On the other hand, a fumble on Yale's five-yard line by Harvard lost her the ball when a touch-down seemed imminent. It is true that Yale's crippled condition in the back field made Harvard's large score possible, but, in my judgment, it made no difference in the final decision. Even with McBride in his best form and De Saulles fit and playing, Harvard must have won the day.

THE PLAY OF THE HARVARD ELEVEN was certainly the strongest and most skilful exhibition of all-round football a Harvard team has ever made, and at least equal to that of the best teams the most advanced school of the game has produced. Its work against Yale was a considerable improvement over its work against Pennsylvania, and showed what telling use the Harvard coaches had made of those two intervening weeks. The slow-starting, straggling attack had been changed to an offence that, though not getting off with the lightning speed we have seen emphasized by some of the Yale teams, yet got under way promptly, and moved forward, gathering strength that appeared to be irresistible. Time and again the runner seemed to be hurled through the opposing mass by the very impetus the support had imparted. It was not star play, although there was much of that too, that gave Harvard her strength, but the completeness with which individual effort had been merged into one harmoniously working and powerful whole. Taking it all in all, the '98 Harvard eleven is the most perfectly rounded out team I have ever seen. And that is saying a great deal. With no man in her rush-line, Haughton excepted, because of his remarkable punting, who may be said to possess unusual natural ability, or to have acquired skill beyond that many first-class players develop annually, Harvard, none the less, showed such strength of forwards as one might expect were every man a star of the first magnitude. It was the science of team-work made possible by indefatigable drilling, and reflects great credit on Cameron Forbes and his assistant coaches, and upon Captain Dibblee, and upon the individual members of the team. The splendid physical condition of the men made possible their continuously aggressive play. And the consummate generalship of Daly used it to the very best possible advantage.

FROM THE VERY OPENING OF THE GAME Harvard's strength, and, most unusual, her confidence in it, were apparent. Captain Dibblee won the toss—in itself an upset of tradition—and chose the goal from which a fair breeze was blowing. Chamberlin kicked off to Daly, who returned the ball to Yale's fifty-yard line, where Ely was thrown. Yale tried to rush, and lost the ball on downs, to regain it immediately, however, by Harvard's fumble. Another futile attempt at rushing by Yale, and Chamberlin and Haughton exchanged kicks, to the latter's advantage. Yale could not gain by rushing, and again punted, Dibblee running the ball back to Yale's forty-five-yard line. And now Harvard set in motion that accumulative fierce attack; using Dibblee and Reid chiefly, by plays around the tackles, and through the centre and through and over the guards and tackles, Harvard, without losing the ball, pushed Yale, desperate but impotent, down the field, and Reid made the first touch-down (Haughton failing the goal) twelve minutes after the game had been called. The second score, ten minutes later, with play most of the time in Yale territory, was hastened by Yale's poor judgment in not kicking when on her fifteen-yard line instead of trying to run, thereby losing the ball on downs, and Harvard forthwith forcing Dibblee over, Haughton kicking goal. Play remained in Yale's territory the balance of the half, Haughton trying place-kick from forty-five-yard line, and failing just before time was called.

Yale braced, materially at the beginning of the second half, carrying the ball for one spurt of twenty yards, and immediately thereafter successfully defending her goal at the fifteen-yard line against Harvard's, to that point, steady advance. Again, on the ten-yard line, Yale saved a touch-down. But for the rest, the battle was all with Harvard, the third touch-down after steady rushing from Yale's five-yard line being made by Reid. The game ended with Chamberlin's poor try for place-goal from twenty-five yard line.

Throughout the game Harvard's ends outclassed Yale's in getting down under the ball, and her backs in handling the ball and in supporting the forwards on the defensive.

AS FOR THE KICKING, all of Chamberlin's were poor, and the few good ones of McBride were run back half-way by Harvard. Harvard gained tremendously on her ability to run back Yale's punts, and on Yale's muffing and inability to run even when not muffing, because of Harvard's ends. Yale's end formations were weak. Ely's individual work was brilliant in running, but, like the other Yale back, he muffed.

Daly's work was above criticism; he is the best quarter of the year; Dibblee's runs through broken fields were brilliant, as was his and Reid's line-bucking. Warren's line-bucking also was first class. In the line, Harvard was the stronger on the ends, at right tackle, left guard, and centre, a bit the weaker at left tackle, and about even at right guard, though the work of Donald and Burden was first class, the former especially shining on occasion.

No match was ever won and lost more strictly on the merits of the contestants.

It is the second time Harvard has defeated Yale since '76, and the only time Yale has failed to score.

Next week I will publish some statistics which space does not permit of this week. CASPAR WHITNEY.

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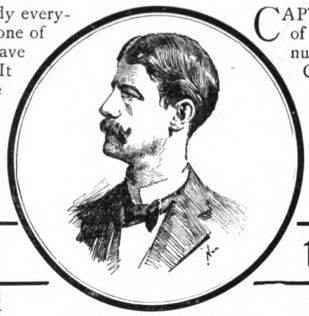






# LIEUTENANT HOBSON

IN THE DECEMBER CENTURY, ready everywhere Thursday, December 1st, begins one of the most interesting series of articles that have ever appeared in an American magazine. It is Lieutenant Hobson's own narrative of the sinking of the "Merrimac" in Santiago harbor. It will appear in three numbers of THE CENTURY. The first part, in December, contains the story of the inception of the idea, the stripping of the "Merrimac," and the manœuvers up to the time of the recall.



CAPTAIN SIGSBEE'S narrative of the explosion of the "Maine" is also contained in the Christmas number of THE CENTURY. In the November CENTURY Captain Sigsbee told the story of the arrival of the ship in the harbor of Havana. In the December number he describes the explosion, the act which precipitated the Spanish War, and he tells the story most graphically. The destruction of Cervera's fleet will be described later by Rear-Admiral Sampson and others who took part in the engagement.

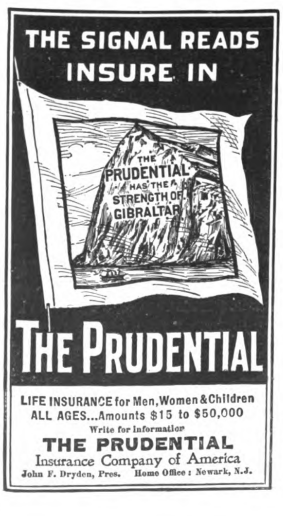
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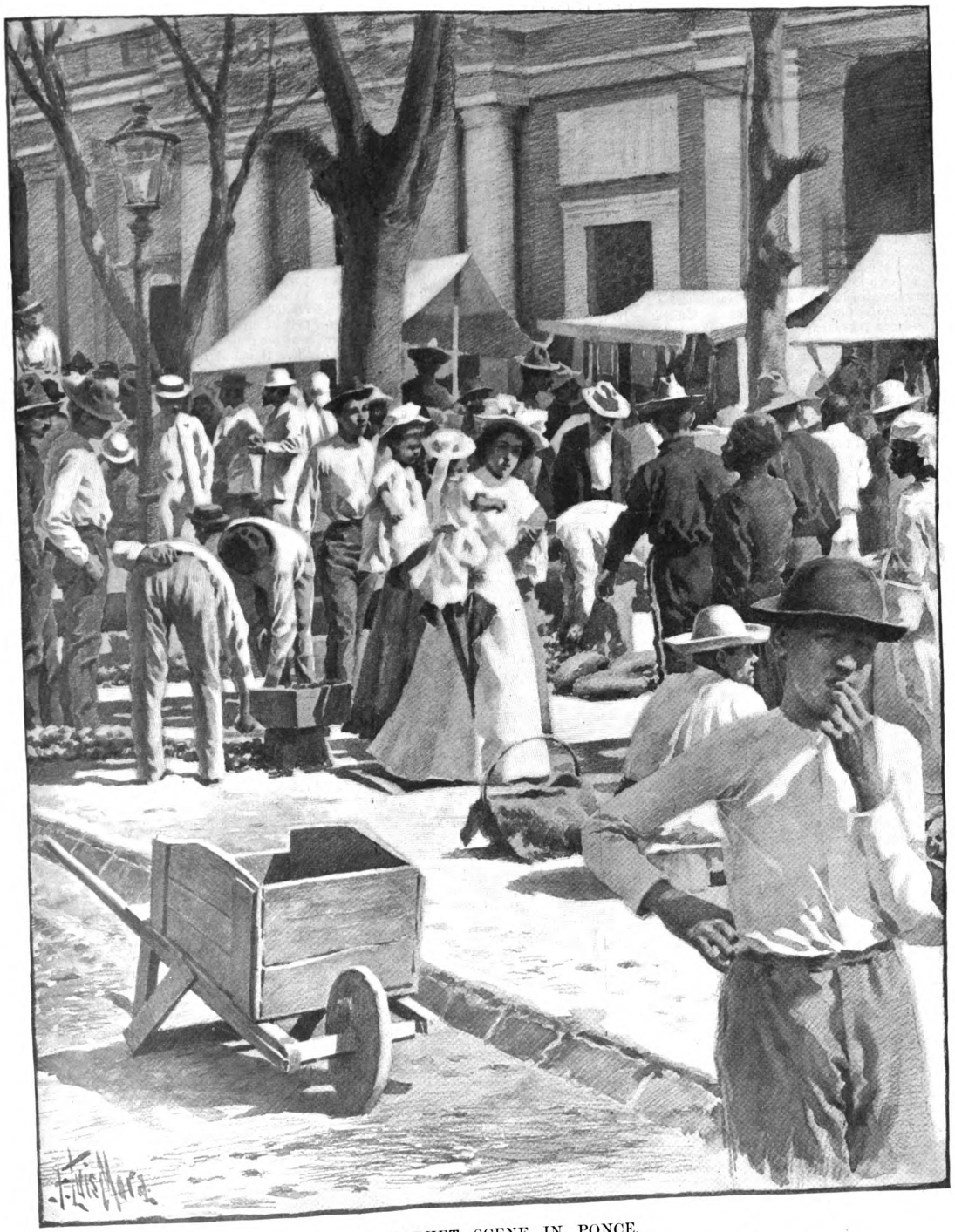
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 3, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

*Subscriptions may begin with any Number*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris


IT should not be forgotten that Governor TANNER is still at the head of the government of Illinois, and that he continues to neglect to enforce the laws and to protect the colored miners who have come from Alabama to work within the borders of his State. Riots have occurred at Pana within the week, and all that the Governor has seen fit to do has been to order the disarmament of all parties. Now it is clearly right for him to order the disarmament of the rioters, but it is not right for him to order the negroes to disarm, because they are simply defending themselves from the attacks which have been encouraged by his own attitude. It is a fact that nothing has been suggested in the way of Federal interference. Practically the Constitution of the United States, so far as it guarantees protection to citizens of the State of Alabama within the State of Illinois, is a dead letter.

TRUE bills of indictment have been found against Senator QUAY, his son RICHARD R. QUAY, former State-Treasurer BENJAMIN J. HAYWOOD, JOHN S. HOPKINS, and others, for what practically amounts to embezzlement of the funds of the State of Pennsylvania. The case against Senator QUAY has been set forth in these columns, and it is a very strong one presumptively. It is a disgrace to the State that such a man as he should be a Senator. Whether or not he is technically guilty of a crime which will land him in the penitentiary, he is in fact guilty of an offence against morality and propriety which would prevent a sensitive community from intrusting him with high office. But QUAY seems to own the Republican party of the State of Pennsylvania, and the Republican party owns the commonwealth. Those who are ashamed of a person like QUAY are in the minority; and if QUAY goes to prison as a just end to his public career, it will be the State of Pennsylvania, more than he, that ought to feel shame.

THERE is a newspaper rumor to the effect that Admiral SCHLEY is to have command of the European squadron which is said to be about to sail for the other side of the Atlantic for exhibition purposes. In other words, if the rumor be true, Admiral SCHLEY is to be presented to Europe as the naval hero of our war. Now, if the official reports of the Santiago campaign are true, Admiral SCHLEY is very far from being such a hero. Instead of being honored he should be punished. That the Navy Department believes that the official reports are true has been demonstrated by the fact that it published them in the newspapers, thus making Admiral SAMPSON'S presentation of the case its own. Nevertheless, in the face of this, President MCKINLEY and Secretary LONG have recommended Admiral SCHLEY for promotion, and it is now reported that they are going to further honor him by giving him this exhibition command. Will they kindly tell the country what they really believe in this matter with respect to Admiral SCHLEY? Have they misrepresented him in their official reports? or are they giving him unmerited honors, at the expense of other and better men, because they are afraid of public opinion—that is, the opinion of the yellow journals and the politicians of Maryland?

IT is evidently the intention of the Republican leaders of the State of New York to do their utmost to still further reduce the amount of home-rule of which the city of New York is possessed. This is not much, it is true, but what there is of it should be maintained, and we trust that Governor ROOSEVELT will not be led away, by his honest and strong desire for good government, to imagine that this end can be accomplished through the rule of the Republicans of the rural districts of New York. They have produced PLATT, ELLSWORTH, COGGESHALL, LOU PAYN, GEORGE ALDRIDGE, and all that crowd, and they have traded legislation with CROKER for mutual benefit and profit. They are no more to be trusted than are the Democrats of New York city; and the police should be left under the charge of the latter, because the citizens of New York who are injured by bad police government can punish Tammany Hall, but never the Republican party of the rural districts. If it had not been for the power of the citizens of the metropolis to punish a local government on account of police wrongs and police scandals, Mayor STRONG would not have been at the head of the city government, and Mr. ROOSEVELT would not have been on the police commission. It was the revolt of the city that gave us decent police administration under him; but no revolt of the city will ever be able to improve police matters if the force is ruled from Albany.

THE race difficulties in the South and in Illinois continue to be discussed in the newspapers, but there are signs of a gradual loss of public interest in the question, which is so characteristic of the American people, and upon which Mr. MCKINLEY is said to have relied as the best defence that Mr. ALGER had. The negroes in New York have held a mass-meeting, and this meeting has been followed by others in different parts of the country. The negroes, at all events, are not losing interest in the matter, because their welfare, and even their lives, depend upon a proper settlement of the question. Notwithstanding the fact that the government owes it to itself and to its citizens to enforce the law, we do not see how the question can be finally settled without the aid of the negroes themselves; and upon this point Mr. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON and Mr. JOHN C. DARCY have given their race excellent advice. It is, in effect, that they refrain from pushing forward into politics, and from demanding public positions—in other words, from doing those things which alone seem to arouse the enmity of the whites, who are determined that this shall be a "white man's government." The negroes, by refusing to become spoils politicians, will not be guilty of an act of cowardice, but will be doing an act of tactfulness, which is demanded of them in view of the great blessing which the whites have given them—that is, the blessing of freedom. It is well for them also to remember that the part they play in politics is not important to the development of their race, but that it is imposed upon them for the advantage of white politicians whose success and position in politics depend upon the negro vote. Let them consult their own interests, and they will grow gradually, until the race is competent to fill that position in the community which the laws contemplate that it should hold. We are not advocating any laxness upon the part of the government in the execution of the laws for the protection of its citizens; but we are sure that the negro race itself can be greatly benefited by the self-restraint which is recommended by Mr. WASHINGTON and Mr. DARCY.

THE investigation by the commission appointed by the President to inquire into army administration is of a peculiar character. Now that the commission is in New York, it is evident that most of its members consider themselves as counsel for the defendant—that is, for the army administration. Governor WOODBURY of Vermont and Commander SEXTON are the chief offenders in this respect. Instead of trying to discover the truth, they cross-examine witnesses in the interests of the particular branch of the service attacked. They are especially fond of annoying women witnesses who are evidently telling the truth about the horrors they saw at Montauk. They are described in the newspapers as "ironical" and "sarcastic" and "insinuating." Why were these gentlemen appointed? Was it for the purpose of defending the administration, or for the purpose of ascertaining the truth? Notwithstanding their efforts to conceal the truth, however, facts are coming to light that bear out the newspaper reports of the horrible condition of affairs at Santiago and at Montauk. General BRECKINRIDGE, General GREENE, General SANGER, and other witnesses among them good women who worked at Montauk—have testified to facts that seriously reflect upon army administration, and, among other things, make it apparent that the Santiago campaign was badly managed from the beginning. It is clear now that General SHAFTER should not have commanded even a division or a brigade in that campaign, and that much of the suffering was due to his indifference and general incompetency. It is clear that the administration broke up the staff corps, taking away from them their experienced officers; that the quartermaster's department was incompetent; that the medical department was insufficient; and that every staff corps, from highest to lowest, was a failure. Some of the reports of the heads of departments are confirming all that has been said about the mismanagement of affairs. Surgeon-General STERNBERG'S report, for example, excuses the medical department for the evils the existence of which the investigating commission seems eager to deny.

MR. ROOSEVELT has once more earned the gratitude of the country, this time by his testimony before the war-investigating committee. His is really the first testimony of the first importance, when the character and official position of the witness are considered, which bears the mark of absolute frankness and thorough information. Was there ever such a picture of imbecility and incompetency as that presented in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S testimony? Troops without proper equipments; a congested state of affairs on the railroad to Tampa; the utter chaos at that noxious camp; lack of transportation and lack of proper food; utter confusion at Port Tampa; the Rough Riders seizing a transport and holding it, in consequence of the failure of the commanding general or his quartermaster to designate the steamers for the various regiments; total disregard of the comfort of the soldiers; a wicked lack of medical supplies and attendance on the field of battle; Lieutenant-Colonel ROOSEVELT buying necessary food for his men; regulations which permitted officers to have fresh vegetables and refused them to the rank and file; lack of discipline on board the transports; entire absence of military command over the same transports; and the failure to land half the supplies that were on the ships—all these and much more were related by Mr. ROOSEVELT in detail, and probably to the confusion of the attorneys for the defendant who are masquerading as investigators. When to these is added the lack of proper weapons and smokeless powder—the smoke from the black powder resulting in an undue loss of life by our troops, who exposed their position every time they fired at the enemy—we have a state of affairs which proves beyond peradventure that the expedition from Tampa was badly organized, incompetently commanded, and that under the conditions which prevailed it should not have gone to Cuba at that time. All this is not useless scolding over things of the past. The condition of affairs that prevailed in this expedition should be known, and the responsibility for it should be fixed, for the sake of the country in the future. And now let General MILES speak on this subject with the frankness and the fairness which characterize the testimony of Mr. ROOSEVELT. He is the soldier at the head of the army. The country has confidence in his military capacity, and it ought to have the benefit of his experience and his opinions as to the character of the expedition, of which we know he did not approve.

## THE DECISION AT PARIS.

THE settlement of the Philippine question rests with the Senate. The administration has done its part, and its commissioners in Paris have insisted that the archipelago shall be ceded to the United States, we, in turn, agreeing to pay $20,000,000 to Spain for these possessions. A year ago we would not have taken them as a gift. A year ago, practically the whole nation would have resented the suggestion that we should imperil our own institutions and should plunge into the midst of the dangers of war which becloud the Asiatic horizon, because of some fancied duties owing to alien and savage peoples. No one in the full possession of his reasoning faculties can believe in this bathos if he looks at the question calmly and is free from the moral and sentimental fog with which the subject has been surrounded by those who are bent on expansion for the mere sake of expansion, and those with whom sentimental considerations are more controlling than we think they ought to be when the welfare of the country is in issue. And yet it is probably true that the fustian about our duties to the Tagals, Negritos, Malays, and Filipinos will carry the day if it is be carried at all. We, the people at home, are not to be considered. The fact that we are to be in danger from this increase in our alien population is be of no account in the minds and fancies of the politicians. No expansionist has undertaken to answer the real question involved. In other words, the administration is prepared to take the fearful chance Victory, in its view, has imposed upon us a fearful burden and immense responsibilities, which Mr. MCKINLEY has not only smilingly assumed, but for the bearing of which he has "generously" agreed to pay to Spain $20,000,000 of the money of the tax-payers. This duty that we owe the sufferages is said to arise from the cruelty of Spain

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rule. We are to relieve them from that rule, although it is perfectly well known that not one-tenth of the people of the Philippines, outside of Luzon and perhaps Mindanao, ever felt the weight of Spain's little finger or even knew of her existence. Why is not the administration frank in dealing with the country? Surely it is not so unintelligent as to believe in this poor delusion about duties, which would not have existed if DEWEY had properly sailed away from Manila after he had performed his task of destroying Spanish naval power in the Pacific. Surely it knows that a victor cannot be forced, morally or otherwise, to assume dangerous burdens in consequence of his victories. Is there not statesmanship enough within the range of the President's political friendships to settle this question without throwing over the Declaration of Independence, and without acting the untruth that popular government is in its dotage? But we are face to face with the treaty. The administration has in this treaty begun the most dangerous assault upon free institutions that has ever been made in the country, more dangerous than the assault of the slave power, because if it succeeds it is likely to be more enduring in its consequences than the earlier attack could have been. That it will not itself succeed eventually will be due to the vitality of democratic institutions, which will struggle against and finally overcome this attempt to transform the republic into an absolute and necessarily an unjust, ruler over alien and unwilling peoples. But the virtue of democratic institutions does not rob this attack upon them of its character.

We must depend now upon the Senate, and we are sure, from what we know of the real sentiments of the best Republicans in that body, that a treaty containing a provision to assume the Philippines would not be ratified if the vote were taken to-day. It is to be hoped, in the interest of the whole country, whose domestic problems demand all its attention, and all its political sense and courage, that this attitude of the Senate will not change, and to this end we hope that the petitions prepared by the Anti-Imperialist Society, of which ex-Secretary of the Treasury GEORGE S. BOUTWELL is president, will be signed by the hundreds of thousands.

Coupled with the demand for the islands which was made by the commissioners is a certain ambiguous promise that we shall maintain the "open door" in the Philippines. We are inclined to think that the promise means nothing, especially in view of the limitations of the demand itself. From that proposition we judge that the commission's idea of the "open door" is that it will be maintained by the admission of Spanish ships to the islands on the same terms on which American ships are admitted, and this only for a definite term of years. This may be a promise of an "open door," but it would be better described as a promise to keep the door ajar. What does the "open door" mean? It means that trade with the islands shall be absolutely free, and that the merchants of all countries shall have the same trade privileges in the Philippines as the Americans enjoy. This, however, is absolutely impossible with our present tariff system. If the treaty that is contemplated by the administration be ratified, the Philippines will be part of the United States. The Constitution provides that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." If there is to be an "open door" maintained in the Philippines, therefore, the protective policy must be abandoned for the whole country. We must have free trade everywhere. We cannot protect the cotton and woollen manufacturers of New England and Georgia, the iron and steel masters of Pennsylvania and Alabama, the sugar-growers of Hawaii, Louisiana, and Nebraska, the tobacco of Puerto Rico, Connecticut, and Virginia, and refuse all protection to the Philippines. For ourselves, we are not alarmed by the prospect; but the protected manufacturers of New England evidently are alarmed, and the Home Market Club has made its protest, and has called upon the working-man, its traditional favorite, whose succor is always in demand when the manufacturer is in danger, to lift up his voice against the prospective inroads of cheap labor from Asia.

We are inclined, however, to think that the administration has no idea of opening the door in the sense that the open door is understood in England, and it has shown this by its action with reference to trade with Puerto Rico. It believes in the maintenance of its mediæval policy on this side of the water. While the American and Canadian commissioners are discussing reciprocity in Washington, Mr. MCKINLEY violently slams the door of Puerto Rico in the face of the world by declaring that our barbarous navigation laws apply to the island; that between us and it trade must be carried on in American bottoms; that foreign vessels can only touch at one point in the island during a voyage—and all the rest of it. Mr. MCKINLEY and those who agree with him have learned nothing from the colonial histories of the world. They seem not to know that this policy of theirs cost England the United States; that it makes the colonies of France and Germany enormous burdens on the mother-country; that it has finally stripped Spain of all her valuable possessions. These navigation laws applied to Puerto Rico are especially injurious to Canada and England, and some of our ill-informed English friends are now learning that we are not likely to have at once an enlightened colonial policy, or one that will be of immediate advantage to British commerce. Eventually, of course, expansion will compel free trade. Protection and colonial government do not go together. The history of the world has proved this to the intelligent economist, but we are likely to be obliged to learn the lesson over again by hard and bitter experience. In the mean time, however, there can be no "open door" in the Philippines after the islands are annexed. That cannot be until we are prepared to open the door everywhere, for the Constitution forbids.

## A POLICY OF "NAGGING."

IN his London letter this week, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE gives a very clear view of the straits to which the French Republic has been reduced by pursuing towards England a policy of nagging. In respect to Germany, the policy of the French republic may be said to have been continuously a policy of pouting. The latest and most striking illustration of this policy was given when France, heavily burdened, as she confessedly is by her armament, refused to consider, even at the request of the Czar, the expediency of lightening it while the *status quo* prevailed in Alsace and Lorraine, and openly grumbled at the avowed indisposition of her great and good friend to maintain his crushing armament for the sake of redressing her grievances. But Germany is so near, so imminent, that France has not ventured to convert her policy of passive pouting into a policy of active nagging in respect to Germany. She has taken a vicarious revenge upon the hereditary foe, and has nagged perfidious Albion with increasing frequency and point ever since England went in alone, after France had declined to go in with her, to do some very needful house-cleaning in Egypt.

The house-cleaning has been done, to use a slang phrase of particular applicability, "to the Queen's taste." Egypt has never been anything like so well governed as it is now since the exodus of Moses. But France, by at least her noisiest organs, refuses to recognize, in the great and beneficent work that has been done, anything of greatness, anything of beneficence, anything but a new grievance and a new illustration of the perfidy and greed of a greedy and perfidious race. The force of nagging could not go much further than the planting of a party of "nine or ten fortuitous Frenchmen," as the London *Times* calls MARCHAND'S party, across the line of the conquering and civilizing British army, with the pretension of arresting its advance.

This has been too much for the British apathy, upon which the naggers have thus far successfully relied. That apathy has been so completely dispelled that Great Britain seems to have determined that the state of preparedness—at first forced upon her by the attitude of France over the trivial affair of Fashoda—shall be maintained until not only that question, but all other outstanding questions are settled. She is determined, it seems, that they shall be settled in such a way as shall put a stop, once for all, to French nagging in every quarter of the globe.

Whoever has watched the course of European politics for the last decade will not be inclined to blame England for this situation. She has pursued her own ends with energy, no doubt, but they were real and important ends. Her objects, as Lord SALISBURY said when KITCHENER'S expedition was despatched, "are strictly business." It cannot be said that her policy has in any particular been shaped by a desire to annoy any other nation. On the other hand, it has been truly said that the policy of France has not only been shaped in many particulars for the purpose of annoying England, but that the fact that a given line of policy would annoy England has sufficed to make it, if not popular in France, at least acceptable to a large and vocal number of Frenchmen. England has now been wrought up to the point of challenging France, if she has any grievances, to come out and redress them. That is, in effect, what Lord SALISBURY has said in his very guarded and diplomatic way. That is what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the *enfant terrible* of the British cabinet, has blurted out in his entirely undiplomatic way. France, thus challenged, contents herself with pointing out what harm Russia could do to England in the event of war. This is not a very dignified posture for a nation which, once, and for centuries, held the leadership of Europe. But it is a natural enough consequence of the policy of persistently nagging a foreign power in order to avert attention from domestic scandals. Meanwhile it will be interesting to watch Great Britain's conduct in case the French undertake to re-enforce their colonies in the East.

## THE JUBILEE OF FRANCIS JOSEPH.

FEW monarchs have been so sorely smitten as FRANCIS JOSEPH. Since he came to the throne, fifty years ago, a mere boy of eighteen, there has hardly been a year without its public or private sorrow. His brother MAXIMILIAN found an untimely grave in Mexico, murdered by the men whom he had hoped to rule. His only son died a tragical and mysterious death less than ten years ago. His wife was assassinated last September by an Italian anarchist. Little but misfortune has marked the outward history of the Dual Monarchy under his charge. The Hungarian revolt was a fitting prelude to a reign of continued disturbance. Twice the Emperor has been forced at the sword's point into a humiliating peace. Solferino and Sadowa destroyed, so far as one can see, forever the Austrian dominion in Italy and the German Confederation. Hardly less disastrous to the stability of the realm of the HABSBURGS have been the ceaseless jars of race with race—the vicious conflicts of German, Czech, and Magyar—which seem now to have passed beyond the healing stage, and to threaten the disruption of the empire possibly even in the lifetime of its patient and persuasive ruler.

It is the rarest kind of tribute to personal worth that FRANCIS JOSEPH should stand out after these fifty troublous years as the one point of agreement that is common to all his peoples. Much of his authority is due to the great tragedies of his life; much also to the racial wranglings and cliques that by a process of exhaustion have lifted the monarchy above party politics into a position of determinating influence; but more to the character of the Emperor himself. It was many years before the real nature of that character could make itself known. Education and surroundings had made FRANCIS JOSEPH a bigot and an autocrat. The collapse of the Hungarian revolt was followed by ten years of pitiless reaction. The Church and the army were summoned to make German authority, the German language, and the German bureaucracy paramount among 30,000,000 aliens of Slav, Ural-Altaic, and Latin extraction. Such an attempt spelt absolutism in its crudest form. The Austrian Empire of forty years ago was in all its essentials a mediæval state.

The change came when, as a result of the French and Prussian wars, constitutionalism took the place of autocracy and the "principle of nationality" was partly admitted. Her old rights of self-government were restored to Hungary, and the Austrian Empire converted into the Dual Monarchy. The great sacrifice once made, other reforms came more easily. Austria has grown towards liberalism since 1860 with a rapidity that no other country has equalled. True, its liberalism is oftentimes somewhat specious, but at least the fundamental liberties have been secured. The ideas and policy of METTERNICH are dead and gone. The serf is no longer subject to the lord, and the lord no longer exempt from taxation and military service. Freedom of speech and pen and public meeting is now the possession of every Austrian. The guilds that oppressed and restricted commerce have been removed. Trial by jury has become the law of the land. The suffrage is all but universal, though the system of "representation by classes" really keeps the power in the hands of the nobility, landed gentry, and merchants. For all these reforms, even though racial antagonisms have made some of them practically worthless in operation, the Emperor must be credited. It is he who suggests legislation, makes and unmakes ministries, and directs their policy.

One change the Emperor has not been able to effect. The struggle of the Czechs for home-rule in Bohemia is possibly more bitter to-day than it ever has been. It is a counterpart of the Irish struggle, accentuated by a difference not only of race, but of language. The fever for autonomy has spread over the whole of the Austrian half of the monarchy, and Czechs, Poles, Slovenes, and Italians are each pulling away from German ascendency, and clamoring for such independence as Hungary won in 1860. The dangers of the situation are enormous, and even the Emperor's patient wisdom and conspicuous straightforwardness have been unable to remove them.

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FROM "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS," NOW PLAYING AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.




THE production of "The Merchant of Venice," with which Mr. Augustin Daly opens the thirtieth season of his management in New York and the twentieth season at his present theatre, may be regarded as the chief Shaksperean event of the year. Mr. Daly is the most scholarly of American managers—the only one of any real scholarship; and "The Merchant," one of the best three or four of Shakspere's comedies, has not heretofore been acted on his stage. The production is especially notable for the fact that it has given Miss Ada Rehan an opportunity to add an important character to the brilliant series of her triumphs as an interpreter of our ancient comedies. One may be permitted to question whether the spirit of Miss Rehan's impersonation is in full sympathy with the distinct yet impalpable sweetness that is always a part of Shakspere's more charming heroines. It is certain that she has succeeded best in such parts as lie in the range between *Peggy Thrift* and *Katherine*. I confess that I had a doubt as to whether—mirthful or commanding as she has always been at will—she was capable of the gracious dignity of *Portia's* spirit; but I mention the doubt merely to confess its complete solution. Mr. Daly's admirable schooling has made her first of all a master of the technique of expression. Throughout, Miss Rehan was mistress of the part. She passed from the lighter to the graver shadings with a certainty of effect that left little to be desired; and she uttered her lines, noble and charming at times as few others in Shakspere, with the correctness, flexibility, and justness of rhythm that have always marked her delivery. Her great triumph was, as it should have been, in her most difficult passage—the "quality of mercy" lines, that are capable of being so wretchedly and so magnificently read. Miss Rehan was more than magnificent. The climax of the description of mercy—"It is an attribute to God himself"—had a reverential majesty that has never, to my knowledge, been given it on the stage. The effect was doubtless the consummation of intelligent reading; but for the moment it was as if some majestic priest were speaking from the chancel of a cathedral.

Miss Ada Rehan's first appearance as *Portia*.

In attempting *Shylock* an actor has to cope with a problem as to æsthetic values that has not as yet been more than half answered. The history of the old plot to which Shakspere gave enduring form in "The Merchant," together with the known literary and social influences of Elizabethan England, make it little short of certain that *Shylock* was not in Shakspere's time, as he is now often regarded, the venerable martyr of a hated and downtrodden race. The attitude of Elizabethan England toward the Jew was not unlike the attitude of modern Russia; and indication is not lacking that *Shylock's* fate in the trial scene was regarded as highly satisfactory and delightful. The earliest performance of the part of which we have adequate record—Lansdowne's version (1701–1741)—makes it almost purely comic. That Shakspere and his company represented the part as comic is not likely; yet it is much more likely that they presented it in a spirit of nineteenth-century humanity. It is probable that, like *Caliban*, *Shylock* was conceived in that mingling of comic and tragic moods, so incomprehensible to-day, which is to be seen most obviously in mediæval grotesques.

Old Comedy and Modern Tragedy.

What, then, is the problem that confronted Mr. Daly and Mr. Sidney Herbert? Manifestly to preserve as much of the Shaksperean element as a modern audience will approve. Traditionally the part has had many touches of the grotesque. "I believe," writes Edwin Booth, "that Burbage, Macklin, Cooke, and Kean (as did my father) made *Shylock* what is technically termed a 'character part'—grotesque in 'make-up' and general treatment." The sentimentally humane construction of this part, making *Shylock* an avenging and a martyred prophet, which was originated I believe by Macready, Mr. Booth attempted, and discarded in favor of an interpretation in which the grotesque attributes were consciously more pronounced, he says, than in the renderings of the predecessors he names. Among later actors, Irving and Mansfield have dealt freely in the grotesque: for example, when *Shylock* returns to find his house plundered and his daughter flown, they make the crowd of masquers rush upon the stage and surround him, jeering. The tragedy of his anguish is thus expressed to the audience by means of a truly Elizabethan delight in the trick that has been played on him. Mr. Daly's production discards this "business" of the masquers. Again, when *Shylock* says of Leah's ring, "I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys," Irving and Mansfield suit their delivery to the grotesqueness of the phrase, and provoke laughter, as no doubt Burbage and the rest did before them. Mr. Herbert carefully avoids the laugh. In the trial scene, where *Shylock* whets his knife on the sole of his shoe, even Booth tried to make the passage serious; but he acknowledged that it was almost impossible to carry out the spirit of the lines and do so, and there are plenty of indications that Shakspere meant the passage as an out-and-out grotesque, the least important of which is *Gratiano's* pun about *Shylock's* soul. Throughout the trial scene *Gratiano* is used, in a manner familiar to any playwright, to point out to the audience the most delightful strokes of the Jew's fate. Mr. Herbert is so chary of his sole-leather that the effect of the business is quite lost, and the reserve with which he renders the whole scene throws the fat of *Gratiano's* part into the fire. Finally, where *Shylock* totters from the stage, after having been forced to become a Christian, Mr. Mansfield has added (I believe the credit is his) a very striking bit of grotesque business. He makes *Shylock* appeal for physical support to a bunch of tribesmen with Jewish beards and false noses, and makes the tribesmen shrink from him with groans and jeers. Mr. Daly has discarded this, as he did the similar business of the masquers in the second act. In a word, Mr. Herbert's *Shylock* is the predominantly tragic *Shylock* of Macready's sentimental whitewashing. Remote as this is from Shakspere's comedy of "The Merchant," it is capable, I suppose, of being made highly dignified and appealing before an audience sympathetic to the Jewish race. In Mr. Herbert's rendering I could not see that it was so made; it was overacted and under-vitalized. The only glimpse I had of an artistic intention was in the shadings of expression in his face. These were always interesting, and sometimes effective. Once or twice there was a touch of true tragedy.

Mr. Sidney Herbert as *Shylock*.



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MAY IRWIN,
Now playing in "Kate Kip, Buyer," at the Bijou Theatre, New York.

A curious result of this nineteenth-century conception of the play is that it redoubles the difficulty of adapting it to the requirements of our stage. The stage of our ancestors, to begin with, had the meres suggestions of scenery; the slightest hint of external locality, sometimes perhaps even a sign-board, served to indicate the surroundings; the details were filled in by the imaginations of the auditors, aided by the descriptive passages in the dialogue. It followed that the scene could be changed at will, and without the loss of an instant. When the settings are as elaborate as Mr. Daly's, it follows that in order to avoid inordinate expense, and especially in order to avoid the chilling delays caused by shifting the setting the action has to be digested into a few vital scenes. The much we are used to in all Shakspere adaptations; but when *Shylock* is made to dominate "The Merchant" as purely tragic figure, the interest in the play as a drama ceases at the end of the fourth act, when *Shylock* leaves the stage. We are nevertheless asked to wait and while the elaborate setting of *Portia's* garden is prepared and when the curtain rings up, nothing transpires except the little farce-comedy of the rings, and the lines describing *Portia's* garden. The farce-comedy is neither necessary to the action of the tragedy of "The Merchant," is it particularly amusing. The descriptive passages

A Problem in Staging Shakspere.

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redundant, because their purport has already been presented at a glance by the scene-painter.

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!...
> Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
> There's not the smallest orb, that thou beholdest,
> But in his motion like an angel sings.

The moon is necessarily at the back of the stage, and Heaven itself could not say how its rays fall on the bench around the corner upon which *Jessica* sits. As for the choiring of the "patines of bright gold," one thinks only of the stars pricked in the canvas heaven. Those wonderful lines have about as much pertinence to the scene as the childish inscription, "This is a horse"; and any sensible man would put on his coat at the end of the fourth act and go home to read them unhampered in his study.

The solution of the problem of stagecraft here presented is one of the innumerable triumphs of the Burgtheater of Vienna. The fifth act is there mainly composed of the trial scene; when this is over, a quick change of setting shows an unobtrusive presentation of *Portia's* garden, and the brief three hundred lines that compose all of Mr. Daly's last act afford a striking and exquisite close. In this way, and in this way only, the scene at Belmont may be given the semblance of constructive pertinence to what is nowadays made the main action of the play.

I mean no indignity to Mr. Daly's setting; it is all too beautiful. Mr. Hoyt's scene before *Shylock's* house is wonderfully splendid and real. The black cat is very real—the harmless but perhaps not necessary cat that scurries along a coping at the back of the stage. Or perhaps the cat is a necessary cat, and an omen of *Shylock's* coming fate! That would be tragic indeed. Mr. L. W. Seavey's Judgment Hall is very sombre and beautiful, and Mr. Walter Hann's "gardens of *Portia*" are good enough to distract attention from Shakspere's lines. In short, they are all too good to be Shakspere. And let us say the same of the actors in Mr. Daly's company. I except only Mr. William Owen, who was as Shaksperean as his inconsiderable part of *Gobbo* permitted. JOHN CORBIN.

# MUSIC

VOLTAIRE, in his "Candide," that sprightly satire not for the Young Person, permits his hero's mentor to remark during a lull in their misfortunes: "Take all this, my boy,

**Of Cause and Effect.**

as a friendly chain of events in the best of all possible worlds! For, if you hadn't been kicked out of your fine castle for loving Mademoiselle Kunegund—hadn't been thrown into the Inquisition—hadn't run the Baron through the body, and hadn't lost all your precious El Dorado sheep—why, you wouldn't be here eating preserved citron and pistache-nuts." To which Candide answers with exceeding wisdom: "Excellently reasoned out! But all the same, let us take good care of our fruit-garden."

More than average insight into the balance between active and passive would be required to decide what has been the most robust throb of good luck or ill luck, the

**Exit "The New York Orchestra."**

sharpest change in affairs, in the tale of what a month ago was "The New York Orchestra," to-day "The Paur Orchestra." Earlier circumstances bringing to town its conductor were complex, and not all either cheerful or wise. Atop of them came a début of the new symphony-band to fix the notice of the city's connoisseurs on it.



LEO SCHULZ,
Violoncellist of "The Paur Orchestra."

Next ensued the total shipwreck of its manager, the abandonment of the Astoria Concerts, the Orchestra's consequent peril, a swift search for a new manager and private support, the finding of both, then a new name and new outset. Such goings on mean a wonderful knack at making history for itself on the part of even the most alert and enterprising orchestra existing.

The main and best sequel, however, is that, Mr. Victor Thrane having courageously undertaken the new orchestra's further career, it makes a fresh start, and seems to

**Enter "The Paur Orchestra."**

have a fair chance of getting out of the Forest of Sorrowful Haps, despite its manager's ominous surname. It played again twice last week, at its first public "rehearsal" and concert (reckoning by the Carnegie Hall series) as "The Paur Orchestra." And it played so superbly as to make one believe that a sweet rose can smell even sweeter when classed by a straightforward managerial botany. The programme offered Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture, Saint-Saëns's G minor piano-forte concerto, Tschaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, and the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." The same general description that was given of the band's work on the occasion preceding its difficulties holds more than good now. It is the finest orchestra of the city in quality and drilling, and ought to



NAHAN FRANKO,
Concert-Master of "The Paur Orchestra."

be a peculiar source of pride and gratitude. It would be ranked a fine one anywhere. It is pleasant to observe such a wide critical consensus as has honored its merit. I repeat it—only from two symphonic bands, each foreign to our city, have such concerts come. They are the result of authority, of instruction, and of pains. The rich Orientalism and fancifulness of Goldmark's tone-poem, and the alternated vivacity, romance, and pompous dignity of Wagner's programme-overture are fine tests. Both were delivered by this Paur Orchestra with a firm, precise sonority, and with touches of elegance, especially in the *ensemble* passages, for which we have grown used to look toward Boston and Chicago and Paris. Mr. Paur already has developed his string array well on toward a solid, smooth, and yet highly vitalized element of his band, with that tone indispensable to refined and well-balanced symphony-playing. This choir includes principals of indisputable value, as Messrs. Nahan Franko and Leo Schulz. The quality of such work at either concert was shown not only in enjoyable music, but in the ugly Tschaikovsky symphony. I am glad to see Mr. Paur introduce here at last the familiar foreign practice of having the violinists and violists play standing, at least during the symphonies. It is a custom of specially good results if the string band be rather scanty in proportion to the rest of the forces. Perhaps, in consequence, his Orchestra will be called "the stand-up orchestra" instead of the Paur one. But, in any sense, it is a band to rise to the occasion. Mr. Leopold Godowsky, of the Chicago Conservatory, was the soloist at afternoon and evening concerts. He has not played here in several seasons. He is of the younger foreign pianists of the first class as to execution, and while hardly a distinctive player of expression, is by no means lacking in that trait, when the work has anything particular to express—a thing not common in the compositions of Saint-Saëns, that greatly overestimated music-maker. The next set of concerts by the Paur Orchestra occur December 9 and 10.

The country at large may decide to remember this year as that of the accession of Puerto Rico, or of Mr. Roosevelt's election, or of many other notable incidents. Musical New-Yorkers will be justified in remembering it

**"A Dangerous Maid," at the Casino.**

as the year in which so surprisingly large a number of our comic operas and musical plays proved to be really good things, that we might expect a positive regeneration of ideas as to such jocund creations. The Casino has fallen into the good line with "A Dangerous Maid." The Viennese original, "Heisses Blut," has been "adapted," whatever that may mean, by Sydney Rosenfeld, with the musical or other co-operation of Messrs. Leopold Schenck, Frederick J. Eustis, and Louis Harrison. Some of their additions are brilliant excrescences on the original German structure. Others are excrescences without being brilliant. For one matter, the Imperial Hofburg Theater, the most serious and dignified stage in Europe, except the Théâtre Français, is turned into a playhouse like the Theater an der Wien, the Carl, or the Ronacher establishment! A really graceful, simple story is the piece's foundation; incidentally a story with a wholesome moral that shows itself behind all the blaze of feminine stage pictures and riot of costumes, in good taste and bad taste, and that vaudevillism in general that gives the piece its Casino quality. The silly English title merely labels the heroine, *Ilona*, a young Hungarian girl whom jealousy tempts on the very evening of her wedding to desert her humble lover and to run away with a Viennese Lothario. *Ilona* fancies that she does so. She also fancies that she leads a risky life in Vienna as an actress of wild vogue, that she nearly disgraces her good village-relatives by her very successes, that she is deserted by her lover, fights a duel with a stage rival, is wounded dangerously, and so on; while never actually crossing the Rubicon that makes her a creature of dishonor. And then, all at once, *Ilona* wakes up. She is safe on the stair of her father's rural home, just where she fell asleep. Her whole escapade has been a night's dreaming, her wedding morning is shining in her eyes, and her lover and father and innocent girl friends all come running in to clasp the frightened penitent to their arms. This is certainly pretty as a motive, if not wholly new. The seven tableaux make a distinctly enjoyable music play, with much comedy, and just a bit of pathos in them. "A Dangerous Maid" is exceedingly well acted, and not ill sung. Miss Lessing (*Ilona*) and Miss Laura Burt (*Fanchette*) are extremely faithful in that sound stage technique that makes of emotional light rôles all the serious success that can be made of them when intelligence is thrown into the effort. A spirited duel with rapiers is a mutual and novel climax to their effective work. Mr. Sam Bernard is genuinely comic as a wig-maker (*Schmalz*), and discreet in his foolery. Mr. William Norris succeeds, perhaps as well as any one could, with that especially tiresome stage type, an old beau (*Panagl*), of the low-comedian order of exploiting. The musical numbers in the original piece are pretty, and the present Casino chorus has good material, needing rather more drilling. The "quick changes" in the piece are well handled, the handsome scenery looks considerably like Vienna, and an excellent Hungarian band sounds exceedingly like it.

In a famous *bon mot* Sheridan declared that easy writing is curst hard reading. Piano-forte concerts, of late

**Of Piano-forte Recitals.**

years, called by the polite "recitals," are well enough as musical elucidations, or even pleasures when good, and given under those suitable conditions now grown rarer and rarer in this part of the world. But their reporting is flat and unprofitable to the average reader of musical reviews. I am sure that those of us who avoid in print the intricacies of our topic are loved for such reticence. Mr. Rosenthal has just finished his first series of such afternoons for the present. Miss Adele aus der Ohe, limiting herself to a couple, has completed this week that modest stint. The next series of general fame probably will be from Mr. Emil Sauer when he comes in January, unless Madame Madeline Schiller will not break the pious custom. Presently I shall be grateful for the musical veteran's privilege of speaking some plain truths about this whole question of piano-forte recitals considered as business or as art. As now offered, the species could be dispensed with almost altogether. Their value and interest are growing more and more legendary.

Last week the Castle Square Opera Company undertook Planquette's graceful opera-comique, "The Chimes of Normandy." It was not a happy effort; and those of us who are old opera-goers have such clear remembrances of how well the "Chimes" can be sung and acted, that



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY,
Pianist, of the Chicago Conservatory.

the performance of last week seemed sweet bells jangled out of tune. One vivid picture of the past—Peakes as *Gaspard*, the village miser—has not been approached by later singing comedians of our stage. It is not in imagination either that the Castle Square Company's work lately has sounded as if the principals were oversinging, and were tired. Especially is new tenor aid desirable. Cannot some useful new-comers be found here or wooed over from the Carl Rosa contingent or from the Savoy? In any state of activity to the contrary, it will be better to let alone Planquette, Gilbert and Sullivan, or to send the hard-working ladies and gentlemen now at the American on a little educational visit to London, to be brought to a knowledge of how such things as "Iolanthe" and "The Pirates" and "The Chimes" should be said and sung. This week the experiment of doing Puccini's "La Bohème" will be tried. E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

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HE MARKET, PONCE.

vicker side-panniers, from which valiant chanticleers hrust forth their heads and lift their strident voices in lefiant challenge.

It is not to be supposed that game-bird fighting is followed by the entire population as a means of recreation, for the wealthier and commercial classes, while not eschewing the amusement of watching a main now and then, take no active part in the pit. The followers of the gaff are, however, not numbered entirely, as in our own country, among the tougher element, but it has as its devotees most of the poorer element, laborers, or peons, who work on the large plantations for hire, and have little garden plots of their own to supply their family needs. They are quiet, hard-working people, when work is to be had, who enjoy intensely their few simple pleasures, and go into ecstasies over their great sport of cock-maining.

Around the cockpit are gathered two hundred jabbering peasants, in cotton clothes and loose blouses, with a sprinkling of the better dressed and more opulent townsmen clad in immaculate white duck, set off with starched bosoms, collars, and small flowing ties. The ring is crowded with men carrying their pet prize-cocks under their arms, all striving to secure wagers, and vociferously proclaiming the virtues of their respective birds as fighters.

The first fight has been arranged, and the referee claps his hands as a signal for all gathered in the ring to move outside, as only the "handlers" are allowed within the enclosure. The birds are fought with their own gaffs, instead of with the metal razor-edged blade which is strapped to the legs of cocks in the United States, and a great deal of preparatory scraping and polishing of the bone gaffs takes place, until they become needlelike in sharpness. Then all the crest or neck feathers are cut off with scissors, and sometimes the comb is trimmed low—but not often, as all the minor details of handling, so rigorously observed among our own gambling fraternity, seem here to be dispensed with.

The birds are teased into fighting humor while held in the hand, and viciously pluck at each other's head; and now they are dropped on the ground with a quick movement, and at the order of the referee they are at it. High up in the air they strike the first few plunges, and one dodges under, and the uppermost bird lands over his enemy with a surprised look, but whirls and grabs his opponent on the red comb with a strong beak, and plants his gaff fairly on the side of the other's head. A roar of approval goes up from the crowd who have backed this bird, and a counter set of suppressed hi's of fear rises from those wishing for the success of the other favorite. The fight is fast and furious.

Time is called. In the centre of the ring lies a small square outlined with sunken wooden sticks, and on its opposite edges the birds are set. The mongrel spotted bird goes for his game colored enemy immediately, and strikes him three times to the other's once. Poor fellow! his fight is over; he turns and runs away, followed by his fierce tantalizer. Once more they are rubbed into shape. One vicious gaff as they come together, and the red bird sinks dead, the bone lance going deep into his eye and brain.

The crowd surges into the ring and the money changes hands, while the owner of the dead bird gathers up the bundle of bloody feathers with some show of tenderness.

On and on it goes for hours, until the hundred contestants have been reduced by half, and the once bright-plumaged bragging birds, who dared each other on as they struggled at the end of their restraining bark thongs from the balcony, have changed to bedraggled bruised fellows with hanging heads and bent legs, and whose drooping eyelids tell the story of the desperate fight.

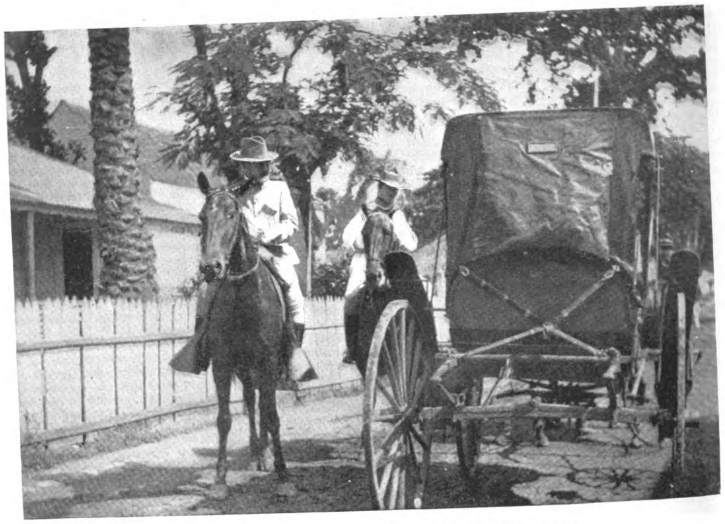
They are only birds, but there is something very pathetic in witnessing their fight for life—fighting to kill, if you prefer—surrounded by a concourse of howling human beings, who cheer on each stroke that draws another drop of vital blood. It is a brutal sport, this baiting of birds against one another, who fight with blinded bloody eyes, not seeing their enemy at the finish, but striking wildly, unflinchingly, at the superior force as they die; but it is the one, the only, amusement which these people could afford, the only one offered them by a nation which has crushed out human hearts and dwarfed human minds by three centuries of malicious officialism.

There was no drinking, no carousing, among the spectators; no ugly swearing, no bad feeling engendered, and no taint of rowdyism, such as we see in our own country at such gatherings. Instead, with one accord, the people were out to enjoy their holiday in gay good-humor, and while excitement rose to a tremendous pitch, no harsh word was spoken and threatening looks were unknown. That the amusement was brutal and of low order seemed not to occur to any one. They had been taught this form of pastime, and conscience did not trouble them.

Through the little entrance-gate, built from the wood of the royal palm, the crowd moved from a cock-fight to a solemn Catholic ceremony to be held in the near-by cemetery, and in the lead strode a little black young ster in one of our soldiers' cast-off campaign hats, his bare black chest shining through the front of a dirty cotton coat. What cared he that it had cost him a silve piece hardly gained by blacking the army's shoes? H was happy in the possession of a handful of copper cen tavos, which did credit to his acumen as a bird-backer and made him envied by his youthful playmates. Hi twinkling eyes and merry laughs sobered quickly to awe stricken glance and solemn expression as the black-garbe priest strode by.

Verily only such a mercurial race could have stood th blighting abuses of a despotic government with com placence.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.



GENERAL GRANT ON HORSEBACK AT ARROYO, PUERTO RICO.

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# LONDON.

*November 12, 1898.*

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at the Guildhall was remarkable for its omissions. China, Bahr-el-Ghazal, Morocco, were not named, although the seizure of Niu-chwang by Russian troops is now practically confirmed by Lord Charles Beresford. It was the speech of a wise but a tired old man who knows of danger he cannot reveal. The Premier's references to Egypt were complementary to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's declaration, earlier in the year, that we are "not going to be worried out of Egypt." Lord Salisbury says, in effect, that "we are not going to be worried *in* Egypt," and that if the British Empire is to be treated as a French pin-cushion, "occupation will be succeeded by a protectorate." Apart from the Bahr-el-Ghazal, of which I speak later, a test case will shortly arise which will determine the question as to whether the French continue or abandon their habit of inserting unexpected pins in John Bull's ample corporation. The present mandate for the Mixed Tribunals in Egypt expires early next year. Revision of these Mixed Tribunals is inevitable, and the decision that will be arrived at by England will be determined beforehand by the previous settlement of outstanding points still in dispute in the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

Lord Salisbury is severely taken to task by hot-blooded amateurs for not having seized the opportunity, on the 9th of November, for declaring a protectorate over Egyptian territory. To have done so prior to the final settlement of French pretensions to Egyptian soil would be futile, would deprive Great Britain of her impregnable legal position, would supply French Anglophobes with inflammable and explosive material for their campaign of passion, besides creating a precedent that would certainly be followed elsewhere. Much, perhaps far too much, is made of the language of the Anglophobist press in France. Probably books of geography and history used in French national schools reveal the real sentiments of successive French governments towards England more accurately than anything that appears in an ephemeral press. School-books commonly used in the lycées contain the most extraordinary evidence of envenomed and revengeful enmity against England, as does the atlas or *cartes croquis* used at St. Cyr. Niox's *Expansion Européenne* is a work of a very high class, and is regarded as a great and esteemed authority on geography. All the misfortunes of France during the present century are attributed in this work to England—unjustly as a matter of fact; not unnaturally as a matter of sentiment. In meeting these French accusations the defects of the English character are reflected in our press. Want of imagination is one of them. The attitude of English journalists towards France is one of pained surprise. "England," says the great British organs of public opinion, "only asks to be let alone. We wish neither to injure France, nor to curb her colonial aspirations, nor even to challenge her legitimate efforts to compensate herself in Asia and in Africa for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine." This attitude of the English press is short-sighted and slightly silly if we only look at the facts.

Since the Norman Conquest, twenty-two times have England and France been locked in a death-struggle. Of the past one hundred and fifty years the two nations have fought each other during thirty-seven, always for the same thing, and France has invariably gone to the wall. Our last five wars with France were one prolonged struggle for sea power—that is, for trade, territory, and wealth. During this period of struggle the population of England and Wales never exceeded nine millions, and never during this period were the people of France fewer than twenty-seven millions. In the year of Waterloo there were twenty-nine millions of French, and only eleven million English in England. Now all is changed. The French have increased by ten million in ninety-four years. The English have increased by more than twenty. Ireland, which was seething in rebellion in 1798, is now not only impotent, but quiet and partially contented. The numbers of the Irish people are reduced by half since General Hoche entered Bantry Bay. Today the United Kingdom is solid against French aggression, with the exception of a handful of Irish agitators and their followers. Are not these galling facts to thoughtful Frenchmen? It was from France that England snatched Canada, India, Egypt, and the command of the sea. A new Clive of Africa is to-day building an empire which, many think, may rival India itself, while at Fashoda an expedition conceived to solace French pride has resulted in a fresh and incurable wound upon Gallic susceptibilities. The hatred of France to England, however inconvenient, is natural. Lord Salisbury's sagacious and massive mind now apparently accepts with reluctance the truth, long since recognized by the majority of his fellow-subjects, that the conditions for an enduring friendship with the Latin races do not exist. Hence the immense efforts made by the Premier to bring the English-speaking peoples into sympathy with each other. French decay seems to be the only visible alternative to a renewal of the old struggle with this country.

Notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's speech, public opinion is still puzzled. Great events are looming on the horizon. The whole strength of the British Empire is not being exerted merely to illustrate the connection between one "unfriendly act" and its consequences after the surrender of France. Other difficulties exist, scarcely hinted at. For the first time, however, at all events in this century, the country watches the approach of war without panic or flurry. So far as France is concerned, King George the Third's flamboyant declaration before the outbreak of the last naval war with our neighbors, in May, 1803, might be used to-day. Here is a bit of it:

"It was universally allowed that the uniform system of hostile aggression and insult exercised by the French government for the last twelve months had been carried to such an extent that England was degraded and her honor forever lost if she did not again appeal to . . . . the spirit of the British nation, to the energies that form the proud characteristic of a free people, and, above all, to that overruling Providence under whose guidance she had so often asserted triumphantly her own cause."

Much water has flowed under London bridges since May 18, 1803. Popular hatred of the French has gradually ceased, and is replaced by liking diluted with contempt. The international situation is simple, but is, however, little understood.

Two central facts stand out like twin peaks against the setting sun—firstly, for sixteen years France has deliberately elected to wound English self-respect in all parts of the world; secondly, the despatch of the word "mobilize," from Whitehall would effectually stop these "unfriendly acts" forthwith, and for at least two generations would prevent their repetition. The accumulation of injury caused by the encroaching spirit of France has struck the popular imagination. The masses are not angry, but they are determined. Hence English opinion attaches little importance to Fashoda. In France, Fashoda is looked on as the supreme situation of the drama. To get the French out of Fashoda is a trifle. It settles nothing. Tail-twisting must cease. To get the French out of Fashoda without putting an end to the causes that took them in would be childish. It is therefore the policy of the government, with the consent of the British people, to arrange outstanding differences between the two countries, peacefully if possible, but to arrange them. No precautions are relaxed, no cessation of armaments will be thought of. The immediate cause of rupture, if peace is broken, may be over places occupied by the French in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, to which they have exactly the same title as they have to Fashoda—that is, none at all. Or it may be over Newfoundland, Morocco, China, or interference with the United States in the Philippines. The English people are bent on a solid peace—if necessary they will fight like devils to get it.

Five French settlements on or near the Nile are in dispute. I learn that the French are willing to surrender three, but they still refuse to surrender the remaining two. As a matter of fact, they are manœuvring to gain time. For them winter is an unfortunate period of the year for a naval war, and the chapter of accidents may bring allies. They are being sought diligently. Only twelve thousand French men-o'-war's men are habitually afloat in the winter season. Rough water suits the Anglo-Saxon temperament. The Latin Celt does not like high winds and steep swells. One immediate point of danger I learn to be the contingency of serious attempts on the part of the French to re-enforce the French colonies, as their seizure in war-time would form the only leverage for the arrangement of peace. Madagascar, Miquelon, St.-Pierre, and Algeria are being carefully watched. The time for a conflict is now opportune for England; it may not remain so long. The German Emperor has ostentatiously assumed the protection of a section of the Catholics, both in the Far and Near East, and he has as openly rejected the corner-stone of the Bismarckian foreign policy—*i. e.*, the conciliation of Russia. He is apparently bent on annoying the United States—our best friend. French influence in the East has for years been growing weaker, and the Sultan has suddenly discovered a friend in the ruler of the strongest military state in Europe. Turkey is in a sense another Egypt, and German protection of the Turk is necessarily antagonistic to the influence of Russia. Russia's aim has been to keep Turkey in a state of weakness and decay. Germany's aim is the regeneration of the Ottoman Empire. In the sphere of European politics, therefore, Germany and Russia are at last more or less open antagonists. Events are pushing the United States and Great Britain nearer together, but whether the cause of peace or the real welfare of America is served by the new imperialism on your side of the water is a question on which the prophets differ. On the field of prophecy we are all equal. The Kaiser's proposed visit to a Spanish port, when Gibraltar coal was nearer and better, does not make him more popular in England. The visit would not have been construed as "a friendly act" towards the United States. Something is in the air about Morocco.

From the Far East trustworthy information reaches me which shows that Japan believes her opportunity is coming. Should Russia move, she will find Japan at her throat. Russia, therefore, with her internal troubles of famine, poverty, and widespread corruption, is naturally unwilling to pull hot chestnuts out of the Egyptian fire for the sake of France. Without Russia, Austria, Abyssinia, or her Dervish friends, France will have to face the English music single-handed; and as the Foreign Ministers of France, who flit through the palace on the Quai d'Orsay as transient figures in a biograph, do not seem to believe England's word, it is possible that they will be more reasonable after being confronted with the spectacle of England's sword. There is, as I have hinted, a great deal under the surface which is not publicly known. The Egyptian authorities have in their possession a letter from a French officer to the Khalifa, together with two French flags sent to the leader of the Dervishes. The messenger who conveyed these interesting mementos of the emissaries of civilization is also in the hands of the Egyptian government. It is to be presumed that our rulers are withholding the publication of these facts, for diplomatic reasons, but they are true. If I were able to give my authority for stating them, the civilized world would wonder. It is not the opinion of ministers that there will be war this year, but the question of peace or war rests in the hands of French or Spanish politicians whose record of levity in the conduct of foreign affairs is not encouraging for the prospects of peace.

Lord Kitchener, of course, is the hero of the hour. He is the darling of the ladies, the idol of the crowd, and the hero of the nation. Since his arrival at Dover he has won golden opinions from every one. The crowd at Victoria Station on his arrival was one of the most extraordinary sights I ever saw in England. The crowd was like the Jubilee crowd last year, but was charged with electricity. Admiration and respect for the man who *does* as apart from the man who *talks* is a feature common to all the English-speaking people. But poor Lord Kitchener was nearly killed by the ardor of his admirers, and he was heard to say that the struggle on the platform at Victoria Station was worse than Omdurman. At the Mansion House dinner he spoke without notes, in a clear resonant voice, and embodied in his modest and business-like statement the qualities which Englishmen like and understand. At the Guildhall in the afternoon he was apparently unable to read the oath administered to him, the words being repeated to him by an aide-de-camp. A member of the ministry, however, tells me that Lord Kitchener's eyesight has not failed him, for the reading of print in the form of accounts in papers connected with Egypt is performed by the Sirdar at the War Office almost daily. His eyes are affected, but not incurably.

With reference to Lord Kitchener's character, a most interesting study, it appears that there is an essential difference between him and his predecessors on the English roll of military fame. The average British general is governed more or less, and more rather than less, by tradition, by personal considerations, by regimental, social, and racial sympathies or antipathies, and especially by *esprit de corps*. Lord Kitchener is influenced but little by these things. Fitness, and fitness alone, is the avenue to his regard. Two or three scions of the royal and the ducal houses were, it is true, accepted for service by him on the Upper Nile, and he brought them all back safely. Perhaps the Sirdar may have shown a little human weakness in accepting some of these lads, but in Lord Edward Cecil, the son of the Prime Minister, he gained the support of an able soldier and keen intellect. Other names might be mentioned with which the inexorable condition of fitness is not so easily associated. Lord Salisbury, who is not a hero-worshipper, is said to have formed an unbounded admiration for Kitchener. He has publicly referred to him as a financier, a diplomatist, and a soldier in language descriptive of an Admirable Crichton.

It is interesting to note that in the whole of the speeches delivered at the Kitchener banquet on the 4th of November, and the Lord Mayor's annual dinner to ministers on the 9th, the word "duty" occurs five times, while the word "glory" was only used twice, in both instances by Lord Salisbury, and then, first, in connection with the native Egyptian, as opposed to the British, army, and second, in reference to "that peace which is the glory and sustenance of our empire." The distinctive note of empires that endure is that of duty rather than empire.

The great interest felt in England at the prospect of a transfer of sovereignty over the Philippines from the Spanish monarchy to the United States, as I have more than once stated, is partly due to national self-interest. The Philippines in American hands, administered by United States officers, would not only present an object-lesson to the world of American capacity for administering distant dependencies, but would add great moral weight to England's efforts in the Far East to maintain the open door, and to her system of controlling the tropics. Knowing that General Merritt's opinions on the subject carry great weight with the readers of the WEEKLY, I am able to say that the following is an accurate reflection of his views. There is no doubt that whatever may be the result of the commission now sitting in Paris (which, by-the-way, I hear is not unlikely, in certain events, to transfer its sittings to London), the bulk of the inhabitants of the Philippines agree in desiring a change of government, and would eagerly welcome the American flag. If the annexation of the islands should become an accomplished fact, the long period of Spanish misrule will necessitate, for some time to come, military administration. The native leaders, Aguinaldo included, have little capacity for rule, and if one of them were set in authority, rivals would conspire to undermine it, and the anarchy would ensue which is inevitable when power is intrusted to incapable hands. Whatever changes may otherwise become necessary, a reformation of Roman Catholic Church predominance is essential. General Merritt tells me a fact which will go right home to all Americans and Englishmen with relations in the Far East. In the Philippines no Protestant can be married or baptized. Protestants desirous of entering into holy matrimony are obliged to go to Hong-kong to find a spot where liberty is combined with order and religions are unfettered. No missionaries or services are permitted outside the pale of that type of Romanism prevalent in the Philippines. I remember Cardinal Manning once telling me, with tears in his voice, that the Romanism prevalent in some of the South American republics and in the Philippines was of the unreformed character that disgraced the Middle Ages in European history. General Merritt confines himself, of course, in expressing this view, to the palpable necessity for the establishment of law and order, with such liberty of the subject as is accorded to the inhabitants of British tropical dependencies. Too much interference with the native is inexpedient, but all must be taught to obey the law which prevents liberty-lovers from interfering with the liberty of others. Above all, an honest and capable administration is essential, and therefore political interference from home with the officers appointed to govern the Philippines would be fatal to the administrative reputation of the United States in the Far East. Cuba is, of course, too near to be treated as a colony, but as regards the Philippines the experience of British rule in India, Ceylon, Singapore, and Hong-kong suggests to General Merritt that permanent and well-chosen American civil-service administration is the only alternative to military control when the islands are ready for the change.

General Merritt was naturally reticent about the course of events before the commission in Paris, but he expressed opinions upon the Anglo-French dispute now raging which are of value as emanating from a dispassionate friend of both nations, and a soldier and administrator of great distinction. The general thinks that the French army is better than it was three and a half years ago, that the men are bigger and better set up, that the discipline is improved, and that as a fighting-machine it is stronger than at any previous period. Upon the French navy he refrained from expressing an opinion, but entertained no doubt as to the result of a naval struggle between France and England. The capture of the French West India Islands by the English would be one of the early results of the war, and the transfer of the French West Indian possessions to the United States is a question that might possibly enter the arena of practical politics a few weeks after war breaks out. General Merritt is of the opinion that there is much behind of which the public know nothing, and that great events are looming in the near future.

ARNOLD WHITE.

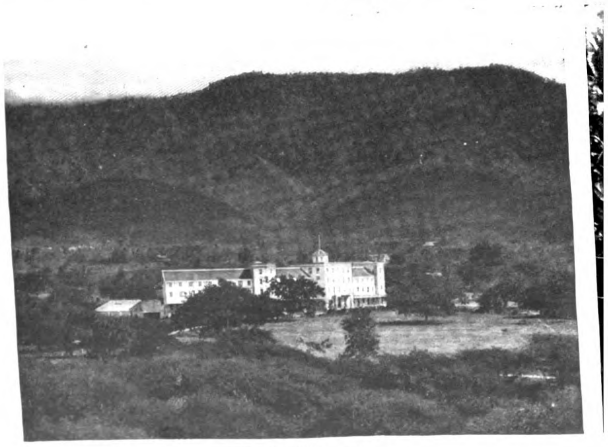
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TYPICAL NATIVE HALF-BREED (NEGRO AND COO



BARRACKS AT NEWCASTLE—4000 FEET AB



CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL.

JAMAICA—SCENES IN ENGLAND'S CHIEF

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PHIL. ROBINSON, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

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NEW BUILDING FOR THE JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE, WALNUT AND TENTH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.
J. H. WINDRAM, ARCHITECT.
The building is now in course of construction, and will be completed by June 28, 1899.

## THE CHINAMAN AND THE EXCLUSION LAWS.

FEW laws can be enforced absolutely. For instance, there is a law against breaking into houses, yet, in spite of the police, burglaries sometimes occur. This much, however, the burglary law does do: it prevents the crime from becoming very common. So it is in the case of the Chinese-exclusion laws. Though they may not keep out of the country every Chinaman not legally entitled to enter the United States, yet if they prevent Chinamen from becoming numerous enough to do us harm, their main purpose is accomplished.

A few Chinamen scattered through our population are not a great injury. The laundrymen found in our villages and small cities are certainly inoffensive, the Chinese colonies in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York are not too large to be under strict police control. It is only San Francisco, with its Chinatown of 70,000 people, that suffers from the contact of the Chinese coolie.

If Chinamen were being smuggled into the country by the thousands the danger would indeed be great, but experience proves that stories of Chinese smuggling are almost always exaggerated, and are often created merely to furnish a sensational newspaper article. Figures—which can be made to lie so easily—are especially misleading when dealing with our Chinese population. Owing to the peculiar character of the Chinese immigrant, his timid, suspicious, and secretive habits, it is impossible to obtain a reliable census. But even a cursory examination will show that Chinamen in the United States are not rapidly becoming more numerous, are not increasing as rapidly as the non-Mongolian population. A government official, an expert in Chinese matters and a man of conservative judgment, gives it as his opinion that we now have few more Chinamen in this country than we had in 1886. Taking into account the rapid increase of the non-Mongolian population, it can readily be seen that, as the exclusion laws are now enforced, there is no danger of our being overrun by the Chinese coolie.

An examination of the records of the New York Custom House shows how few Chinamen attempt entry at that port. During the eleven weeks beginning October 18, 1897, and ending December 31, 1897, there were admitted through the port of New York thirty-nine Chinamen of the exempt or merchant class. Twelve of these were actors in a Chinese play, who left New York, and after acting a week or two in England, returned, so that these twelve were not original entries. During that same period eight alleged merchants, not having the necessary certificates, were refused admission. Some Chinese have been entering through Burlington, Vermont, by means of the "boy and father" scheme. The efficient work of Chinese inspectors is rapidly making this attempted fraud too costly for the Chinamen and their lawyers.

On the Pacific coast, where the character of the Chinese immigrant is understood, public sentiment upholds the exclusion laws. This is not so in the East, and here the people's indifference or open hostility is one of the greatest difficulties encountered by the Chinese inspectors. It is this which makes it impossible to strictly enforce the laws, which gives United States commissioners and judges an excuse for favoring the Chinamen brought before them, which enables corrupt officials, undetected and unpunished, to grow rich through Chinese bribes.

The widespread sentiment in the East in favor of "poor John Chinaman" originates largely with those good people who teach in Chinese missions and Sunday-schools. It is unfair to deny results to their unselfish labor, they say; and it may be so that there are Chinese converts whose Christian virtues outshine those of the church-going descendants of the Puritan. There doubtless are many cases where Chinamen go to Sunday-school for other reasons than to learn English and to be petted by American women. But if the instance of the sincere convert is cited, it is only too easily offset by occasions when the people of San Francisco have been shocked by the ill deeds of Chinatown—brutal assaults, disgusting exhibitions of vice, and cold-blooded murders.

Putting aside as exceptions both the convert and the murderer, it remains to examine the traits of the ordinary Chinese immigrant, and to determine if he be a desirable acquisition.

At first sight it seems almost incomprehensible that any government should wish to exclude a race so peaceable and industrious—apparently such desirable material for future citizens. "A people," exclaim their advocates, "who might be the schoolmasters of the Western World; who delight us with their learning and their moral precepts; who have behind them centuries and centuries of civilization; who were scholars and statesmen when we were barbarians!" These admirers of the Chinese overlook the fact that it is precisely in the old Mongolian civilization that the danger lies. The Chinaman, be he mandarin or coolie, cannot, if he would, escape from this civilization; he feels its momentum pressing him on in the paths trod by his ancestors. Unless there should be an upheaval and change in China itself, he will continue in these paths, uninfluenced by the mushroom civilization of the West. The Chinaman's theory of life is absolutely opposed to ours; the two cannot combine; one theory must destroy the other. Will the law of self-preservation allow us to admit vast numbers of immigrants bitterly hostile in their ideas and frankly intending to remain so?—immigrants who covet our dollars and scorn us as barbarians? Have we not the right, and is it not our duty, to demand that those coming here to enjoy the advantages which our fathers bought with toil and war should in some measure accept our fathers' ideas? A slight knowledge of the Chinese immigrant is enough to convince one that he does not mean to learn from us, does not want to be like us. For generations he has been taught to scorn everything not Chinese. Every superstition he holds sacred teaches him to cling to the beliefs and prejudices—the old civilization—of his own country.

When a barbarian comes among civilized people, it is not long before he begins to adopt their ideas. He brings a fresh, strong soil in which civilization can work. New ideas are eagerly seized by his awakening intelligence. This happened when the Goth came in contact with Roman civilization; so it was when the African savage was brought to America; so it is when the semicivilized peasant comes to us from Europe. The most ignorant immigrant from Russia or Germany or Italy assimilates our American ideas; he seizes on them eagerly and gratefully, and in a generation or two he is one of us.

How different is the case of the Chinaman! Our ideas make no impression on his complacent mind. The most debased coolie thinks himself fully civilized. Unhealthy and dwarfed in body and in morals, made foul by ancient vices, his blood often tainted by leprosy, the Chinese coolie is the natural product of an old, worn-out, rotten civilization. The barbarian furnishes a strong, fresh material on which to work; the Chinaman is clay that has been kneaded and kneaded, over and over, by what we of the West consider a false and vicious civilization, until the clay has become soiled and offensive. Is it too much to say that the ordinary coolie immigrant—polluted by too long and intimate and confined a relationship with his kind—is like a sickly puppy, made sickly by too much handling.

Should a society already engaged in a struggle to assimilate its many and discordant elements be burdened by an influx of thousands of these Chinese coolies?

A new era seems to be dawning for China—an era when she will be forced at the bayonet's point to admit European ideas. It is a harsh method of teaching, but, owing to his peculiar characteristics, it is the only way in which the Chinaman can be taught. Force him to realize how antiquated and irrational and impotent are his ideas of life, and he may shake off his complacency and be ready to learn. The war with Japan has already had a most salutary effect. Shortly before it broke out, Li Hung-Chang is reported to have called the Japanese a race of monkeys, beneath the notice of his all-potent Emperor. That war gave a rude blow to China's senile complacency, and now it is likely to be again disturbed by the guns of European war-ships. When the Chinaman is less complacent and scornful, when he is ready to throw aside the superstition and pseudo-civilization of his ancestors, and comes to us wishing to adopt Western ideas, we can afford to welcome him.

Until then the exclusion laws are a necessity; they should be upheld and enforced, and not only by a few government officials. Public sentiment in the East, as well as on the Pacific coast, should be glad to give them its support. However, in spite of all difficulties, the exclusion laws are enforced so as to accomplish their main purpose. The United States are not being overrun by Chinese coolies.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER,
Acting Deputy Collector representing the Collector of Customs in the Chinese Bureau, Port of New York.



THE NEW STATE CAPITOL, HELENA, MONTANA.—BELL & KENT, ARCHITECTS.
Now in course of construction.

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

### XXIII.

MRS. BROOKENHAM'S visitors had been gone half an hour, but she was still in the drawing-room when Nanda came back. The girl found her, on the sofa, in a posture that might have represented restful oblivion, but that, after a glance, our young lady appeared to interpret as mere intensity of thought. It was a condition from which, at all events, Mrs. Brook was quickly roused by her daughter's presence; she opened her eyes and put down her feet, so that the two were confronted as closely as persons may be when it is only one of them who looks at the other. Nanda, gazing vaguely about and not seeking a seat, slowly drew off her gloves while her mother's sad eyes considered her from top to toe. "Tea's gone," Mrs. Brook then said as if there were something in the loss peculiarly irretrievable. "But I suppose," she added, "he gave you all you want."

"Oh dear yes, thank you—I've had lots."

Nanda hovered there slim and charming, feathered and ribboned, dressed in thin, fresh fabrics and faint colors, with something to the effect of it all to which the sweeter, deeper melancholy in her mother's eyes seemed happily to testify. "Just turn round, dear." The girl immediately obeyed, and Mrs. Brook once more took everything in. "The back's best—only she didn't do what she said she would. How they do lie!" she gently quavered.

"Yes, but we lie so to *them*." Nanda had swung round again, producing evidently on her mother's part, by the admirable "hang" of her light skirts, a still deeper pence. "Do you mean the middle fold?—I knew she wouldn't. I don't want my back to be best—I don't walk backward."

"Yes." Mrs. Brook resignedly mused; "you dress for yourself."

"Oh, how can you say that," the girl asked, "when I never stick in a pin but what I think of *you*?"

"Well," Mrs. Brook moralized, "one must always, I consider, think, as a sort of *point de repère*, of some one good person. Only it's best if it's a person one's afraid of. You do very well, but I'm not enough. What one really requires is a kind of salutary terror. *I* never stick in a pin without thinking of your cousin Jane. What is it that some one quotes somewhere about some one's having said that 'Our antagonist is our helper—he prevents us from being superficial'? The extent to which, with my poor clothes, the Duchess prevents *me*—!" It was a measure Mrs. Brook could give only by the general soft wail of her submission to fate.

"Yes, the Duchess isn't a woman, is she? She's a standard."

The speech had for Nanda's companion, however, no effect of humor or of irony, and it was a mark of the special intercourse of these good friends that though they had for each other, in manner and tone, such a fund of consideration as might almost have given it the stamp of diplomacy, there was yet in it also something of that economy of expression which is the result of a common experience. The recurrence of opportunity to observe them together would have taught a spectator that—on Mrs. Brook's side, doubtless, more particularly—their relation was governed by two or three remarkably established and, as might have been said, refined laws, the spirit of which was to guard against the vulgarity so often coming to the surface between parent and child. That they *were* as good friends as if Nanda had not been her daughter was a truth that no passage between them might fail in one way or another to illustrate. Nanda had gathered up, for that matter, early in life, a flower of maternal wisdom: "People talk about the conscience, but it seems to me one must just bring it up to a certain point and leave it there. You can let your conscience alone if you're nice to the second house-maid." Mrs. Brook was as "nice" to Nanda as she was to Sarah Curd—which involved, as may easily be imagined, the happiest conditions for Sarah. "Well," she resumed, reverting to the Duchess on a final appraisement of the girl's air, "I really think I do well by you and that Jane wouldn't have anything to say to-day. You look awfully like mamma," she then threw off as if for the first time of mentioning it.

"Oh, Cousin Jane doesn't care for that," Nanda returned. "What I don't look like is Aggie, for all I try."

"Ah, you shouldn't try—you can do nothing with it. One must be what one is."

Mrs. Brook was almost sententious, but Nanda, with civility, let it pass. "No one in London touches her. She's quite by herself. When one sees her one feels her to be the real thing."

Mrs. Brook, without harshness, wondered. "What do you mean by the real thing?"

Even Nanda, however, had to think a moment. "Well, the real young one. That's what Lord Petherton calls her," she mildly joked—"the young 'un."

Her mother's echo was not for the joke, but for something else. "I know what you mean. What's the use of being good?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Nanda. "Besides, isn't Aggie of a goodness—"

"I wasn't talking of her. I was asking myself what's the use of *my* being."

"Well, you can't help it, any more than the Duchess can help—"

"Ah, but she could if she would!" Mrs. Brook broke in with a sharper ring than she had yet given. "We can't help being good perhaps, if that burden is laid on us—but there are lengths, in other directions, we're not absolutely obliged to go. And what I think of when I stick in the pins," she went on, "is that Jane seems to me really never to have had to pay." She appeared, for a minute, to brood on this till she could no longer bear it; after which she jerked out: "Why, she has never had to pay for *anything*!"

Nanda had by this time seated herself, taking her place, under the interest of their talk, on her mother's sofa, where, except for the removal of her long, soft gloves, which one of her hands, again and again, drew caressingly through the other, she remained very much as if she were some friendly yet circumspect young visitor to whom Mrs. Brook had on some occasion dropped "*Do* come." But there was something perhaps more expressly conciliatory in the way she had kept everything on: as if, in the way she had kept everything on: as if, in particular serenity and to confirm kindly Mrs. Brook's sense of what had been done for her, she had neither taken off her great feathered hat nor laid down her parasol of pale green silk, the "match" of hat and ribbons and which had an expensive, precious knob. Our speculator would possibly have found too much earnestness in the whole thing would have been striking as another touch in the picture of the odd want, on the part of each, of any sense of levity in the other. Whatever escape, when together, mother or daughter might ever seek would never be the humorous one—a circumstance, however, that might by no means, on occasion, have failed to make their interviews droll for a third person. It would always indeed, for such a person, have produced an impression of tension beneath the surface. "I could have done much better at the start and have lost less time," the girl at last said, "if I hadn't had the drawback of not really remembering Granny."

"Oh well, *I* remember her!" Mrs. Brook moaned with an accent that evidently struck her the next moment as so much out of place that she slightly deflected. She took Nanda's parasol and held it as if—a more delicate thing much than any one of hers—she simply liked to have it. "Her clothes—at your age at least—must have been hideous. Was it at the place he took you to that he gave you tea?" she then went on.

"Yes, at the Museum. We had an orgy in the refreshment-room. But he took me afterwards to Tisby's, where we had another."

"He went *in* with you?" Mrs. Brook had suddenly flashed into eagerness.

"Oh yes—I made him."

"He didn't want to?"

"On the contrary—very much. But he doesn't do everything he wants," said Nanda.

Mrs. Brook seemed to wonder. "You mean you've also to want it?"

"Oh no—*that* isn't enough. What I suppose I mean," Nanda continued, "is that he doesn't do anything he doesn't want to. But he does quite enough," she added.

"And who then was at Tisby's?"

"Oh, poor Tish herself, naturally, and Carrie Donner."

"And no one else?"

The girl just waited. "Yes, Mr. Cashmore came in."

Her mother gave a groan of impatience. "Ah, *again*?" Nanda thought an instant. "How do you mean, 'again'? He just lives there, as much as he ever did, and Tishy can't prevent him."

"I was thinking of Mr. Longdon—of *their* meeting. When he met him here that time he liked it so little. Did he like it any more to-day?" Mrs. Brook quavered.

"Oh no, he hated it."

"But hadn't he—if he should go in—known he *would*?"

"Yes, perfectly—but he wanted to see."

"To see—?" Mrs. Brook just threw out.

"Well, where I go so much. And he knew I wished it."

"I don't quite see why," Mrs. Brook mildly observed. And then as her daughter said nothing to help her: "At any rate he did loathe it?"

Nanda, for a reply, simply after an instant put a question. "Well, how can he understand?"

"You mean, like me, why you do go there so much? How can he indeed?"

"I don't mean that," the girl returned—"it's just that he understands perfectly, because he saw them all, in such an extraordinary way—well, what can I ever call it?—clutch me and cling to me."

Mrs. Brook with full gravity, considered this picture. "And was Mr. Cashmore, to-day, so ridiculous?"

"Ah, he's not ridiculous, mamma—he's very unhappy. He thinks now Lady Fanny probably won't go, but he feels that may be, after all, only the worse for him."

"She *will* go," Mrs. Brook answered with one of her roundabout approaches to decision. "He *is* too great an idiot. She was here an hour ago, and if ever a woman was packed—!"

"Well," Nanda objected, "but doesn't she spend her time in packing and unpacking?"

This inquiry, however, scarce pulled up her mother. "No—though she *has*, no doubt, hitherto, wasted plenty of labor. She has now a dozen boxes—I could see them there in her wonderful eyes—just waiting to be called for. So if you're counting on her not going, my dear—!" Mrs. Brook gave a head-shake that was the warning of wisdom.

"Oh, I don't care what she does!" Nanda replied. "What I meant just now was that Mr. Longdon couldn't understand why, with so much to make them so, they couldn't be decently happy."

"And did he wish you to explain?"

"I tried to, but I didn't make it any better. He doesn't like them. He doesn't even care for Tish."

"He told you so—right out?"

"Oh," Nanda said, "of course I asked him. I didn't press him, because I never do—!"

"You never do?" Mrs. Brook broke in as with the glimpse of a new light.

The girl showed an indulgence for this interest that was for a moment almost elderly. "I enjoy awfully, with him, seeing just how to take him."

Her tone and her face evidently put forth, for her companion, at this juncture, something freshly, even quite supremely, suggestive; and yet the effect of them on Mrs. Brook's part was only a question so off-hand that it might already often have been asked. The mother's eyes, to ask it, we may none the less add, attached themselves closely to the daughter's and her own face just glowed. "You like him so very awfully?"

It was as if the next instant Nanda felt herself on her guard. Yet she spoke with a certain surrender. "Well, it's rather intoxicating to be one's self—" She had only a drop over the choice of her term.

"So tremendously made up to, you mean—even by a little fussy, ancient man? But *doesn't* he, my dear," Mrs. Brook continued, with encouragement, "make up to you!"

A supposititious spectator would certainly, on this, have imagined in the girl's face the delicate dawn of a sense that her mother had suddenly become vulgar, together with a general consciousness that the way to meet vulgarity was always to be frank and simple. "He makes one enjoy being liked so much—liked better, I do think, than I've ever been liked by any one."

If Mrs. Brook hesitated it was, however, clearly not because she had noticed. "Not better, surely, than by dear Mitchy? Or even, if you come to that, by Tishy herself."

Nanda's simplicity maintained itself. "Oh, Mr. Longdon's different from Tishy."

Her mother again hesitated. "You mean, of course, he knows more."

The girl considered it. "He doesn't know *more*. But he knows other things—and he's pleasanter than Mitchy."

"You mean because he doesn't want to marry you?"

It was as if she had not heard that Nanda continued: "Well, he's more beautiful."

"O-oh!" cried Mrs. Brook, with a drawn-out extravagance of comment that amounted to an impugnment even by herself of her taste.

It contributed to Nanda's quietness. "He's one of the most beautiful people in the world."

Her companion at this, with a quick wonder, fixed her. "*Does* he, my dear, want to marry you?"

"Yes—to all sorts of ridiculous people."

"But I mean, would you take *him*?"

Nanda, rising, met the question with a short ironic "Yes!" that showed her first impatience. "It's so charming being liked," she went on, "without being approved."

But Mrs. Brook only wanted to know. "He doesn't approve—?"

"No, but it makes no difference. It's all exactly right, all the same."

Mrs. Brook seemed to wonder, however, exactly how it could be. "He doesn't want you to give up anything?" She looked as if she were rapidly thinking what Nanda *might* give up.

"Oh yes, everything."

It was as if, for an instant, she found her daughter inscrutable; then she had a strange smile. "Me?"

The girl was perfectly prompt. "Everything. But he wouldn't like me nearly so much if I really did."

Her mother had a further pause. "Does he want to *adopt* you?" Then more quickly and sadly, though also a little as if lacking courage to push the inquiry: "We couldn't give you up, Nanda."

"Thank you so much, mamma. But we sha'n't be very much tried," Nanda said, "because what it comes to seems to be that I'm really what you may call adopting *him*. I mean I'm little by little changing him—gradually showing him that, as I couldn't possibly have been different, and as also, of course, one can't keep giving up, the only way is for him not to mind and to take me just as I am. That, don't you see? is what he would never have expected to do."

Mrs. Brook recognized, in a manner, the explanation, but still had her wistfulness. "But—a—to take you, 'as you are,' *where*?"

"Well, to the South Kensington Museum."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Brook. Then, however, in a more exemplary tone: "Do you enjoy so very much long hours with him?"

Nanda appeared for an instant to think how to express it. "Well, we're great friends."

"And always talking about Granny?"

"Oh no—really almost never now."

"He doesn't think so awfully much of her?" There was an oddity of eagerness in the question—a hope, a kind of dash, for something that might have been in Nanda's interest.

The girl met these things only with obliging gravity. "I think he's losing any sense of my likeness. He's too used to it, or too many things that are too different now cover it up."

"Well," said Mrs. Brook, as she took this in, "I think it's awfully clever of you to get only the good of him and have none of the worry."

Nanda wondered. "The worry?"

"You leave that all to *me*," her mother went on, but quite forgivingly. "I hope, at any rate, that the good, for you, will be real."

"Real?" the girl, remaining vague, again echoed.

Mrs. Brook, at this, showed though not an irritation, a flicker of austerity. "You must remember that we've a great many things to think about. There are things we must take for granted in each other—we must all help, in our way, to pull the coach. That's what I mean by worry, and if you don't have any, so much the better for you—for *me* it's in the day's work. Your father and I have most to think about, always, at this time, as you perfectly know—when we have to turn things round and manage somehow or other to get out of town, have to provide and pinch, to meet all the necessities, with money, money, money, at every turn, running away like water. The children, this year, seem to fit into nothing, into nowhere, and Harold's more dreadful than he has ever been.

* Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2139.

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doing nothing at all for himself and requiring everything to be done for him. He talks about his American girl, with millions, who's so awfully taken with him, but I can't find out anything about her; the only one, just now, that people seem to have heard of is the one Bobby Manger's engaged to. The Mangers literally snap up everything," Mrs. Brook quite wallingly now continued: "the Jew man, so gigantically rich—who is he? Baron Schack or Schmack—who has just taken Cumberland House and who has the awful stammer—or what is it? no roof to his mouth—is to give that horrid little Algie, to do his conversation for him, four hundred a year, which Harold pretended to me that, of all the rush of young men—dozens!—*he* was most in the running for. Your father's settled gloom is terrible, and I bear all the brunt of it; we get literally nothing, this year, for the Hovel, yet have to spend on it heaven knows what; and everybody, for the next three months, in Scotland and everywhere, has asked us for the wrong time, and nobody for the right: so that I assure you I don't know where to turn—which doesn't, however, in the least prevent every one coming to me with their own selfish troubles." It was as if Mrs. Brook had found the cup of her secret sorrows suddenly jostled by some touch of which the perversity, though not completely noted at the moment, proved, as she a little let herself go, sufficient to make it flow over; but she drew, the next thing, from her daughter's stillness, a reflection of the vanity of her flurry, and speedily recovered herself as if in order, with more dignity, to point the moral. "I can carry my burden and shall do so to the end; but we must each remember that we shall fall to pieces if we don't manage to keep hold of some little idea of responsibility. I positively can't arrange without knowing when it is you go to him."

"To Mr. Longdon? Oh, whenever I like," Nanda replied, very gently and simply.

"And when shall you be so good as to like?"

"Well, he goes himself on Saturday, and if I want I can go a few days later."

"And what day can you go if *I* want?" Mrs. Brook spoke as with a small sharpness—just softened indeed in time—produced by the sight of a freedom on her daughter's part that suddenly loomed larger than any freedom of her own. It was still a part of the unsteadiness of the vessel of her anxieties; but she never, after all, remained publicly long subject to the influence that she often comprehensively designated to others, as well as to herself, as "nastiness." "What I mean is that you might go the same day, mightn't you?"

"With him—in the train? I should think so, if you wish it."

"But would *he* wish it? I mean would he hate it?"

"I don't think so at all, but I can easily ask him."

Mrs. Brook's head inclined to the chimney and her eyes to the window. "Easily?"

Nanda looked for a moment mystified by her mother's insistence. "I can at any rate perfectly try it."

"Remembering even that mamma would never have pushed so?"

Nanda's face seemed to concede even that condition. "Well," she at all events serenely replied, "I really think we're good friends enough for anything."

It might have been, for the light it quickly produced, exactly what her mother had been working to make her say. "What do you call that then, I should like to know, but his adopting you?"

"Ah, I don't know that it matters much what it's called."

"So long as it brings with it, you mean," Mrs. Brook asked, "all the advantages?"

"Well yes," said Nanda, who had now begun dimly to smile—"call them advantages."

Mrs. Brook had a pause. "One would be quite ready to do that if one only knew a little more exactly what you're to get by them."

"Oh, the great advantage, I feel, is doing something for *him*."

Nanda's companion, at this, hesitated afresh. "But doesn't that, my dear, put the extravagance of your surrender to him on rather an odd footing? Charity, love, begins at home, and if it's a question of merely *giving*, you've objects enough for your bounty without going so far."

The girl, as her stare showed, was held a moment by her surprise, which presently broke out. "Why, I thought you wanted me so to be nice to him!"

"Well, I hope you won't think me very vulgar," said Mrs. Brook, "if I tell you that I want you still more to have some idea of what you'll get by it. I've no wish," she added, "to keep on boring you with Mitchy—"

"Don't, don't!" Nanda pleaded.

Her mother stopped short, as if there were something in her tone that set the limit all the more utterly for being unstudied. Yet poor Mrs. Brook couldn't leave it there. "Then what do you get instead?"

"Instead of Mitchy? Oh," said Nanda, "I shall never marry."

Mrs. Brook, at this, turned away, moving over to the window with quickened weariness. Nanda, on her side, as if their talk had ended, went across to the sofa to take up her parasol before leaving the room, an impulse rather than arrested by the arrival of her brother Harold, favored who came in at the moment both his relatives had turned a back to the door, and who gave his sister, as she faced him, a greeting that made their mother look round. "Hallo, Nan—you *are* lovely! Ain't she lovely, mother?"

"No!" Mrs. Brook answered, not, however, otherwise noticing him. Her domestic despair centred at this instant all in her daughter. "Well then, we shall consider—your father and I—that he must take the consequence."

Nanda had now her hand on the door, while Harold had dropped on the sofa. "'He'?" she just sounded.

"I mean Mr. Longdon."

"And what do you mean by the consequence?"

"Well, it will do for the beginning of it that you'll please go down *with* him."

"On Saturday then? Thanks, mamma," the girl returned.

She was instantly gone, on which Mrs. Brook had more attention for her son. This, after an instant, as she approached the sofa and raised her eyes from the little table beside it, came straight out. "Where in the world is that five-pound note?"

Harold looked vacantly about him. "What five-pound note?"

XXIV.

Mr. Longdon's garden took in three acres and, full of charming features, had for its greatest wonder the extent and color of its old brick wall, of which the pink and purple surface was the fruit of the mild ages, and the protective function, for a visitor strolling, sitting, talking, reading, that of a sort of nurse of reverie. The air of the place, in the August time, thrilled all the while with the bliss of birds, the hum of little lives unseen, and the flicker of white butterflies. It was on the large, flat enclosed lawn that Nanda spoke to Vanderbank of the three weeks that she would have completed there on the morrow, and that had been—she made no secret of it—the happiest she had yet spent anywhere. The grayish day was soft and still and the sky faintly marbled, while the more newly arrived of the visitors from London, who had come late on the Friday afternoon, lounged away the morning in an attitude of which every relaxed line referred to the holiday he had, as it were—at first merely looking about and victualling—sat down in front of as a captain before a city. There were sitting-places out of the full light, cushioned benches, just there, in the thick wide spread, of old mulberry boughs, and a large book of facts lay in the young man's lap. Nanda had come out to him, half an hour before luncheon, somewhat as Beatrice came out to Benedick: not to call him immediately, indeed, to the meal, but mentioning promptly that she had come at a bidding. Mr. Longdon had rebuked her, it appeared, for her want of attention to their guest, showing her in this way, to her pleasure, how far he had gone toward taking her, as he called it, into the house.

"You've been thinking of yourself," Vanderbank asked, "as a mere clerk at a salary, and you now find that you're a partner and have a share in the concern?"

"It seems to be something like that. But doesn't a partner put in something? What have I put in?"

"Well—*me*, for one thing. Isn't it your being here that has brought me down?"

"Do you mean you wouldn't have come for him alone? Then don't you make anything of his attraction? You ought to," said Nanda, "when he likes you so."

Vanderbank, longing for a river, was in white flannels, and he took her question with a happy laugh, a handsome face of good-humor, that completed the effect of his long, cool fairness. "Do you mind my just sitting still, and letting me smoke, and staying with me awhile? Perhaps after a little we'll walk about—sha'n't we? But face to face with this dear old house, in this delicious nook, one is too contented to move, lest raising a finger even should break the spell. What *will* be perfect will be your just sitting down—*do* sit down—and scolding me a little. That, my dear Nanda, will deepen the peace." Some minutes later, while, near him but in another chair, she fingered the impossible book, as she pronounced it, that she had taken from him, he came back to what she had last said. "Has he talked to you much about his 'liking' me?"

Nanda waited a minute, turning over the book. "No."

"Then how are you just now so struck with it?"

"I'm not struck only with what I'm talked to about. I don't only know," she went on, "what people tell me."

"Ah no—you're too much your mother's daughter for that." Vanderbank leaned back and smoked, and though all his air seemed to say that when one was so at ease for gossip almost any subject would do, he kept jogging his foot with the same small nervous motion as during the half-hour at Mertle that this record has commemorated. "You're too much one of us all," he continued. "We've tremendous perceptions," he laughed. "Of course I *should* have come for him. But after all," he added as if all sorts of nonsense would equally serve, "he mightn't, except for you, you know, have asked me."

Nanda so far accepted this view as to reply: "That's awfully weak. He's so modest that he might have been afraid of your boring yourself."

"That's just what I mean."

"Well, if you do," Nanda returned, "the explanation's a little conceited."

"Oh, I only made it," Vanderbank said, "in reference to his modesty." Beyond the lawn the house was before him, old, square, red-roofed, well assured of its right to the place it took up in the world. This was a considerable space—in the little world, at least, of Beccles—and the look of possession had everywhere mixed with it, in the form of old windows and doors, the tone of old red surfaces, the style of old white facings, the age of old high creepers, the long confirmation of time. Suggestive of panelled rooms, of precious mahogany, of portraits of women dead, of colored china glimmering through glass doors, and delicate silver reflected on bared tables, the thing was one of those impressions of a particular period that it takes two centuries to produce. "Fancy," the young man incoherently exclaimed, "his caring to leave anything so lovable as all this to come up and live with *us!*"

The girl, for a little, also lost herself. "Oh, you don't know what it is—the charm comes out so as one stays. Little by little it grows and grows. There are old things everywhere that are too delightful. He lets me explore so—he lets me rummage and rifle; and every day I make discoveries."

Vanderbank wondered as he smoked. "You mean he lets you take things—?"

"Oh yes—up to my room, to study or to copy. There are old patterns that are too dear for anything. It's when you live with them, you see, that you know. Everything in the place is such good company."

"Your mother ought to be here," Vanderbank presently suggested. "She's so fond of good company." Then as Nanda answered nothing he went on: "Was your grandmother ever?"

"Never," the girl promptly said. "Never," she repeated in a tone quite different. After which she added: "I'm the only one."

"Oh, and I. 'Me and you,' as they say," her companion amended.

"Yes, and Mr. Mitchy, who's to come down—please don't forget—this afternoon."

Vanderbank had another of his contemplative pauses. "Thank you for reminding me. I shall spread myself as much as possible before he comes—try to produce so much of my effect that I shall be safe. But what did Mr. Longdon ask him for?"

"Ah," said Nanda gayly, "what did he ask *you* for?"

"Why, for the reason you just now mentioned—that his interest in me is so uncontrollable."

"Then isn't his interest in Mitchy—"

"Of the same general order?" Vanderbank broke in. "Not in the least." He seemed to look for a way to express the distinction, which suddenly occurred to him. "He wasn't in love with Mitchy's mother."

"No"—Nanda turned it over. "Mitchy's mother, it appears, was awful. Mr. Cashmore knew her."

Vanderbank's smoke-puffs were profuse and his pauses frequent. "Awful to Mr. Cashmore? I'm glad to hear it—he must have deserved it. But I believe in her, all the same. Mitchy's often awful himself," the young man rambled on. "Just so I believe in *him*."

"So do I," said Nanda—"and that's why I asked him."

"*You* asked him, my dear child? Have you the inviting?"

"Oh yes."

The eyes he turned on her seemed really to ask if she jested or were serious. "So you arranged for me too?"

She turned over again a few leaves of his book and, closing it with something of a clap, transferred it to the bench beside him—a movement in which, as if through a drop into thought, he rendered her no assistance. "What I mean is that I proposed it to Mr. Longdon, I suggested he should be asked. I've a reason for seeing him—I want to talk to him. And do you know," the girl went on, "what Mr. Longdon said?"

"Something splendid, of course."

"He asked if you wouldn't perhaps dislike his being here with you."

Vanderbank, throwing back his head, laughed, smoked, jogged his foot more than ever. "Awfully nice. Dear old Mitch! How little afraid of him you are!"

Nanda wondered. "Of Mitch?"

"Yes, of the tremendous pull he really has. It's all very well to talk—he *has* it. But of course I don't mean I don't know"—and, as with the effect of his nervous sociability, he shifted his position. "I perfectly see that you're *not* afraid. I perfectly know what you have in your head. I should never in the least dream of accusing you—as far as *he* is concerned—of the least disposition to flirt; any more indeed," Vanderbank pleasantly pursued, "than even of any general tendency of that sort. No, my dear Nanda"—he kindly kept it up—"I *will* say for you that, though a girl, thank heaven, and awfully *much* a girl, you're really not, on the whole, more of a flirt than a respectable social ideal permits."

"Thank you most tremendously," his companion quietly replied.

Something in the tone of it made him laugh out, and the particular sound went well with all the rest of it, with the August day and the charming spot and the young man's lounging figure and Nanda's own little hovering hospitality. "Of course I strike you as patronizing you with unconscious sublimity. Well, that's all right, for what's the most natural thing to do in these conditions but the most luxurious? Won't Mitchy be wonderful for feeling and enjoying them? I assure you I'm delighted he's coming." Then, in a different tone, a moment later, "Do you expect to be here long?" he asked.

It took Nanda some time to say. "As long as Mr. Longdon will keep me, I suppose—if that doesn't sound very horrible."

"Oh, he'll keep you! Only, won't he himself," Vanderbank went on, "be coming up to town in the course of the autumn?"

"Well, in that case I would perfectly stay here without him."

"And leave him in London without *you?* Ah, that's not what we want, he wouldn't be at all the same thing without you. Least of all for himself!" Vanderbank declared.

Nanda again thought. "Yes, that's what makes him funny, I suppose—his curious infatuation. I set him off—what do you call it?—show him off: by his going round and round me as the acrobat on the horse, in the circus, goes round the clown. He has said a great deal to me of your mother," she irrelevantly added.

"Oh, everything that's kind, of course — or you wouldn't mention it."

"That's what I mean," said Nanda.

"I see, I see—most charming of him." Vanderbank kept his high head thrown back, as if for the view, with a bright, equal, general interest, of everything that was before them, whether talked of or seen. "Who do you think I yesterday had a letter from? An extraordinary funny one from Harold. He gave me all the family news."

"And what *is* the family news?" the girl after a minute inquired.

"Well, the first great item is that he himself—"

"Wanted," Nanda broke in, "to borrow five pounds of you? I say that," she added, "because if he wrote to you—"

"It couldn't have been, in such a case, for the simple pleasure of the intercourse?" Vanderbank hesitated, but continued not to look at her. "What do you know, pray, of poor Harold's borrowings?"

"Oh, I know as I know other things. Don't I know everything?"

"*Do* you, I should rather ask," the young man gayly enough replied.

"Why should I not? How should I not? You know what I know." Then, as if to explain herself and attenuate a little the sudden emphasis with which she had spoken· "I remember your once telling me that I must take in things at my pores."

Her companion stared, but, with his laugh, again changed his posture. "That you '*must*'—?"

"That I *do*—and you were quite right."

"And when did I make this extraordinary charge?"

"Ah then," said Nanda, "you admit it *is* a charge. It was a long time ago—when I was a little girl. Which made it worse!" she dropped.

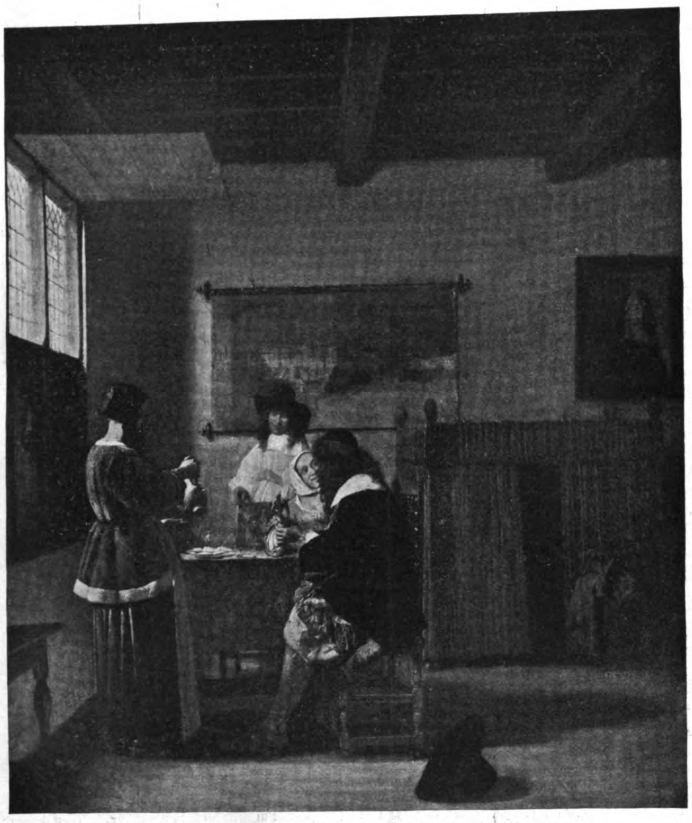
It made it, at all events, now, for Vanderbank, more amusing. "Ah, not worse—better!"

She thought a moment. "Because in that case I mightn't have understood? But that I do understand is just what you've always meant."

"'Always,' my dear Nanda? I feel somehow," he rejoined very kindly, "as if you overwhelmed me!"

"You 'feel' as if I did—but the reality is just that I don't. The day I overwhelm you, Mr. Van—!" She let it pass, however; there was too much to say about it, and

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JAMES STUART, DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX
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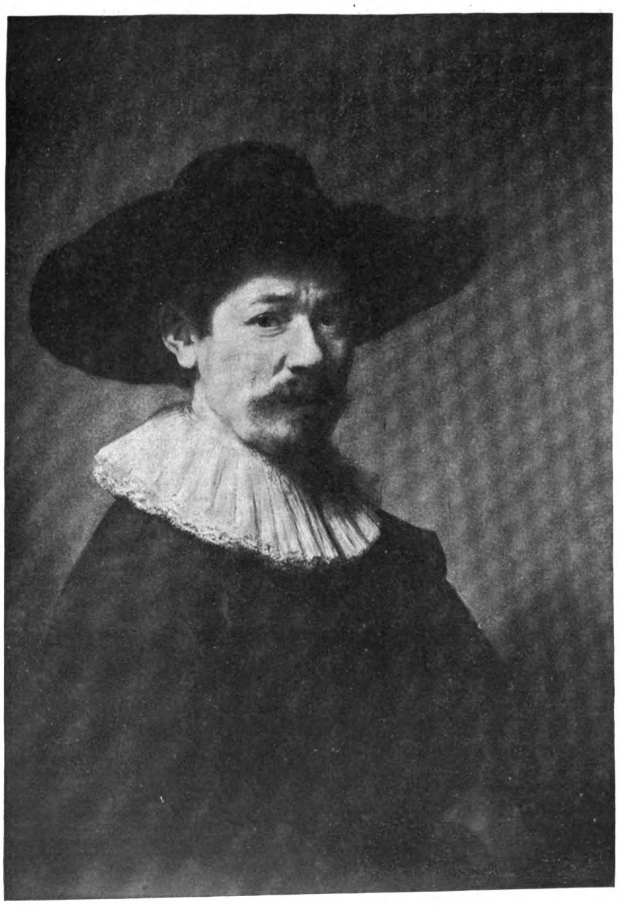
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X.—Antony Vandyck.—Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Henry G. Marquand.



"Danse des Amours."—Corot.—Owned by George J. Gould.



"The Gilder."—Rembrandt.—Owned by H. O. Havemeyer.

K—SOME OF THE FAMOUS PAINTINGS IN THIS CITY.

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there was something else much simpler. "Girls understand now. It has got to be faced, as Tishy says."

"Oh well," Vanderbank laughed, "we don't require Tishy to point that out to us. What are we all doing, most of the time, but trying to face it?"

"Doing? Aren't you doing rather something very different? You're just trying to dodge it. You're trying to make believe—not perhaps to yourselves, but to *us*—that it isn't so."

"But surely you don't want us to be any worse!"

She shook her head with brisk gravity. "We don't care really, what you are."

His amusement now dropped to her straighter. "Your 'we' is awfully beautiful. It's charming to hear you speak for the whole lovely lot. Only you speak, you know, as if you were just the class apart that you yet complain of our—by our scruples—implying you to be."

She considered this objection with her eyes on his face. "Well then, we do care. Only—"

"Only it's a big subject."

"Oh, yes—no doubt; it's a big subject." She appeared to wish to meet him on everything reasonable. "Even Mr. Longdon admits that."

Vanderbank wondered. "You mean you talk over with him—"

"The subject of girls? Why, we scarcely discuss anything else."

"Oh, no wonder, then, you're not bored. But you mean," Vanderbank asked, "that he recognizes the inevitable change—?"

"He can't shut his eyes to the facts. He sees we're quite a different thing."

"I dare say"—her friend was fully appreciative. "Yet the old thing—what do *you* know of it?"

"I personally? Well, I've seen some change even in *my* short life. And aren't the old books full of us? Then Mr. Longdon himself has told me."

Vanderbank smoked and smoked. "You've gone into it with him?"

"As far as a man and a woman can together."

As he took her in at this, with a turn of his eye, he might have had in his ears the echo of all the times it had been dropped in Buckingham Crescent that Nanda was "wonderful." She *was* indeed. "Oh, he's of course, on certain sides, shy."

"Awfully—too beautifully. And then there's Aggie," the girl pursued. "I mean for the real old thing."

"Yes, no doubt—if she *be* the real old thing. But what the deuce, really, *is* Aggie?"

"Well," said Nanda with the frankest interest, "she's a miracle. If one could be her exactly, absolutely, without the least little mite of change, one would probably do the best thing to close with it. Otherwise—except for anything *but* that—I'd rather brazen it out as myself."

There fell between them, on this, a silence of some minutes, after which it would probably not have been possible for either to say if their eyes had met while it lasted. This was, at any rate, not the case as Vanderbank at last exclaimed: "Your brass, my dear young lady, is pure gold!"

"Then it's of me, I think, that Harold ought to borrow."

"You mean therefore that mine isn't?" Vanderbank inquired.

"Well, you really haven't any natural 'cheek'—not like *some* of them. You're, in yourself, as uneasy, if anything's said and every one giggles or makes some face, as Mr. Longdon, and if Lord Petherton hadn't once told me that a man hates almost as much to be called modest as a woman does, I would say that, very often, in London now, you must pass some bad moments."

The present might precisely have been one of them, we should doubtless have gathered, had we seen fully recorded in Vanderbank's face the degree to which this prompt response embarrassed, or at least stupefied him. But he could always laugh. "I like your 'in London now'!"

"It's the tone and the current and the effect of all the others that push you along," she went on as if she had not heard him. "If such things are contagious, as every one says, you prove it perhaps as much as any one. But you don't begin"—she continued, blandly enough, to work it out for him; "or you can't, at least, originally have begun. Any one would know that now—from the terrific effect I see I produce on you by talking this way. There it is—it's all out before one knows it, isn't it, and I can't help it any more than you can, can I?" So she appeared to put it to him, with something in her lucidity that would have been infinitely touching; a strange, grave, calm consciousness of their common doom and of what, in especial, in it, would be worst for herself. He sprang up indeed, after an instant, as if he had been infinitely touched; he turned away, taking, just near her, a few steps to and fro, gazed about the place again, but this time without the air of particularly seeing it, and then came back to her as if from a greater distance. An observer at all initiated would, at the juncture, fairly have hung on his lips, and there was in fact on Vanderbank's part quite the look of the man—though it lasted but just while we seize it—in suspense about himself. The most initiated observer of all would have been poor Mr. Longdon, who would now have been destined, however, to be also the most defeated, and the sign of whose tension would have been a smothered "Ah, if he doesn't do it *now!*" Well, Vanderbank didn't do it "now," and the long, odd, irrelevant sigh that he gave out might have sufficed as the record of his recovery from a peril lasting just long enough to be measured. Had there been any measure of it, meanwhile, for Nanda? There was nothing at least to show either the presence or the relief of anxiety in the way in which, by a prompt transition, she left her last appeal to him simply to take care of itself. "You haven't denied that Harold does borrow."

Vanderbank gave a note as of cheer for this luckily firmer ground. "My dear child, I never lent the silly boy five pounds in my life. In fact, I like the way you talk of that. I don't know, quite, for what you take me, but the number of persons to whom I *have* lent five pounds—"

"Is so awfully small"—she took him up on it—"as not to look so very well for you?" She held him an instant as with the fine intelligence of his meaning in this, and then, though not with sharpness, she broke out: "Why are you trying to make out that you're nasty and stingy? Why do you misrepresent—?"

"My natural generosity? I don't misrepresent anything, but I take, I think, rather markedly good care of money." She had remained in her place and he was before her on the grass, his hands in his pockets and his manner perhaps a little awkward. "The way you young things talk of it!"

"Harold talks of it—but I don't think *I* do. I'm not a bit expensive—ask mother, or even ask father. I do with awfully little—for clothes and things, and I could easily do with still less. Harold's a born consumer, as Mitchy says; he says also he's one of those people who will never really want."

"Ah, for that, Mitchy himself will never let him."

"Well then, with every one helping us, all round, aren't we a lovely family? I don't speak of it to tell tales, but when you mention hearing from Harold all sorts of things immediately come over me. We seem to be all living more or less on other people, all immensely 'beholden.' You can easily say, of course, that I'm the worst of all. The children and their people, at Bognor, are in borrowed quarters—mother got them lent her—as to which, no doubt, I'm perfectly aware that I ought to be there sharing them, taking care of my little brother and sister, instead of sitting here, at Mr. Longdon's expense, to expose everything and criticise. Father and mother, in Scotland, are on a programme of places—! Well"—she pulled herself up—"I'm not in *that*, at any rate. Say you've lent Harold only five shillings," she went on. Vanderbank stood smiling. "Well, say I have. I never lend any one whatever more."

"It only adds to my conviction," Nanda explained, "that he writes to Mr. Longdon."

"But if Mr. Longdon doesn't say so—?" Vanderbank objected.

"Oh, that proves nothing." She got up as she spoke. "Harold also works Granny." He only laughed out, at first, at this, while she went on: "You'll think I make myself out fearfully deep—I mean in the way of knowing everything without having to be told. That *is*, as you say, mamma's great accomplishment, so it must be hereditary. Besides, there seem to me only too many things one is told. Only Mr. Longdon has in fact said nothing."

She had looked about responsibly, as if not to leave in disorder the garden nook they had occupied, picking up a newspaper and changing the place of a cushion. "I do think that with him you're remarkable," Vanderbank observed—"putting on one side all you seem to know and on the other all he holds his tongue about. What then *does* he say?" the young man asked after a slight pause and perhaps even with a slight irritation.

Nanda glanced round again—she was folding, rather carefully, her paper. Presently her glance met their friend, who, having come out of one of the long windows that opened to the lawn, had stopped there to watch them. "He says just now that luncheon's ready."

## XXV.

"I've made him," Nanda said, in the drawing-room, to Mitchy, "make Mr. Van go with him."

Mr. Longdon, in the rain, which had come on since the morning, had betaken himself to church, and his other guest, with sufficiently marked good-humor, had borne him company. The windows of the drawing-room looked at the wet garden, all vivid and rich in the summer shower, and Mitchy, after seeing Vanderbank turn up his trousers and fling back a last answer to the not quite sincere chaff his submission had engendered, adopted freely and familiarly the prospect not only of a grateful, freshened lawn, but of a good hour in the very pick, as he called it, of his actual happy conditions. The favoring rain, the dear old place, the charming, serious house, the large inimitable room the absence of the others, the present vision of what his young friend had given him to count on—the sense of these delights was expressed in his fixed, generous glare. He was at first too pleased even to sit down; he measured the great space from end to end, admiring again everything he had admired before and protesting afresh that no modern ingenuity—not even his own, to which he did justice—could create effects of such purity. The final touch in all the picture before them was just the painter's ignorance. Mr. Longdon had not made his house, he had simply lived it, and the "taste" of the place—Mitchy in certain connections abominated the word—was nothing more than the beauty of his life. Everything, on every side, had dropped straight from heaven, with nowhere a bargaining thumb-mark, a single sign of the shop. All this would have been a wonderful theme for discourse in Buckingham Crescent—so happy an exercise for the votaries of that temple of analysis that he repeatedly spoke of their experience of it as crying aloud for Mrs. Brook. The questions it set in motion for the perceptive mind were exactly those that, as he said, most made them feel themselves. Vanderbank's plea for his morning had been a pile of letters to work off, and Mitchy—then coming down, as he announced from the first, ready for anything—had gone to church with Mr. Longdon and Nanda in the finest spirit of curiosity. He now—after the girl's remark—turned away from his view of the rain, which he found different somehow from other rain, as everything else was different, and replied that he knew well enough what she could make Mr. Longdon do, but only wondered at Mr. Longdon's secret for acting on their friend. He was there before her with his hands in his pockets and appreciation winking from every yellow spot of his red neck-tie. "Afternoon service, of a wet Sunday in a small country town, is a large order. Does Van do everything the proprietor wants?"

"He may perhaps have had a suspicion of what *I* want," Nanda explained. "If I want particularly to talk to you—"

"He has got out of the way to give me a chance? Well then, he's, as usual, simply magnificent. How can I express the bliss of finding myself enclosed with you in this sweet old security, this really unimagined sanctity? Nothing is more charming than suddenly to come across something sharp and fresh after we've thought there was nothing more that could draw from us a groan. We've supposed we've had it all, have squeezed the last impression out of the last disappointment, penetrated to the last familiarity in the last surprise; then some fine day we find that we haven't done justice to life. There are little things that pop up and make us feel again. What *may* happen is after all incalculable. There's just a little chuck of the dice, and for three minutes we win. These, my dear young lady, are my three minutes. You wouldn't believe the amusement I get from them, and how can I possibly tell you? There's a faint, divine old fragrance here in the room—or doesn't it perhaps reach you? I sha'n't have lived without it, but I see now I had been afraid I should. You, on your side, won't have lived without some touch of greatness. This moment is great, and you've produced it. You were great when you felt all you *could* produce. Therefore," Mitchy went on, pausing once more, as he walked, before a picture, "I won't pull the whole thing down by the vulgarity of wishing that I too had a first-rate Cotman."

"Have you given up some *very* big thing to come?" Nanda inquired.

"What in the world is very big, my child, but the beauty of this hour? I haven't the least idea *what*, when I got Mr. Longdon's note, I gave up. Don't ask me for an account of anything; everything went—became imperceptible. I *will* say that for myself: I shed my badness, I do forget people, with a facility that makes me, for bits, for little patches, so far as they are concerned, cease to *be*; so that my life is spotted all over with momentary states in which I'm as the dead of whom nothing is said but good." He had strolled toward her again while she smiled at him. "I've died for this, Nanda."

"The only difficulty I see," she presently replied, "is that you ought to marry a woman really clever, and that I'm not quite sure what there may be of that in Aggie."

"In Aggie?" her friend echoed very gently. "Is *that* what you've sent for me for—to talk about Aggie?"

"Didn't it occur to you it might be?"

"That it couldn't possibly, you mean, be anything else?" He looked about for the place in which it would express the deepest surrender to the scene to sit, then sank down with a beautiful prompt submission. "I've no idea of what occurred to me—nothing at least but the sense that I had occurred to *you*. The occurrence is clay in the hands of the potter. Do with me what you will."

"You appreciate everything so wonderfully," Nanda said, "that it oughtn't to be hard for you to appreciate *her*. I do dream so that you may save her; and that's why I haven't waited."

"The only thing that remains to me in life," he answered, "is a certain accessibility to the thought of what I may still do to figure a little in your eye; but that's precisely a thought you may assist to become clearer. You may for instance give me some pledge or sign that if I do figure—prance and caracole and sufficiently kick up the dust—your eye won't suffer itself to be distracted from me. I think there's no adventure I'm not ready to undertake for you; yet my passion—chastened, through all this, purified, austere—is still enough of this world not wholly to have renounced the fancy of some small reward."

"How small?" the girl asked.

She spoke as if feeling that she must take from him, in common kindness, at least as much as she would make him take, and the serious, anxious patience such a consciousness gave to her tone was met by Mitchy with a charmed reasonableness that his habit of hyperbole did nothing to misrepresent. He glowed at her with the fullest recognition that there was something he was there to discuss with her, but with the assurance in every soft sound of him that no height to which she might lift the discussion would be too great for him to reach. His every cadence and every motion was an implication, as from one to the other, of the exquisite. Oh, he could sustain it! "Well, I mean the establishment of something between us. I mean your arranging somehow that we shall be drawn more together—know together something nobody else knows. I should like so terrifically to have a secret with you."

"Oh, if that's all you want, you can be easily gratified. *Rien de plus facile*, as mamma says. I'm full of secrets—I think I'm really most secretive. I'll share almost any one of them with you—that is if it's a good one."

Mitchy hesitated. "You mean you'll choose it yourself? You won't let it be one of mine?"

Nanda wondered. "But what's the difference?"

Her companion jumped up again, and for a moment pervaded the place. "When you say such things as that, you're of a beauty—! *May* it," he asked as he stopped before her, "be one of mine—a perfectly awful one?"

She showed her clearest interest. "As I suppose the most awful secrets are the best—yes, certainly."

"I'm hideously tempted." But he hung fire; then dropping into his chair again: "It would be too bad. I'm afraid I can't."

"Then why won't *this* do, just as it is?"

"'This'?" He looked over the big bland room. "Which?"

"Why, what you're here for."

"My dear child, I'm here—most of all—to love you more than ever; and there's an absence of favoring mystery about *that*—"

She looked at him as if seeing what he meant and only asking to remedy it. "There's a certain amount of mystery we can now *make*—that it strikes me in fact we *must* make. Dear Mitchy," she continued almost with eagerness, "I don't think we *can* really tell."

He had fallen back in his chair, not looking at her now, and with his hands, from his supported elbows, clasped to keep himself more quiet. "Are you still talking about Aggie?"

"Why, I've scarcely begun!"

"Oh!" It was not irritation he appeared to express, but the slight strain of an effort to get into relation with the subject. Better to focus the image he closed his eyes awhile.

"You speak of something that may draw us together, and I simply reply that if you don't feel how near together we are in this I shouldn't imagine you ever would. You must have wonderful notions," she presently went on, "of the ideal state of union. I pack every one off for you—I banish everything that can interfere, and I don't in the least mind your knowing that I find the consequence delightful. *You* may talk, if you like, of what will have passed between us, but I shall never mention it to a soul; literally not to a living creature. What do you want more than that?" He opened his eyes in deference to the question, but replied only with a gaze as unassisted as if it had come through a hole in a curtain. "You say you're ready for an adventure, and it's just an adventure that I propose. If I can make you feel for yourself as I feel *for* you, the beauty of your chance to go in and save her—"

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"Well, if you can?"—Mitchy at last broke in. "I don't think, you know," he said after a moment, "you'll find it easy to make your two ends meet."

She thought a little longer. "One of the ends is yours, so that you'll act *with* me. If I wind you up so that you go—"

"You'll just happily sit and watch me? *That* will be my reward?"

Nanda, on this, rose from her chair as with the impulse of protest. "Sha'n't you care for my gratitude, my admiration?"

"Oh yes"—Mitchy seemed to muse. "I shall care for *them*. But I don't quite see, you know, what you *owe* to Aggie. It isn't as if—" But with this he faltered.

"As if she cared particularly for *me*? Ah, that has nothing to do with it; that's a thing without which, surely, it's but too possible to be exquisite. There are beautiful, quite beautiful people who don't care for me. The thing that's important to one is the thing one sees one's self, and it's quite enough if *I* see what can be made of that child. Marry her, Mitchy, and you'll see who she'll care for!"

Mitchy kept his position; he was for the moment—his image of shortly before reversed—the one who appeared to sit happily and watch. "It's too delicious your asking me anything whatever!"

"Well then, as I say, beautifully, grandly save her."

"As you say, yes"—he sympathetically inclined his head. "But without making me feel exactly what you mean by it."

"Keep her," Nanda returned, "from becoming like the Duchess."

"But she isn't a bit like the Duchess in any of her elements. She's a totally different thing."

It was only for an instant, however, that this objection seemed to count. "That's exactly why she'll be so perfect for you. You'll get her away—take her out of her aunt's life?"

Mitchy met it all now in a sort of spellbound stillness. "What do you know about her aunt's life?"

"Oh, I know everything!" She spoke with her first faint shade of impatience.

It produced for a little a hush between them, at the end of which her companion said with extraordinary gentleness and tenderness: "Dear old Nanda!" Her own silence appeared consciously to continue, and the suggestion of it might have been that for intelligent ears there was nothing to add to the declaration she had just made and which Mitchy sat there taking in as with a new light. What he drew from it indeed he presently went on to show. "You're too awfully interesting. Of course—you know a lot. How shouldn't you—and why?"

"Why? Oh, that's another affair! But you don't imagine what I know; I'm sure it's much more than you've a notion of. That's the kind of thing, now, one *is*—just except the little marvel of Aggie. What on earth," the girl pursued, "do you take us for?"

"Oh, it's all right!" breathed Mitchy, divinely pacific. "I'm sure I don't know whether it is; I shouldn't wonder if it were in fact all wrong. But what at least is certainly right is for one not to pretend anything else. There I am for you, at any rate. Now the beauty of Aggie is that she knows nothing—but absolutely, utterly: not the least little tittle of anything."

It was barely visible that Mitchy hesitated, and he spoke quite gravely. "Have you tried her?"

"Oh yes. And Tishy has." His gravity had been less than Nanda's. "Nothing, nothing." The memory of some scene or some passage might have come back to her with a charm. "Ah, say what you will—it *is* the way we ought to be!"

Mitchy, after a minute of much intensity, had stopped watching her; changing his posture and with his elbows on his knees, he dropped for a while his face into his hands. Then he jerked himself to his feet. "There's something I wish awfully I could say to you. But I can't."

Nanda with a slow head-shake, covered him with one of the dimmest of her smiles. "You needn't say it. I know perfectly which it is." She held him an instant, after which she went on: "It's simply that you wish me fully to understand that *you're* one who, in perfect sincerity, doesn't mind one straw how awful—"

"Yes, how awful?" He had kindled, as she paused, with his new eagerness.

"Well, one's knowledge may be. It doesn't shock in you a single hereditary prejudice."

"Oh, 'hereditary'—!" Mitchy ecstatically murmured.

"You even rather like me the better for it; so that one of the reasons why you couldn't have told me—though not, of course, I know, the only one—is that you would have been literally almost ashamed. Because, you know," she went on, "it *is* strange."

"My lack of hereditary—?"

"Yes, discomfort in the presence of the fact I speak of. There's a kind of sense you don't possess."

His appreciation again fairly goggled at her. "Oh, you do know everything!"

"You're so good that nothing shocks you," she lucidly persisted. "There's a kind of delicacy you haven't got."

He was more and more struck. "I've only that—as it were—of the skin and the fingers?" he appealed.

"Oh, and that of the mind. And that of the soul. And some other kinds, certainly. But not *the* kind."

"Yes"—he wondered—"I suppose that's the only way one can name it." It appeared to rise there before him. "*The* kind!"

"The kind that would make me painful to you. Or rather not me perhaps," she added as if to create between them the fullest possible light; "but my situation, my exposure—all the results of them that I show. Doesn't one become a sort of a little drain-pipe with everything flowing through?"

"Why don't you call it more gracefully," Mitchy asked, freshly struck, "a little æolian-harp set in the drawing-room window and vibrating in the breeze of conversation?"

"Oh, because the harp gives out a sound, and *we*—at least we try to—give out none."

"What you take, you mean, you keep?"

"Well, it sticks to us. And that's what you don't mind!"

Their eyes met long on it. "Yes—I see. I *don't* mind. I've the most extraordinary lacuna."

"Oh, I don't know about others," Nanda replied; "I haven't noticed them. But you've that one, and it's enough."

He continued to face her with his queer mixture of assent and speculation. "Enough, my dear, for what? To have made me impossible for you because the only man you could, as they say, have 'respected' would be a man who *would* have minded?" Then as under the cool, soft pressure of the question she looked at last away from him: "The man with '*the* kind,' as you call it, happens to be just the type you *can* love? But what's the use," he persisted as she answered nothing, "in loving a person with the prejudice—hereditary or other—to which you're precisely obnoxious? Do you positively *like* to love in vain?"

It was a question, the way she turned back to him seemed to say, that deserved a responsible answer. "Yes."

But she had moved off after speaking, and Mitchy's eyes followed her to different parts of the room as, with small pretexts of present attention to it, small touches for symmetry, she slowly measured it. "What's extraordinary then is your idea of my finding any charm in Aggie's ignorance."

She immediately put down an old snuff-box. "Why, it's the one sort of thing you don't know. You can't imagine," she said as she returned to him, "the effect it will produce on you. You must get really near it and see it all come out to feel all its beauty. You'll like it, Mitchy"—and Nanda's gravity was wonderful—"better than anything you *have* known."

The clear sincerity of this, even had there been nothing else, imposed a consideration that Mitchy now flagrantly could give, and the deference of his suggestion of difficulty only grew more deep. "I'm to do then, with this happy condition of hers, what you say *you've* done—to try it?" And then as her assent, so directly challenged, failed an instant: "But won't my approach to it, however cautious, be just what will break it up and spoil it?"

Nanda thought. "Why so—if mine wasn't?"

"Oh, you're not me!"

"But I'm just as bad."

"Thank you, my dear!" Mitchy rang out.

"Without," Nanda pursued, "being as good." She had, on this, in a different key, her own sudden explosion. "Don't you see, Mitchy dear—for the very heart of it all—how good I *believe* you?"

She had spoken as with a flare of impatience at some justice he failed to do her, and this brought him, after a startled instant, close enough to her to take up her hand. She let him have it, and, in mute, solemn reassurance, he raised it to his lips, saying to her thus more things than he could say in any other way; which yet, just after, when he had released it and a motionless pause had ensued, didn't prevent him from adding three words. "Oh, Nanda, Nanda!"

The tone of them made her again extraordinarily gentle. "Don't 'try' anything then. Take everything for granted."

He had turned away from her and walked mechanically, with his air of blind emotion, to the window, where, for a minute, he looked out. "It has stopped raining," he said at last; "it's going to brighten."

The place had three windows, and Nanda went to the next. "Not quite yet—but I think it *will*."

Mitchy soon faced back into the room, where, after a brief hesitation, he moved, as quietly—almost as cautiously—as if on tiptoe, to the seat occupied by his companion at the beginning of their talk. Here he sank down, watching the girl, who stood awhile longer with her eyes on the garden. "You want me, you say, to take her out of the Duchess's life; but where am I myself, if we come to that, but even more *in* the Duchess's life than Aggie is? I'm in it by my contacts, my associations, my indifferences—all my acceptances, knowledges, amusements. I'm in it by my cynicisms—those that circumstances somehow from the first, when I began, for myself, to look at life and the world, committed me to and steeped me in; I'm in it by a kind of desperation that I shouldn't have felt perhaps if you had got hold of me sooner with just this touch with which you've got hold of me to-day; and I'm in it, more than all—you'll yourself admit—by the very fact that her aunt desires, as you know, much more even than you do, to bring the thing about. Then we *should* be—the Duchess and I—shoulder to shoulder!"

Nanda heard him, motionless, to the end, taking also another minute to turn over what he had said. "What is it you like so in Lord Petherton?" she asked as she came to him.

"My dear child, if you could only tell me! It would be, wouldn't it?—it must have been—the subject of some fairy-tale, if fairy-tales were made now, or, better still, of some Christmas pantomime: 'The Gnome and the Giant.'"

Nanda appeared to try—not with much success—to see it. "Do you find Lord Petherton a Gnome?"

Mitchy at first, for all reward, only glared at her. "Charming, Nanda—charming!"

"A man's giant enough for Lord Petherton," she went on, "when his fortune's gigantic. He preys upon you."

His hands in his pockets and his legs much apart, Mitchy sat there as in a posture adapted to her simplicity. "You're adorable. *You* don't. But it *is* rather horrid, isn't it?" he presently went on.

Her momentary silence would have been by itself enough of an answer. "Nothing—of all you speak of," she nevertheless returned, "will matter then. She'll so simplify your life." He remained just as he was, only with his eyes on her; and meanwhile she had turned again to her window, through which a faint sun-streak began to glimmer and play. At the sight of it she opened the casement to let in the warm freshness. "The rain *has* stopped."

"You say you want me to save her. But what you really mean," Mitchy resumed from the sofa, "isn't at all exactly that."

Nanda, without heeding the remark, took in the sunshine. "It will be charming now in the garden."

Her friend got up, found his wonderful crossbarred cap, after a glance, on a neighboring chair, and with it came toward her. "Your hope is that—as I'm good enough to be worth it—she'll save *me*."

Nanda looked at him now. "She will, Mitchy—she *will*."

They stood a moment in the recovered brightness; after which he mechanically—as with the pressure of quite another consciousness—put on his cap. "Well then, shall that hope, between us, be the thing—?"

"The thing?"—she just wondered.

"Why, that will have drawn us together—to hold us so, you know—this afternoon. I mean the secret we spoke of."

She put out to him, on this, the hand he had taken a few minutes before, and he clasped it now, only, with the firmness it seemed to give and to ask for. "Oh, it will do for that!" she said as they went out together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ART TREASURES IN NEW YORK.

LEAVING out of the comparison the great public galleries and museums of Europe established by kings and princes and nurtured by centuries of governmental assistance, New York ranks high as an art centre. London and Paris alone surpass her accumulation of works of art in private hands. In the last fifteen years the increase in both quantity and quality has been enormous. In 1885, Mr. S. P. Avery, the best authority on the subject, listed eighty collections of pictures, averaging $100,000 in value. To-day there are doubtless three times as many, and half a dozen are of the first importance in merit and value, two, at least, being worth a million or more. Up to 1885 public sales of pictures in this city had netted about a million and a half, while since that time the American Art Association alone has disposed of over seven million dollars' worth, sixty to sixty-five per cent. of which, it is estimated, remained in the city. For ten years past the insurance upon the pictures shown at the winter art exhibitions of the Union League Club has averaged nearly a million dollars annually.

In the limits of this article it is impossible to do justice to the public galleries of pictures. They are of far too great importance; and only such works as great merit, association, or cost makes especially interesting can be referred to. These pictures are easy of access by the public, and it seems more interesting to discuss the treasures of art principally in private hands, and which may be seen but by a limited circle.

The portrait of the artists' friend, Domer, commonly called "The Gilder," which heads Mr. H. O. Havemeyer's collection of eleven Rembrandts, is perhaps the most valuable picture in the city, $100,000 having been offered for it and refused prior to its present ownership. The collection of Rembrandts to which it belongs has no superior, if any equal, outside the public galleries of the Old World. Their owner has hung them with such nice appreciation of their quality and close attention to light, position, and general effect as to draw commendation from the highest quarters. "The Gilder" was sold to Mr. Havemeyer by the late William Schaus, who purchased it at the sale of the Duc de Morny, in Paris, for $62,500. The duke paid 165,000 francs for it in 1860.

Another splendid Rembrandt is "The Standard Bearer," recently purchased by Mr. George J. Gould for $75,000. This picture, which is known as "The Sir Joshua" Rembrandt, was reproduced and described in HARPER'S WEEKLY at the time it came into Mr. Gould's possession.

Two noteworthy portraits by Rembrandt have been presented to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. Marquand. One, which cost $40,000, came from the collection of Sir William Knighton, physician to George IV. It is a portrait of a man wearing a black slouched hat, and is signed and dated 1665. The other, a portrait of a burgomaster, was, according to von Bode, painted about 1640. It was purchased in 1883 from the Marquis of Lansdowne for $25,000.

The portrait of the "Duke of Richmond" by Vandyck, also presented to the Museum by Mr. Marquand, probably approaches if not equals "The Gilder" in value, although, owing to the fortunate time of its purchase, the price paid was less. The picture, which had been in the family of Lord Methuen, the owner, for nearly two hundred years, had an established place among the art treasures of England in the last century, and was listed in the art publications of that day. In 1886 it was offered to the National Gallery, but that institution had overdrawn its resources to buy Rafael's "Ansidei Madonna," from the Duke of Marlborough, for £72,000, and could not purchase. No other purchaser was at hand, and Mr. Marquand secured it for something over $40,000—a figure thought to represent not half its present value.

Another very costly picture in the Museum is "Honorable Henry Fane and his Guardians," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which was presented by Mr. Junius S. Morgan, of London, who paid the Earl of Westmoreland $72,000 for it in 1887.

Another interesting Reynolds hangs in the Lenox Library. It is a full-length portrait of Mrs. Billington, a celebrated singer of the day, and represents her as St. Cecilia listening to the music of angels. Haydn, the composer, who was a friend of the lady, was shown this picture by Sir Joshua in his studio. "Yes," he said, after examining it, "it is very good, but you have made a mistake: you have painted Mrs. Billington listening to the angels, whereas they should be listening to her." It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1790, and sold to Colonel Lenox in 1848.

Meissonier's famous "1807" attracted national attention when it was presented to the Museum, by ex-Judge Hilton ten years ago. It is universally conceded to be the painter's masterpiece, and its price at the Stewart sale, $66,000, has never been surpassed at public auction in this city. In the Vanderbilt gallery is another Meissonier, for which Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt paid $50,000, under interesting circumstances. Mr. Vanderbilt, so runs the generally accepted story, once asked the painter which he considered his best work. In reply, Meissonier named one called "Information, or the Captured Peasant before General Desaix," and bewailed the fact that it was in German hands. He thought it too good for such association. Mr. Vanderbilt, to gratify the artist's patriotism, opened negotiations with the owner, Mr. Meyer, a banker of Dresden, who asked and received the sum named. The subject is an incident in one of Napoleon's campaigns. Mr. C. P. Huntington has a Meissonier, "The Lost Game," for which he paid $26,300, at the James H. Stebbins sale in 1889.

"An absolute masterpiece," is the comment of Albert Wolff, the great French critic, upon "A Dutch Interior," by Pieter de Hooghe, now owned by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer.

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This picture brought $55,200 at the Secretan sale, in Paris, in 1889—a figure only surpassed at that sale by the $110,000 paid for the "Angelus" by the French government. Art authorities list and describe this work as one of the best, if not the very best, of the artist. At the Delessert sale (Paris, 1869) this picture brought 150,000 francs, and 160,000 francs were paid for it at the Narischine sale (Paris, 1883). It measures 26¼×22⅝ inches.

An especially interesting picture is Mr. William H. Fuller's splendid Gainsborough, "The Blue Boy." About this work the storm of controversy raged in England for a score or more years, until the critics reached an agreement that it was a genuine work of the master, and only differed as to whether it or its twin, now in the gallery of the Duke of Westminster, was painted first. Tradition, perhaps history, has associated this picture with the quarrels of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds. By this authority, it is said to have been painted to disprove Sir Joshua's dictum that no picture could be successful in which the cold tints prevailed over the warm ones. It certainly overthrows this contention, for the full-length figure in blue satin against a warm-tinted landscape gives just the conditions Sir Joshua condemned, and yet it is an acknowledged masterpiece. When Mr. Fuller's collection was sold last winter, he placed an upset price of $50,000 upon this picture. No offer of this amount was received, and it still remains in his hands, one of the most interesting and precious of the city's art treasures. It was reproduced in HARPER'S WEEKLY during the present year.

Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," presented to the Museum by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, long enjoyed the popular reputation of being, next to "1807," the most expensive picture in the city, $53,500 having been paid for it at the Stewart sale. It is the artist's masterpiece. She once offered it for sale for $2400.

The writer has been favored with a view of a number of important additions to a private collection which have helped to place it in the front rank. He is at liberty to mention but three of the pictures, a Correggio, a Rembrandt, and a Hals. The Correggio is "The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," one of the two unquestioned replicas of the famous picture of the same name now in the Louvre. The other is in the Naples Gallery. This striking picture is universally recognized as one of the masterpieces of the great Italian colorist. It shows the infant Saviour, seated on the Virgin's knee, in the act of placing upon the finger of St. Catherine, who kneels before Him, the ring which typifies her spiritual marriage with the Church. Its size is 8×11 inches. The Rembrandt, "The Death of Lucretia," is one of the notable works of the master. It was painted in 1664, and was probably one of the artist's last works. The figure of the Roman heroine is displayed life size at half-length. The face is turned a trifle to the right, and the right arm, dagger in hand, is fully extended to give force to the blow which is to heal her injured honor. The record of the prices obtained for this picture shows the rapid advance in value of important works of art during the past seventy years. In 1825 it was sold for £52; 1826, for £190; 1828, for £110; 1859, for £399; and in 1889, for £3937. Since then it changed hands again, coming to its present owner at a figure undoubtedly far in advance of that last named. The Frans Hals is a small but fine portrait of Casper Sebillius. The work is in the best style, minute and delicately finished in detail, and masterly in the merry twinkle given to the eyes. The canvas is small, about 9×11 inches. Two other noted portraits by Frans Hals are those of Scriverius and his wife, owned by Mr. Havemeyer, which are even smaller than the Sebillius, 8½×6½ inches. They were purchased at the Secretan sale for $18,200. Frans Hals's portrait of his wife, Mr. Marquand's gift to the Museum, is also a very fine specimen.

"St. Diego of Alcala surprised by the Guardian," the largest and most important Murillo in this country, and one of the most notable in private hands anywhere, is owned by Mr. Charles B. Curtis, who is an expert on the works of this master and Velasquez and the author of an exhaustive and authoritative catalogue of their works. It is one of the historic eleven pictures painted by the artist for the Convent of San Francisco in Seville, a labor which at once made him famous.

An old legend was that St. Diego, the almoner of the convent, had been reproved by the guardian for too great liberality to the poor. He continued, however, to listen to the prayers of the needy, and one day as he was distributing food to a crowd of beggars the guardian suddenly appeared; but before he could administer a rebuke the bread in the fold of St. Diego's robe was miraculously changed into roses as an evidence of Heaven's approval of his charity. This miracle is the subject of the picture, which is nearly eight feet square, the figures being life size. Genuine Murillos are exceedingly rare and valuable. In 1852, his "Immaculate Conception," now in the Louvre, brought 615,300 francs at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection.

"A Peasant Boy eating Soup," by Velasquez, is also owned by Mr. Curtis. This picture was in the royal galleries at Madrid, and was given by Queen Maria Louisa to the painter Goya.

In the over-crowded gallery of the Historical Society hangs "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," by Titian, of which the catalogue says, "This painting is signed, and shows evidences of being the first of this subject which Titian painted; the second, ordered by King Philip II. of Spain, remains at the Escurial, and the third is in the Jesuits' church at Venice."

A further note adds that the picture, which is 97×90 inches, was valued by a former owner, Gideon Nye, Jr., at sixteen thousand guineas. Henry Peters Gray, who was a close student and copyist of Titian's methods and works, was particularly fond of this picture, and regarded it as one of the master's great works which bore strong evidences of his individuality. It was in the Durr collection, and with its fellows, to the number of one hundred and fifty-seven, was bequeathed to the society in 1882.

In the far corner of a small room at the other end of the gallery hang two pictures attributed to Rafael. They are small, about 8×20 inches, and are set in a panel frame of dark wood rudely carved. The subjects are the "Resurrection" and "Birth of Christ," which are treated in the "dry style" of Rafael's first period. These pictures were among the three hundred and eighty in the Gallery of Christian Art, collected by the late Thomas J. Bryan, which in 1867 he gave to the Historical Society. He was an earnest partisan of these pictures in particular, and says of them, in a note in the catalogue:

> The donor wishes it understood that in his opinion, and in that of some of the accomplished and practical experts of Europe, there is not the slightest doubt of the authenticity of these pictures.

Mr. Bryan was a man of large means and much taste, who spent many years abroad in the search of art treasures. His opinion is entitled to much respect, as no one of equal knowledge has attributed the pictures to any other painter, criticisms having been entirely negative.

Colonel O. H. Payne owns "Juliet and Nurse," by Turner, for which he is said to have paid $50,000. This picture has an interest and importance entirely apart from its merits or demerits. According to Monkhouse, one of Turner's biographers, it was the bitter criticism of this picture which first aroused Ruskin to write the letter to *Blackwood's Magazine* which grew into *Modern Painters*. Turner's "The Grand Canal in Venice, from the Madonna della Salute," now owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, was exhibited in 1835, in the Munro collection. It was sold in 1860 for £2520, and again in 1875 for £7350. "Saltash," a view on the River Tamar, painted about 1812, by the same artist, is interesting because Ruskin says of it, in a private letter in 1852: "I bid it up to £300 once, but it went higher, and I had no more to give." It was given by Mr. Marquand to the Museum.

A truly superb picture is Constable's "Hadleigh Castle," owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The composition, a ruined castle with a receding storm-cloud and the sea in the distance, is admirably suited to display the painter's special ability. The subject was in Constable's mind, and sketches were made, more than fifteen years before the picture was painted, in 1829. It has attracted much attention from connoisseurs, and is ranked second to none of Constable's productions. The terms upon which Mr. Vanderbilt bought it in England were private, but if it were for sale it would probably bring from $40,000 to $50,000. Two of Constable's pictures of his favorite subject, "The Valley Farm," are in the city, a small one in the Lenox Library and a larger canvas in the Museum.

The well-known "Defence of Champigny," by Detaille, which was presented to the Museum by ex-Judge Hilton in 1887, was exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1879. Detaille described it as his "most important work." The price paid for it was understood to have been $50,000. "Champigny" and "The Defence of Le Bourget," by de Neuville, now in the Vanderbilt gallery, share the honor of being the most notable battle pictures produced through the influence of the Franco-Prussian war. In both of these masterpieces the artists, themselves soldiers, have paid lasting tributes to their comrades in arms.

"The Approaching Storm," painted by Troyon in 1855, is one of his chief works, many critics regarding it as his greatest effort. It was in the collection of Count Daupias, and at the sale in 1890 brought 130,000 francs. After passing through several hands, it came into the possession of its present owner, Mr. M. C. D. Borden, a few years ago.

"The Missionary's Story," by Vibert, now owned by Mr. C. P. Huntington, attracted much attention at the Morgan sale, and brought $25,500, the next highest price to that paid at the same sale for the "Communicants" of Jules Breton—$45,000.

An interesting picture is "Les Singes Experts," by Deschamps, which shows a group of monkeys wisely examining a picture. The artist intended it as a satire upon the critics who had attacked him. It was in the collection of M. Secretan, and at the sale brought 70,000 francs. It is now owned by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Nature," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1824, is now owned by Mr. C. P. Huntington. It is a picture of the children of C. B. Calmady, Esq., and was first engraved in 1829. Since that time it has been reproduced by nearly every known process, becoming almost as popular a type of childish beauty as Rafael's "Cherubs." There is a record of an English sale of this picture in 1886 for £1890.

Pictures of the Barbizon school are plenty; indeed, it is generally conceded that a large proportion of the best works of the artists of that prolific period are in America, and most of them in New York. Rousseau's "Edge of the Woods," in the Catherine Wolfe collection, is a *chef-d'œuvre*. It was bought two years ago at the Schaus sale for $24,200. Mr George J. Gould's "Hut of the Charcoal Burners" represented Rousseau in the Exhibition of One Hundred Masterpieces, in Paris, in 1883. It brought $15,700 at the Secretan sale. It was purchased for Mr. Gould at the sale of Mr. William H. Fuller's collection in February of this year for $36,500. The "Setting Sun" was purchased by Mr. Calvin S. Brice at the Morgan sale. "The Oven," owned by Mr. William Rockefeller, was once sold for 47,000 francs at a sale in France. "The Entrance to Fontainebleau" is owned by Mr. I. T. Fletcher. Millet's famous picture, "The Sower," has been made very familiar by many engravings and etchings. It is in the Vanderbilt gallery, and notwithstanding the great price brought by "The Angelus," is considered by many critics a finer work.

Corot's pictures are very numerous, by far the most important being "La Danse des Amours," now owned by Mr. George J. Gould. This picture was for many years the gem of the small but elegant collection of the late Charles A. Dana. It was purchased for Mr. Gould at the sale of the Dana pictures, early this year, for $36,000. Other notable works by Corot are "Woodland Scene," Jay Gould collection; "Les Sorciers," Mr. I. T. Fletcher; "Dance of Nymphs," Mrs. James A. Bostwick; "Les Pécheurs," Mr. Calvin S. Brice; and "The Bathers," Mrs. James A. Bostwick. A notable Diaz is "La Promenade," owned by Mr. J. P. Morgan, and the forest scenes by the same artist, owned by Mr. Calvin S. Brice, are important pictures. "The Banks of the Oise," one of Daubigny's best works, is owned Mr. I. T. Fletcher. It was in the collection of Count Daupias, and was purchased at the sale in 1890.

Fromentin's "Horse Dealers," owned by Mr. C. P. Huntington, is a fine and very valuable picture, as is "The Halt," by the same artist, owned by Mr. Calvin S. Brice.

Mr. H. G. Marquand, who has generously stripped himself of his art treasures for the benefit of the Museum, still retains Alma-Tadema's "Reading Homer," which reproduction has made so familiar. This picture was exhibited in the Loan Collection of Masterpieces at the World's Fair.

"The return from Egypt," a large picture by Rubens, now in the Museum, is one of his well-authenticated and acknowledged chief works. It was the product of his best period, being a contemporary of his famous "Descent from the Cross," in the Antwerp Cathedral, and was painted for the church of the Jesuits in the same city. It was first sold in 1777, with other works of art from similar sources, under the decree of the Emperor Francis II. suppressing the Jesuits. This picture has figured in every important Rubens catalogue and art encyclopædia for a hundred years, and passed with others into the possession of the Museum in 1871 on advantageous terms.

Two pictures by Rigaud, called the French Vandyck, are owned by Mr. W. D. du Casse, whose family traces descent from the great portrait-painter. One is a portrait study of the artist's brother and his wife and son, and the other is a portrait of the artist himself and his own wife and child. Both were painted between 1690 and 1695 and are in excellent condition. So far as is known, these are the only examples of this artist in the country, except the one owned by the Historical Society. These are exceptional pictures, and display well the artist's genius.

A very beautiful picture and veritable "art treasure" is Fortuny's "Choice of a Model," which brought the sensational price of $42,000 at the W. H. Stewart sale last winter. The purchaser, Mr. W. A. Clarke, added it to a collection of works of art already known to connoisseurs as one of the best selected and most valuable in the city.

Lack of space prevents the mention of scores of other paintings of the highest merit, interest, and cost, and of a host of still others that excel in one of these qualifications. The effort has been to mention only pictures which excel in *all* the points named.

LOUIS T. GOLDING.



"CONCERT AT AN OUTPOST."—ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.—OWNED, F. W. VANDERBILT.

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# AMATEUR SPORT

HOWEVER THE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE may be arranged for next year, it may, I feel sure, at least be put down for a certainty that there will be no "three-cornered league" formed by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. It is not at all improbable, though by no means definitely determined upon, that, having played Univ. of Penn. for four years to the exclusion of Princeton, Harvard may now wish to play Princeton one year, possibly two. Princeton may reject Harvard's overture for a single game or for two games, in her desire for a three-year arrangement or nothing—in which case there will more than likely be no Harvard-Princeton game in '99.

Leagues, in my opinion, are unnecessary and cumbersome, and I think Harvard is of the same mind. Indeed, unless I am greatly mistaken, I believe I see in the wholesome, sportsmanly attitude of Harvard for the last three years an aversion to entering upon agreements and joining leagues. I expect Harvard's captains to choose their opponents, but to treat all fairly. At all events, I very much doubt if we shall see a league, of either the three or four cornered variety. We have no need for them.

The chase of a championship is harmful to the wholesomeness of the sport and a worry to every one. We have put aside the youthful methods of our adolescent sporting days. Colleges arrange games nowadays in accordance with natural, healthful rivalries, irrespective of whether they do or do not decide the strongest team in America.

THE ADJUSTMENT OF RIVALRIES among Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Univ. of Penn. has always been a favorite theme for the space-writer, but it seems a simple question, after all, if only we accept certain facts without prejudice. For instance, nothing, of course, can come between the Harvard-Yale annual game—that is paramount to each. The friendliness between Yale and Princeton is of such warmth, and the tradition of their annual game so long standing, that I question if the consent of either could be secured for an arrangement which would disturb their annual fixture. New arrangements cannot be made without considering those already in existence—which are, to



C. D. DALY,
Harvard's Quarter-back.



B. H. DIBBLEE,
Harvard's Captain and Half-back.

wit, Yale, with her schedule of big games complete, for the day of more than two such in one season has, I believe, passed; Harvard and Princeton each with one big game scheduled, which cannot be disturbed; and Univ. of Penn. with her Cornell game.

MANY "IFS" HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED to relieve the situation of its embarrassments, and many suggestions offered; but the only practical solution to the meeting of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Univ. of Penn., I can see is for Harvard to play Princeton and Univ. of Penn. alternate years, and Princeton to play Univ. of Penn. in the year she does not play Harvard.

For instance, on that basis—in '99 Yale would play Harvard and Princeton, Harvard would play Yale and Princeton, Princeton would play Harvard and Yale, and Univ. of Penn. play Cornell and—Chicago (let me suggest). In 1900, Yale's opponents would be unchanged, but Harvard would play Yale and Univ. of Penn., Princeton play Yale and Univ. of Penn., and Univ. of Penn. play Princeton, Harvard, and Cornell. Thus of these universities, each, save Univ. of Penn., would have its two games every year among the four great university teams.

That old and oft-repeated plan which prescribed annual Harvard-Yale and Princeton-Univ. of Penn. games, the winners and losers to meet subsequently in a "championship" contest is a dead issue.

Such an arrangement would be acceptable neither to at least three of the universities concerned nor to sportsmen. Harvard and Yale would reject it because their game would thereby be made of secondary importance in the college season; Yale and Princeton would reject it because of a possible interruption of their annual meeting; sportsmen would deplore such an arrangement because of the implied exaltation of that "championship" idea.

At the same time it is to be desired meetings between these four be as frequent as may be, but the development of the game makes annual all-round contests impossible. The plan suggested seems the only feasible one.

And so perhaps—if the tendency to get players full-fledged out of the West, and to be over-generous with privileges to athletes, can be checked—we may all be happy yet.



DIBBLEE OF HARVARD GOING AROUND YALE'S END FOR THIRTY-FIVE YARDS.

THERE WERE THREE MEN in the Harvard-Yale game—Ely, Hubbell, and Jaffray—whose work was peculiarly commendable—and I say now that for which I had no space last week. To have continued in the game as did Ely, with a splintered rib, required an amount of pluck entirely incomprehensible to the average man. In the light of this, his work behind the line, especially his run, becomes remarkable. It was brave work, Quixotic work, and I hope the lad will suffer none of the consequences of so reckless a performance.

Hubbell was Yale's left end, and perhaps more plays were sent his way than any other, on account of left tackle being the weak place in the line. Many gains were made at these places, too, but had not Hubbell done the work of a Trojan that end of the line would have crumbled before the vigorous Harvard assault. Time and again and repeatedly he dived into Harvard's interference as it swept down upon him, and while he rarely completely broke it up, at least he materially checked the runners' gains.

Jaffray's work at centre was thoroughly first-class, and remarkable, therefore, because of his height, six feet five inches, and the very ordinary natural aptitude for the game he revealed when first he came out to try for the position. I remember him two or three years ago, a young giant, whose physical strength was enormous, but who, as a prospective centre, seemed hopeless even as a possibility. That he developed the class of football he played this year is due to his diligent endeavors and to the coaching ability and painstaking of W. H. Lewis, Harvard's old and cleverest centre. Despite his six feet five inches, his *vis-à-vis* did not get "under him" in either the Univ. of Penn. or Harvard game.

A FEW SECOND THOUGHTS.—The present rule, which permits the captain to call a substitute into the game whenever a player is tiring, is an excellent one and a great improvement on the old rule, which required that a regular player be physically incapacitated before retiring. Under the present system no dishonest faking is necessary, and the health of the sport is the better subserved.

It is a curious coincidence that the most sensational four runs American football has developed each brought victory, and all were made against Yale.

The greatest and the first was in 1885, by Lamar, the Princeton back, who ran very nearly the entire length of the field for a touch-down. The next two, made in the same game, when Harvard defeated Yale in 1890 at Springfield, were by Dudley Dean, who ran about forty yards to a touch-down, and Lee, who covered about thirty yards to Yale's goal-line.



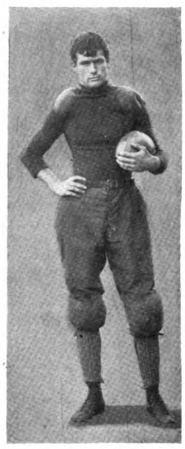
MALCOLM DONALD,
Harvard's Tackle.



W. A. BOAL,
Harvard's Guard.



B. C. CHAMBERLIN,
Yale's Captain and Tackle.



F. G. BROWN,
Yale's Guard.

Arthur Poe's run this year was the fourth, and covered ninety yards, and gave Princeton victory over Yale.

ALTHOUGH WISCONSIN'S MANNER of bringing charges against Chicago University was deplorable, and cannot be excused, there appears to be sufficient ground for charging Chicago with at least lax enforcement of some rules pertaining to the eligibility of several members of her eleven. At all events, there is cause for suspicion, not perhaps of Chicago's honesty but of her vigilance.

We must have convincing evidence that Cavanaugh and Henry's playing was in compliance with the scholarship standard rule, and whether or not Henry did not play on Michigan last year, and thereby become ineligible to Chicago this year. We must have complete exoneration of the Chicago men charged of professionalism by Wisconsin, or their dismissal from Chicago teams. We must hear from Chicago why these men were permitted to represent that university, if their playing was in defiance of accepted rules. We—by which I mean the world of amateur sport generally—have believed in Chicago's good intentions, in her vigilance and honesty, and we cannot withdraw our confidence without good cause. But the exigencies of the case demand that Chicago must clear herself of these charges, and show cause why we should not withdraw that confidence.

BESIDES THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION there is only one club that in the past year has manifested any interest whatever in track and field athletics in the Middle West; and that one is the Milwaukee Athletic Society, whose members have given a field day and an in-door meet, and sent one or two representatives on different occasions to games held in Chicago.

The Chicago A.A., however, is practically the whole thing in that section, and has drawn into its lists all the really high-class material that can be induced to enter club athletics. This has stifled competition. The Detroit Athletic Club intended last summer to once more enter the field, but all its active athletes of prominence went

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to war, either with the naval reserves of the Michigan brigade or with the army. The D.A.C. has now, perhaps, the cleanest athletic spirit of any club west of the Boston A.A. This year it has maintained two and three teams in baseball, betrayed a little indication of waking up again in tennis (George H. Sheldon is in the city), and has been more active in football than ever before, with a local interest correspondingly higher. Its teams have been clean and honest, and, in the main, composed of sports-men, though there have been a few exceptions. There is no suggestion of the money taint here, however.

HAVING HAD NO SPACE PREVIOUSLY, the following summaries are printed as a matter of record, and for the interest of alumni throughout the country:

HARVARD–UNIV. OF PENN. GAME—CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 5, '98.

| Harvard. | Positions. | Pennsylvania. |
|---|---|---|
| Cochrane | Left end | Folwell |
| Farley | Left tackle | Goodman |
| Donald | Left guard | Hare |
| Boal | Centre | Overfield |
| Burnett | Right guard | McCracken |
| Burden | Right tackle | Garnett |
| Haughton | Right end | Hedges |
| Hallowell | Quarter-back | Gardiner |
| Daly | Left half-back | Harrison |
| Dibblee | Right half-back | Coombs |
| Warren | Right half-back | McMahon |
| Reid | Full-back | Outland |

Score—Harvard, 10; Pennsylvania, 0. Touch-downs—Boal. Missed goal from field—Cochrane, Outland. Goal from placed kick—Burnett. Referee—Matthew McClung, Jr., of Lehigh. Umpire—Paul Dashiel of Annapolis. Linesmen—Holden of Harvard and De Silver of Pennsylvania. Time-keeper—Wood, Boston A. A. Time of halves—35 minutes. Attendance, 20,000.

Average weight—rush-line, Harvard, 184 lbs.; Pennsylvania, 192 lbs. Average weight—centre and guards, Harvard, 204 lbs; Pennsylvania, 190 lbs. Average weight—three backs, Harvard, 167 lbs.; Pennsylvania, 166 lbs. Average weight—team, Harvard, 175 lbs.; Pennsylvania, 174¾. Average age eleven—Harvard, 20¾ years; Pennsylvania, 21¾ years.

RECORD HARVARD–PENNSYLVANIA GAMES.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1896—Harvard, 28; Penn., 0. | 1894—Penn., 18; Harvard, 4. |
| 1897—Harvard, 42; Penn., 0. | 1895—Penn., 17; Harvard, 14. |
| 1898—Harvard, 28; Penn., 0. | 1896—Penn., 8; Harvard, 6. |
| 1899—Harvard, 35; Penn., 0. | 1897—Penn., 15; Harvard, 6 |
| 1893—Harvard, 26; Penn., 4. | 1898—Harvard, 10; Penn., 0. |

YALE–PRINCETON GAME—PRINCETON, NOVEMBER 12, '98.

| Princeton. | Positions. | Yale. |
|---|---|---|
| Palmer | Left end | Eddy |
| Geer | Left tackle | Stillman |
| Crowdle | Left guard | Brown |
| Mills | Centre | Cutten |
| Booth | Right guard | Marshall |
| Edwards | Right tackle | Chamberlin |
| Hillebrand | Right end | Coy |
| Poe | Quarter-back | De Saulles |
| Duncan | Left half-back | Ely |
| Hutchinson | Left half-back | Daruton |
| Beardsley | Left half-back | Townsend |
| Black | Right half-back | Benjamin |
| Kafor | Right half-back | Corwin |
| Wheeler | Full-back | McBride |
| Ayres | Full-back | |

Score—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0. Touch-down—Poe. Goal from touch-down—Ayres Missed goal from place—Chamberlin, Wheeler. Referee—Wrightington of Harvard. Umpire—Dashiel of Lehigh. Linesmen—Francis of Yale, and Bovaird of Princeton. Time of halves—35 minutes. Attendance—15,000.

Average weight—rush-line, Princeton, 188 lbs.; Yale, 182 lbs. Average weight—centre and guards, Princeton, 221 lbs.; Yale, 189 lbs. Average weight—three backs, Princeton, 169 lbs.; Yale, 177 lbs. Average weight—eleven, Princeton, 178 lbs.; Yale, 178 lbs. Average age—Princeton, 22 years; Yale, 21 years.

Twenty-one games have been played since 1877, Princeton winning the championship seven times, and Yale eleven times. Three times the games were ties; detailed summaries follow.

RECORD YALE–PRINCKTON GAMES.

1877—Neither side scored.
1878—Princeton, 1 goal; Yale, none.
1879—Game resulted in a tie, but Princeton won the championship by defeating Harvard.
1880—Game was a tie, Princeton holding the championship.
1881—Game was a tie, but Yale won the championship by defeating Harvard.
1882—Yale, 2 goals; Princeton, none.
1883—Yale, 6; Princeton, 0.
1884—Game was unfinished on account of darkness, and no championship was awarded.
1885—Princeton, 6; Yale, 5.
1886—Game was unfinished on account of darkness. No championship awarded.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1887—Yale, 12; Princeton, 0. | 1893—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0. |
| 1888—Yale, 10; Princeton, 0. | 1894—Yale, 24; Princeton, 0. |
| 1889—Princeton, 10; Yale, 0. | 1895—Yale, 20; Princeton, 10. |
| 1890—Yale, 33; Princeton, 0 | 1896—Princeton, 24; Yale, 6. |
| 1891—Yale, 19; Princeton, 0 | 1897—Yale, 6; Princeton, 0. |
| 1892—Yale, 12; Princeton, 0 | 1898—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0. |

HARVARD–YALE GAME—NEW HAVEN, NOVEMBER 19, '98.

| Harvard. | Positions. | Yale. |
|---|---|---|
| Cochrane | Left end | Hubbell |
| Farley | Left tackle | Stillman |
| Donald | Left guard | Brown |
| Eaton | Centre | Cutten |
| Boal | Right guard | Marshall |
| Jaffray | Right tackle | Chamberlin, Capt. |
| Burnett | Right end | Eddy |
| Haughton | Quarter-back | Schweppe |
| Hallowell | Left half-back | Ely |
| Daly | Left half-back | Dibblee |
| Dibblee | Right half-back | Dudley |
| Warren | Right half-back | Eddy |
| Reid | Full-back | Townsend |
| | | McBride |

Score—Harvard, 17; Yale, 0. Touch-downs—Reid (2), Dibblee. Goals from touch-down—Haughton (2). Missed goal from touch-down—Haughton. Missed goal from place—Haughton, Chamberlin. Referee—McClung of Lehigh. Umpire—Dashiel of Annapolis. Linesmen—Thompson of Harvard, and Francis of Yale. Time-keeper—Wood, B.A.A. Time of halves—30 minutes. Attendance—17,000.

Average weight—rush-line, Harvard, 184 lbs.; Yale, 182 lbs. Average weight—centre and guards, Harvard, 204 lbs.; Yale, 189 lbs. Average weight—three backs, Harvard, 167 lbs.; Yale, 177 lbs. Average weight—team, Harvard, 175 lbs.; Yale, 178 lbs. Average age eleven—Harvard, 20¾ years; Yale, 21 years.

IN THE HARVARD–YALE FOOTBALL SERIES, begun in 1875, New Haven, November 13, fifteen men on a side, Harvard won in 1875 (Yale being greatly handicapped by playing under rules to which she was unaccustomed), in '90, Arthur Cumnock captain, and in '98, B. H. Dibblee captain. In '76 teams were composed of eleven men for the first time. In '77 Yale wished to play eleven, and Harvard fifteen, and no game resulted; in '78 and '79 Yale yielded the point, and fifteen were played, the game of '79 yielding a draw. In '80 elevens were definitely adopted. In '85 football was forbidden at Harvard; in '88 Harvard forfeited the game, because her faculty restricted play to New England subsequent to an agreement with Yale to play in New York. In '95 and '96, athletic relations being severed between the two universities, there were no games. In '97 the game was a tie, at Cambridge, neither side scoring.

RECORD HARVARD–YALE GAMES.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1883—Yale, 23; Harvard, 2 | 1891—Yale, 10; Harvard, 0. |
| 1884—Yale, 53; Harvard, 0. | 1892—Yale, 6; Harvard, 0. |
| 1885—No game. | 1893—Yale, 6; Harvard, 0. |
| 1886—Yale, 29; Harvard, 4. | 1894—Yale, 12; Harvard, 4. |
| 1887—Yale, 17; Harvard, 8. | 1895—No game. |
| 1888—No game. | 1896—No game. |
| 1889—Yale, 6; Harvard, 0 | 1897—Yale, 0; Harvard, 0. |
| 1890—Harvard, 12; Yale, 6. | 1898—Harvard, 17; Yale, 0. |

ALTHOUGH THE UNIV. OF PENN.–CORNELL GAME in Philadelphia, Thanksgiving day, may scarcely be taken as criterion of either team's '98 football development, none the less the score (12–6) serves fairly well as an indicator of the comparative strength of the two elevens, though I really think yet another touch-down, making a score of say 18–6, would more truly represent Univ. of Penn.'s superiority.

And the course of the game and the manner of the scoring served also to emphasize the unevenness of Univ. of Penn. that this year has so neutralized work of the team which was excellent. There is no escaping the judgment that this year's Univ. of Penn. eleven is the poorest one I have seen from that university since '93, and one of the most unevenly developed ones Univ. of Penn. has turned out since '90. It is utterly surprising a team so skilled in other departments should be so miserably weak in the kicking department. Not alone in punting, but particularly and disastrously so in the handling of opponents' kicks.

CORNELL GAINED YARDS AND YARDS because Univ. of Penn.'s backs were rarely under the ball. Three times out of four the ball struck the ground, bounced, and rolled along before the Univ. of Penn.'s back secured it, and usually was thereupon tackled. Univ. of Penn.'s success against the Indians, who are particularly weak in the open-field game, and against other teams not so strong, in running Outland back on these occasions, appears to have made a habit of this manner of receiving punted balls. If so, it was acquired curiously and in defiance of the teachings of up-to-date football. Were this criticism applicable only to Univ. of Penn.'s work on Thanksgiving day, when rain and snow made the worst playing-field of the season, explanations would be easily forth-coming, but the same weakness was apparent against Harvard at Cambridge, when the day was clear and the field in excellent condition. Only, at Cambridge it told more seriously because the speed of the Harvard ends never gave the Univ. of Penn. back a chance to run after he had fallen on the rolling ball.

PENNSYLVANIA'S POOR HANDLING of opponents' punts has been surprising enough, but her weakness in actual kicking is even more so. It is truly astonishing that the uninterrupted practice of a long season should not have developed a more dependable and more skilful punter than Hare. To continually employ a player so unfitted for the work was misuse of one of the best guards and most trustworthy line-buckers we have ever seen. It is difficult to understand why another man or several others were not drilled and drilled and drilled, until the team had one whose kicking would be helpful, at least in a degree, rather than so often actually menacing. How very weak Pennsylvania was in this department may be judged by use of Hare in the Cornell game, when a bad ankle really incapacitated him from doing even the little of his best. That more scoring by Cornell did not result on that account is a tribute to Hare as a game and determined player. Outland's efforts at punting were some improvement, and suggested possibilities under persistent coaching and long practice, but at present his best endeavors do not raise the standard of Pennsylvania's kicking to mediocrity. It looks very much as though Pennsylvania had entered upon her season's work in deliberate acceptance of this weakness as an irremediable evil, and in the confidence that her attacking power would more than counterbalance. But no season ever so clearly demonstrated the fatality of depending on unusual strength in one direction to make amends for actual weakness in another. The triumph of the evenly developed team has been complete, and amply illustrated in Harvard's brilliant successes and in Princeton's victory over Yale. Had Univ. of Penn.'s kicking department—by which I mean handling of opponents' kicks as well as own punting—been even passably fair, instead of inexcusably poor, confidence in that attacking power might have been somewhat justified by a better showing in the Chicago, and again, later, in the Harvard games. The same comment would perhaps be pertinent to the Cornell game, except that it seems hardly fair to look closely into the work of any team playing in driving snow and over the sea of mud and water which covered Franklin Field.

CONSIDERING THE CONDITIONS OF FIELD AND DAY, each eleven played as near its best form as could be expected. It was a slow game, made doubly trying to the players by the cold wind which blew down the field, and small wonder fumbling changed possession of the ball so frequently. As I have said, however, there was ample opportunity to judge the comparative merits of the teams. It was very loose football, as might be expected, sharp starting and prompt seizure of opportunities being, of course, out of all question. The runner who kept on his feet at all was lucky. On occasions when the play resolved itself into one of mere push, success was as apt to go to one side as to the other. In plays, however, where more of football knowing and skilful execution were possible, success much more frequently went to Univ. of Penn. Wherever the condition of the field at all permitted of it, Univ. of Penn. invariably got the "jump" on Cornell, and excelled her in the character, variety, and execution of plays. Though not having the actual figures before me, I should yet venture to say Univ. of Penn. must have made during the game three times as many yards rushing the ball as Cornell.

THE GUARDS-BACK FORMATION was employed, and proved an occasionally successful method of advancing the ball through the mud, but Pennsylvania showed good generalship by making Cornell's weak ends her frequent point of attack, and by opening her general play more than usual. It is due Cornell to say that her defence against the guards-back formation was very strong and effective, and particularly creditable considering the impossibility of getting a firm foothold. Cornell's defensive work most of the time was good, and on one or two occasions incomparable, as, for instance, in the last of the second half, when Univ. of Penn. had the ball on Cornell's one-yard line and lost it on downs. In attacking power Cornell was not so strong as Univ. of Penn., neither in conception of play nor in its execution. She appeared to rely too much on a few centre plays. She needs more frequent contact with teams showing a higher grade of offensive work than those usually met during the practice season—teams that will teach her faster, more adroitly planned attack, and the need of giving runners more vigorous and timely support. Cornell would find something of this kind in a game with West Point or Chicago University; and she needs such work between her early-season game with Princeton, when the latter has hardly got together, and her final contest with Univ. of Penn.

THE LINES WERE WELL MATCHED on the defensive, except for the ends, where Cornell was weaker, but on the offensive Univ. of Penn.'s forwards were into the game more than Cornell's. At quarter, G. Young handled the ball the more cleanly, and was of the greater service in the back field. He made one costly blunder in not dropping on the ball that time near Pennsylvania's goal-line, when there was some dispute as to its being in play, and Univ. of Penn. got it. Gardiner passed the ball poorly, and Overfield considerably increased the punting troubles of both Hare and Outland. In punting Cornell had considerably the better of it (her kicking must have gained twice as many yards as did Univ. of Penn.'s), and in handling kicks showed more judgment and skill than Univ. of Penn. Cornell's ends were not called upon for a great deal of work under Univ. of Penn's kicks. Hare, McCracken, Outland, and Coombs did the ground-gaining for Univ. of Penn., not forgetting a fifteen-yard end run by Carnett, and Lueder, Starbuck, and C. Young did the major portion of it for Cornell, with Reed and Sweetland showing prominently in the line.

Cornell had the wind and storm on her back in the first half, and made the most of her opportunity, punting repeatedly, and gaining ground because of Univ. of Penn.'s weakness already alluded to. When Cornell tried Univ. of Penn.'s line, she found the small and uncertain gains not worth the outlay, so after a time in the first half she kicked almost invariably. Univ. of Penn tried to counterbalance the weakness in kicking by rushing, and though her success was not continuous, it was frequent. It might perhaps have counterbalanced weak handling of kicks alone, but the added fumbling was too great a handicap. Having worked the ball along for a way, she was sure to lose it on a fumble, and to have Cornell kick it back.

SO IT CAME ABOUT that most of the play in the first half was in Penn.'s territory, or the middle of the field. There came a time, after about twenty minutes of play, when one of those kicks which had been allowed to bounce and roll was fumbled by Penn., and straightway Cornell secured the ball on Penn.'s 5-yard line. G. Young's failure to drop on the ball when it came back from the centre gave the ball to Penn., whose short low kick gave it to Cornell again on Penn.'s 20-yard line. Here Lueder and Starbuck made two of the cleanest gains Cornell scored in the game, and the ball was again on Penn.'s 3-yard line, where Cornell lost it on downs. Hare punted low and straight into Cornell, and Sweetland fell on the ball for Cornell's only touch-down. G. Young beautifully kicked a difficult goal.

Univ. of Penn. had the wind at her back in the second half, and proceeded to rush the ball down the field to Cornell's twenty-yard line, from where Outland, by a pretty end run, carried it for a touch-down and goal. Not many minutes later, when Cornell had been driven to her fifteen-yard line—a short punt was caught by Hedges, who made the second touch-down. For the balance of the half, possession of the ball kept almost constantly changing, Univ. of Penn. rushing, and Cornell kicking. And thus the game ended, fittingly, a fumble giving Univ. of Penn. the ball on Cornell's ten-yard line.

UNIV. OF PENN.–CORNELL GAME, PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 24, 1898.

| Pennsylvania. | Positions. | Cornell. |
|---|---|---|
| McMahon | Left end | Duval |
| Reugenberg | Left tackle | Wilson |
| Hare | Left guard | Wyvell |
| Overfield | Centre | Reed |
| McCloskey | Centre | Dorner |
| McCracken | Right guard | Lueder |
| Carnett | Right tackle | Sweetland |
| Hedges | Right end | Crose |
| Gardiner | Quarter-back | Grimshaw |
| Outland | Left half-back | G. Young |
| Coombs | Right half-back | Short |
| Folwell | Full-back | Whiting |
| | | C. Young |
| | | Starbuck |
| | | Perkins |

Score—Pennsylvania, 12; Cornell, 6. Touch-downs—Outland, Hedges, Sweetland. Goals from touch-downs—Outland (2), G. Young. Referee—W. A. McClung, Lehigh. Umpire—P. J. Dashiel, Annapolis. Linesmen—Harrison of Pennsylvania, and Morrison of Cornell. Timer—W. H. Lewis, Harvard. Time of halves—35 minutes. Attendance—16,000.

Average weight—rush-line, Univ. of Penn., 192 lbs.; Cornell, 176 lbs. Average weight—centre and guards, Univ. of Penn., 190 lbs.; Cornell, 188 lbs. Average weight—three backs, Univ. of Penn., 166 lb.; Cornell, 168 lbs. Average weight—team, Univ. of Penn., 174 lbs.; Cornell, 170 lbs. Average age eleven—Univ. of Penn., 21¾ years; Cornell, 20¾ years.

The frightful condition of the field, the benumbing atmosphere, and the storm combined to make it a day of utmost severity on the players, the hardest in my recollection. Any individual error was excusable, and both teams are to be congratulated on their determined, plucky work under such conditions. Despite the strain to which the tempers of the men must have been subjected, the game was clean and the players sportsmanly from the beginning to the ending. Such a record on such a field reflects great credit upon the elevens. CASPAR WHITNEY.

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By General Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—With Drawings by Remington.—8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Harper & Brothers.

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## "À BAYARD."

SUCH honor won he by such simple art,—
Only to be brave, and kind, and true;
So did the right; until his whole soul grew
Wise, with that wisest wisdom of the heart.
For his whole land he stood—not for a part,
Nor to a party his high service due;
So builded ever better than they knew
Who made their statecraft but a party's chart.
So led his country on that higher plane
Of peace, that is the future of the world,
That Saxon freemen saw in him again,
Where'er America her flag unfurled,
Humanity, that marks the gentleman,
And kinship claimed with this American.

F. J. S.

## EMILIO AGUINALDO.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC IN HIS RESIDENCE AT MALOLOS, PROVINCE OF BULACAN.

*Sunday, September 18, 1898.*

WHEN I alighted from the train, which leaves Manila at 6 o'clock A.M., I made straight for the palace for my appointed interview with Emilio Aguinaldo, elected President by the Filipinos. I was received with all possible courtesies by an Indian interpreter, and was told that Don Emilio was just dressing to receive me. After a half-hour's more or less interesting conversation with the interpreter Aguinaldo appeared on the scene, without any ceremonies, and I was presented to him by his polite private secretary, who speaks English fluently and pleasantly. Having exchanged the common civilities of the day, a lively conversation started, and I learned the following facts:

Aguinaldo was born on the 22d day of March, 1869, at Cavité Viejo, and his education was such as the schools of the little country town were able to provide, and his life was spent in business to his twenty-fifth year, when he was elected Mayor of Cavité. On the 20th of August, 1896, the Governor of the province of Cavité reported to Manila that everything was quiet in Cavité, and no insurgents to be found anywhere. Aguinaldo, on his way home on the day after, the 21st of August, 1896, heard that a warrant had been issued for his own arrest on the charge of siding with the insurrectionists. Instead of going home he gathered twenty of his friends around him and waited for the arrival of the warrant. On the 22d a captain of the civil guard and two sergeants appeared to arrest him, and were promptly killed by Aguinaldo and his friends. This started the revolution. Aguinaldo asserts that before his arrest had been ordered—that is, before the 21st of August, 1896—he never had even dreamed about joining the insurgents; but in view of the unjust accusation he made up his mind to be one, and even to accept the leadership of the movement to free his native country from Spanish tyranny and injustice. On the 26th of August the news of his adventure was over all the islands, and beacon lights on top of all the hills and mountains of the country gave proof that the Filipinos were ready to join Aguinaldo and accept him as a leader of the insurrection. On the 1st of September, 1896, the first success of the Filipinos was the taking of the little town of Jmoz, with a few rifles and 2000 rounds of ammunition, against thirty-seven Spanish civil guards.

He gave the following three reasons for the outbreak of the insurrection:

1. The misdemeanor of the priests. (Spanish, of course.)
2. Spanish laws giving all the liberties to Spanish subjects and restraining the Filipinos in every possible way.
3. The occupation of civilian offices by Spanish officers instead of natives.

As an illustration of the first reason, he related this story:

A priest had an eye on the good-looking daughter of a native. He put himself in correspondence with the civil guards, whom he bribed, and had the father of the girl arrested on political charges. He then took possession of the girl, the house, and the fortune of her parents; in other words, he had them confiscated, and divided the spoils with the civil guards. The prisoner was put on board of a transport and exiled to some Spanish island in the Atlantic, where he was put at hard labor, and where he soon after died.

Doctors, lawyers, educated men of all descriptions, even women, have been similarly dealt with, and Aguinaldo asserts that even now Spain holds over 3000 such prisoners. In revenge the insurgents have locked up all the Spanish priests in the country, and hold them ready for exchange. Eight thousand prisoners, soldiers and priests, are kept by the Filipinos to-day, scattered through twenty-two provinces of the islands.

On the 24th of December, 1897, a peace was established between Aguinaldo and the Spanish, under the conditions that the priests leave the country, that civil offices be given to the natives, and that Aguinaldo should receive $800,000 and leave the country with forty of his followers. Aguinaldo got $400,000 in Hong-kong, but the rest of the conditions were never carried out, so the trouble started again, until the Spanish-American war broke out and Dewey took Cavité.

The feelings of the insurgents towards the Americans are often misrepresented. To-day there is a strong friendly current for us all over the country, and Aguinaldo hopes that not American protection but annexation may be the fate of the Philippine Islands, and that there may be no more Filipinos but Americans. He thinks it may not be possible to achieve this result immediately, but after a certain lapse of time, say two years; his heart is for an absolute Filipino government, without any foreign influences, but his better judgment, he says, favors annexation. So at least his private secretary expressed himself, but he does not like to be referred to thus in his official quality.

As an incident of interest, I will tell this in conclusion: Last Friday four Spanish prisoners, whom Aguinaldo has in his service, tried to poison him by putting arsenic in his food. They were caught in the act, and only escaped lynching through Aguinaldo's prompt protection and pardon. This story practically ended our interview. Aguinaldo was kind enough to present me with his photograph and autograph, and gave me in charge of his private secretary, who took me to his own home and entertained me delightfully. Aguinaldo begged me to excuse him for not himself asking me to lunch, but explained that he was too poor to indulge in even so slight a hospitality, and asked me to accept his secretary's invitation.

When I left the place I noticed an immense crowd of peasants gathered in the court-yard and in front of the palace. My host explained to me that this was a daily occurrence, through the desire of the people to see their new president.

W. A. HARPER,
Captain and Quartermaster, 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 8th Army Corps.

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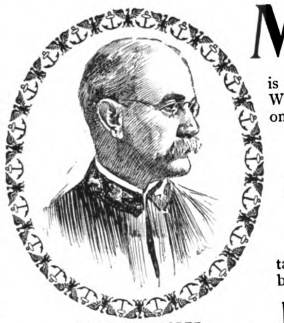
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# THE WEST INDIES.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

## WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH JAMAICA?

IT is very hard to say. Nobody who has written about Jamaica tells us. No commission has ever been able to find out. Every one is ready to deplore in general terms the prevailing "depression," but not a soul will specify a reasonable cause for woe. They complain of "neglect" by England and of the stupidity of the local government, and ask for impossible privileges from the one and seek an impossible perfection in the other. As a matter of fact, no colony has received, in proportion to what it has given, so much as Jamaica from the mother-country, while its records are dignified by the names of as many able and successful Governors as any other dependency of Britain can show. What class is it that is suffering? Not the black agricultural population. This island is their paradise. Nor the wage-earning blacks. They are admittedly a prosperous and contented class. Nor is it the small commercial community, nor the large traders, for every one acknowledges, and trade returns affirm it, that business is thriving. Is it, then, the large white estate-owners who are in such distress? Assuredly not, for their exports are this year as high as they were fifteen years ago.

The trouble, I am myself inclined to think, is mainly sentimental. Jamaica has kept on repeating to the world for years that England "neglects" her, England has got tired of being grumbled at without reason, and Englishmen have given up coming out here.

There is not much in the history of Jamaica to commend it to British sympathy, or to invite popular affection.

Of course it is easy enough for a special advocate to appeal to sentiment and "romanticism" by calling up the pictures of the aged Columbus's triumph and suffering; of Port Royal crowded with the victorious fleets of Penn, Venables, Camperdown, and Jarvis, and their French and Spanish prizes. Nor is it difficult to arouse admiration for the natural charms of so exquisitely beautiful an island —the "summer isle of Eden in its purple sphere of sea."

But when the sentimentalist has said all this and more, what does it all amount to, and when laid side by side with the lurid realities of Jamaican history, how the colors in his rosy pictures sicken and pale! In the records of the Gem of the Antilles, though glittering at times with guilty gold, and sumptuously illuminated with the trophies and triumphs of piratical atrocities, are records of blood and fire, of human wickedness and natural catastrophe.

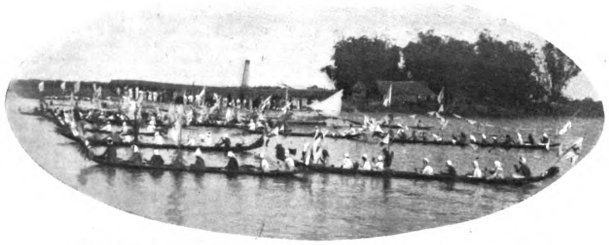
English history connects not only the glories of Rodney with Jamaica, but also the reverses of Benbow. Popular knowledge "at home" does not extend so far as the beauties and resources of this wonderful island, but only to its misfortunes and its troubles with slaves. Tradition preserves nothing much to its credit, but the stories of Paul Jones and Three-fingered Jack, of wicked Mrs. Palmer and the hunting of maroons with blood-hounds, are vaguely current as Jamaican legends, more or less authentic.

But though not bound to the "mother-country"—a phrase pathetically inappropriate to a colony that has only one European in it to every hundred and odd colored inhabitants—by any ties that call forth affectionate admiration, Jamaica has a claim upon England for its compassion and its special protection. None of our colonies has been struck so hard and so often by the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," nor more undeservedly.

In 1834 slavery was abolished "by act of Parliament," and widespread ruin enveloped Jamaica. The six millions sterling paid to the slave-owners, many of them living in princely style, as compensation for the destruction of their slave property and total loss of income, only accentuated the misery.

In times of prosperity money had been easily borrowed and the interest as easily paid, but now ruin overshadowed the planters, the borrowed capital had to be repaid, mortgages cleared, and very little of the six millions remained with those for whose benefit it had been voted, for it only sufficed to meet the liabilities incurred in the earlier days of improvident luxury. Immense estates lapsed into waste-land—"ruinate," as the pathetic technical term is—and wild vegetation re-entered into possession of the broad acres which a century of slave labor had conquered from it. It had been hoped that the freed negro would continue to work, but unfortunately the "nobility" which other races see in "work for work's sake" does not come within the scope of negro vision. He only works for others under compulsion. So, having obtained his freedom, he squatted on his late master's estate and was idle. Food was in abundance around him, and he needed little more. And so it is to-day. The curse of a great nomadic negro population refusing to undertake regular agricultural labor lies like a black cloud-blight upon the beautiful island, and until that curse is raised by strong and well-enforced vagrancy acts the prosperity which is Jamaica's natural right is impossible. The population to-day is about 800,000, and out of these only one in a hundred is white. Five hundred thousand are pure blacks, and in some inland districts they are, at this very day, morally retrograding towards aboriginal savagery. The obeah-man is a power in the land, and voudooism a religion. Matrimony as an institution has been abandoned, nearly every black being of "illegitimate" birth, and except that he has acquired some of the "peculiarities of civilization," the freed negro is to-day very little better than the African of the Congo.

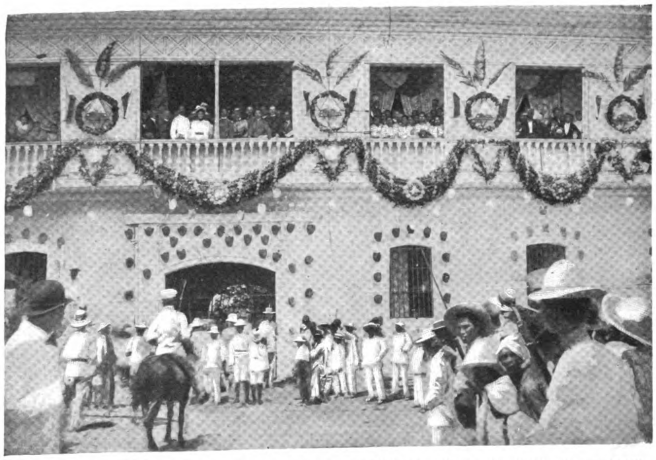
Without abundant manual labor agriculture (the basis of West-Indian prosperity) is impossible. In the smaller islands of Trinidad and in Demerara, the planters made good the devastation that followed the hurricane of emancipation by importing abundant coolie labor from India. But in Jamaica many of the best of the sugar-estates have reverted so far into wilderness as to make the cost of their recovery equal to that of breaking new ground altogether. For close upon the heels of emancipation came free trade, and Jamaica sugar, hitherto protected by the duties on the foreign product, received a second blow while staggering under the first; and almost simultaneously with free trade, beet-root sugar appeared upon the scene. Combination might have saved the situation, but the opportunity was allowed to go by; and now, without substantial practical assistance from Great Britain, either in the donation of differential duties, state-aided coolie immigration, or some other violation of Brit-



AGUINALDO'S LAUNCH ON THE RIVER, SURROUNDED BY NATIVE CRAFT.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT AGUINALDO.



FEAST GIVEN BY THE TOWN OF FERNANDO TO AGUINALDO, WHO IS SEEN IN THE WINDOW BETWEEN TWO AMERICAN LADIES.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC.—[SEE PAGE 1187.]

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ish trade principles and "political economy," coalition upon such a scale as to make the sugar industry of the island what it ought to be seems to have slipped "out of the question."

But putting sugar on one side, what is the matter with Jamaica? As a matter of fact, very little; and Dr. Morris, the leading authority on the British West Indies, wrote, only last year, "Notwithstanding the immense depression in the value of its staple products, and in spite of the series of economic changes of exceptional severity through which it has passed, Jamaica is still in a comparatively prosperous condition as compared with 100 years ago." If anything is the matter with the island, it is the lack in late years of fresh English blood and the steady increase of the "colored whites." The "Jamaican" is of a listless and spiritless disposition as compared with the pure-bred Englishman, and that energy is wanting. Given some large scheme for encouraging the class of men who go so readily to Canada, the Cape, or Ceylon, I believe Jamaica would forge ahead again and the palmy days of slavery return. But with free labor, as I have said, the negro will not, and very naturally, do more manual labor than he need. Moreover, there is the rampant evil of a very large vagrant class, who wander about the island, doing no sort of work whatever, but subsisting by theft from the plantations of the industrious. And in addition there has to be taken into consideration the fact that some 80,000 black men are small land-owners, and therefore unwilling to absent themselves from their own holdings in order to perform for others' crops the operations of sowing, transplanting, or picking just at the critical times when their own little crops require precisely the same attention. Now these three causes combine to reduce the amount of labor available for the larger estates. But in spite of all this, there is no complaint among white planters as to the scarcity of hands, and if an effective vagrancy act were passed, compelling the vagabond to earn his living, there would, with the imported coolies from India, be always an abundance of labor.

Given, therefore, sufficient labor and a prodigious fertility of soil, there is no reason whatever why, with English and American energy and enterprise, we should hear in the future any more about "the matter with Jamaica." Meanwhile there are many openings for the investment of capital, and if the misconception as to Jamaica's "bankruptcy" could be corrected, there is no reason why this exquisite island should not become in a very few years the winter home of thousands of Americans and English, a pleasure resort of exceptional popularity, and a perpetual gold-mine to the investors in Jamaica.

## A NERVY CORRESPONDENT.

The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY who have been following the accounts of the campaign in the Philippines as contributed by our special war correspondents may be interested in this description of the methods adopted by one of them, Mr. John F. Bass, to secure the first and best news for this journal. It is a quotation from a letter written by General Hale, U. S. V., formerly Colonel of the First Colorado Regiment, to Governor Adams of Colorado, giving a summary of the work of the troops of that State in the operations against Manila:

"Several of the correspondents followed the attack quite closely, but the only one, so far as I know, who was actually in the first line of the assault, at least in our brigade, was Mr. Bass of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who was very enterprising and nervy, accompanying us on the first firing-line, and taking snap-shots with his kodak—'on the run,' so to speak. In fact, he became so enthusiastic after we forded the river and were advancing by alternate rushes up the beach, that he, in company with Major Bell of the Information Department, unconsciously got out in front of our firing-line, and I had to order them back."



JOHN F. BASS,
Special Correspondent of "HARPER'S WEEKLY" in the Philippines.


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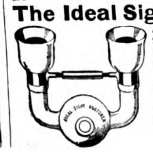
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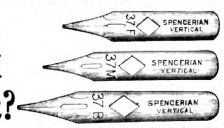
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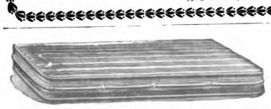



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NEXT WEEK, CHRISTMAS NUMBER, COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS.


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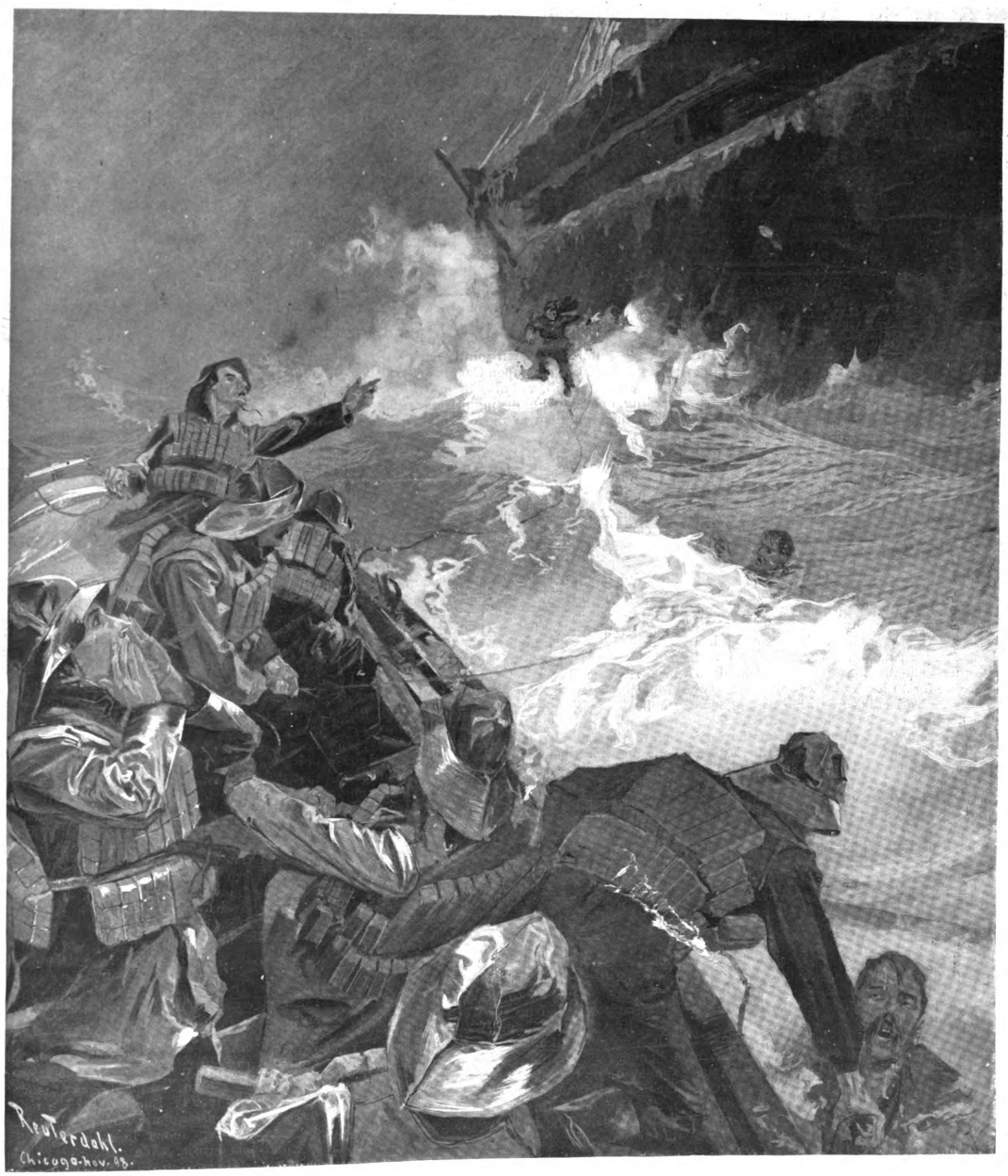
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 10, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance
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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
New York City: Franklin Square
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris


IT is reported that the President intends to appoint Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE as ambassador to England. Whether it is Mr. CHOATE or Mr. ROOT who is finally selected, the appointment will be in every way worthy of the recent traditions of the office. We are quite sure that the prestige of our English mission, established so brilliantly by Mr. LOWELL, Mr. PHELPS, Mr. BAYARD, and Mr. HAY, will not be diminished in the slightest degree by either of the gentlemen, whose appointment, it is said, would be agreeable both to the Republicans of the State and to the President.

SECRETARY LONG'S report referring to the conduct of Admiral SCHLEY at Santiago contains a despatch which was naturally not part of Admiral SAMPSON'S report, but which is nevertheless of great interest. It is a despatch from Admiral SCHLEY himself, announcing that he was sorry that he would not be able to obey the order of the department and remain at Santiago, and that he was about to go to Key West for coal. Subsequently it has turned out that Admiral SCHLEY'S defence is that he did not go to Santiago, and did not maintain the blockade after he got there, because he was short of coal, and was afraid that he would fail if he attempted to supply his deficiency by coaling from his collier. In other words, he was going to leave CERVERA at liberty to escape from Santiago and to go where he would—that is, where he could do the most damage to us—because he was afraid he could not do what afterwards he actually did succeed in accomplishing.

WE have insisted, it appears, upon the cession of the Sulu Islands in addition to the group properly known as the Philippines, and Spain has agreed. Technically, no doubt, we were entitled to make the demand, and it was one about which no great reluctance was to be apprehended on the part of Spain. She had formally included them by proclamation in the adjoining group years ago, and although neither geography nor convenience endorsed the step, it was no hardship to compel her to abide by her own action. She could also well afford it, unless she intended to sell the islands to somebody else, for to her at least they were absolutely useless. No islands in all the oceans have quite so bad a name as the Sulu group. Occupied by savage tribes, and the chief haunt of the very worst class of pirates produced even by the Eastern Archipelago, they have long been a menace to shipping, and a regular cruising-ground for British men-of-war engaged in the protection of commerce. That duty will no doubt now devolve upon our own war ships on the Philippine station, which are likely to find their duties no sinecure for a good while to come. After all it was perhaps well that if we were to become owners of a Philippine empire we should add the Sulus to our new possessions. Financially, and it may be otherwise also, we shall probably have cause to regret our policy, but it may be some satisfaction to know that our nearest neighbors will be the British in Borneo, and that the whole of southern China will be ringed by the island possessions of kindred peoples, who are agreed in the main features of their policy.

THE pamphlet containing Admiral CERVERA'S letters is in many respects a valuable contribution to the history of the late war. No more convincing illustration of the truth of the old proverb, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," could be supplied than may be found in the Admiral's letters. Absence of foresight, carelessness of warnings, unhesitating subscription to the policy of "mañana" in everything, are the characteristics of those in authority in Spain, and against these the unfortunate Admiral struggles in vain through a correspondence extending over years. The warning is not such as we can afford to disregard in this moment of the success to which these things so greatly contributed. The age moves quickly, and alertness of preparation is the condition of safety and success; and so long as warlike armaments are a necessity at all, it is necessary that they should be maintained in a state of efficiency. For us there is perhaps the additional warning not to think too highly of our overwhelming success against an enemy so helplessly unprepared for war as our late antagonists. We have heard much of heroes, perhaps somewhat overmuch, during the war now happily ended, it may be no bad thing to allow a little of our natural tendency to hero-worship to go out in the direction of the writer of the CERVERA letters, who, in the guise of a straightforward and unpretentious sailor, showed a quiet heroism in the performance of a duty which he knew to be a hopeless one when he undertook it. The heroes of the romantic history of old Spain have nothing to show more worthy of admiration than this.

SECRETARY LONG'S report asks for the construction of fifteen new vessels. This is the first instalment of expense since the beginning of the war with Spain necessitated by the policy of expansion, and if we go on it will be far from being the last. If we are to enter the lists of warlike and military nations, no one can object to the construction of fifteen vessels, and patriots who have the real interests of their country at heart will be eager for the completion of a big, fleet as soon as possible. But why Monitors should have been recommended is a question which is puzzling all naval experts who have any knowledge of what happened during the last war, when the uselessness of these vessels was clearly demonstrated. They are of absolutely no value except for harbor defence, and there are better methods of harbor defence than they offer. In fact, we should say that when a harbor actually needs defensive vessels to supplement its fortifications, the battle-ships of the navy would be on hand, unless the command of the fleet was in less competent hands than those which have just won our victories for us in the Pacific and in the Caribbean Sea. Every one who knows the navy and its needs will join heartily with Secretary LONG in urging upon Congress the passage of the personnel bill, and also the provision for rewarding officers who distinguish themselves in some other way than at the cost of their fellow-officers.

THE DREYFUS case came up during the week in a new way. A crowd of Dreyfusites, who seem now to be able to show themselves without danger of having their heads broken, visited the prison of the Cherche-Midi, where Colonel PICQUART is incarcerated, and consoled themselves and the victim of French military injustice by cheering to their hearts' content. Even the Chamber of Deputies broke out against the anti-Dreyfusites. M. POINCARÉ, a former Minister of Public Instruction in the government in which General MERCIER was Minister of War, announced that the first that he had heard of the conviction of DREYFUS was through the newspapers. This was confirmed by another Deputy, M. BARTHOU, who was Minister of Public Works in the same government. On the whole, it would seem as though France is awakening to the fact that a grave injustice has been done, and that the nation cannot stand up and confront its accusers, who charge that the army is punishing a man in the most cruel and inhuman way for a crime of which he has not been proved guilty. M. DE FREYCINET announced that the government would show the Cour de Cassation everything that did not relate to the national defence. This means that those who insist upon upholding the conviction of DREYFUS, without regard to HENRY'S confession and his forgery, are driven to the point of saying that they cannot make public the case against DREYFUS without disclosing the plans made for the defence of the frontier. But the answer to this is clear. If DREYFUS was guilty of revealing secrets of national defence either to Germany or to Russia, those secrets are already known, and no good can be obtained by concealing them, while much evil will always result from national injustice. In other words, the talk about national defence seems to be simply dissimulation and a way to avoid doing justice, just as the persecution of Colonel PICQUART is evidently a method of distracting public attention from the real offenders, who are now the government and the army.

TWO captains of the Seventy-first Regiment, New York State Volunteers, have made a statement concerning the conduct of some of the field-officers of the regiment at the battle of San Juan. The report is a severe reflection upon Colonel DOWNS and Major WHITTLE. Colonel DOWNS is said to have been in the rear of the regiment during the fight, and Major WHITTLE is practically charged with hiding behind shelter while his battalion—the first—went into action. Colonel DOWNS, it is said, even after the fight, had to be ordered to come to the hill and take command of his men. This report, which is published in the newspapers, is entirely contrary to military regulations, and the captains who signed it ought to be punished. The fact remains, however, that what they say of the conduct of their officers agrees with reports that have reached us from various sources; and there is no doubt that a general court of inquiry should be held, and, if necessary, courts martial should follow. This is an important matter. If we are to have militia in the active service of the United States in time of war, if the lives of troops and the welfare of the country are to depend upon the action of officers of the National Guard, discipline should be established and maintained, and cowards and incompetents should be cashiered. Such an example is essential for the good of the whole, and lest these things, if they happened at all, should be repeated in the future. We are not prejudging the case against Colonel DOWNS and Major WHITTLE, but we have ample reason for believing that the investigation should be had. We are sorry that it was not had by the United States before the regiment was mustered out of the service, for we believe that the general government's investigation would have been more thorough than any that the State will undertake, and that the punishment meted out to the guilty officers, if they are guilty, would be more nearly commensurate with the nature of their offence. The war has shown us, among other things, that the punishment inflicted by militia courts martial for serious military offences was nearly always inadequate. But although the regiment is no longer in the service of the Federal government, and therefore Federal discipline cannot be enforced, the State owes it to itself, to its Guard, and to the country that the charges made against the Seventy-first Regiment should be investigated, and that if Colonel DOWNS and Major WHITTLE, or any others, are guilty, they should be adequately punished.

AS was inevitable, Spain has yielded to the demands of the United States, and has surrendered the Philippines and the Sulu Islands. The Spanish commissioners protested that they yielded to superior force, which was treating an enemy unjustly and contrary to the spirit, at least, of the protocol. Certain as we are that the annexation of the Philippines is a mistake, we do not think that the United States has demanded any more than it had a right to insist upon by reason of its conquests. If we were a European power frankly engaged in the business of extension and colonization, the demand made by the administration would not have been objected to by any European power. We have never believed that there was any question for the United States to consider in this matter but its own good. The people of this country went into the war for the sake of humanity and after having long borne an intolerable nuisance at their very doors. At different times during the whole century the country has shown great patience, forbearance, and great kindliness towards Spain, and the Spanish government should not have made the late war possible. It is true that the Paris commissioners did not negotiate and had no power to negotiate, and that they simply insisted with the strong power behind them which made their insistence irresistible. Spain has no cause for complaint, Europe no cause for protest, and if anybody is injured it is the United States. The criticism that is indulged in by some of the European newspapers—the Spanish newspapers can be forgiven, on account of the losses their country has suffered—is intolerable. It is not true that we were dishonest or disingenuous in declaring that this was not a war of aggression. So far as the people of the United States were concerned, and so far as the politicians themselves who passed the Congressional resolution declaring that there was not a war of aggression were concerned, there was no idea, at the outbreak of the war, of adding to our territory or even of demanding an indemnity. We do not think ourselves that it was wise to take our new possessions, but the statement made in the Continental press of Europe, that we took the territories because we are land-grabbers and that we were not ingenuous in making the pretext originally, is untrue. We are convinced that the administration took its final position in regard to the annexation of the Philippines because it thought that the best public sentiment, and especially the public sentiment of the churches, demanded that we take the Philippines, and, above all, that we should not give them back to Spanish tyranny and misrule. Whether the change was justified or not, the public mind had changed on this sub-

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and the annexation of the Philippines was as honest an expression of humane sentiment on the part of the American people as the war itself.

## THE CONSTITUTION AND OUR COLONIES.

IN the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY dated June 25 we commented upon the decisions of the United States Supreme Court on the subject of the powers of Congress over Territories. In the course of the article we quoted from the opinion of Mr. Justice BRADLEY, in a case involving the validity of the EDMUNDS anti-polygamy law, the following: "Doubtless Congress in legislating for the Territories would be subject to those fundamental limitations in favor of *personal rights* which are formulated in the Constitution and its amendments; but these limitations would exist rather by inference and the general spirit of the Constitution, from which Congress derives all its powers, than by express and direct application of its provisions." We added: "Justice BRADLEY moved forward a little along a line pointed out by MARSHALL, going beyond any decision that had theretofore been made by the Supreme Court; and while it may be that the Court will always find a reason for keeping Congress within the constitutional limitations, its recent history shows that it is equal to bold departures. It may therefore some day reach the point of declaring that there is no limitation upon the powers of Congress in its government of territories."

This prediction seems likely to be realized, if we are to suppose that Attorney-General GRIGGS represents any considerable body of legal opinion, or, for that matter, of popular opinion. He, at all events, is quite sure that the Constitution will have no application to the territories of the United States acquired by the war, beyond the grant to Congress to make only needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States. In making those rules and regulations, according to Attorney-General GRIGGS, Congress is not bound by any of the limitations imposed by the Constitution upon the exercise of its power over the States. It is true that Congress has, in general, although not always, obeyed the Constitution in legislating for territory acquired from the original States, by conquest, or by purchase, and it has never attempted to deprive the citizens of our Territories of any of the fundamental personal rights which seem to be guaranteed by the Constitution. But the time is evidently at hand when a strong party in the nation will make a point of insisting that territories may be ruled by Congress outside of the Constitution, and even against the instrument which Mr. GLADSTONE declared to be the most perfect of human political institutions made at a single moment. It is not so long ago that this great instrument, for it is very great, was established and ordained. In the life of a nation the time that has elapsed between the days of the fathers and our own days is but an instant. Times have not so changed, men have not so developed, conditions are not so revolutionized, that the essential truths of the eighteenth century have lost their character in the nineteenth. What was true as a political institution in 1789 is true to-day, and this is recognized even by those who are contending that the Constitution will not apply to the Philippines, or to Puerto Rico, or to Hawaii, although it is impossible to believe that they still recognize the truths of the Declaration of Independence. The theory that all governments ought to exist by the consent of the governed has been dropped, but the belief holds that the Constitution did not establish a government capable of ruling over distant territories and alien peoples. Therefore it is that Attorney-General GRIGGS and other expansionists take the ground that the new colonies lie outside of the Constitution, and may be ruled without regard to its provisions, whether these limit the powers of Congress, define the jurisdiction of the courts, grant power to the President, or guard the rights of the individual.

The denial of the benefits of the Constitution to these distant islands is essential to the easy establishment of a new government for them, while preserving our domestic system. In no other way, for instance, can protection be maintained for the United States and free trade extended to the Philippines. Our official representatives at Paris have promised that the United States shall maintain the "open door" in the Philippines. There is only one meaning to this term. It does not mean, and cannot be made to mean, that the United States will collect in the archipelago, on importations from the home country, the same rates of duties charged on like goods coming from other countries to our home ports. That would simply mean not an "open door" at all, but the extension of the closed door, which is maintained here against foreigners, to the manufacturers and producers of the United States so far as the Philippines are concerned. No, the "open door" means free trade, and free trade, under the Constitution, must prevail everywhere throughout the United States if it prevail anywhere. Even the attempt to make matters equal in the Philippines by charging duties on goods entered from the United States could not succeed under the Constitution, for it would be a taxation of United States citizens in the Philippines not imposed on other citizens of the country, and the framers of the Constitution intended that the burdens of the United States government should fall uniformly on all its citizens; that no tax should be levied on the people of one part of its domain that was not levied on the people of every other part of its domain.

It seems to us to be beyond doubt that the policy of expansion will immediately be followed by the adoption of the policy of free trade, that expansion and colonization, if the laws of nature are to be overcome and the American white man is really to colonize the tropics, cannot possibly exist together. Even expansion alone, without colonization, must end in beating down the barriers which we have erected against commerce—barriers which have only been lately partially overcome by reason of the very abundance of our resources. In the mean time, however, we cannot rule these colonies under the Constitution, nor can we continue to rule them as conquered territory, under the military power, after they have once been annexed to the United States by the treaty which we may assume will be entered into with Spain—the treaty which has already been agreed to by her commissioners, but which has not yet been ratified either by our Senate or by the Spanish Cortes. Therefore, so far as they are concerned, we must shut the door everywhere, or open it everywhere, or else govern the new possessions without reference to the Constitution, the very instrument from which Congress derives its powers and its existence. It is to this last determination that the intelligent advocates of expansion have arrived. They declare that Congress is omnipotent; that it may do what it will in the Philippines, in the West Indies, and in Hawaii. Indeed, it has already enacted tariff legislation for Hawaii, which is invalid unless the Supreme Court sustains the point that the Constitution does not rule in these territories.

If the Constitution does not apply or does not rule, what power is the last resort? Congress, undoubtedly. If Congress possess the necessary two-thirds vote to override the President, it may establish governments for these distant islands in which the executive and judicial powers of the Federal authority will have no place. Even without such a vote, its will, perhaps, must be law, for to it alone is given the power to rule and regulate territory, and Attorney-General GRIGGS, and those who think as he does, may successfully contend that the President has not the power to veto an act establishing a fundamental government or legislation of any sort for a Territory. If they are right, then it follows that taxes and imposts collected in the Philippines and in other colonies need not be uniform with those collected at home. A despotic form of government may be established within the law. Even a king may be set up if Congress thinks well of kings for distant savages. The blessings of the writ of *habeas corpus* may not be extended to our subjects. The right to trial by jury may not be granted to them. Their houses may be searched at the will of any United States official, important and petty. They may be legally arrested without warrant, their liberty and property may be taken away from them without due process of law or without just compensation. They may be denied the right to bear arms. The forms of justice common to civilized lands may be refused them, and judicial functions may be lodged in the hands of the executive. We do not contend that the rights which Anglo-Saxons wrung from the king at Runnymede, and which are preserved as sacred in every American constitution, Federal and State, are to be bestowed carelessly upon barbarians, but we are simply pointing out that when our government was formed certain rights were regarded as fundamental and essential, and an equal as well as just rule was to be the central idea of the new republic. It is now discovered that the Constitution is incompatible with the government of colonies of savages, and naturally the effort is being made to evade or to destroy it, and to place absolute power in the hands of Congress. Practically, the question, as presented by Mr. GRIGGS, is, shall we beat the Constitution by interpretation, or shall we amend it frankly, if we can, and remain a constitutional power a little longer?

## "FANCY" COLONIZATION.

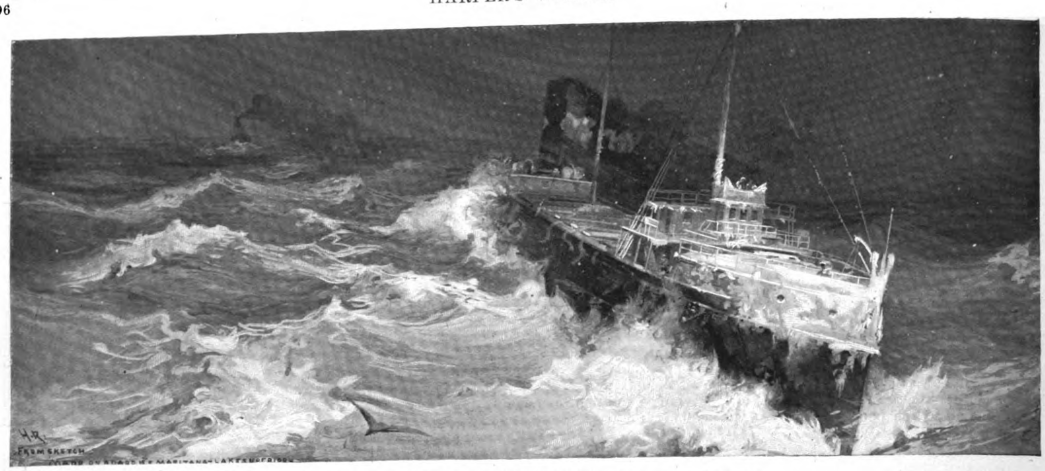
A SURVEY of the existing European situation, and more specifically a survey of the existing Anglo-French situation, ought to be full of edification and reproof for sane and sober Americans. The reflection of such Americans must be, what a pity that we should have intruded ourselves into this maze of rivalry and intrigue! Particularly it is a pity that we should have thrust ourselves into it with so inadequate an equipment. It is not only that we have neither any legislative nor any administrative apparatus for maintaining "crown colonies," and that in making provisional preparations for their management the President is perforce acting much more like a Roman dictator, "seeing," in his own way, "that the commonwealth shall take no detriment," than like a magistrate whose powers are strictly defined and limited in one article of the Constitution of the United States. This defect might be overcome by the enactment of a matured scheme for the government of distant dependencies, coupled with a bill of indemnity for usurpation which was well meaning, however blundering. It might be thus overcome, that is to say, provided we had anybody competent to devise such a frame of government, and a national legislature sincerely intent upon enacting it when it was produced, with a single eye to the good of the annexed subjects and the annexing sovereign. Will anybody say that either of these requirements is fulfilled? And after a frame of government has been duly meditated and deliberately adopted, the crucial difficulty arises in the discovery and selection of the men who are to put it into practice. The very first requisite for this is the honest and single desire to find and to employ such fit men on account of their fitness.

The conclusion suggested by such a survey is thus the same which was suggested by Lord SALISBURY'S grave and anxious and much-discussed speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet. It is that to embark upon a "colonial policy" is a very serious matter, and for a nation that is not driven to it, like Great Britain, by hard necessity, is apt to be a foolhardy enterprise. It is out of the hard necessity of an expansion which to her has been a matter of self-preservation that England has plucked her colonial triumphs. A like national necessity has impelled the slow, glacial advance of Russia over Asia eastward, as it has impelled our own swifter advance over this continent westward. "The rest," one is inclined to say with BURKE, looking at the recent tentatives of France and Germany in colonial acquisition—"the rest is vanity; the rest is crime."

But there is a more specific lesson to be learned from the colonial attempts and the colonial failures of France. It is that in this field mere sentiment is fatal and destructive—much more if it be a malevolent sentiment. More than a hundred years ago, and under a monarchy, which is a much more advantageous instrument than a republic for foreign acquisition, France had been fairly beaten out of the colonial field. She had been beaten out of India, she had been beaten out of Canada, and, later, NAPOLEON never had a wiser perception than that France "had no business" in Louisiana. Her colonial experiments under the present republic have by no means been made, as Lord SALISBURY truly said the British advances had been made, for objects that were "strictly business." They have been made for objects that were strictly not business—to divert attention from domestic difficulties by achievements in distant regions, and largely for the purpose of annoying perfidious Albion. Hence it is that not one of the recent colonial enterprises of France has approached a business success. If a merchant whose objects were "strictly business" had carried the accounts of these colonies on his books, he would close them all by selling or giving away the subject-matter.

All this may seem to concern France alone. It really concerns us as much. The morals lie upon the surface, plain for us to read, and we are happy in not having paid by our own experience for the privilege of reading them. One of them is, not to take colonies unless you "can use them in your business." Another is to, administer them with a strict eye to business, and if you cannot make them pay, to get rid of them. A third and most important is, never for a moment to make them an occasion of distraction from domestic questions, nor the subject of "a play to the gallery." A strict attention to business is compatible with the colonial aggrandizement of England, with the continental expansion of Russia, with the continental expansion of the United States. But it is not compatible with the fantastic acquisition and retention, as a matter of national vanity, of remote islands or mainlands, by the French or by any other republic.

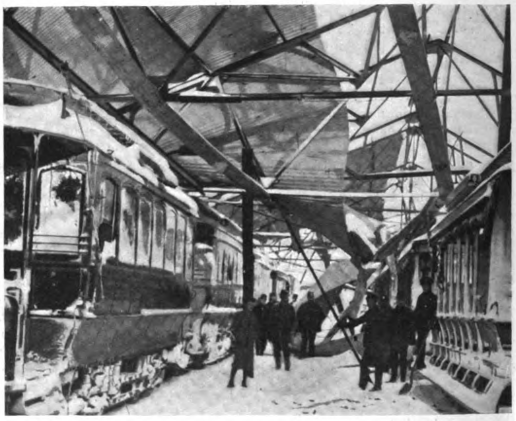
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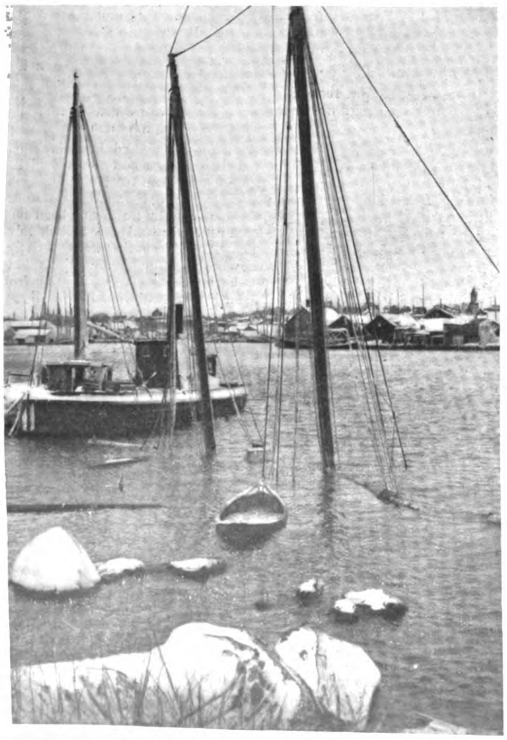
BLOWING GREAT GUNS ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.



SNOW-PLOUGH AND TROLLEY-CARS STALLED IN BOSTON.
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INTERIOR OF STREET-CAR-HOUSE IN GLOUCESTER AFTER THE STORM.



SCHOONER "JAMES DRINAN," WRECKED OFF ROCKY NECK, MASSACHUSETTS.



TREES UPROOTED BY THE STORM.
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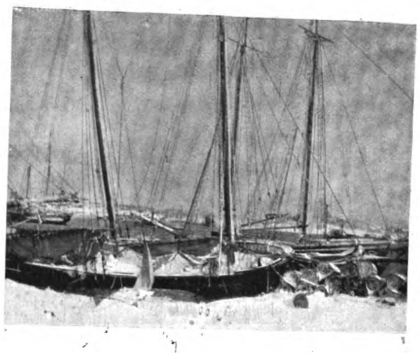
WRECKS ON TEN POUND ISLAND, GLOUCESTER.

THE GREAT STORM OF NOVEMBER 26 AND 27—SCENES ALONG ITS PATH OF DESTRUCTION.—[See Page 1198.]

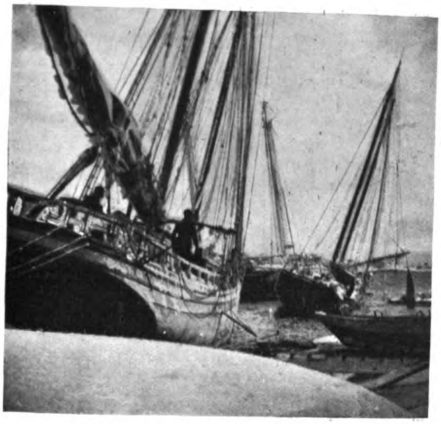
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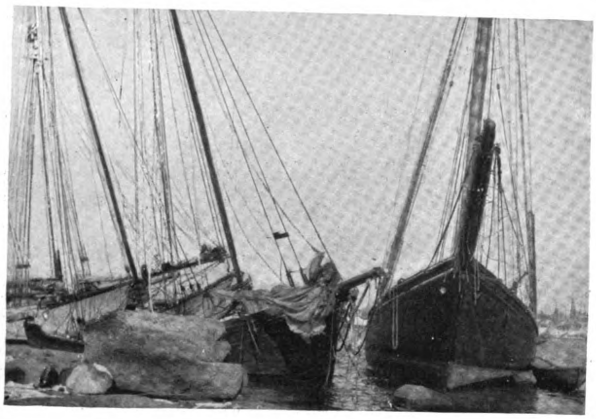
WRECKS AT EAST GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.



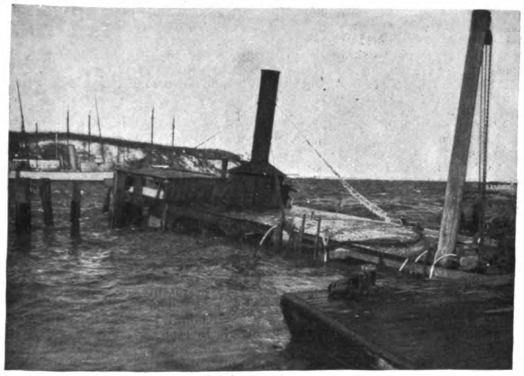
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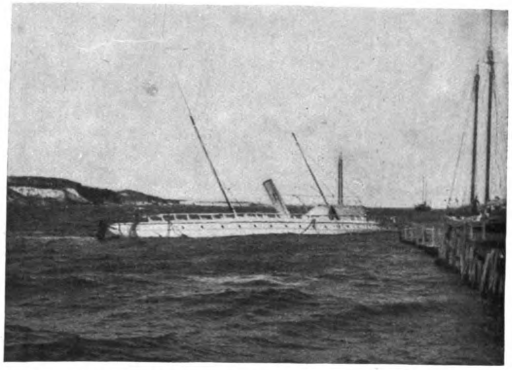
WRECKS AT GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.



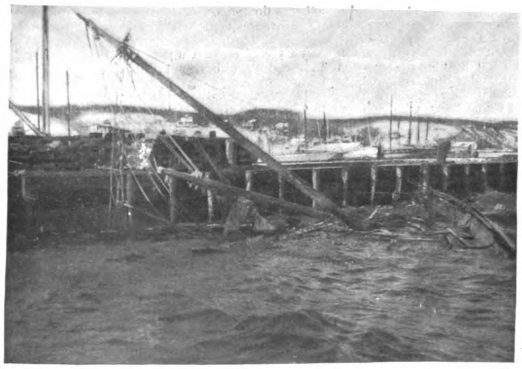
WRECKS ON TEN POUND ISLAND, GLOUCESTER.



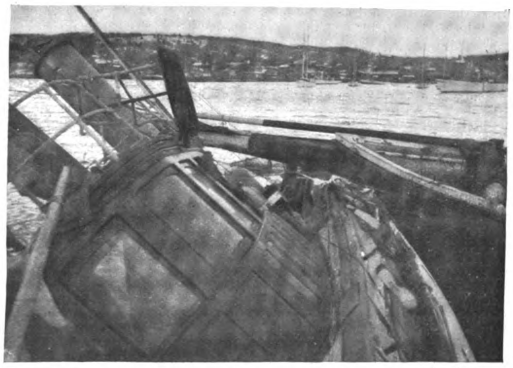
SCOTT'S MUD-DIGGER, SUNK OFF PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.



STEAM-YACHT "RIVAL," SUNK OFF PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.



SCHOONER "OLIVE LEAF," SUNK OFF PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.



STEAM-YACHT "HALCYON," WRECKED IN COLLISION WITH SCHOONER "MARY E. CUFF," AT PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.

THE GREAT STORM OF NOVEMBER 26 AND 27—MEMENTOS OF ITS HAVOC ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST.—[SEE PAGE 1198.]

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

It is well established as matter of history that ninety-nine-year leases do eventually run out. An occurrence of this sort threatens to disturb the status of the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec. The Plains were held by the government under a ninety-nine-year lease, which being now very near its end, there is an imminent prospect of the return of the property to the Hôtel Dieu (a convent), and the partition and sale of the land. What ought to happen is that the Dominion government should buy the Plains outright and keep them as they are. We Americans have an interest in their preservation, for they include the spot where Montgomery fell, as well as the spot where Benedict Arnold was wounded in the leg, and missed the greatest opportunity of his lifetime by not being killed in honest battle.

A good many colleges are fighting off taxes nowadays, but none, so far as heard from, with so much reason or so much method as Stanford University. At present the State of California gobbles up one-fourth of the university's annual income. Stanford feels that it ought to be exempt, but the only way to secure exemption is by procuring an amendment to the Constitution of the State. That is a troublesome matter in California, as in New York, and takes at least two years. Each branch of the State Legislature must pass the amendment by a two-thirds majority, and after that it must be ratified by the people at the polls. To accomplish this labor a tax-exemption club has been organized, which includes the students and alumni of Stanford, and all sympathizers with the movement. The club has a central executive committee which will carry on the work very much as a political campaign is carried on. It has already sent two emissaries through the State to interest legislators in behalf of the university, while a literary bureau works through the press of the State. The University of California, which is doubtless itself exempt from State taxation, is represented to be heartily in favor of the exemption of Stanford.

There has come to be a national pride and interest in the two great Californian universities, and thousands of Eastern readers who follow their rise and development with attention will rejoice to see Stanford get the reasonable relief for which she asks.

It may be recalled that at a certain stage of the battle of Manila, Admiral Dewey withdrew his fleet for breakfast. Breakfast at least has usually been held accountable for that pause in the fight. It is stated now that the real cause for drawing off was that the *Olympia* had only fifteen projectiles left for her big guns, and that as soon as the fleet got around the point, a new apportionment of ammunition was made, and then the fight went on. It is also stated that when the fight was over there were only thirty big-gun projectiles left. With these, and no more to fall back on, Admiral Dewey sat down and waited, the German Admiral, kind man, keeping him company, from the 1st of May until June 28, when the *Baltimore* arrived with fresh ammunition. A long strain on the nerves that!

Boston has lost a notable citizen in Colonel Henry Lee, late senior member of the banking firm of Lee, Higginson, & Co., who died on November 24. He was eighty-one years old, and in his long and active life had fully met the expectations of his somewhat critical fellow-townsmen. His family is one of high distinction in Massachusetts. He was graduated from Harvard in 1836, was a merchant trading with Calcutta until 1853, and after that a banker. When the civil war broke out he became a colonel on the staff of Governor Andrew, whose patriotic labors he earnestly supplemented and upheld. He was for several terms an overseer of Harvard College, was the originator of important business enterprises, and in particular was singularly blessed in being one of the original instigators and proprietors of the Bell Telephone Company. The Boston newspapers speak of him as Boston's grand old man, and say that in his appearance, as well as in the vigor of his old age, he reminded observers of Gladstone.

The Boston *Transcript* of November 19 has an obituary notice of a woman who must have been so interesting and unusual a person that it seems a matter of public obligation that some competent delineator of New England life should put her into a book. She was Miss Amanda Peavy, born in 1827 in New Hampshire, and employed for over forty years in one of the great dry-goods stores of Boston. Before that she had travelled abroad as companion to a lady who belonged to a well-known Boston family, and it came about, naturally enough, that she got to know more or less intimately all the Boston folks whose acquaintance was a social distinction. At Stearn's, where she was employed, she seems to have become an institution. Being in daily communication with a great number of acquaintances who liked and trusted her, she took counsel of St. Paul, and did her best to be all things to all women and some men. She took thought for old gentlemen who were her customers, and selected and sent home to them the sort of under-clothes that they ought to have; she met the sudden calls for mourning clothes, in the provision of which afflicted families so often need the intervention of a true friend; she was a high authority on bridal trousseaux, and was invited to all the fashionable weddings. Naturally she had early information about much that was going on, and it is amusing to read that her good offices were often enlisted to disclose engagements and other bits of social news which it was desired should leak informally into the public ear. It helps one to place her when we are told that she was of Scotch-Irish Puritan descent, that her great-grandfather was killed at Bunker Hill, and that her mother survives her at the age of 103.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has been doing two or three men's work these many years, announced in Plymouth Church on November 26 that he had been warned to moderate his labors, and had determined to resign the pastorate of Plymouth Church and consecrate his strength on the work of editing the *Outlook*. It is eleven years since Dr. Abbott became the successor of Henry Ward Beecher. The ties between him and the Brooklyn church have grown very strong, and the announcement of his resignation was received with lamentation and dismay. But when a thoroughly trustworthy doctor tells any man, as Dr. Abbott's doctor told him, that he is using up his vital energies faster than nature supplies them, there is nothing to do but to try to do less. Doctors are fond of telling that story to industrious men, and they tell it with the more emphasis because nearly every successful doctor seems to be doing the same thing himself. It is the practice of successful doctors, as of other successful Americans, to overwork themselves, until they come to grief and have to lay by for repairs.

Dr. Abbott is sixty-three years old. If he could do the work of six men for the next ten years, there would be no difficulty about providing him with six important and remunerative jobs. Men of his quality are scarce, and of those that there are a large proportion manage somehow to elude their obligation to be ministers of the gospel. When a bank president dies, the directors elect another at the next meeting. When a railroad president resigns or dies, there is immediately an active competition for the succession. When noted lawyers or doctors fall out of line, their practice distributes itself without fuss or serious inconvenience. But somehow when an eminent minister or a college president gives up his charge, real trouble follows.

There are some excellent situations vacant in this country just now. President Dwight's impending resignation sends Yale on the quest for a president; Brown and Amherst are already in the same field; we have no ambassador at London; the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church has found no successor as yet to Dr. Hall; and now Plymouth Church is leaderless. Only one of all these places is easy to fill, and as to that one the President seems to have protracted hesitations.

The will of the late venerable Edward Austin, of Boston, leaves half a million dollars to Harvard College, $400,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and divides $90,000 between Radcliffe College, Roanoke College, and the Tuskegee Institute, with the proviso that the income of all these sums shall be paid to "needy and meritorious students and teachers to assist them in the payment of their studies." There have been rumors of a possibility that the will may not stand, but if it does it will be interesting to learn what proportion of the testator's benevolences are applied to the relief of needy students and what to needy teachers. Harvard, for example, which already has very extensive funds for the aid sistance of poor students, could doubtless apply $25,000 a year to excellent advantage in amplifying the salaries of some of her professors.

That is a sorrowful story that Lieutenant Hobson tells, albeit one greatly to his credit, about the $50,000 that was offered him for a lecture course, which he felt obliged to decline. He reasoned that the only thing that made him valuable as a lecturer was the sinking of the *Merrimac*, a job done in the course of his duty as an officer of the navy, on the renown of which he had no mind to trade.

Undoubtedly he was right about it, though Piper Findlater would have decided differently. It is hard to say whether his case is better or worse than that of Colonel Roosevelt, who contracted last winter, doubtless at a moderate figure, to give eight Lowell lectures in Boston, and then hustled off to the war and back, and in one way or another made himself the most-talked-of man in America, and the most valuable as a lecturer. The colonel's flittings to Boston and back to keep his lecture engagements have abounded in adventure, and have amused the newspaper-reading public.

The Emperor William got home on November 26 from his journey to Palestine. He was in good health, and able to consider public questions, and to talk back on any subject. Various reasons are given for his failure to visit Spain, as at one time he seemed to have planned. It has been stated that he thought the time inopportune, on the whole, for a visit to Madrid; also, that he was constrained to hurry home to settle a matter of domestic statecraft; also, that the Empress was tired, and had had all the junketing that she could stand. Economy is nowhere given as a motive for his return, yet it might have been, if it is true, as one of the German papers states, that the Emperor's trip cost ten million marks.

The Daisy Fields Home and Hospital for Crippled Children, at Englewood, New Jersey, makes an ante-Christmas announcement that its funds were never before so low as now.

At this writing, a week after the great coast storm of November 26, it is still impossible to give an accurate account of lives lost or damage done. By far the greatest single disaster that the storm wrought was the loss of the side-wheel steamer *Portland*, which left Boston on Saturday night (November 26) for Portland with about 160 persons aboard. It has been stated that she went out contrary to the orders of the company's manager, who sent word to her captain to delay starting until the weather prospects could be definitely predicted. However that may have been, she started at seven o'clock, her usual hour. It is supposed that when the fury of the winter cyclone struck her, a few hours later, she was disabled. At any rate, she was blown to the southward, and sank with all on board, off Highland Light, on the south side of Cape Cod. A number of bodies came ashore, but there was no survivor of the wreck.

The storm strewed the New England shore with wrecks from Cape Ann to Cuttyhunk. Not less than sixty vessels were totally wrecked between those points, and nearly as many more were blown ashore, with small chance of getting off. Certainly 200 lives were lost; probably many more than that.

On shore the heavy snow-storm obstructed travel and caused immense inconvenience. The railroads between Boston and New York were snow-bound for twenty-four hours, and travel all through New England was greatly impeded. Communication failed very generally also on Long Island, many towns of which were still inaccessible on Monday. Luckily for all the railroads, Sunday's business is comparatively light, and there was a chance to open most of the roads in time for Monday's traffic.

In New York city a snowfall of unprecedented amount for the season caught the Street-Cleaning Department totally unprepared, with contracts for removal of snow unlet, and with a force of carts and men quite unequal to the situation. Few of the surface railroads were able to run on Sunday morning, though they all got going again in the course of the day. At this writing the streets are still full of snow banks, which make it difficult for vehicles to get about. Several inches of snow falling on Wednesday morning made conditions somewhat worse; but inconveniences and delays ashore seem of slight moment compared with the terrible havoc on the sea. While, as stated, the coast between Cape Ann and Cuttyhunk got the worst of the cyclone and shows the most direful collection of wreckage, there is scarcely a beach from Penobscot Bay to New Haven that does not show the bones of some craft. In and near Boston Harbor alone thirty-five vessels were driven ashore, and between thirty and forty men were drowned or frozen to death. Boston goes back as far as 1852 to find the record of a storm so destructive.

The death, on November 19, of John E. W. Keely, of Philadelphia, the author, though not the finisher, of the celebrated Keely motor, has caused a considerable sensation of bereavement among us who survive. Much game has been made of Mr. Keely; he has often been reviled as an impostor, and once he was imprisoned for contempt of court because he would not reveal the secret of his machine. Scoffers have railed and gibed at him; even his own stockholders have sometimes grown weak in the faith and pestered him with vain questionings as to whether there was really anything in the motor, and if so, what. But, so far as the world knows, Mr. Keely never either despaired or divulged, nor yielded in any particular to vulgar demands of any sort. He went on with his work, built and rebuilt machines, and astonished an occasional investigator by a great showing of mechanical energy. Finally he has died, but he has done so entirely at his own convenience, casually, comfortably, and at the respectable age of seventy-one; not a great age, to be sure, but one at which no man need apologize for dying. He died of pneumonia. It is reported that he left writings by which it may be possible for a successor to take up his work and perhaps carry his machine through to completion.

Mr. Keely began his industrial career as an upholsterer's apprentice. He became interested in music, and from watching a tuning-fork got the notion of power to be derived from the effect of sound vibrations on metals. He made many machines, and finally one that seemed to develop enormous power from no other cause than sounds made by a fiddle-bow. This machine was the nucleus of the Keely Company, which was started in Philadelphia in 1874, and provided Mr. Keely with funds to perfect his apparatus. Between that year and 1891 he is said to have made one hundred and twenty-nine unsuccessful models. In 1881, the Keely Company's funds running low, he found a stanch patron in Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, of Philadelphia, who built him a laboratory and paid him a weekly salary, on which he continued his experiments until he died. He is described as a hard-working, plain-living person, who earned his salary. His place as a raiser of expectations seems to have been much more than taken by Mr. Nicola Tesla, the eminent electrician, of whom we hear from time to time as predicting extraordinary new applications of electricity which are to turn the world upside down and change most of the conditions of existence.

There is talk of an invasion of Tibet, by the British, with a view to carry the frontier of British India up to the China line. The highlands of the country would make good summer homes for Britishers resident in India, and there may be other motives. The popular notion about the country is that hard knocks abound there more than other produce, and that it is an exceedingly good country to keep out of. More definite ideas about it are obtainable from Dr. Sven Hedin's remarkable book of travels, *Through Asia*, just issued by the Harpers.

It is, on the whole, something of a relief to learn that the aggregation of Russian peace-at-any-price peasants, called the Dhoukobortsi, whose story was told in a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY, are not to be brought to the United States, but are to test the hospitalities of our Canadian brethren in western Manitoba. The Dominion government, it seems, will give each family 160 acres of land, besides a bonus of six dollars to each person, and will provide shelter for the 4000 persons who are expected to come from Russia during the present winter. That is probably a better arrangement than Uncle Sam could have made for them. Our good uncle is no longer land poor and has few acres left that are worth taking up, and, besides, his attention is so engrossed just now by foreign missionary projects that it is doubtless best that he should not add rashly to his responsibilities at home.

To the suggestion that subscriptions would be welcome from Americans to the fund for establishing a Gordon memorial college at Khartum, response has been made by our Mr. W. W. Astor, of London, with a contribution of £5000. If Mr. Astor desires that his gift should be regarded as representative, no objection is likely to be made on this side of the seas, where General Gordon is very highly honored as a pious man and a heroic soldier. The impression that he has left in the minds of American is that his aims, beyond those of any British soldier of his generation, were for the spread of Christianity and civilization, and that the extension of the British Empire interested him only as an incident of the accomplishment of those greater purposes. As a people of sentiment who wage wars of humanity, the Americans must rejoice to see Gordon's memory honored.

The great November snow-storm and subsequent condition of the streets of New York ought to be a valuable advertisement of the Waring memorial fund. On December 3 the amount of the subscriptions received was $60,053.

E. S. Martin

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IN "Trelawny of the Wells," with which Mr. Daniel Frohman's stock company opened at the Lyceum, Mr. Arthur W. Pinero gives a picture of London theatrical life in the early sixties. The Bagnigge Wells Theatre, from which *Rose Trelawny* takes her "addition," is in reality, as the programme intimates, Sadler's Wells, Islington. This theatre is famous for the fact that during those lean years of the drama it was the only home in England for our classics. The leading character in Mr. Pinero's play is one *Tom Wrench*, who is known to have been studied from Tom Robertson. *Wrench* is no less a poor devil of an actor than Robertson: one of the parts he is given to play is the part of a dragon in pantomime—"I'll not say which part of the dragon," as *Miss Avonia Bunn* remarks to him significantly. Like Robertson, *Wrench* is disgusted with the old convention of play writing and acting, and has set his heart on breaking through it with a play that is "true to life." *Wrench's* play is called "Life"; Robertson's play was "Society." The realism of "Society," "Caste," and the rest of Robertson's plays is nowadays somewhat faded, but in it is foreshadowed the spirit of the greatest of our modern dramatists. In writing "Trelawny," Mr. Pinero is paying homage to his literary progenitor, and at the same time portraying the men and women of the stage among whom he passed his youth.

Mr. Pinero of the Wells.

The original of *Rose Trelawny*—though the fact has not, to my knowledge, been pointed out—is without doubt the famous Marie Wilton. From childhood something in Miss Wilton's nature attracted her toward "the legitimate"; and finally, though she was so excellent in burlesque parts—cupids and other bad boys—that Dickens declared her the most intelligent and original actress he had ever seen, she founded the Prince of Wales Theatre, and produced Robertson's "Society." For the purposes of his play, Mr. Pinero has placed *Rose Trelawny* in somewhat different circumstances. A young gentleman named *Gower* falls in love with her, and to escape the life of the theatre she becomes engaged to him, and goes to live with his family in Cavendish Square for a period of "probation." Here she is bored and oppressed, and finally, in a rage worthy of *Paula Tanqueray*, she flies back to the old life. *Rose's* impulse toward truth and refinement in acting comes, strangely enough, from her brief contact with Cavendish Square. Having seen real ladies and gentlemen, she cannot act her old parts. As the plot thickens, the elder *Gower* is impressed by the fact that *Rose's* mother (like Marie Wilton's father) had played with Kean, whom he greatly admired, and is induced to furnish a theatre for the production of *Tom Wrench's* "Life." *Tom Wrench* is very deeply and nobly in love with *Rose*, but in the end she marries young *Gower*, and, we are to suppose, lives happily ever afterward in the life and the society of Cavendish Square.

The Progenitress of *Rose Trelawny*.



Mr. Findley. Mr. Woodruff. Miss Mannering. Miss Spong. Miss Tyree.

"TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK—TRELAWNY LEAVING THE "WELLS" FOR CAVENDISH SQUARE.

"You 'ave plucked the flower, sir; you 'ave stole our ch'icest blossom."

These facts, interesting as they are as indicating the materials which our master-playwright has handled, have an important bearing on the development of his drama. Some one has remarked—the younger Dumas, if I remember—that every true drama represents the struggle (*lutte*) of forces in their essence antagonistic, and suggests the natural solution. In his second act Mr. Pinero has shown the struggle between the free, impulsive, untamed nature of an artist and the necessary rigidity of established society. The situation is as dramatic as that in "Mrs. Tanqueray," though on the whole much more sympathetic; the solution in real life could scarcely be less unhappy. Marie Wilton married the actor-manager of her company, the now famous Bancroft, and together they prospered in producing "legitimate" plays. *Rose Trelawny* ignores the very sincere love of *Tom Wrench*, and finds happiness, we are to suppose, with the grandson of the vice-chancellor *Gower*. It need scarcely be said that this solution is essentially untrue to life, and therefore, in the high sense, undramatic. For Mr. Pinero has admitted as much in insisting that his play is a "comedietta"; but this does not insure him against reproach. If we cannot object because the ending is "happy" (God save the mark!), we can object that a comedietta should have so truly dramatic a second act; and we can point out the fact that Mr. Pinero's audiences are too intelligent to believe in any happy reconciliation between that old world of actors and Cavendish Square.

The Tragedy of a "Happy" Ending.

Yet the play has rare merit, and is, fortunately for us all, meeting with the rare success it deserves. Its merit lies partly in its mastery of both the theatrical and the literary capabilities of the stage. The marks of Mr. Pinero's stagecraft are everywhere, but a single instance must suffice. At the farewell dinner given to *Rose Trelawny* on her first departure for Cavendish Square the dear old stager *Telfer*, very naturally, if somewhat naïvely, elects himself toast-master, and proposes, "Our Immortal Bard, Shakspere . . . I had meant, myself, to 'ave offered a few remarks in response—" Here the leading juvenile, *Gadd*, who is piqued at not having been chosen toast-master, interrupts, as the book requires: "[*To* IMOGEN, *bitterly.*] Ha!" This *Ha!* is flat enough in the reading, but as uttered on the stage it becomes a grunt of jealous disgust—*hahch*—so delightfully expressive that it is repeated at appropriate places five or six times for the once indicated in the book. This feeling for the value of a tone, of a glance, a motion, marks the true playwright; one might almost say that a play is truly a play in proportion as it resists the attempt to put it in black and white.

The Acting and the Literary Play.

Mr. Pinero's sense of the value of words as words is as unfailing. "I swear," says *Miss Avonia Bunn*, when extorting a secret, "I'll not *divulge*, let alone *tell a living soul!*" And again, "I was *compelled*—nay, *forced*." Dickens himself could not have expressed more clearly an air of simplicity and absurdity. And when *Tom's* new School of Comedy has reduced the old-fashioned *Telfer* to realistic parts, he complains that he has not been given a speech—"not a real *speech;* nothing to dig your teeth into." And *Mrs. Telfer*, reduced from her rôle of Queen to the humble station of wardrobe mistress, says, sadly, "If we are set to scrub a floor—and we may come to that yet—let us make up our minds to scrub it *legitimately.*" Nobility, pathos, and exquisite absurdity are all expressed in the old actress's clinging to the idea of "the legitimate." Few English-speaking playwrights equal Mr. Pinero in knowledge of the effects peculiar to the stage; none equal him in power of phrase. And of all the foreign plays we have seen in late years, only one surpasses him in these regards, and that is of a wholly different order—"Cyrano de Bergerac."

The main merit of "Trelawny" lies in the vitality and the truth with which it bodies forth the forms and the spirits of those good people of a generation ago. Those silver beavers and those "weeper" whiskers! Those stocks, those narrow-waisted frocks and peg-top trousers! Those pork-pie hats, those crinolines! Those crinolines that when a body whirls about disclose a pair of—now what does Mr. Pinero call the marvellous things a crinoline exposes? John Leech could have told, and would have! All the people are as 1860 as their belongings. Miss Mannering's Gibson face is an anachronism. She looks the best of fellows, but what does she know about a "Young Lady"? John Leech would have given *Rose* cherry lips, and would have kissed them beneath the mistletoe. If *Rose* is alive to-day, as we hope she is, all of the love of freedom she ever felt does not reconcile her to her granddaughter's bicycle or to her going to college. The quaintness of it all, sweetness is the perfume of a long-pressed rose. And ripples through an audience and leaves it breathless; the those Theatrical Folk! We will believe at least that their foibles have vanished. "Don't you teach behavior," says *Colpoys*, the low-comedian, to *Tom Wrench*—"don't you teach behavior to a gentleman that plays a superior line of business to yourself!" And *Rose*, after she has come back from Cavendish Square, has a word to say about her companions: "We are only dolls, partly human, with mechanical limbs that will fall into stagy postures, and heads stuffed with sayings out of rubbishy plays." I wonder if there are still actors like that? But if Mr. Pinero has caught the foibles and jealousies of his world, he has done royal justice to its impulsive generosity. The right of property scarcely exists, and everybody has an honest kiss for everybody else, even when they aren't making up a quarrel. Altogether it is a wonderful world Mr. Pinero has given us—true and fine, full of absurdity so tenderly expressed that it is a sacred duty to laugh and laugh at it.

The Crinoline Girl.

Mr. Harry B. Smith and Mr. Edgar Smith have been to "Trelawny" with several of the people from Weber & Fields. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will recognize the fact that no burlesque could be as amusing as "Trelawny" itself; but if not—we shall doubtless be told what these wonderful things are called that a crinoline discovers.

"Trelawny" Uncrinolined.

Miss Julia Arthur is presenting for the first time in New York a series of characters which, when played successfully, gives an actress standing in the front rank of her profession. I have seen her *Parthenia* and her *Rosalind* with interest, and when *Mercedes* and *Galatea* have been given, I shall have something to say of her success in her very laudable ambition. JOHN CORBIN.

Miss Julia Arthur in Classical Rôles.




THE OPENING OF AN OPERA SEASON.

"Studded with stars unutterably bright."—*Queen Mab.*

WHEN the veteran in musical considerations takes his seat in the Metropolitan on the first evening of such seasons of opera as have recurred there of recent winters—when he finds once again closing about him that radiant, shimmering, pulsating atmosphere special to a stage so majestic and so eloquent, he enters for a few weeks upon the rarest privilege of his profession. It is not quite appreciated even by those who take thoughtful interest in what the critic may think or write. For it is not merely that the reviewer is now to hearken to many noble and lovely voices, such as are nowhere else on earth heard together. It is not that again he shall study acting frequently of superb stature and breadth, even if measured by the best stages of spoken drama. It is not merely that delight is to come to him in the voluptuousness of Gounod, the sombre passion of Wagner, the flash and sparkle of Rossini, the divine melodiousness of Mozart. These all are things exceeding precious to him. But underneath them lies the truth that, here and now, through a magnificent perversion of both music and drama, by which each is declined from its purest estate—the critic in the vaguest of all arts about which to write comes at last in touch with something like human interests! At last he speaks of aspects of his æsthetics that are tolerably concrete, tangible to the many who neither know nor care for more abstract musical forms. He writes here for his wider circle of readers, because he summons them to follow him, yet another time, into a sort of Wood of Broceliande. Gods and heroes, clear shapes of fable or history, tangible comedy and tragedy, are at last in his question.

What Opera kindly permits to Music Critics.

Even the more obvious conditions of such an opera season as that to which Mr. Maurice Grau has now invited New York have shown themselves, within the course of the two representations already given, to be so exceptional that there would be folly in my attempting allusions to all of them in so short an article. Such justice can be done only by making notes from time to time on the singers and the incidents as space in successive articles shall best allow. For such a season must not be considered comparative in mere relation to several of its predecessors, and to New York's opera history at large. It should be measured by the opera companies, and by matters germane to them, in all Europe during at least a quarter-century. The solemn clack of club-room opera talk, and the ardent pronunciamentos of the gifted amateurs of the drawing-room, whose little cups of criticism are ever overflowingly full, become of small value in estimating just where such a season as that of our Metropolitan for 1898–9 is phenomenal, where it is ordinary, where it is shortcoming. With one factor of judgment, however, those New York listeners who know the wide song-world to-day can provide themselves. It is wholly—not relatively, but wholly—a fact that the musical and dramatic splendor of the greater number of Mr. Grau's present representations has never been attained even in the Metropolitan's past, and cannot be near-

The Standards proper to such a Star Season.

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*Jaques* (Mr. Bridgeland). *Dukein* (Mr. Fortier). *Celia* (Miss Conron). *Duke Oliver* (Mr. Brown). *Audrey* (Miss Bingham). *Touchstone* (Mr. McWade). *Banished Duke* (Mr. Holt). *Phebe* (Miss Mollison). *Sylvius* (Mr. Fuller). *Louis* (Mr. Raquet).

MISS JULIA ARTHUR AS *ROSALIND*, AND MR. W. S. HART AS *ORLANDO*, IN ACT V. OF "AS YOU LIKE IT," AS PLAYED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

ly approached at any "season" anywhere—except in one operatic theatre enjoying similar good fortune—Covent Garden, over which the same impresario rules. Apart from London's privileges, never were there in any one troupe so many star singers, who are star singers in their prime—not paled, but in their fullest glory of efficiency. Not till now has another single opera-house carried out so expensively the ideal and super-extravagant theory that each opera shall be sung in the original language of its text. Not till now, in short, will our opera-goers' wildest sabianism be made so bewilderingly actual, night by night of this astonishing season. The notices already published have volubly promised this; and the promise will be made good, weather and human frailty permitting.

So far, Wagner's "Tannhäuser" and Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" have been sung, with "Roméo et Juliette" and "Marta" coming to conclude the first brilliant week. I cannot extend this notice beyond the two performances first named. And, as to "Tannhäuser," had Mr. Mancinelli led Wagner's work more in its inmost spirit, I could write that the opera has never had as impressive exposition in the United States or on the Continent. Inclining to say as much, I have in my mind one foreign operatic centre after another, appropriate to comparison, as well as all our own "German opera" history. A subtraction must be made, for Mr. Mancinelli often is a sluggish, Italianistic, unauthoritative director of Wagner, and so he was in this "Tannhäuser" directing. But vocally the work had a consummately great presentment. Mr. Van Dyck has not sung better in Paris, Baireuth, or Vienna these ten years, and Mr. Van Dyck is still the supreme *Tannhäuser*, as he is the best *Parsifal*. A tenor truly heroic, with a voice which, though not young after a dozen years of work, is still warm and artistically used—always a phraser *par excellence*, ever an actor of surpassing life and grace—this Belgian from Count Zichy's hall has only one rival of any fairly equal repute in the world. Dramatically, in such rôles as *Tannhäuser*, Van Dyck suggests what was said of Madame Schroeder-Devrient—"an almost unerring instinct of artistic fitness. . . . a perfection of performance reaching to every detail of by-play." Niemann himself never could sing *Tannhäuser* as does Van Dyck; and never did Niemann act *Tannhäuser*, in the Venusberg, or out of it, with such *nuances* of facial expression, with gestures and poses so artful. Of the new-comers on this same opening night, special honor is due to M. Henri Albers, a barytone (French by birth, but as to the manner

**Of Van Dyck's "Tannhäuser."**

born in his German operatic work) of most noble organ, and of rare finish in his acting. Of Madame Emma Eames it needs only to be said that she assumed the part of *Elizabeth* with that breadth of emotional suggestion which has



EMMA EAMES,
Soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.
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deepened each season in the Wagnerian work of one of the most lovely-voiced and fair-faced singers America alternately has lent to Europe and recalled to her own shores. She is a radiant *Elizabeth* when *Elizabeth* is joyous, and a figure of pathos fit for a missal's pages in the scene where the Virgin of the Wartburg bids adieu to love and to life. As for Madame Nordica, she returns to us, as ever, a veritable Venus in her personal beauty, and of completest individuality in her admirable musical delivery of a rôle strongly depending for its charm upon so gifted a singer and on an actress so impassioned. The Parisian version of the opera was used, a wise custom that we hope will be observed by Mr. Grau henceforward. The opera's major cast also included M. Plançon, who sang for the first time here in German—and sang well—the *Landgraf's* part. The *ensemble* effects were rich. The Metropolitan's chorus has been judicially built up, with a vast improvement in the prospect of its work to come. The "Tannhäuser" mounting, too, was largely new. It was beautiful, being either Baireuthian or Parisian in detail, where it was fresh. The last scene, by-the-bye, was given its due autumnal change; and even if the Wartburg was painted from the wrong side of the castle, it was the Wartburg, not a villa. The lights were remarkably well managed. The general effect, in short, of the opening night of a season to be largely Wagnerian was likewise largely a new chapter in the Metropolitan's sincerity to Wagnerism. Certainly it was such in a lavishness of singing and acting, almost without exception of the first rank; and deserving the enthusiasm of a vast and splendid audience.

The performance of Rossini's "Barbiere" of Wednesday, with Madame Sembrich as *the Rosina* of all *Rosinas* extant, and with a group of star singers about her proportionately accomplished, rose even higher than the "Tannhäuser—if in lighter wings indeed. It may be recorded as the finest representation ever given in this country of that greatest of Italian comic operas ever composed by an Italian. No preceding record, from Malibran or Mapleson seasons onward, could surpass the brilliancy, the archness, the gayety, the true Rossinian spirit, of such a memorable evening. This memory or printed history invites one to believe; even in admitting that Mr. Campanari has not any of the elegance of physique proper to *Figaro*, well as he sings and acts him; and that Mr. Salignac, although he has much improved vocally in the part, is a somewhat plebeian *Almaviva*. Madame Sembrich herself, Mr. Carbone (*Bartolo*), Mr. Eduard de Reszké (*Basilio*), Mr. Campanari (*Figaro*), Mr. Salignac (*Almaviva*), and the ever-welcome Mlle. Bauermeister (*Berta*), sang and carried on the fun in its airiest frolic. It was a lesson in the almost lost operatic message of Rossinism. All Italy cannot show a company to sing him now as he was thus sung here last week on Wednesday night. Not in Paris, at the Odéon, is the acting more traditionally charming and droll. The champagne of Beaumarchais and Rossini was in amazing froth. Another great house laughed and applauded the elegant, innocent sparkle as if it were indeed new. To many it was new. To all of us it was delicious. Mr. Eduard de Reszké's *Basilio* alone would have distinguished the fun and beautiful singing of such a "Barbiere" night, and Mr. de Reszké was but one jewel among the others.

**A Famous "Il Barbiere" Night.**

The above chronicle of only two of the reproductions at the Metropolitan must be taken, as record and as comment, with much between the few actual lines. As has been intimated, the natural course of coming things should prove to be not only of similar brilliancy, but a text from which a reviewer can point out many striking æsthetic morals in adorning the season's harmonious tale.

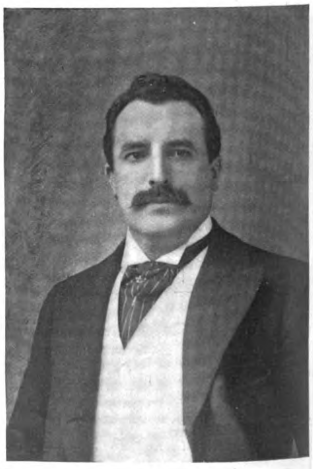
Madame Madeleine Schiller, a pianist of distinction among us some twelve years ago, and for that period engaged abroad, has effected her re-entrance on our concert stage. Madame Schiller has retained all her former brilliancy of technic, and even added to it in her absence. Never an interpretative player of the inner meanings of a grave work, she is artistic in most of what constitutes excellent feminine pianism. She played, on this occasion, Rubinstein's third concerto and Liszt's E flat one and Liszt's transcription of the "Tannhäuser" overture—quite too much of a task for even a Penthesilea of the piano-forte, which Madame Schiller is not.

**Madame Madeleine Schiller's Return.**

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

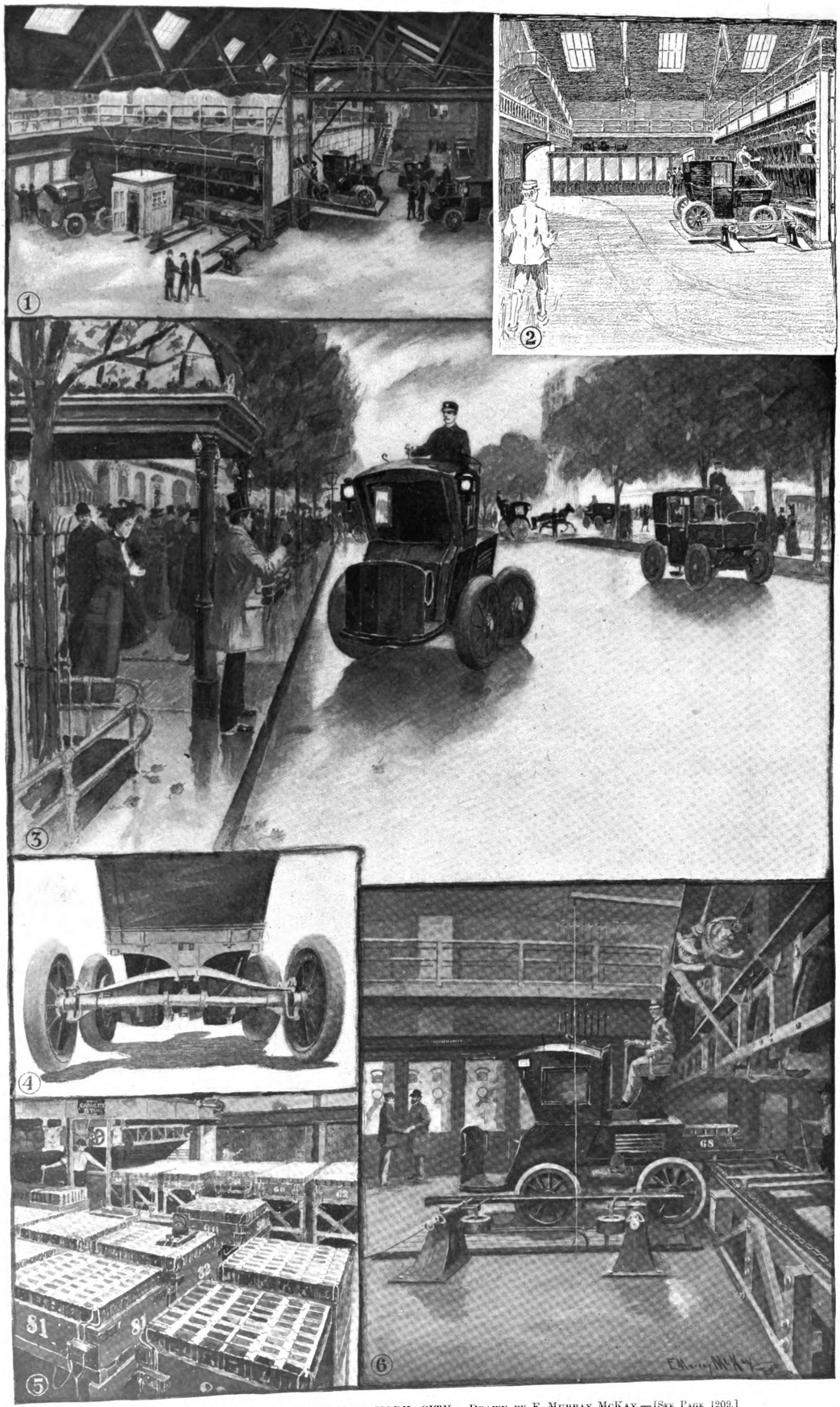


MAURICE GRAU,
Impresario of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.
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HENRI ALBERS,
Barytone, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.

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THE ELECTRIC-CAB SERVICE IN NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by E. Murray McKay.—[See Page 1209.]

1. General View of Cab Station. 2. Switchboard and Loading Platform, Main Entrance. 3. On the Boulevard. 4. The Motor and Steering Gear. 5. The Battery-Room. 6. Loading the Battery.

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

## XXVI.

MITCHY, it had been understood, was to take his leave on the morrow, while Vanderbank was to stay till Tuesday. Mr. Longdon had, for the Sunday dinner, invited three or four of his neighbors to "meet" the two gentlemen from town, so that it was not till the company had departed, or in other words till near bedtime, that our four friends could again have become aware, as between themselves, of that directness of mutual relation which forms the subject of our picture. It had not, however, prevented Nanda's slipping up stairs as soon as the doctor and his wife had gone, and the manner indeed in which, on the stroke of eleven, Mr. Longdon kept up his tradition of appropriating a particular candle was as positive an expression of it as any other. Nothing in him was more amiable than the terms maintained between the rigor of his personal habits and his free imagination of the habits of others. He deprecated, as regards the former, it might have been seen, most signs of resemblance, and no one had ever dared to learn how he would have handled a show of imitation. "The way to flatter him," Mitchy threw off five minutes later, "is not to make him think you're like him, but to let him see how different you perceive he can bear to think you. I mean of course without hating you."

"But what interest have *you*," Vanderbank asked, "in the way to flatter him?"

"My dear fellow, more than you. I haven't been here all day without arriving at conclusions on the credit he has opened to you—!"

"Do you mean the amount he'll settle?"

"You have it in your power," said Mitchy, "to make it anything you like."

"And is he then—so rich?"

Mitchy was on his feet in the apartment in which their host had left them, and he had at first for this question but an expressive motion of the shoulders in respect to everything in the room. "See, judge, guess, feel!"

But it was as if Vanderbank, before the fire, consciously controlled his attention. "Oh, I don't care a hang!"

This passage took place in the library and as a consequence of their having confessed, as their friend faced them with his bedroom light, that a brief, discreet vigil and a box of cigarettes would fix better than anything else the fine impression of the day. Mitchy might at that moment, on the evidence of the eyes Mr. Longdon turned to them and of which his innocent candle-flame betrayed the secret, have found matter for a measure of the almost extreme allowances he wanted them to want of him. They had only to see that the greater window was fast and to turn out the library lamp. It might really have amused them to stand a moment at the open door that, apart from this, was to testify to his conception of those who were not, in the smaller hours, as *he* was. He had in fact by his retreat—and but too sensibly—left them there with a deal of midnight company. If one of these presences was the mystery he had himself mixed, the manner of our young men showed a due expectation of the others. Mitchy, on hearing how little Vanderbank "cared," only kept up a while longer that observant revolution in which he had spent much of his day, to which any fresh sense of any exhibition always promptly committed him, and which, had it not been controlled by infinite tact, might have affected the nerves of those in whom enjoyment was less rotary. He was silent long enough to suggest his fearing that almost anything he might say would appear too allusive; then at last, once more, he took his risk. "Awfully jolly old place!"

"It is indeed," Van only said; but his posture in the large chair he had pushed toward the open window was of itself almost an opinion. The August night was hot and the air that came in charged and sweet. Vanderbank smoked with his face turned to the dusky garden and the dim stars; at the end of a few moments more of which he glanced round. "Don't you think it stuffy with that big lamp? As those candles on the chimney are going we might put it out."

"Like this?" The amiable Mitchy had straightway obliged his companion and he as promptly took in the effect of the diminished light on the character of the room, which he commended as if the depth of shadow produced were all this companion had sought. He might freshly have brought home to Vanderbank that a man sensitive to so many different things could never really be incommoded, though that personage presently indeed showed himself occupied with another thought.

"I think I ought to mention to you that I've told him how you and Mrs. Brook now both know. I did so this afternoon on our way back from church—I hadn't done it before. He took me a walk round, to show me more of the place, and that gave me my chance. But he doesn't mind," Vanderbank continued. "The only thing is that I've thought it may possibly make him speak to you, so that it's better you should know he knows. But he told me definitely Nanda doesn't."

Mitchy took this in with an attention that spoke of his already recognizing how the less tempered darkness favored talk. "And is that all that passed between you?"

"Well, practically; except of course that I made him understand, I think, how it happened that I haven't kept my own counsel."

"Oh, but you *have*—didn't he at least feel?—or perhaps even have done better, when you've two such excellent persons to keep it *for* you? Can't he easily believe how we feel with you?"

Vanderbank appeared for a minute to leave this appeal unheeded; he continued to stare into the garden while he smoked and swung the long leg he had thrown over the arm of the chair. When he at last spoke, however, it was with some emphasis—perhaps even with some vulgarity. "Oh rot!"

Mitchy hovered without an arrest. "You mean he *can't* feel?"

"I mean it isn't true. I've no illusions about you. I know how you're both affected, though I of course perfectly trust you."

Mitchy had a short silence. "Trust us not to speak?" If you spoke to others," Vanderbank went on, "they would immediately rush and tell her."

"Not to speak to Nanda herself—though of course, too,

"I've spoken to no one," said Mitchy.

"I'm sure of it. And neither has Mrs. Brook."

"I'm glad you're sure of that also," Mitchy returned, "for it's only doing her justice."

"Oh, I'm quite confident of it," said Vanderbank. "And without asking her?"

"Perfectly."

"And you're equally sure, without asking, that *I* haven't betrayed you?" After which, while, as if to let the question lie there in its folly, Vanderbank said nothing, his friend pursued: "I came, I must tell you, terribly near it to-day."

"Why must you tell me? Your coming 'near' doesn't concern me, and I take it you don't suppose I'm watching or sounding you. Mrs. Brook will have come terribly near," Vanderbank continued, as if to make the matter free; "but she won't have done it either. She will have been distinctly tempted—"

"But she won't have fallen?" Mitchy broke in. "Exactly—there we are. *I* was distinctly tempted, and I didn't fall. I think your certainty about Mrs. Brook," he added, "shows you do know her. She's incapable of anything deliberately nasty."

"Oh, of anything nasty in any way," Vanderbank said musingly and kindly.

"Yes; one knows on the whole what she *won't* do." After which, for a period, Mitchy roamed and reflected. "But in spite of the assurance given you by Mr. Longdon—or perhaps indeed just because of your having taken it—I think I ought to mention to you my belief that Nanda does know of his offer to you. I mean by having guessed it."

"Oh!" said Vanderbank.

"There's in fact more still," his companion pursued, "that I feel I should like to mention to you."

"Oh!" Vanderbank at first only repeated. But after a moment he said: "My dear fellow, I'm much obliged."

"The thing I speak of is something I should at any rate have said, and I should have looked out for some chance if we had not had this one." Mitchy spoke as if his friend's last words were not of consequence, and he continued as Vanderbank got up and, moving rather aimlessly, came and stood with his back to the chimney. "My only hesitation would have been caused by its entailing our going down into things in a way that, face to face—given the private nature of the things—I dare say most men don't particularly enjoy. But if you don't mind—"

"Oh, I don't mind. In fact, as I tell you, I recognize an obligation to you." Vanderbank, with his shoulders against the high mantel, uttered this without a direct look; he smoked and smoked, then looked at the tip of his cigarette. "You feel convinced she knows?" he inquired.

"Well, it's my impression."

"Ah, any impression of yours—of that sort—is sure to be right. If you think I ought to have it from you I'm really grateful. Is that—a—what you wanted to say to me?" Vanderbank with a slight hesitation demanded.

Mitchy, watching him more than he watched Mitchy, shook a mildly decisive head. "No."

Vanderbank, his eyes on his smoke puffs, seemed to wonder. "What you wanted is—something else?"

"Something else."

"Oh!" said Vanderbank for the third time.

The ejaculation had been vague, but the movement that followed it was definite; the young man, turning away, found himself again near the chair he had quitted, and resumed possession of it as a sign of being at his friend's service. This friend, however, not only hung fire, but finally went back to take a shot from a quarter they might have been supposed to have left. "It strikes me as odd his imagining—awfully acute as he is—that she has *not* guessed. One wouldn't have thought he could live with her here in such an intimacy—seeing her every day and pretty much all day—and make such a mistake."

Vanderbank, his great length all of a lounge again, turned it over. "And yet I do thoroughly feel the mistake's not yours."

Mitchy had a new serenity of affirmation. "Oh, it's not mine."

"Perhaps then"—it occurred to Vanderbank—"he doesn't really believe it."

"And only says so to make you feel more easy?"

"So that one may—in fairness to one's self—keep one's head, as it were, and decide quite on one's own grounds."

"So you *have* still to decide?"

Van took his time to answer. "I've still to decide." Mitchy became again, on this, in the sociable dusk, a slow-circling, vaguely agitated element, and his friend continued: "Is your idea very generously and handsomely to help that by letting me know—"

"That I do definitely renounce"—Mitchy took him up—"any pretension and any hope? Well, I'm ready with a proof of it. I've passed my word that I'll apply elsewhere."

Vanderbank turned more round to him. "Apply to the Duchess for her niece?"

"It's practically settled."

"But since when?"

Mitchy barely faltered. "Since this afternoon."

"Ah then, not with the Duchess herself."

"With Nanda—whose plan, from the first, you won't have forgotten, the thing has so charmingly been."

Vanderbank could show that his not having in the least forgotten was yet not a bar to his being now mystified. "But, my dear man, what can Nanda 'settle'?"

"My fate," Mitchy said, pausing well before him.

Vanderbank sat now a minute with raised eyes, catching the indistinctness of his friend's strange expression. "You're both beyond me!" he exclaimed at last. "I don't see what you, in particular, gain."

"I didn't either till she made it all out to me. One sees then, in such a matter, for one's self. And as everything's gain that isn't loss, there was nothing I *could* lose. It gets me," Mitchy further explained, "out of the way."

"Out of the way of what?"

This, Mitchy frankly showed, was more difficult to say, but he in time brought it out. "Well, of appearing to suggest to you that my existence, in a prolonged state of singleness, may ever represent for her any real alternative."

"But alternative to what?"

"Why, to being *your* wife, damn you!" Mitchy, on these words turned away again, and his companion, in the presence of his renewed dim gyrations, sat for a minute dumb. Before Van had spoken indeed he was back again. "Excuse my violence, but of course you really see."

"I'm not pretending anything," Vanderbank said—"but a man *must* understand. What I catch hold of is that you offer me—in the fact that you're thus at any rate disposed of—a proof that I, at any rate, sha'n't, if I hesitate to 'go in,' have a pretext for saying to myself that I *may* deprive her—"

"Yes, precisely"—Mitchy now urbanely assented: "of something, in the shape of a man with *my* amount of money, that she may live to regret and to languish for. My amount of money, don't you see," he very simply added, "is nothing to her."

"And you want me to be sure that—so far as I may ever have had a scruple—she has had her chance and got rid of it."

"Completely," Mitchy smiled.

"Because"—Vanderbank, with the aid of his cigarette, thoughtfully pieced it out—"that may possibly bring me to the point."

"Possibly!" Mitchy laughed.

He had stood a moment longer, almost as if to see the possibility develop before his eyes, and had even started at the next sound of his friend's voice. What Vanderbank in fact brought out, however, only made him turn his back. "Do you like so very much little Aggie?"

"Well," said Mitchy, "Nanda does. And I like Nanda."

"You're too amazing," Vanderbank mused. His musing had presently the effect of making him rise; reflection indeed possessed him after he was on his feet. "I can't help it's coming over me then that, on such an extraordinary system, you must also rather like *me*."

"What will you have, my dear Van?" Mitchy frankly asked. "It's the sort of thing you must be most used to, for at the present moment—look!—aren't we all at you at once?"

It was as if Vanderbank had managed to appear to wonder. "'All'?"

"Nanda, Mrs. Brook, Mr. Longdon—"

"And you. I see."

"Names of distinction. And all the others," Mitchy pursued, "that I don't count."

"Oh, you're the best."

"I?"

"You're the best," Vanderbank simply repeated. "It's at all events most extraordinary," he declared. "But I make you out on the whole better than I do Mr. Longdon."

"Ah, aren't we very much the same—simple lovers of life? That is, of that finer essence of it which appeals to the consciousness—"

"The consciousness?"—his companion took up his hesitation.

"Well, enlarged and improved."

The words had made, on Mitchy's lips, an image by which his friend seemed for a moment to be held. "One doesn't really know quite what to say or to do."

"Oh, you must take it all quietly. You're of a special class; one of those who, as we said the other day—don't you remember?—are a source of the sacred terror. People made in such a way must take the consequences; just as people must take them," Mitchy went on, "who are made as *I* am. So cheer up!"

Mitchy, uttering this incitement, had moved to the empty chair by the window, in which he presently was sunk; and it might have been in emulation of his previous strolling and straying that Vanderbank himself now began to revolve. The meditation he next threw out, however, showed a certain resistance to Mitchy's advice. "I'm glad at any rate I don't deprive her of a fortune."

"You don't deprive her of mine, of course," Mitchy answered from his chair; "but isn't her enjoyment of Mr. Longdon's, at least, a good deal staked, after all, on your action?"

Vanderbank stopped short. "It's his idea to settle it *all*?"

Mitchy gave out his glare. "I thought you didn't 'care a hang.' I haven't been here so long," he went on as his companion at first retorted nothing, "without making up my mind, for myself, about his means. He *is* distinctly rich."

It sent Vanderbank off again. "Oh well, she'll no more get all in the one event than she'll get nothing in the other. She'll only get a sort of a provision. But she'll get that whatever happens."

"Oh, if you're sure—!" Mitchy simply commented.

"I'm not sure, confound it!" Then—for his voice had been irritated—Van spoke more quietly. "Only I see her here—though on his wish of course—handling things so much as if they were her own and paying him a visit without, apparently, any calculated end. What's that, on *his* part, but a pledge?"

Oh, Mitchy could show off-hand that he knew what it was. "It's a pledge, quite as much, to *you*. He shows you the whole thing. He likes you not a whit less than he likes *her*."

* Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

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"Oh, thunder!" Van impatiently sighed.

"It's as 'rum' as you please, but there it is," said the inexorable Mitchy.

"Then does he think I'll do it for *this*?"

"For 'this'?"

"For the place, the whole thing, as you call it, that he shows me."

Mitchy had a short silence that might have represented a change of color. "It isn't good enough?" But he instantly took himself up. "Of course he wants—as I do—to treat you with a tact!"

"Oh, it's all right," Vanderbank immediately said. "Your 'tact'—yours and his—is marvellous, and Nanda's is greatest of all."

Mitchy's momentary renewal of stillness was addressed, he managed, somehow, not obscurely to convey, to the last clause of his friend's speech. "If you're not sure," he presently resumed, "why can't you frankly ask him?"

Vanderbank again, as the phrase is, "mooned" about a little. "Because I don't know that it would do."

"What do you mean by 'do'?"

"Well, that it would be exactly—what do you call it?—'square.' Or even quite delicate or decent. To take from him, in the way of an assurance so handsomely offered, so much, and then to ask for more: I don't feel I can do it. Besides, I have my little conviction. To the question itself he might easily reply that it's none of my business."

"I see," Mitchy dropped. "Such an inquiry might suggest to him moreover that you're hesitating more than you perhaps really are."

"Oh, as to *that*," said Vanderbank, "I think he practically knows how much."

"And how little?" He met this, however, with no more form than if it had been a poor joke; so that Mitchy also smoked for a moment in silence. "It's your coming down here, you mean, for these three or four days, that will have fixed it?"

The question this time was one to which the speaker might have expected an answer, but Vanderbank's only immediate answer was to walk and walk. "I want so awfully to be kind to her," he at last said.

"I should think so!" Then, with irrelevance, Mitchy barked back. "Shall *I* inquire?"

But Vanderbank, with another thought, had lost the thread. "Inquire what?"

"Why, if she does get anything—"

"If I'm not kind *enough*?"—Van had caught up again. "Dear no; I'd rather you wouldn't speak unless first spoken to."

"Well, *he* may speak—since he knows we know."

"It isn't likely, for he can't make out why I told you."

"You didn't tell *me*, you know," said Mitchy. "You told Mrs. Brook."

"Well, *she* told you, and her talking about it is the unpleasant idea. He does dislike her so."

"Poor Mrs. Brook!" Mitchy meditated.

"Poor Mrs. Brook!" his companion echoed.

"But I thought you said," he went on, "that he doesn't mind."

"*Your* knowing? Well, I dare say he doesn't. But he doesn't want a lot of gossip and chatter."

"Oh!" said Mitchy with meekness.

"I may absolutely take it from you then," Vanderbank presently resumed, "that Nanda has her idea?"

"Oh, she didn't tell me so. But it's none the less my belief."

"Well," Vanderbank at last threw off, "I feel it for myself. If only because she knows everything," he pursued without looking at Mitchy. "She knows everything, everything."

"Everything, everything." Mitchy got up.

"She told me so herself yesterday," said Van.

"And she told *me* so to-day."

Vanderbank's hesitation might have shown he was struck with this. "Well, I don't think it's information that either of us required. But of course she can't help it," he added. "Everything, literally everything, in London, in the world she lives in, is in the air she breathes—so that the longer *she's* in it, the more she'll know."

"The more she'll know, certainly," Mitchy acknowledged. "But she *isn't* in it, you see, down here."

"No. Only she appears to have come down with such accumulations. And she won't be here forever," Vanderbank hastened to subjoin.

"Certainly not if you marry her."

"But isn't that, at the same time," Vanderbank asked, "just the difficulty?"

Mitchy looked vague. "The difficulty?"

"Why, as a married woman she'll be steeped in it again."

"Surely"—oh, Mitchy could be candid. "But the difference will be that for a married woman it won't matter. It only matters for girls," he plausibly continued—"and then only for those on whom no one takes pity."

"The trouble is," said Vanderbank—but quite as if uttering only a general truth—"that it's just a thing that may sometimes operate as a bar to pity. Isn't it for the non-marrying girls that it doesn't particularly matter? For the others it's such an odd preparation."

"Oh, *I* don't mind it!" Mitchy declared.

Vanderbank visibly demurred. "Ah, but your choice—"

"Is such a different sort of thing?" Mitchy, for the half-hour, in the ambiguous dusk, had never looked more droll. "The young lady I named isn't my *choice*."

"Well then, that's only a sign the more that you do these things more easily."

"Oh, 'easily'!" Mitchy murmured.

"We oughtn't, at any rate, to keep it up," said Vanderbank, who had looked at his watch. "Twelve twenty-five—good-night. Shall I blow out the candles?"

"Do, please. I'll close the window"—and Mitchy went to it. "I'll follow you—good-night." The candles, after a minute, were out, and his friend had gone, but Mitchy, left in darkness, face to face with the vague, quiet garden, still stood there.

## XXVII.

The footman, opening the door, mumbled his name without sincerity, and Vanderbank, passing in, found in fact—for he had caught the symptom—the chairs and tables, the lighted lamps and the flowers alone in possession. He looked at his watch, which exactly marked eight, then turned to speak again to the servant, who had, however, without another sound, and as if blushing for the house, already closed him in. There was nothing indeed but Mrs. Grendon's want of promptness that failed of a welcome: her drawing-room, on the January night, showed its elegance through a suffusion of pink electricity which melted, at the end of the vista, into the faintly golden glow of a retreat still more sacred. Vanderbank walked, after a moment, into the second room, which also proved empty, and which had its little globes of white fire—discreetly limited in number—coated with lemon-colored silk. The walls, covered with delicate French mouldings, were so fair that they seemed vaguely silvered; the low French chimney had a French fire. There was a lemon-colored stuff on the sofa and chairs, a wonderful polish on the floor that was largely exposed, and a copy of a French novel in blue paper on one of the spindle-legged tables. Vanderbank looked about him an instant, as if generally struck, then gave himself to something that had particularly caught his eye. This was simply his own name written rather large on the cover of the French book and endowed, after he had taken the volume up, with the power to hold his attention the more closely the longer he looked at it. He uttered, for a private satisfaction, before letting the matter pass, a low, confused sound; after which, flinging the book down with some emphasis in another place, he moved to the chimney-piece, where his eyes, for a little, intently fixed the small ashy wood fire. When he raised them again it was, on the observation that the beautiful clock on the mantel was wrong, to consult once more his watch, and then give a glance, in the chimney glass, at the state of his mustache, of which he twisted, for a moment, with due care, the ends. While so engaged he became aware of something else and, quickly facing about, recognized in the doorway of the room the other figure the glass had just reflected.

"Oh *you*!" he said, with a quick hand-shake. "Mrs. Grendon's down?" But he had already passed with Nanda, on their greeting, back into the first room, which contained only themselves, and she had mentioned that she believed Tishy to have said 8.15, which meant of course anything people liked.

"Oh then, there'll be nobody till nine. I didn't, I suppose, sufficiently study my note; which didn't mention to me, by-the-way," Vanderbank added, "that you were to be here."

"Ah, but why *should* it?" the girl candidly inquired. She spoke again, however, before he could reply. "I dare say that when she wrote to you she didn't know."

"Know you would come up to meet me?" Vanderbank laughed. "Jolly, at any rate, thanks to my mistake, to have in this way a quiet moment with you. You came on ahead of your mother?"

"Oh no—I'm staying here."

"Oh!" said Vanderbank.

"Mr. Longdon came up with me—I came here, Friday last, straight."

"You parted at the door?" he asked, with marked gayety.

She thought a moment—she was more serious. "Yes—but only for a day or two. He's coming to-night."

"Good. How delightful!"

"He'll be glad to see you," Nanda said, looking at the flowers.

"Awfully kind of him, when I've been such a brute."

"How—a brute?"

"Well, I mean not writing—nor going back."

"Oh, I see," Nanda simply returned.

It was a simplicity that, clearly enough, made her friend a little awkward. "Has he—a-minded? But he can't have complained!" he quickly added.

"Oh, he never complains."

"No, no—it isn't in him. But it's just that," said Vanderbank, "that makes one feel so base. I've been ferociously busy."

"He knows that—he likes it," Nanda returned. "He delights in your work. And I've done what I can for him."

"Ah," said her companion, "you've evidently brought him round. I mean to this lady."

"To Tishy? Oh, of course I can't leave her—with nobody."

"No"—Vanderbank became gay again—"that's a London necessity. You can't leave anybody with nobody—exposed to everybody."

Mild as it was, however, Nanda missed the joke. "Mr. Grendon's not here."

"Ah, where is he?"

"Yachting—but she doesn't know."

"Then she and you are just doing this together?"

"Well," said Nanda, "she's dreadfully frightened."

"Oh, she mustn't allow herself," he returned, "to be too much carried away by it. But we're to have your mother?"

"Yes, and papa. It's really for Mitchy and Aggie," the girl went on—"before they go abroad."

"Oh then, I see what you've come up for! Tishy and I are not in it. It's all for Mitchy."

"If you mean there's nothing I wouldn't do for him, you're quite right. He has always been of a kindness to me—"

"That culminated in marrying your friend?" Vanderbank asked. "It was charming, certainly, and I don't mean to diminish the merit of it. But Aggie herself, I gather, is of a charm now—!"

"Isn't she?"—Nanda was eager. "Hasn't she come out?"

"With a bound—into the arena. But when a young person's out with Mitchy—!"

"Oh, you mustn't say anything against that. I've been out with him myself."

"Ah, but my dear child—!" Van frankly argued.

It was not, however, a thing to notice. "I knew it would be just so. It always is when they've been like that."

"Do you mean as she apparently *was*? But doesn't it make one wonder a little *if* she was?"

"Oh, she was—I know she was. And we're also to have Harold," Nanda continued—"another of Mitchy's beneficiaries. It *would* be a banquet, wouldn't it? if we were to have them all."

Vanderbank hesitated, and the look he fixed on the door might have suggested a certain open attention to the arrival of their hostess or the announcement of other guests.

"If you haven't got them all, you've got, in having me, I should suppose, about the biggest."

"Ah, what has he done for you?" Nanda asked.

Again her friend hung fire. "Do you remember something you said to me, down there, in August?"

She looked vague, but quite unembarrassed. "I remember but too well that I chattered."

"You declared to me that you knew everything."

"Oh yes—and I said so to Mitchy too."

"Well, my dear child, you don't."

"Because I don't know—?"

"Yes, what makes *me* the victim of his insatiable benevolence."

"Ah, well, if you've no doubt of it yourself, that's all that's required. I'm quite *glad* to hear of something I don't know," Nanda pursued. "And we're to have Harold too," she promptly added.

"As a beneficiary? Then we *shall* fill up! Harold will give us a stamp."

"Won't he? I hear of nothing but his success. Mother wrote me that people are frantic for him; and," said the girl after an instant, "do you know what Cousin Jane wrote me?"

"What *would* she now? I'm trying to think."

Nanda relieved him of this effort. "Why, that mother has transferred to him all the scruples that she felt—'even to excess'—in *my* time, about what we might pick up among you all that wouldn't be good for us."

"That's a neat one for *me*!" Vanderbank declared. "And I like your talk about your antediluvian 'time.'"

"Oh, it's all over."

"What exactly is it," Vanderbank presently demanded, "that you describe in that manner?"

"Well, my little hour. And the danger of picking up."

"There's none of it here?"

Nanda appeared frankly to judge. "No—because, really, Tishy, don't you see? is natural. We just talk."

Vanderbank showed his interest. "Whereas at your mother's—?"

"Well, you were all afraid."

Vanderbank laughed straight out. "Do you mind my telling her that?"

"Oh, she knows it. I've heard her say herself you were."

"Ah, *I* was," he concurred. "You know we've spoken of that before."

"I'm speaking now of all of you," said Nanda. "But it was she who was most so, for she tried—I know she did, she told me so—to control you. And it was when you were most controlled—"

Van's amusement took it up. "That we were most deleterious?"

"Yes, because, of course, what's so awfully unutterable is just what we most notice. Tishy knows that," Nanda wonderfully observed.

As the reflection of her tone might have been caught by an observer in Vanderbank's face, it was in all probability caught by his interlocutress, who, superficially, however, need have recognized there—what was all she showed—but the right manner of waiting for dinner. "The better way then is to dash right in? That's what our friend here does?"

"Oh, you know what she does!" the girl replied as if with a sudden drop of interest in the question. She also turned to the opening of the door.

It was Tishy who at last appeared, and her guest had his greeting ready. "We're talking of the delicate matters as to which you think it's better to dash right in; but I'm bound to say your inviting a hungry man to dinner doesn't appear to be one of them."

The sign of Tishy Grendon—as it had been often called in a society in which variety of reference had brought to high perfection, for usual safety, the sense of signs—was a retarded facial glimmer that, in respect to any subject, closed up the rear of the procession. It had been said of her indeed that when processions were at all rapid she was usually to be found, on a false impression of her whereabouts, mixed up with the next; so that now, for instance, by the time she had reached the point of saying to Vanderbank, "Are you *really* hungry?" Nanda had begun to appeal to him for some praise of their hostess's appearance. This was of course with soft looks, up and down, at her clothes. "Isn't she too nice? Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

"I'm so faint with inanition," Van replied to Mrs. Greudon, "that—like the traveller in the desert, isn't it?—I only make out, as an oasis or a mirage, a sweet green rustling blur. I don't trust you."

"I don't trust *you*," Nanda said on her friend's behalf. "She isn't 'green'—men are amazing; they don't know the dearest old blue that ever was seen."

"*Is* it your '*old* blue'?" Vanderbank, monocular, very earnestly asked. "I can imagine it was 'dear,' but I should have thought—"

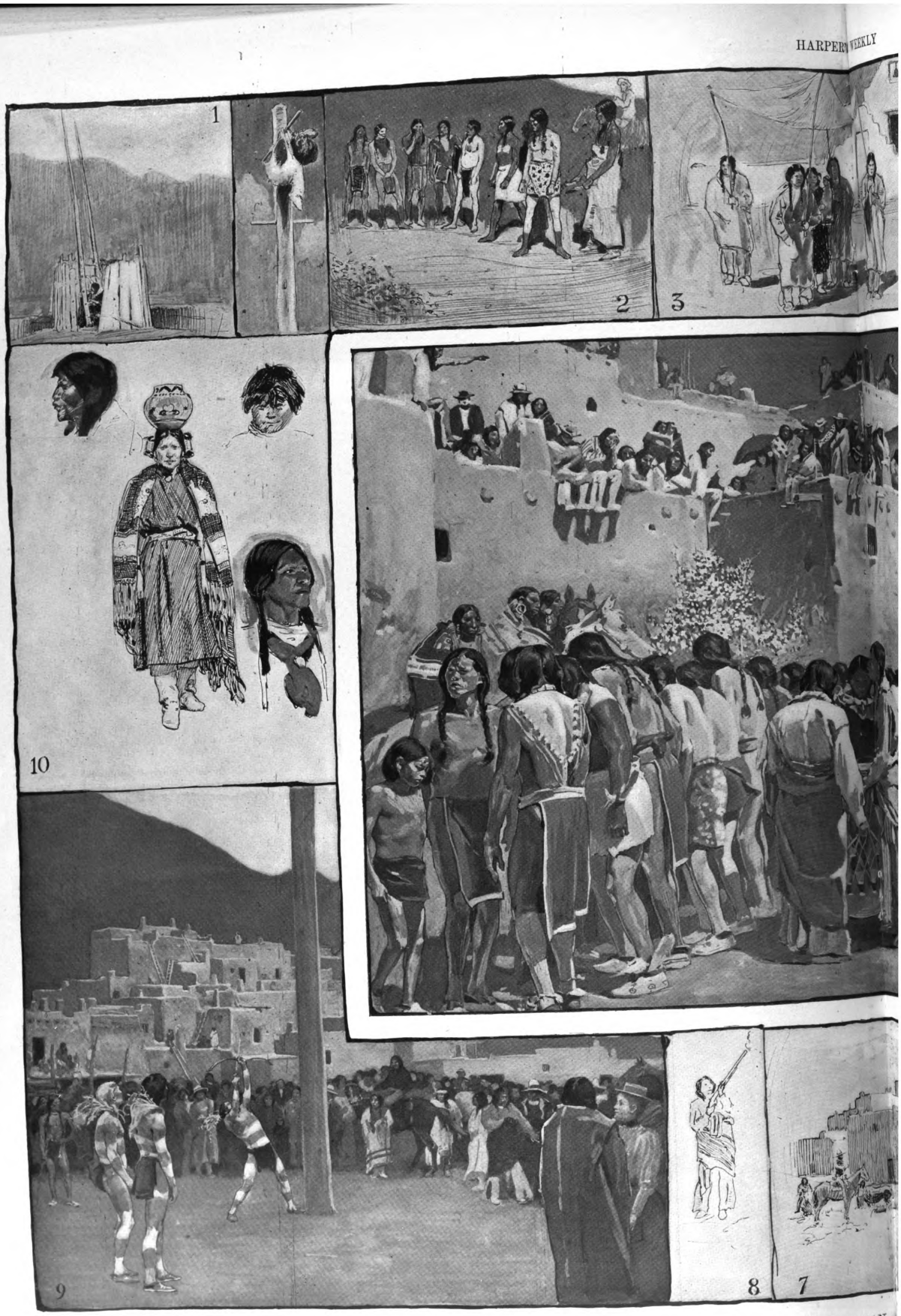
"It was yellow"—Nanda helped him out—"if I hadn't kindly told you." Tishy's figure showed the confidence of objects consecrated by publicity; bodily speaking a beautiful human plant, it might have taken the last November gale to account for the completeness with which, in some quarters, she had shed her leaves. Her companions could only emphasize by the direction of their eyes the nature of the responsibility with which a spectator would have seen them saddled—a choice, as to consciousness, between the effect of her being and the effect of her not being dressed. "Oh, I'm hideous—of course I know it," said Tishy. "I'm only just clean. Here's Nanda now, who's beautiful," she vaguely continued, "and Nanda—"

"Oh but, darling, Nanda's clean too!" the young lady in question interrupted; on which her fellow-guest could only laugh with her as in relief from the antithesis of which her presence of mind had averted the completion, little indeed, for the most part, as, in Mrs. Grendon's talk, that element of style was involved.

"There's nothing, in such a matter," Vanderbank observed as if it were the least he could decently say, "like challenging inquiry; and here's Harold, precisely," he went on in the next breath, "as clear and crisp and undefiled as a fresh five-pound note."

"A fresh one?"—Harold had passed in a flash from his hostess. "A man who, like me, hasn't seen one for six months, could perfectly do, I assure you, with one that has lost its what-do-you-call it." He kissed Nanda with a friendly peck, then, more completely aware, had a straighter apprehension for Tishy. "My dear child, *you*

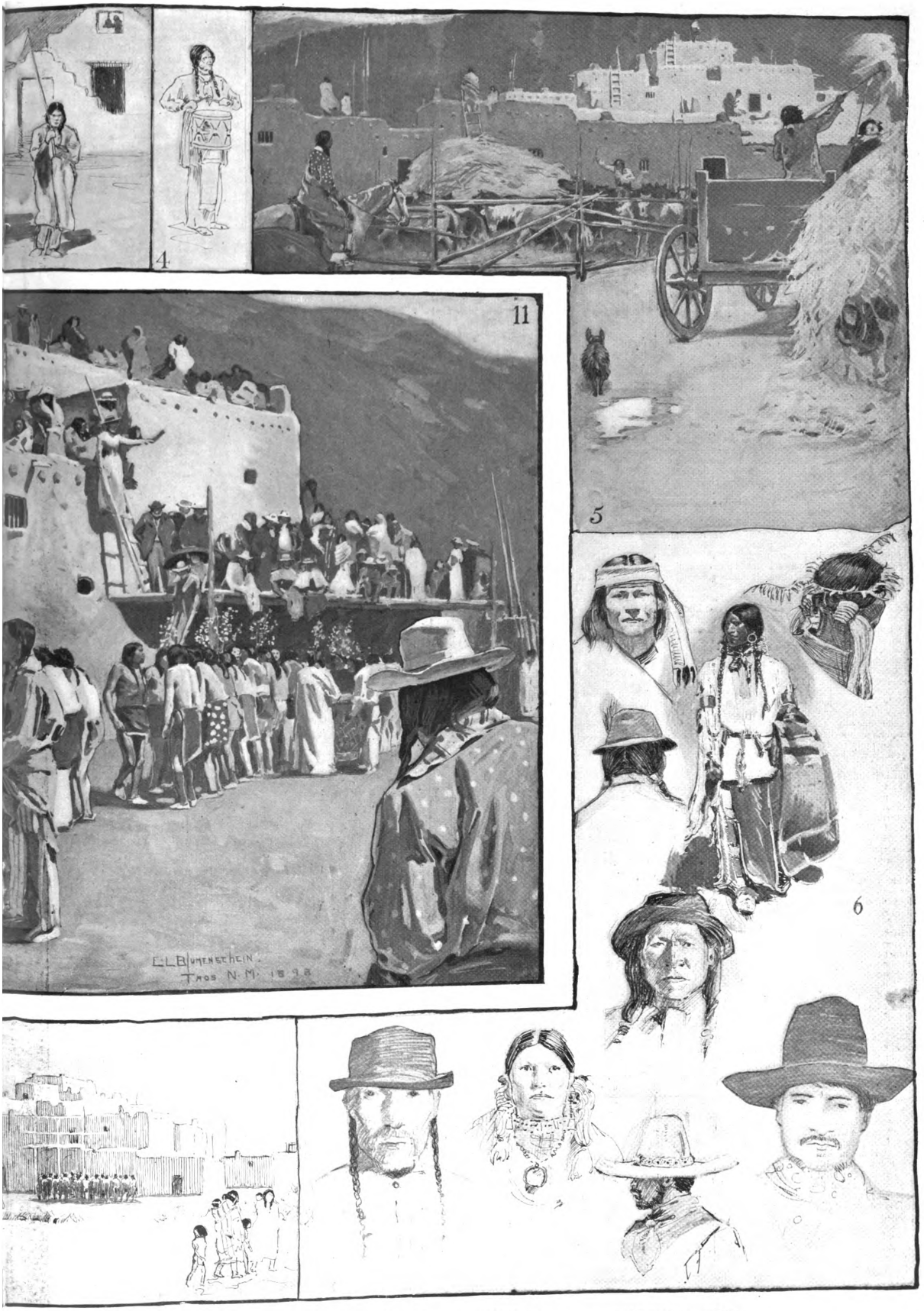
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A STRANGE MIXTURE OF BARBARISM AND CHRISTIANITY—THE CELEBRATION OF SAN

1. Entrance to Underground Council-Chamber. 2. Racers at the Beginning of the Course. 3. Carrying the Patron Saint to the Race-Track. 9. The "Chiflonetes." 10. Tyr

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GERONIMO'S DAY AMONG THE PUEBLO INDIANS.—Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.—[See Page 1207.]

4. Drummer at the Church Door. 5. The Last of the Wheat. 6. Types—Apaches and Mexicans. 7. Ready for the Race. 8. A Gunner.
s—"Pueblos." 11. The Dance.

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seem to have lost something, though I'll say for you that one doesn't miss it."

Mrs. Grendon looked from him to Nanda. "Does he mean anything very nasty? I can only understand you when Nanda explains," she returned to Harold. "In fact there's scarcely anything I understand except when Nanda explains. It's too dreadful her being away so much now with strange people, whom I'm sure she can't begin to do for what she does for me; it makes me miss her all round. And the only thing I've come across that she *can't* explain," Tishy launched straight at her friend, "is what on earth she's doing there."

"Why, she's working Mr. Longdon, like a good, true girl," Harold said: "like a good, true daughter and even, though she doesn't love me nearly so much as I love *her*, I will say, like a good, true sister. I'm bound to tell you, my dear Tishy," he went on, "that I think it awfully happy, with the trend of manners, for any really nice young thing to be a bit lost to sight. London, upon my honor, is quite too awful for girls, and any big house in the country is as much worse—with the promiscuities and opportunities and all that—as you know for yourselves. *I* know some places," Harold declared, "where, if I had any girls, I'd see 'em shot before I'd take 'em."

"Oh, you know too much, my dear boy!" Vanderbank remarked with commiseration.

"Ah, my brave old Van," the youth returned, "don't speak as if *you* had illusions. I know," he pursued to the ladies, "just where some of Van's must have perished, and some of the places I've in mind are just where he has left his tracks. A man must be wedded to sweet superstitions, not, nowadays, to *have* to open his eyes. Nanda, love," he benevolently concluded, "stay where you are. So, at least, I shan't blush for you. That you've the good fortune to have reached your time of life with so little injury to your innocence makes you a case by yourself, of which we must recognize the claims. If Tishy can't stump you, that's nothing against you—Tishy comes of one of the few innocent English families that are left. Yes, you may all cry 'Oho!'—but I defy you to name me, say, five, or at most seven, in which some awful thing or other hasn't happened. Of course ours is one, and Tishy's is one, and Van's is one, and Mr. Longdon's is one, and that makes you, bang off, four. So there you are!" Harold gayly wound up.

"I see now why he's the rage!" Vanderbank observed to Nanda.

But Mrs. Grendon expressed to their young friend a lingering wonder. "Do you mean you go in for the adoption—?"

"Oh, Tishy!" Nanda mildly murmured.

Harold, however, had his own tact. "The dear man's taking her quite over? Not altogether unreservedly. I'm with the governor: I think we ought to *get* something. 'Oh yes, dear man, but what do you *give* us for her?'—that's what *I* should say to him. I mean, don't you know, I don't think she's making quite the bargain she might. If he were to want *me* I don't say he mightn't have me, but I should have it on my conscience to make it in one way or another a good thing for my parents. You *are* nice, old woman"—he turned to his sister—"and one can still feel, for the flower of your youth, something of the wonderful 'reverence' that we were all brought up on; for God's sake therefore—all the more—don't really close with him till you've had another word or two with me. I'll be hanged"—he appealed to the company again—"if he shall have her for nothing!"

"See rather," Vanderbank said to Mrs. Grendon, "how little it's like your really losing her that she should be able, this evening, fairly to bring the dear man *to* you. At this rate we don't lose her—we simply get him as well."

"Ah, but is it quite the dear man's *company* we want?"—and Harold looked anxious and acute. "If that's the best arrangement Nanda can make—!"

"If he hears us talking in this way, which strikes me as very horrible," Nanda interposed very simply and gravely, "I don't think we're likely to get anything."

"Oh, Harold's talk," Vanderbank protested, "offers, I think, an extraordinary interest; only, I'm bound to say, it crushes me to the earth. I've to make, at least, as I listen to him, a big effort to bear up. It doesn't seem long ago," he pursued to his young friend, "that I used to feel I was in it; but the way you bring it home to me, dreadful youth, that I'm already *not*—!"

Harold looked earnest to understand. "The hungry generations tread you down—is that it?"

Vanderbank gave a fine sad head-shake. "We speak a different language."

"Ah, but I think I perfectly understand yours!"

"That's just my anguish—and your advantage. It's awfully curious," Vanderbank went on to Nanda, "but I feel as if I must figure to him, you know, very much as Mr. Longdon figures to me. Mr. Longdon doesn't, somehow, get into me. Yet I do, I think, into *him*. But *we* don't matter!"

"'We'?"—Nanda, with her eyes on him, echoed it.

"Mr. Longdon and I. It can't be helped, I suppose," he went on, for Tishy, with sociable sadness, "but it *is* short innings."

Mrs. Grendon, who was clearly credulous, looked positively frightened. "Ah, but, my dear, thank you! I haven't begun to *live*."

"Well, *I* have—that's just where it is," said Harold. "Thank you, all the more, old Van, for the tip."

There was an announcement just now at the door, and Tishy turned to meet the Duchess, with Harold, almost as if he had been master of the house, figuring but a step behind her. "Don't mind *her*," Vanderbank immediately said to the companion with whom he was left, "but tell me, while I still have hold of you, who wrote my name on the French novel that I noticed a few minutes since in the other room."

Nanda at first only wondered. "If it's there—didn't *you*?"

He just hesitated. "If it were here you would see if it's my hand."

Nanda faltered, and for somewhat longer. "How should I see? What do I know of your hand?"

He looked at her hard. "You *have* seen it."

"Oh—so little!" she replied with a faint smile.

"Do you mean I've not written to you for so long? Surely I did in—when was it?"

"Yes, when? But why *should* you?" she asked in quite a different tone.

He was not prepared, on this, with the right statement, and what he did, after a moment, bring out, had, for the occasion, a little the sound of the wrong. "The beauty of *you* is that you're too good; which, for me, is but another way of saying you're too clever. You make no demands. You let things go. You don't allow, in particular, for the human weakness that enjoys an occasional glimpse of the weakness of others."

She had deeply attended to him. "You mean perhaps one doesn't show enough what one wants?"

"I think that must be it. You're so fiendishly proud."

She appeared again to wonder. "Not too much so, at any rate, only to want from *you*—"

"Well, what?"

"Why, what's pleasant for yourself," she simply said.

"Oh dear, that's poor bliss!" he declared. "How does it come then," he next said, "that, with this barrenness of our intercourse, I know so well *your* hand?"

A series of announcements had meanwhile been made, with guests arriving to match them, and Nanda's eyes, at this moment, engaged themselves with Mr Longdon and her mother, who entered the room together When she looked back to her companion, she had had time to drop a consciousness of his question. "If I'm proud, to you, I'm not good," she said, "and if I'm good—always to *you* —I'm not proud. I know at all events, perfectly, how immensely you're occupied, what a quantity of work you get through and how every minute, for you, counts. Don't make it a crime to me that I'm reasonable."

"No, that *would* show, wouldn't it? that there isn't much else. But how it all comes back—!"

"Well, to what?" she asked.

"To the old story. You know how I'm occupied. You know how I work. You know how I manage my time."

"Oh, I see," said Nanda. "It *is* my knowing, after all, everything."

"Everything. The book I just mentioned is one that, months ago—I remember now—I lent to your mother."

"Oh, a thing in a blue cover? I remember then too." Nanda's face cleared up "I had forgotten it was lying about here, but I must have brought it—in fact, I remember I did—for Tishy And I wrote your name on it so that we might know—"

"That I hadn't lent it to either of you? It didn't occur to you to write your own?" Vanderbank went on.

"Well, but if it isn't mine? It *isn't* mine, I'm sure."

"Therefore, also, if it can't be Tishy's—"

"It's simple enough—it's mother's."

"'Simple'?" Vanderbank laughed. "I like you! And may I ask if you've read the work?"

"Oh yes." Then she wonderfully said: "For Tishy."

"To see if it would do?"

"I've often done that," the girl returned.

"And she takes your word?"

"Generally. I think I remember she did that time." Vanderbank hesitated. "And read the thing?"

"Oh, no!" said Nanda.

He looked at her a moment longer. "You're too particular!" he rather oddly sounded, turning away with it to meet Mr. Longdon.

## XXVIII.

When, after dinner, the company was restored to the upper rooms, the Duchess was on her feet as soon as the door opened for the entrance of the gentlemen. Then it might have been seen that she had a purpose, for after the elements had again, with a due amount of the usual shuffling and mismatching, been mixed, her case proved the first to have been settled. She had got Mr. Longdon beside her on a sofa that was just right for two. "I've seized you without a scruple," she frankly said, "for there are things I want to say to you as well as, very particularly, to ask More than anything else, of course, I want again to thank you."

No collapse of Mr. Longdon's was ever incompatible with his sitting well forward. "'Again'?"

"Do you look so blank," she demanded, "because you've really forgotten the gratitude I expressed to you when you were so good as to bring Nanda up for Aggie's marriage?—or because you don't think it a matter I should trouble myself to return to? How can I help it," she went on without waiting for his answer, "if I see your hand in everything that has happened since the so interesting talk I had with you last summer at Mertle? There have been times when I've really thought of writing to you; I've even had a bold bad idea of proposing myself to you for a Sunday. Then the crisis, my momentary alarm, has struck me as blowing over, and I've felt I could wait for some luck li'e this, which would sooner or later come." Her companion, however, appeared to leave the luck so on her hands that she could only snatch up, to cover its nudity, the next handsomest assumption. "I see you cleverly guess that what I've been worried about is the effect on Mrs. Brook of the loss of her dear Mitchy. If you've not, at all events, had your own impression of this effect, isn't that only because, these last months, you've seen so little of her? *I've* seen," said the Duchess, "enough and to spare." She waited as if for her vision, on this, to be flashed back at her, but the only result of her speech was that her friend looked hard at somebody else It was just this symptom indeed that perhaps sufficed her, for in a minute she was again afloat. "Things have turned out so much as *I* desire them that I should really feel wicked not to have a humble heart. There's a quarter indeed," she added with a noble unction, "to which I don't fear to say for myself that no day and no night pass without my showing it. However, you English, I know, don't like one to speak of one's religion. I'm just as simply thankful for mine—I mean with as little sense of indecency or agony about it—as I am for my health or my carriage. My point is, at any rate, that I say in no cruel spirit of triumph, yet do, none the less, very distinctly say, that Mr. Mitchett's disgusted patroness may be now to be feared." These words had the sound of a climax, and she had brought them out as if, with her duty done, to leave them, but something that took place, for her eye, in the face Mr. Longdon had half averted gave her after an instant what he might have called her second wind. "Oh, I know you think she always *has* been. But you've exaggerated—as to that; and I don't say that even at present it's anything we sha'n't get the better of. Only we must keep our heads. We must remember that from her own point of view she has her grievance, and we must at least look as if we trusted her. That, you know, is what you've never quite done."

Mr. Longdon gave out a murmur of discomfort which produced in him a change of position, and the sequel to the change was that he presently accepted from his cushioned angle of the sofa the definite support it could offer. If his eyes, moreover, had not met his companion's, they had been brought, by the hand he repeatedly and somewhat distressfully passed over them, closer to the question of which of the alien objects presented to his choice it would cost him least to profess to handle. What he had already paid, a spectator would easily have gathered from the long, suppressed wriggle that had ended in his falling back, was some sacrifice of his habit of not privately depreciating those to whom he was publicly civil. It was plain, however, that when he presently spoke his thought had taken a stretch. "I'm sure I've fully intended to be everything that's proper. But I don't think Mr. Vanderbank cares for her."

It kindled in the Duchess an immediate light. "*Vous avez bien de l'esprit.* You put one at one's ease. I've been vaguely groping, while you're already there. It's really only for Nanda he cares."

"Yes—really."

The Duchess hesitated. "And yet exactly how much?"

"I haven't asked him."

She had another, but a briefer pause. "Don't you think it about time you *should?*" Once more she waited, then seemed to feel that her opportunity wouldn't. "We've worked a bit together, but you don't take me into your confidence. I dare say you don't believe I'm quite straight. Don't you really see how I *must* be?" She had a pleading note which made him at last fix her. "Don't you see," she went on with the advantage of it, "that, having got all I want for myself, I haven't a motive in the world for spoiling the fun of another? I don't want in the least, I assure you, to spoil even Mrs. Brook's, for how will she get a bit less out of him—I mean than she does now—if what you desire *should* take place? Honestly, my dear man, that's quite what *I* desire, and I only want, over and above, to help you. What I feel for Nanda, believe me, is pure pity. I won't say I'm frantically grateful to her, because, in the long-run—one way or another—she'll have found her account. It nevertheless worries me to see her; and all the more because of this very certitude, which you've so kindly just settled for me, that our young man hasn't really, with her mother—"

Whatever the certitude Mr. Longdon had kindly settled, it was in another interest that he at this moment broke in. "Is he *your* young man too?"

She was not too much amused to cast about her. "Aren't such marked ornaments of life a little the property of all who admire and enjoy them?"

"You 'enjoy' him?" Mr. Longdon asked in the same straightforward way.

"Immensely."

His silence, for a little, seemed the sign of a plan. "What is it he hasn't done with Mrs. Brook?"

"Well, the thing that *would* be the complication. He hasn't gone beyond a certain point. You may ask how one knows such matters, but I'm afraid I've not quite a receipt for it. A woman knows, but she can't tell. They haven't done, as it's called, anything wrong."

Mr. Longdon frowned. "It would be extremely horrid if they had."

"Ah, but, for you and me who know life, it isn't *that* that—if other things had made for it—would have prevented! As it happens, however, we've got off easily. She doesn't speak to him—"

She had forms he could only take up. "'Speak' to him—?"

"Why, as much as she would have liked to be able to believe."

"Then where's the danger of which you appear to wish to warn me?"

"Just in her feeling, in the case, as most women would feel. You see she did what she could for her daughter. She did, I'm bound to say, as that sort of thing goes among you people, a good deal. She treasured up, she nursed along Mitchy, whom she would also, though of course not so much, have liked for herself. Nanda, with a word, could have kept him on, becoming thereby, for *your* plan, so much the less accessible. That would have thoroughly obliged her mother, but your little English girls, in these altered times—oh, I know how you feel them!—don't stand on such trifles; and—even if you think it odd of me—I can't defend myself, though I've so directly profited, against a certain compassion also for Mrs. Brook's upset. As a good-natured woman I feel, in short, for both of them; I deplore, all round, what's after all rather a sad relation. Only, as I tell you, Nanda's the one, I naturally say to myself, for me now most to think of. If I don't assume too much, that is, that you don't suffer by my freedom."

Mr Longdon put by with a mere drop of his eyes the question of his suffering. there was so clearly, for him, an issue more relevant. "What do you know of my 'plan'?"

"Why, my dear man, haven't I told you that ever since Mertle, I've made out your hand? What on earth, for other people, can your action look like but an adoption?"

"Of—a—*him?*"

"You're delightful. Of—a—*her!* If it does come to the same thing for you, so much the better. That, at any rate, is what we're all taking it for, and Mrs. Brook herself *en tête*. She sees—through your generosity—Nanda's life, more or less, at the worst, arranged for, and that's just what gives her a good conscience."

If Mr Longdon breathed rather hard it seemed to show at least that he followed. "What does she want of a good conscience?"

From under her high tiara, an instant, she almost looked down at him. "Ah, you do hate her!"

He colored, but held his ground. "Don't you tell me yourself she's to be feared?"

"Yes, and watched. But—if possible—with amusement."

"Amusement?" Mr. Longdon faintly gasped.

"Look at her now," his friend went on with an indication that was indeed easy to embrace. Separated from them by the width of the room, Mrs. Brook was, though placed in profile, fully presented; the satisfaction with which she had lately sunk upon a light gilt chair marked itself as superficial and was moreover visibly not confirmed by the fact that Vanderbank's high-perched head,

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arrested before her in a general survey of opportunity, gave her eyes, in conversation, too prayerful a flight. Their companions were dispersed, some in the other room, and for the occupants of the Duchess's sofa they made, as a couple in communion, a picture, framed and detached, vaguely reduplicated in the high polish of the French floor. "She *is* tremendously pretty." The Duchess appeared to drop this as a plea for indulgence and to be impelled in fact by her interlocutor's silence to carry it further. "I've never at all thought, you know, that Nanda touches her."

Mr. Longdon demurred. "Do you mean for beauty?"

His friend, for his simplicity, discriminated. "Ah, they've neither of them 'beauty.' That's not a word to make free with. But the mother has grace."

"And the daughter hasn't?"

"Not a line. You answer me of course, when I say *that*, with your adored Lady Julia, and will want to know what then becomes of the lucky resemblance. I quite grant you that Lady Julia must have had the thing we speak of. But that dear, sweet, blessed thing is very much the same lost secret as the dear sweet blessed *other* thing that went away with it—the decent leisure that, for the most part, we've also seen the last of. It's the thing, at any rate, that poor Nanda and all her kind have most effectually got rid of. Oh, if you'd trust me a little more you'd see that I'm quite at one with you on all the changes for the worse. I bear up, but I'm old enough to have known. All the same, Mrs. Brook has something—say what you like—when she bends that little brown head. *Dieu sait comme elle se coiffe*, but what she gets out of it—! Only look."

Mr. Longdon conveyed in an indescribable manner that he had retired to a great distance; yet even from this position he must have launched a glance that showed him a middle way. "They both know you're watching them."

"And don't they know *you* are? Poor Mr. Van has a consciousness!"

"So should I if two terrible women—"

"Were admiring you both at once?" The Duchess folded the big feathered fan that had partly protected their range. "Well, *she*, poor dear, can't help it. She wants him herself."

At the drop of the Duchess's fan he restored his nippers. "And he doesn't—not a bit—want *her!*"

"There it is. She has put down her money, as it were, without a return. She has given Mitchy up and got nothing instead."

There was delicacy, yet there was distinctness, in Mr. Longdon's reserve. "Do you call *me* nothing?"

The Duchess, at this, fairly swelled with her happy stare. "Then it *is* an adoption?" She forbore to press, however; she only went on: "It isn't a question, my dear man, of what *I* call it. *You* don't make love to her."

"Dear me," said Mr. Longdon, "what would she have had?"

"That could be more charming, you mean, than your famous 'loyalty'? Oh, *caro mio*, she wants it straighter! But I shock you," his companion quickly added.

The manner in which he firmly rose was scarce a denial; yet he stood for a moment in place. "What, after all, can she do?"

"She can *keep* Mr. Van."

Mr. Longdon wondered. "Where?"

"I mean till it's too late. She can work on him."

"But how?"

Covertly again the Duchess had followed the effect of her friend's perceived movement on Mrs. Brook, who also got up. She gave a rap with her fan on his leg. "Sit down—you'll see."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# SAN GERONIMO.

## The Pueblo Indian's Holiday.

### SWIFT ARROW'S TALE.

THE Indian tells us the story of his people and their holiday as we sit in the cool shade of our adobe house:

"Many years ago, when ground was new and rocks were wet, we hed good chief. When he die we hed big day, feast, every year on day he die. We was in dis Nord San Luis Valley somewhere den. Some hunters came here, and tell Indians fine place, so dey move here, my people, five hundred years ago. Oh! full of game dis country; many buffaloes right over dere, lots deer an' wild horses. We hed squashes, beans, corn, plums, lots dings.

"You say we no hed horses, but we have tradition dat we got horses same like deers and buffaloes. Spanyars didn' bring deers and buffalo an' beans an' corn. We hed it. We were not Cat'olic den, same like Apaches. My people didn' know no white man. Us't be all time good friends to Apaches. Utes no good.

"One day one Spanyar came from de west, riding on one mule to Pueblo. (Dey never before saw one mule or one cow. No goat, no sheep eeder.) Den dey say he come from somewhere else. Dis is some oder nation. Some of dem want to kill dat man. Some say no kill him, he good. So chief say no kill him. In few years one troop come trading goods. Dey lives neighbors one mont'. Den dey say it be good to be Cat'olic. De priests baptized on one day, when we all hed feast an' races. After while dey got us to have dat feast and dances on last day Se'tember, so dey call it San Geronimo.

"En few years dey no like it to be Cat'olic, and kill priests an' teachers, an' all but one Spanyar. He hid in bushes, escape, bring out some big troop. Dey hed battle in November. My people run in mountains an' left all crops in houses. Spanyars burnt all houses. My people got very poor, an' den dey was living by hunting. Dey live dat winter like de doves, in cliff. Nex' year dey commence build houses we have now. Dey build for tree year, de five stories. Dey cut de roof beams wid stone axes.

"Quite a good while, 'bout t'irty year, the Spanyars no come. No San Geronimo dance dose year. Dey hed big feast on day we killed priests an' teachers. Den Spanyars come back. Priests commence build church. We go an' be baptized. Become Cat'olic.

"San Geronimo day we just have good time like Fourt' July. If we don't do nuttin' like dees, years will be longer. For de race we pick out fastest boys on each side of river. One side is North Pueblo; oder is Sout'. In morning dat day we pay seex dollar to say mass, an' dollar an' half to cantor. Den when mass is done we want to come out for races. After races, big race dance; everybody happy. In afternoon we have chiflonetes, de actors. Dis is to make people laugh, dis chiflonetes. Didn' have dis long time. 'Bout hundred years ago hed big eclipse of sun. Den we hed big famine—no water. For one year people very, very poor, starved. So de chief he say we have chiflonetes. An' dese actors, fony men, go roun' de houses an' make fone, so people forget dey hungry. So now dey have dem every year, just same. Dey paint dereselves up fouy, and shoot straw arrows.

"San Geronimo is for make pleasure for everybody—white man, Indian, Mexican. Not like white man—make 'em pay fifty cents, one dollar, ten cents. All free." And as Swift Arrow wrapped his blanket around his body and over one shoulder, he was proud he was an Indian.

### SAN GERONIMO DAY.

The old bell on the church responds in musical tones to the rapping of two stones held in the hands of an Indian boy. The dignified Indian governor calls out from the square that it is the hour for the morning mass. The Pueblos solemnly file into the little sanctuary and kneel on the ground-floor. A drummer is stationed by the church door, and at his sides are six gunners charging their muzzle-loaders. The priest's monotone rises above the noise of the early morning, and soon the tinkling of a bell is heard. It is the signal, and the drums roll and the guns are fired into the air. Quiet follows, and the chant continues, followed at intervals by the noise of gun and drum.

The Apaches, dressed in most gorgeous costumes, some wearing hats, dot the square with brilliancy, refusing the Spaniard's religion. Visitors begin to arrive, and the road to Taos, three miles distant to the south, is marked by a trail of dust hanging in the air.

With a final roll of the drum and discharges from the guns, a procession comes out of the church bearing a small wooden image of San Geronimo. Four Indians hold the poles of a canopy to keep the sun from striking the sacred block of wood as they carry it to a bower overlooking the race-course.

The young runners of the South Pueblo are seen on a distant roof, their naked bodies shining in the bright light. The minor chords of an Indian song hurry the people around the group of athletes as they go through a short dance before lining up to receive last instructions from the coachers. The racers are divided into groups of sixteen, and as they attentively listen to a buck's advice two old men switch eagle feathers around their naked legs to make them swift. Then, with shrill calls, they trot slowly to their respective ends of the three hundred and forty-five yards' course. Eight young men from each Pueblo are represented in each group, and feel that the honor of the North or South Pueblo rests in their individual efforts. They are naked but for the breech-clout, and the stripes of paint on bodies and faces.

Many have light fluffy feathers pasted on their backs and legs. Stationed at short intervals along the track are coachers who keep up a continual yelling. The racing is done by couples running the course, and as they cross the line two more take it up. It takes over a quarter of an hour before the last pair decide the supremacy of the Pueblos, amidst great excitement.

The sport commences as two runners bound from the start at top speed. They are greeted with cheers all along the line, and some coachers strike their bodies with aspen branches. They race the distance evenly, so the two who continue start together. The next two pairs are as well matched as the first, and promises are for a close finish. But on the fifth lap comes a surprise. A runner with the imprint of a white hand on each breast takes the lead as he springs from a crouching start. He speeds along like an American sprinter, head up, running on his toes, and a great gap opens rapidly between him and his opponent from the North. His running is superb, and as he crosses the line of branches the South Pueblo starts with a lead of fifty yards.

"That chap spent six years at Carlisle," some one says; and he shows the training, for his time for the distance is forty-four seconds.

I am sorry he runs so well, for the race looks hopelessly lost for the North side, as, lap after lap, they can not lessen the gap. I climb to the top of the pueblo to see the whole course. There are still four more laps, and the Carlisle boy's gain remains the same. The fourth from the last race begins, and the North side runner clinches his hands in impatience waiting for his side to arrive. His opponent starts long ahead of him, and he can see him spurt along through the dust, coached and whipped ahead by his friends. But at last his side crosses the line, and with undaunted spirit the Indian sets after the small figure ahead of him. How that fellow does go! The pride of his Pueblo spurs him ahead, and his legs flash over the road like a perfect machine. The crowd resumes interest, and hope revives in the North side when the determined chap has cut the lead in two. It is a grand sight from my point of view, commanding the whole course, and the moving excited throng of gayly dressed people. The two succeeding laps shorten the lead somewhat, and at the far end I can see the start of the final race.

An old man is furiously switching the legs of a tall lithe fellow with his eagle feathers, while the South starts off confidently. The leader is fifteen yards ahead before the tall Indian tears away from the old coacher. The excitement is high now, and a line of motion can be seen in the crowd as the runners pass the people. The coachers along the line run beside their men in their wild efforts to hasten them on. But it is no trouble for the coachers of the man behind. With set jaws, and hands clinched till the muscles of the forearm stand out, he sweeps past them all, bringing cheers of admiration from the audience and fear and trembling to the supporters of the leader. They are both good runners, the best of each Pueblo, saved for the last; and from my high perch there seems no gain, and the course half over.

Yes, there is a gain—that tall Indian behind is surely creeping up, and his friends whoop and yell as they close in behind, trying to see the finish. He throws up his head as the hair falls in his face, and puts all his efforts into his spurt. I recognize him at that moment. It is Swift Arrow. And with a yell I lean 'way out from the 'doby chimney. "Beat him out—beat him out!" I cry, in excitement. He does not need my advice, for thousands of voices rend the air as his spurt brings him closer every second. Twenty-five yards more, and the South still has the lead. Swift Arrow's face is fiercely strained, and the muscles of his jaw are knots of light and shade. Tied! His name is not in vain. But will he win? His opponent feels him at his side, and tries hard to spurt the last remaining ten yards. The two black heads are side by side, a yellow knot flying from Swift Arrow's hair, and a blue one holding the long locks of his opponent. They struggle ahead with supremest effort. Pride is the Indian's moving force, and it tells now as the two pairs of legs fly evenly through the dust. "North!" "South!" rise from the din of the excitement, and with a happy heart I see the yellow knot forge ahead as they cross the finish.

The crowds of wagons and horsemen close in around the pueblo as the deep boom, boom of a big tomtom is heard. The racers have put on their moccasins, and form two bodies of dancers. The grouping is the same as in the preparatory dances, a close compact mass of Indians elbow to elbow. But a song that stirs you like the great movement in a Beethoven symphony rises from the many voices. The happy, quickly moving rhythm is echoed in the banging of the big drum, the jingling of many sleigh-bells, and the explosions of guns. Aspen leaves wave over the heads of the racers; naked boys and old men join the dancers; many of the crowd take up the infectious motion and song, and bounce up and down on their feet as they laughingly try to catch the song. The time grows quicker; the singers put more "snap" into the song, and dance in great joy, moving slowly sideways before the pueblo. Indian women on the roofs throw bread and fruit down on the crowd, the stern-faced governor presses back the people with the silver-headed cane presented to his tribe by President Lincoln, old men busily chase cameras away from the scene, and three bright red Apache squaws ride beside the dancers.

Arrived at the end of the pueblo, the song dies down, and with a whoop the dancers break through the crowd and joyfully rush across the little bridge, some stopping at the creek to throw water into their dry mouths. The Mexican horsemen plunge through the water, followed by the Apache squaws.

The dance is renewed on the other side, and winds around the underground council-chamber and under the scaffoldings. The three squaws have dismounted, and dance and sing in the middle of the group, undisturbed by the jolly racers. The noonday sun beats down on the bare backs, and beads of perspiration stand out on the painted foreheads. The dust rises in clouds, but neither the cheerfulness of the song nor the steady hammer of the drum abates till the circle around the square is completed. Then with wild "hi yi's" the racers run for their homes and dinners.

The great crowd settles down at lunch-time, and sets its tables on the wagon seats. Indian women come down the ladders with baskets of wheat on their heads, which they trade to the fruit merchants for apples and peaches. Some of the Mexicans dine with their Indian friends. American women buy the ornaments off the richly decked Apache's head and body. The newspaper men compare notes, and the "kodak fiends" tell of many serious troubles, usually averted by a good cigar or "two bits."

Some Mexican boys rush by on horseback, one waving a live rooster over his head. They are in for sport of their own. Planting the poor bird in the ground, with its head protruding, they run by, trying to pull it from its place. The successful boy rides swiftly off with his prize, the others after. They all struggle for the rooster, grappling and fighting, till little is left of the chicken. The Mexican who tore him from the ground has nothing to tell of his victory but two legs, a few feathers clinging to his torn clothes, a flushed face, and a perspiring horse.

### THE CHIFLONETES.

The afternoon is half gone, when two strangely painted figures mount from the underground council-chamber. Their naked bodies and faces are painted in black and white stripes, and bunches of withered grasses are stuck into the hair. These are the "chiflonetes," or, as Bandelier calls them, the "delight-makers." The black and white stripes are emblematic of the darkness and light of the eclipse which caused their establishment, and the withered grass symbolizes the parched crops.

They proceed to "make fone," and a crowd of children follow them in glee. Some of the little brown babies cry in terror as the weird Indians come along, but to most of them it is the much talked-of, long looked-for event of the year. The "chiflonetes" succeed in surrounding themselves with an audience, and, just as their American brothers do in the circus, tell a good joke, or start a song and get badly out of tune. They stand on the little bridge and dance as funnily as possible, then chase the children around. They go through clown gymnastics, squatting on the ground in all shapes, standing on their heads or on each other's neck, play leap-frog, and cut up "monkey-shines" until they are tired.

After a short rest, the funny men, aided by a third Indian, again appear. Now they are armed with bows and light straw arrows, and sing a jolly hunting-song. They discover imaginary tracks, in the vicinity of the tall pole, out in the square. They lead evidently toward the pole, and there they lose the trail. Finally one Indian examines the pole, and, to his surprise, finds the footprints again. Up the trail goes, and bending back their heads, the "chiflonetes" see a dead sheep hanging at the top. They get out their straw arrows and try hard to bring down the game. As shooting is in vain, they shake the pole, and chop at it with stones, getting much humor out of sharpening the stones on boards, etc. They keep this up for nearly an hour, the only interruptions coming when they stop their play and seriously throw gravel at the holders of cameras. Eventually a short ladder is brought, and a "chiflonete" is started up the pole. It takes him at least a quarter of an hour to climb up, as he spends most of the time slipping back. But at last the sheep is reached, and it and the bread and fruit beside it are lowered to the ground. The fun is a little tiresome, lacking the "vim" and "snap" of our American foolishness, but it is as light and absurd as a comic opera.

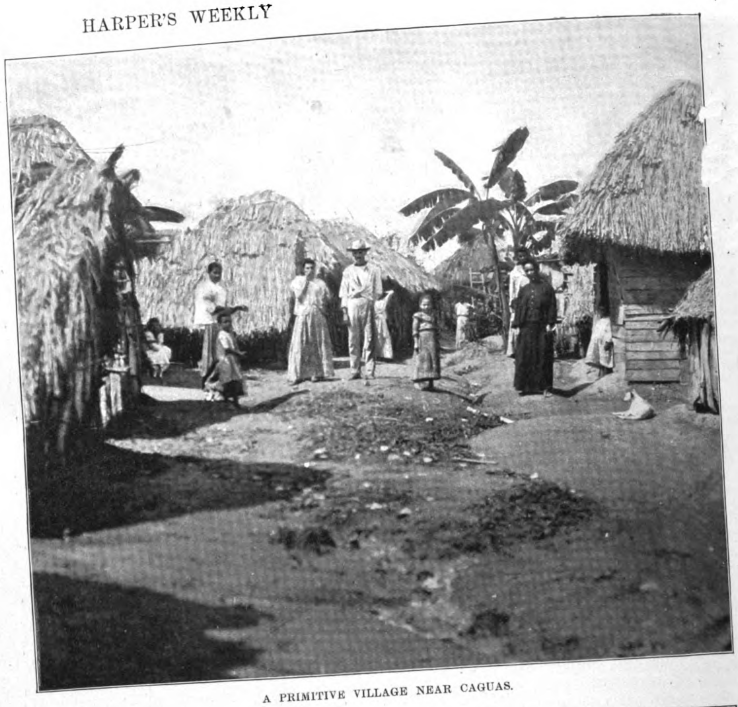
The "chiflonetes" are another ray of light on the Indian's character, and show that beneath the serious dignity of his severe face lies a sense of humor as keen as his white brothers'.

ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN.

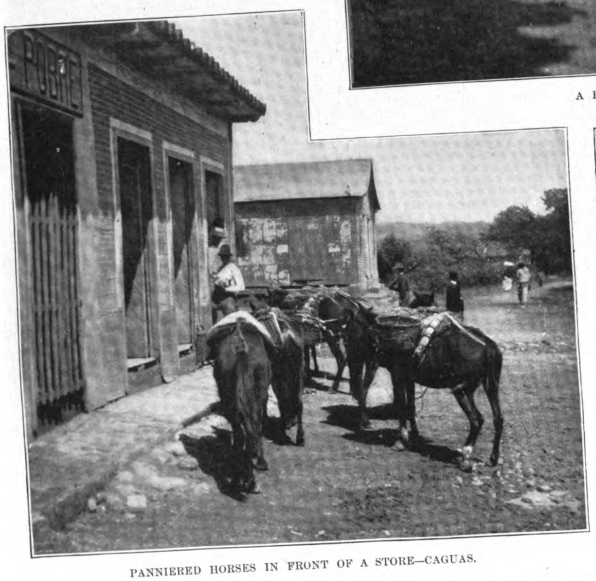
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THE BREAD-WAGON OF CAGUAS.



A PRIMITIVE VILLAGE NEAR CAGUAS.



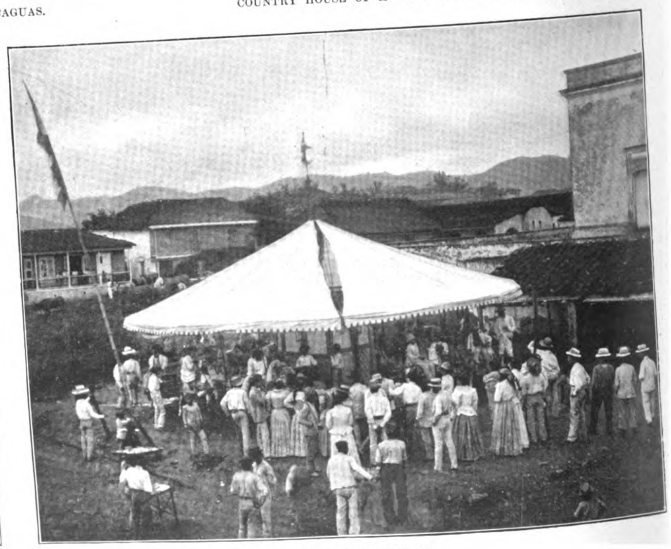

PANNIERED HORSES IN FRONT OF A STORE—CAGUAS.



COUNTRY HOUSE OF A WELL-TO-DO PUERTORIQUEÑO.



NATIVE TYPES—A MOTHER AND CHILDREN IN STREET COSTUME.



CAROUSAL OF CAGUAS.

PUERTO RICO—OUR WEST-INDIAN ACQUISITION AND ITS PEOPLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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## ELECTRIC-CABS IN NEW YORK.

THE age we live in is marked by no greater achievement than the almost universal evolution from animal to mechanical energy.

The birth of the steam-engine marked the beginning of mechanical motive power, and coincident therewith came the desire to propel vehicles by self-contained energy. Some of the very earliest applications of steam motive power were therefore in this direction. To the steam-motor have been added gasoline, benzine, and other oil-engines, and last, but by no means least, the electric-motor automobile has put in its appearance. The electric-motor automobile is now not an experiment, but actually enters into the every-day existence of Greater New York. Soon may we write the passing of the horse.

The development of the automobile carriage in this country has perhaps not been in exactly the same direction, nor has it been accompanied by as great a production and universal application, as in Europe. France has particularly distinguished herself in automobilism. Paris to-day has hundreds of horseless vehicles, operated by steam, gasoline, benzine, and in some few instances by electric motors, scurrying through its streets and boulevards, and recently a public automobile-cab service has been instituted. Electrically propelled vehicles constitute but a very small percentage of the equipment. American development, however, seems to lean toward the electric-motor conveyance. Many very excellent electric automobiles have been produced, and the electric-cab service recently incorporated in this city by the Electric Vehicle Company is unquestionably the pioneer electric-cab service of any magnitude. The plant, when equipped with its full complement of carriages, will be the largest in the world.

Many new and ingenious appliances are incorporated in the construction of these New York electric cabs, which are now regular competitors of the old-fashioned vehicles on Manhattan Island. The electric cabs have regular stations throughout the city, may be hailed when in motion, or can be ordered from the main station by telephone. The charges for time hire are the same as for horse-cab service, but the charge per mile is thirty cents, instead of fifty cents, the legal rate. With its full present equipment the service consists of fifty hansoms, fifty broughams, and also several special vehicles.

In general appearance the New York electric cabs are perhaps somewhat different from any vehicle heretofore constructed. The fore body is similar to an ordinary hansom-cab, but rearwardly projecting from this part of the vehicle is a box in which the batteries are housed. These batteries are composed of a multitude of lead plates carried in boxes and immersed in dilute acid. They are inserted or removed by taking off the rear end of this so-called battery-box. For obvious reasons the running gear is composed of four wheels instead of two, as in the ordinary cab, and their appearance, to say the least, is striking. Aside from the small diameter and extremely massive construction, they are fitted with immense pneumatic tires five inches in diameter, made up of rubber stock from five-eighths to one inch thick. These tires are pumped to a pressure of about eighty pounds. Another radical departure from ordinary practice is embodied in the arrangement of the front wheels as drivers, the vehicle being steered by the rear wheels. Each cab is fitted with two two-horse-power electric motors, one of which is geared to each driving wheel. The motors are entirely encased, and are attached to the axle adjacent to the wheels. The steering gear is entirely different from that of the horse-drawn vehicle. Each steering wheel revolves on a short axle pivoted close to the hub on an axle tree, so that it turns on an independent pivot. The two short steering axles are, however, connected together by various rods, so that both wheels move together.

The up-to-date "cabby" is seated on top of the battery-box, from which point the various controlling levers are easily accessible to him. Under his seat is the so-called controller. From this device, which is simply a peculiar electric switch for connecting the battery with the motor for various speeds, a handle projects upward on the left side of the driver's seat, so that by moving this lever forward from its normal position the batteries and motors are variously connected, and several speeds result. In front is a long lever which is connected with the steering gear. A movement of this lever forward or backward moves the steering wheels correspondingly to the right or left. Close to this steering lever is the brake treadle, which is moved by the cab-operator's foot and causes a strong brake to be applied directly to each motor. So positive is the action of this mechanism that the vehicle may be stopped within its length even when running at full speed. In ordinarily operating the cab, it is necessary to use these three controlling levers only, but to reverse the vehicle a switch is operated by the heel of the foot, which arranges the motors so as to operate in the reverse direction. The automobile cabman needs no hitching-post. Should he leave his seat, he carries away with him the safety-switch handle, by removing which the connection between the battery and motor is broken, and the cab cannot be started. As long as cabby attends to this part of his duty, runaway electric cabs will probably remain a rarity. This switch also serves as an emergency stop when running. In case of necessity, it is operated by a kick, thus instantly stopping the motors.

The batteries for each cab are held in a single tray or box, which is loaded into or unloaded from the cab by machinery. Each set of batteries for a single cab weighs about twelve hundred pounds. The cabs are fitted with electric side-lights outside, and electric reading-lamps inside.

Loaded with a fresh battery equipment, the electric cab can travel from twenty-five to thirty miles over the streets of New York. Its mission accomplished, the cab returns to the station, and probably requires recharging of the batteries.

In London and Paris this is done without removing the batteries from the vehicle, which, accordingly, must remain out of service for the hour or two necessary for the operation, often in the busiest time of the day. In New York, however, ingenious and powerful machinery removes the exhausted batteries and substitutes a set fully charged, with a facility which is amazing even to the expert.

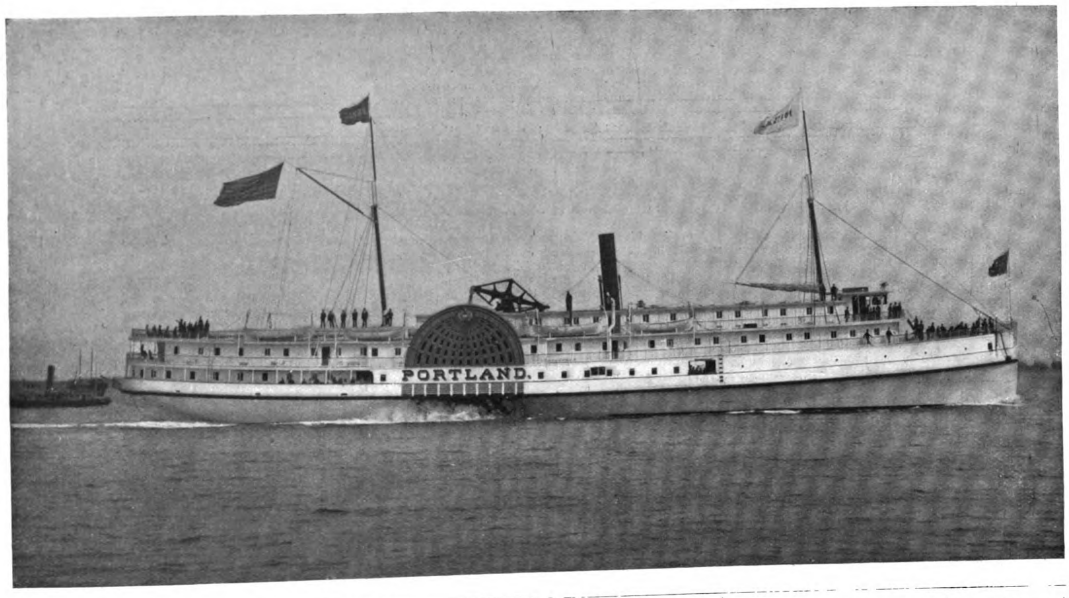
The electric-vehicle service has for its home the old Michaux Club House, on Broadway near Fifty-third Street. The building is a large rinklike structure extending through from Broadway to Seventh Avenue, with an available ground area of 200×80 feet. With the exception of a small section about fifteen feet wide at each end of the building, for offices, waiting-rooms, repair shops, etc., the entire interior space is devoted to the manipulation of the cabs and their equipment.

Almost two-thirds of the large open interior is covered by a heavy steel pillar and girder construction, which on the ground-floor forms the so-called battery-room, and on the floor above serves as storage space for vehicles not in actual service. The front of the battery-room faces the main entrance, on Broadway. Here the cab loading and unloading machinery is located, and the batteries are carried from their resting-place to this point, and returned by an immense electric crane, which spans the battery-room from side to side—a distance of forty feet. This crane moves the entire length of the battery-room, on heavy girders forming the top of the side pillars. The batteries are placed on stands arranged in eight long rows, and, corresponding thereto, the crane is equipped with eight electric hoists, one over each row, so that a box of batteries is lifted bodily by the automatic hoisting grapple, and then carried by the crane to or from the loading table, which extends across the entire front end of the battery-room. This table is really a conveying-belt arrangement, intended to shift the battery placed thereon so that it is brought into position for either loading into the cabs or lifting by the hoists on the crane.

The vehicle to have its battery removed, or a new battery loaded, is backed up to one of the two platforms so that the opened end of the battery-compartment is against the loading table. These platforms are really a sort of double flat car, with their tops on a level with the floor, and arranged so that car and vehicle may be moved from side to side. In this position, the further handling of the cab and batteries for loading and unloading is entirely under the control of the crane-operator, who, from his cage suspended midway from the crane, has moved the crane so as to place himself directly behind the conveyer table. Here he has the hydraulic valves for operating the loading machinery. A turn of one valve, and the vehicle is shifted into proper horizontal position by the hydraulic cylinders on each side, and the operation of another valve actuates the hydraulic lifting-jack beneath the vehicle, and raises the body from its supporting springs. Having aligned the vehicle with the loading table, a hydraulic plunger directly behind the table is set into action. Out it shoots across the conveyer table, grips the battery-box still in the vehicle, and, by another turn of the valve by the operator, pulls it out upon the table. A pull on an adjacent lever starts the electric motor operating the conveyer table into action, and the removed battery is shifted under any one of the eight crane hoists. Now the crane machinery begins to play its part. A turn of an electric switch, and down comes the hoisting grapple, grips the battery-box, raises it from the table, and the operation of the crane motor now carries it back into the battery-room, where it is lowered to its respective charging table and automatically connected with the charging wires. When, however, it is intended to load the vehicle with another battery, the crane-operator, before bringing the crane to the loading table, picks up a fresh battery from its stand, and after having raised the old set from the conveyer, lowers the new, shifts it into position in line with the vehicle, and pushes it into the battery-compartment by the hydraulic plunger. All that now remains is to release the hydraulic aligning apparatus, and the freshly charged cab is ready to depart. The writer has seen a cab come in from the street, enter the loading platform, and go out again, all inside of four minutes. The perfection of modern mechanism is beautifully illustrated by the fact that the one man in the crane cage operates the entire composite machine, and the observer can scarcely appreciate that the removal and replacing of a battery equipment means the shifting about of two parcels weighing about twelve hundred pounds each.

If a vehicle is to be put out of service after being unloaded, it is moved from the loading platform by a couple of workmen, thoroughly washed and cleaned, and then lifted to the storage-floor by the rear electric elevator. When wanted again, it is lowered by another elevator, further in front, and shifted to the loading position. Electric current for charging the batteries is obtained from the Edison wires, which are brought into the building, and an elaborate switchboard for controlling the current is located on the wall adjacent to the main entrance, while the actual charging of the batteries is automatically provided for by other electrical appliances in the battery-room.

JOSEPH SACHS.




STEAMER "PORTLAND," OF THE PORTLAND STEAM PACKET LINE, LOST OFF THE COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS IN THE SEVERE STORM OF NOVEMBER 27, WITH ALL ON BOARD—AT LEAST 160 PERSONS.

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# BISMARCK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

I.

In Wagner's operas which form the Nibelungen tetralogy the "Giant's motive" with its suggestion of elemental strength, and in his "Parsifal" the "Klingsor motive" with its suggestion of the wizard's castle of enchantment, occur only here and there, and in contrast with wholly different motives and themes—love-songs of men and birds, even choruses of flower-maidens who tempt young Parsifal—"flowers the enchanter plucks in spring, fragrant spirits growing here in summer and sun."

Now fancy an opera containing giants' and wizards' motives in great variety, but almost nothing weaker, very little that is less significant. Such an opera would correspond, in the world of music, to these Thoughts and Reflections. In all literature the work has not its fellow, unless one goes back to the Latin classics, and finds in Cæsar's *De Bello Gallico* the same chance to be at a great leader's side and in his confidence while tracing the course of important events. The massiveness of Bismarck's thought has its full effect. The sentences march like an army, coming to the point with certainty, but from many sides at once. The reader is conscious of immediate contact with an epoch-making personality, compares biography with autobiography, and gratefully realizes that, in the latter form, his contemplation of a great life cannot be disturbed by the intrusion of a little biographer with his own little "thoughts and recollections." The reader wants to be the only little man present.

And quite beyond the selfish enjoyment of this companionship lies a fact that soon becomes almost startlingly apparent: we must study our Bismarck all over again, from the beginning, forgetting much that we have fancied we knew about him. His own statements, not merely in regard to motives and relations with contemporaries, but as to some of the most important facts connected with the consolidation and expansion of Germany, tempt us to make a new application of the saying, *vere scire est per causas scire:* to know truly how the new German Empire was created, we must know Bismarck's life as it is now revealed with authority for the first time.

An impression that may not seem of equal importance or interest to everybody is one a careful reader cannot miss in these columns touching Bismarck's Americanism. "It has never seemed to me that noble birth could compensate for lack of ability," he says. In chapter iii., he complains that Friedrich Wilhelm IV. lets slip opportunities to control current events—the vital things—because of a fantastic attachment to certain methods of procedure—mere questions of form. In chapter iv. we find Bismarck ready to turn his hand to anything at a moment's notice, with American adaptability. Manteuffel asked him, quite unexpectedly, whether he would accept a foreign mission, and the reply was, simply, "Yes." Thereupon the King sent for him, and said, "You have a great deal of courage to undertake so unconditionally an office for which you have not been specially trained." "I replied," says Bismarck: "'The courage is all on the side of your Majesty ....I have the courage to obey, if you have the courage to command.'" It would be easy to cite many other passages proving that precisely those characteristics which differentiated Bismarck from his diplomatic associates and made him often an enigma to them, now make him appear to have been more like one of ourselves. Americans will win much nearer to him than ever before, and those who like to find a timely note in every new book will presently be saying that Bismarck's story shows what thorough training is required to make a statesman, what courses of study, what patient preparation, will fit our young men for the public service, now that our territory is to be enlarged.

A rather singular thing is that there seems to have been no period in the years of Bismarck's young manhood when he deplored a lack of recognition. He instinctively knew that indifference or opposition to his plans was not to be resented, but to be studied as problems, and it is a mark of his strength from the outset that he never doubted his ability to master any problem. A single admission of sensitiveness occurs in the second volume, chapter xxi., where he says that before, during, and after the Austrian campaign of 1866 his various conflicts of opinion with the King and the military leaders had so affected him that he was in need of rest and recreation; when reviewing his relations with Friedrich Wilhelm, however, as he does in chapter xxxiii., he disclaims all sensitiveness in the most striking terms. His master, in the main, trusted and liked him—thus he reasoned within himself; explosions of anger and "irregularities" should therefore be accepted as one accepts inclement weather or a storm at sea. It is futile to struggle against the *vis major;* and besides, he says, he loved the man. And presently we find him confessing: "The King himself, one day in 1865, in speaking with my wife, praised the skill with which I could anticipate and—this he added after a pause—guide his intentions."

II.

These pages, written in 1891–2, deal with events from 1832 onward. It is obvious that space for the treatment of essential things in the history of Europe during sixty years could be made only by careful omission of the unessential. Bismarck takes as his starting-point the influences which determined his choice of a career—his environment at school and university, his inherited tendencies; next he shows us the young lawyer (Auscultator) waiting for a favorable opportunity to engage in Prussia's diplomatic service, and meantime accepting an assignment to divorce-court practice—in which there occurred moments of embarrassment, as when he, a boy of twenty years, attempted to reconcile an angry married couple. But he learned how to face trying situations without embarrassment. When his speech in the first united Landtag called forth a storm of opposition (1847) he kept his place in the tribune, and read a newspaper until the noise subsided. Then he finished his speech.

The action grows stronger and the narration more lively in the second chapter. The revolution of 1848 called for masterful interposition at Berlin, and Bismarck's free activity formed a striking contrast to the powerlessness of other friends of the King, fettered as they were by tradition.

Bismarck's first visit at Sans Souci, which occurred in June, 1848, did not give promise of very friendly relations with the King. After dinner the King led his unwilling guest out on the terrace, and questioning him about his disposition, etc., received gruff answers. The Queen, who had been listening from a place of concealment, came forward from the shrubbery and demanded: "How can you speak so to your King?" "Lass mich nur, Elise," said the King, and then turning to Bismarck, asked what fault he had to find with him. "The evacuation of Berlin," was the blunt answer. "That was not according to my wish," replied the King. And the Queen, who had remained within ear-shot, added, "That is not at all the King's fault; he had not been able to sleep for three days." "A King *must* be able to sleep," said Bismarck.

At this time Friedrich Wilhelm was already anxious to secure Bismarck's services, but we know how the latter felt in regard to this suggestion, even after the King had given him repeated and substantial proofs of his benevolence. "I was convinced," he writes, "that the position of minister to the King would prove untenable for me. He regarded me as an egg that he himself had laid and hatched, and he would always have had the idea, when it came to differences of opinion, that the egg wanted to be cleverer than the hen." In other words, although this is not expressed in our text, Bismarck decided not to assume the dependent relation until his own growing reputation should have assured him a further measure of independence. What the King thought of him at this time is shown in the royal letter of introduction (June 5, 1852) to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, in which the writer says that "Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen belongs to a noble family which has been longer resident in our marches than my own, and which from the beginning, and especially in its present representative, has preserved its ancient virtues." It is rather amusing to read, in this immediate connection, that when Bismarck took to dancing for the sake of his health, the King objected. It seems that in 1849–50 the duties of his office kept Bismarck hard at work from eight o'clock until four, and sometimes later, and his need of exercise could only be satisfied at night. At one of the court balls a lady asked him to take the place of her partner, who could not be found, and after this experience of the cotillon he "enjoyed a more natural sleep than in a long time before"; and so, very properly, he continued the practice after he had become minister. His own expression is: "I did not refuse when I was invited to dance by ladies I knew or by the Princesses, but always had to hear sarcastic observations on the subject from the King, who said to me, for example: 'I am reproached with having chosen a frivolous minister. You should not strengthen the impression by dancing.' The Princesses were then forbidden to choose me for a partner."

A curious blend of diplomatic cunning with manliness is given in the fifth section of the ninth chapter. Bismarck was appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1859. On the day set for his departure the banker Levinstein proposed his participation in a financial scheme which would net him twenty thousand thalers a year, on the condition that he should practically represent Austrian as well as Prussian interests at the Russian capital. Bismarck saw in this proposal an opportunity to secure for future use documentary evidence as to Austrian political methods, and so affected to consider the matter. Levinstein would not agree to make his offer in writing, but increased his bribe to thirty thousand thalers. "After I was convinced that I could not get any written evidence, I requested Levinstein to leave me, and made ready to go out. He followed me to the stairs.... Only when I called his attention to the steepness of the steps and to my physical superiority did he run down stairs ahead of me and leave me."

According to his own statement, this strong man's strongest foe was a woman, and the first passage in which he expresses his full appreciation of her hostility is perhaps the most emphatic of all. "I was obliged to recognize in Queen Augusta," he writes, "the antagonist who has most severely tested my ability to stand for what I thought my duty," and he adds that the hardest trial of his life, so far as nerves or temper was concerned, had the same source. A difficult situation is sketched in chapter vi., where he tells us that at the breakfast table the Queen made a practice of expounding her views to her husband, the subject of the "Vortrag" being letters and newspaper articles on questions of the public policy which sometimes had been inspired or edited by her for this special use. But when Bismarck took occasion to intimate that certain letters might have been procured by the Queen with the assistance of her "special politician," Herr von Schleinitz, the King, with his chivalrous sentiment, interposed absolutely in his wife's favor, and was inclined to forbid that one should believe a thing of that sort *even if it were true.* Little by little the minister learned to decide, in cases where his master would not consent to reasonable proposals, whether this opposition was based upon sincere conviction or was but the fulfilment of a promise made to the Queen. If the former, then there was hope of reaching an agreement and securing the necessary approval. If, on the other hand, the Queen's sharp speeches at breakfast, and the letters and articles written *ad hoc,* and her Majesty's insinuations that he would not sustain the views to which she had brought him "when he came to meet Bismarck" had wrung a promise from the King, then his arguments would be illogical. "Ei der Tausend!" the King would exclaim, finally, at the end of his dialectic resources; and "I knew then," Bismarck observes, "that my contest had not been with the King, but with his wife." The struggle was wellnigh life-long; now it is "König" and "Königin," again "Kaiser" and "Kaiserin," but always the same antagonism. One reads with regret that the Kaiser in the last years of his life gave up trying to keep his secret in Bismarck's presence, and referred to his wife as "the hot-head" (*der Feuerkopf*). By that time, no doubt, the two old friends, armed against the rest of the world, were thoroughly off their guard in confidential talks with each other. But Bismarck's account of his relations with this lady, whom he elsewhere characterizes as "courageous, sustained by a high sense of duty," closes with an exquisite touch. Her last letter to him was dated December 24, 1888. Bismarck notices that "the signature is in her own hand, but very different from the firm characters in which the Kaiserin used formerly to write."

It is especially in connection with the Empress Augusta that Bismarck records the oppressive sense of the superiority of French and English civilization that prevailed among Germans. She was the most brilliant of all those who held that a Frenchman, and even more an Englishman, by virtue of his nationality and birth, was superior to the German—was a "vornehmeres Wesen."

Of course Bismarck's whole thoroughbred nature protested against this conviction, not merely as a heresy, but even as treachery to the German national cause, which he had made his own. It is amusing to see what comfort he took in the misconduct of guests at Versailles when he visited Count Hatzfeldt at Paris in the summer of 1855. He "retired with the comforting impression that... the breeding and manners of the courtiers at home... were on a higher plane than in Paris, and that the time had passed for taking a thorough course in politeness and good behavior in France."

III.

Far and away the most absorbing portions of the whole story are those that enable the reader to trace the growth of this German national sentiment into a conviction so absolute that at the last, when the critical moment before the war of 1870–1 arrived, Bismarck stood practically alone, upholding the nation's honor when the King and his generals despaired. France had been hunting for a cause of war against Prussia of such a nature that the other German states would not be drawn into the conflict, and thought she had found such a pretext in the dispute touching the Spanish succession, for the candidate approved in Germany and Spain itself bore the name Hohenzollern. Bismarck's brief and clear analysis of the situation in 1870, as it is presented in volume ii., chapter xxii., puts the intolerable character of Louis Napoleon's pretentions and the "international shamelessness" of his methods in the clearest light. But the Prussian King and Queen, far from having an intimation of Sedan, feared another Jena, and would have kept the peace, no matter what humiliation a peaceful course involved. Was there ever such a lack of genuine information in respect to the actual state of affairs? Consider for a moment what was happening at the same time, say, on that July 18, when Bismarck, Count Roon, and von Moltke sat at table, and when the famous despatch from Ems was received. Bismarck says that when he questioned Moltke in regard to military preparations the general replied that if war was inevitable he could see no advantage in delaying its outbreak: in his opinion, it would, on the whole, be more advantageous to let hostilities begin quickly than to postpone them. Bismarck accepted this statement with implicit confidence, and he gives in full the considerations that led him to the conclusion that war could be avoided only at the cost of Prussian honor and Prussian leadership among German states. But in Prussian honor and in the confidence which Prussia invited and inspired the hope of Germany was placed. The cause of German nationality was at stake.

Now the Ems despatch, really a communication from the King, though signed by Abeken, showed a vacillating spirit and a disposition to prolong negotiations at Berlin, and yet it was in part courageous enough. Bismarck edited it; omitted all that savored of yielding; retained all that sounded most courageous; telegraphed the revised message to all the German embassies, and gave it to the press for publication. "Now that has a different sound," said Moltke. "It sounded like a parley before; now like a *fanfare* in reply to a challenge." "We must fight...," said Bismarck.

Friedrich Wilhelm had been conducting the negotiations in person, without consulting his minister. In other words, the executive in whose hands was all the power to offer peace or war did not correct his wholly erroneous impressions as to the relative strength of the French and German armies. He regarded the French military power as incomparably superior, and his own forces as so inadequate that nothing less than acceptance of French insult and withdrawal before French threats could prevent his losing the laurels won in '66. Such was his view. The facts were that the French army was unprepared, and his own probably the most efficient that the world had ever known. "He was seventy-three years old," says Bismarck, "and he loved peace.... I have been told that Queen Augusta implored her husband, with tears, before he left Ems for Berlin, to remember Jena and Tilsit, and to avert the war. I regard the report as credible—all but the tears."

We know also, though not from these pages, how thoroughly Louis Napoleon was deceived in respect to the effective strength and equipment of his army. It would seem, in view of these disclosures, that the monarchical form of government is not perfectly adapted to the conduct of war. In the twenty-third chapter (vol. ii.) we read of a lack of siege-guns in the Prussian army before Paris, unnecessary delay in forwarding ammunition and guns to the front, etc., as at Santiago.

But we must not leave the party of three who met at Bismarck's table on that 13th of July without noting the effect produced when the revised Ems despatch was read aloud. Moltke and Roon had been so depressed at the prospect of their King's yielding to France that they scorned food and drink. When they heard the words, "We *must* fight," and the other hearty words that followed, in which Bismarck explained that there was really no further doubt about the matter, "they suddenly got back the desire to eat and drink, and spoke gayly...." Moltke's tranquil passivity was laid aside; his usual moderation in speech was forgotten; he looked up toward the ceiling and smote his breast, as he said, "If I live to see that—to lead our army in such a war—as soon as it's over, the devil may take this old carcass, for all I care!"

I have been looking through the letters that have been published from Emperor William I. to Bismarck, and notice that the usual conclusion is, *Ihr dankbarer* (grateful) *Wilhelm.*

Until one gets used to the heavy tread, it seems almost as though a giant were walking—as we hold the book in our hands and forget the page in realizing the scenes and letting the actors live, and ourselves living with them. But the colossal figure is well proportioned, not clumsy and unskilful, in the usual fashion of the tribe of giants. And so of the book we may say that it is an adequate expression of great themes—deliberate, full, judicial in style as the subject requires in the main, and yet proving that the writer possessed a really wonderful adaptability, exemplified in some of the passages in a lighter vein which we have cited.

MARRION WILCOX.

* *Bismarck the Man and the Statesman. Written and Dictated by Himself after his Retirement from Office.* Volumes I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers. *Gedanken und Erinnerungen,* etc. The present review is based upon the advance sheets of the German edition.

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## A CANADIAN SUGGESTION.

Sir J. D. Edgar, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, suggests that England should cede the island of Jamaica to Uncle Sam in exchange for one of the Eastern States.—DAILY PAPER.

Good for Sir J. D. Edgar! What a wondrous man is he!
A statesman past all question, and of glorious policy.
He'd give our nation ginger, if we'll give to his a State,
But just which one he'd like to have he does not indicate.

Can it be Maine, Sir Edgar wants? We can't believe it so,
Unless it be this Baronet is blind, and does not know
That up in Maine they've got a chap of genius rich and rare,
Who'd send him flying speedily from out the Speaker's chair.

New Hampshire? For a moment just suppose we acquiesce,
And Canada gets Chandler—it is much more than a guess,
With Chandler to digest, the realm will surely need to take
Quite all the stock of ginger that Jamaica well can make.

Vermont? Where once Green Mountain boys laid Edgar's fellows out?
Shall Yankees let a loyalty that's never known a doubt
Go from their midst at any price—for any fabled sum?
Not even for a corner in your grand old stock of rum!

Perhaps it's Massachusetts that has caught the Speaker's eye—
The grand old brainy Commonwealth whose name shall never die.
Egad! we'll never part with that, Sir Edgar may be sure,
For if we did, what would become of Yankee literature?

Shall old Hosea Biglow become a mere Kanuck?
Is mere colonial fame indeed to be Longfellow's luck?
Are Dr. Holmes, and Emerson, and treasured Hawthorne too,
To be swapped off for Edgar's folk of dark and swarthy hue?

Connecticut? No, never! While Mark Twain doth pace the earth
We are not going to part with this fair home of cherished mirth.
A cry would rise to heaven that should make us all desist
From ever turning Twain into a British Humorist!

And Rhody? Little Rhody? Pretty baby-boy of States—
We'll never let dear Rhody go a-wandering from our gates.
The mass would ne'er condone an act whose very nature robs
Them of beloved Newport and its azure-blooded nobs.

And so it seems not feasible, this plan of Sir J. D.
We cannot do without our East, as far as we can see;
But if the failure of his scheme is going to make him blue,
To swap for old Jamaica how would Blackwells Island do?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## PUERTO RICO.

### THE HOME LIFE OF THE PEOPLE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

IT is a hospitality highly seasoned with garlic and sweet-oil which the true-born Puertoriqueño proffers to Americans, but it is no less beautiful in sentiment, for all of its odoriferousness.

Perhaps never before in history have a foreign people, who talk an alien language, and who have been trained under a monarchical system for centuries, so gladly and with open hands extended welcome to a nation who differed from them in physique, customs, habits of thinking, and religion, as have the Spanish-speaking Puertoriqueños received the Americans. That some of this evident display of friendship is due to politic motives on the part of individuals is no less true, but it would be a mean and small spirit which would attribute to mercenary motives alone the constant extension of the right hand of good-fellowship which has met the army on all sides since its advent on the island.

There are many circumstances which have combined to bring about a felicitous relationship with America. For centuries Puerto Rico has lain in the grasp of the military; a few and much-favored number of men controlled the political and financial reins of the island, to their own personal betterment and self-aggrandizement. They kept down in poverty those who could be of little use to them by the basest and most open discrimination. They built up those who were willing to share their daily profits of hard labor with the gold and lace bedecked, and yet even those who were successful through their fawning upon the governmental representatives were not at all sure that their tenure of favor would be continuous. In a sentence, it has always been possible for the politico-military body, in whose hands rested the fate of the island population, to make a man powerful and rich and to beggar him as easily.

The process has brought about a social and financial condition in Puerto Rico not possible in the United States, and quite incomprehensible to our people. It has meant abject poverty to the great mass of the inhabitants. It has meant almost as low a rate of wage for the laboring-classes as in China. It has meant that the poor man can never be a landholder. It has meant that the land-owner, unless in high favor, must grind the vitals out of his peons, with scant profit to himself, after government excises and official tips have been paid. It has meant that a few, a very few, might become rich and prosperous, and it has meant, most of all, that no one, except the handful of men in despotic power, has had the slightest voice in moulding the laws governing a million people.

It is little wonder, then, that these same people stretch out their weak hands in joy, with the manacles riven at last, toward a government whose very spirit is supposed to breathe the perfume of individual freedom. May we meet the expectations of these people in full, and may the greed of American legislators and American financiers do no overt act which will lower the standard of our government as the Puertoriqueños fancy it.

There is a handful of Spanish malcontents in Puerto Rico—men who hate American institutions, men who have been favored under the old régime, who bitterly dislike the change; but how large this element really is will probably never be known, as it is masked under the Spanish smile of approbation, always ready to stab in the back.

The home life of well-to-do natives is extremely simple, due largely to the fact that excessive duties, lack of transportation facilities, and abominable roads—except the military roads—have militated against the introduction into their homes of the comforts which we consider so essential to life.

Even the finest haciendas are meagre and barren in their interior fittings. The floors are always bare. The walls have few pic-

(Continued on page 1212.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[Adv.]

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, as a baby food from the hour of birth, stands without a competitor, presenting as it does the most perfect preparation of milk for the use of infants.—[Adv.]

"VIOLETS OF THE CZAR."

How true it is that a name rightly chosen is a sure, guarantee of success! At this hour, when throwing as food to the attentive mind of man the most beautiful dream of humanity which an Emperor could conceive, the Czar, already so great, becomes idolized in the eyes of all nations, for, emanating from the soft and beautiful flowers of the Russian soil, a fragrant perfume spreads itself all over the world, fills it with its troubling breath, and conquers all women by its permeating sweetness: it is the "VIOLETS OF THE CZAR," that subtle perfume from the great Parisian firm, ORIZA-LEGRAND, whose universal vogue is now so easily explained.—[Adv.]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[Adv.]

INDIGESTION an unknown quantity where Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters—is the adopted tonic. —[Adv.]

No Christmas Table is complete without Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the finest appetizer. —[Adv.]

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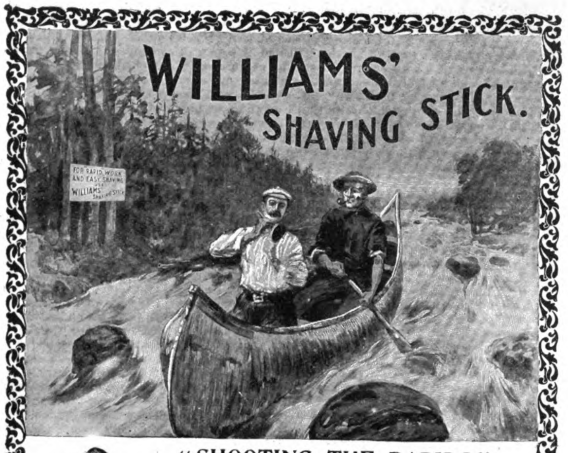
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*will be published next week, and will be the regular issue for December 17. It will contain forty-four pages, including an illuminated cover, a double-page Supplement in colors drawn by* HOWARD PYLE; *a Christmas story by* FRANK R. STOCKTON, *with colored illustrations by* ALBERT E. STERNER; *a Ghost Story by* JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, *illustrated by* G. VERBEEK; *a Cuban Christmas Story by* HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, *illustrated by* HENRY MCCARTER; *full-page Christmas Drawings by* ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD, W. A. ROGERS, F. S. CHURCH, H. C. CHRISTY, H. M. WILDER *and* TAPPAN ADNEY; *besides the usual news features and regular departments.*

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(*Continued from page 1211.*)

tures, though now and then one is surprised to see a clever paintings by one of the masters of the modern French school. The usual wall decoration affected is a pair of Spanish bass-reliefs in colored plaster or papier-maché. Chromos and vilely executed wood-cuts often make an appearance, and seem frightfully out of touch with the oftentimes beautiful architectural finish of the drawing-rooms, whose wide doorless archways are framed in carved woods and relieved of severity by scroll latticework.

Marble-topped mahogany tables with carved legs occupy the centres of the rooms. On them are flowering plants, vases of artificial flowers, and the photograph-album, and above the table is a hanging-lamp or chandelier, usually of cut glass, with a profusion of swinging prisms, sometimes gaudily decorated with bright-colored ribbons or festooned with artificial vines and flowers.

Cane-seated furniture is used exclusively. The great rolling rocking-chairs constitute the principal furniture, with a sprinkling of straight-backed chairs and cane settees. Many of these chairs would set the lover of novel forms and finely carved furniture wild, for numbers of them are rare antiques handed down for generations. The woods of the carved furniture are heavy and highly polished, while the more modern is lighter, without carving, depending upon the twisted and bent frames for beauty, and it is invariably painted a rich black.

Incongruous decoration is seen in every home, in the way of cheap porcelain vases, covered dishes with moulded figures upon them, antimacassars and tidies on the chairs, while in the doorways hang the cheapest of cheap lace curtains, held back by brass chains, with perhaps near by some pieces of wonderful hand-made native lace or drawn-work.

The mathematical precision with which all the furniture is placed in a well-regulated household always creates a thrill of horror in the æsthetic breast. Around the centre table, equally spaced, are the great rocking-chairs; against one wall, like guarding sentries, are the straight-backed chairs; while flat against the other wall is placed a cane couch or two. Even in the governor's summer palace this primness in furniture arrangement was found. Out on the broad balconies encased in closed white shutters, the beautiful chairs were also ranged down the side walls, with the tables in the centre, for all the world like a dairy lunch-room.

The beds of brass and metal are dreams in design, covered with canopies of lace, having auxiliary mosquito-netting, gathered up on the top during the day and let down at night. Wardrobes, and not closets, are used for clothes. Heavy carved dressing-tables, bureaus, and wash-stands are often seen, but to the majority these have been too great luxuries. Now and then one sees mirrors framed in heavy antique frames, which are delightful in their symmetry.

Bad soap is found everywhere, and a single comb and brush seem to meet the needs of the family. One seldom sees manicure sets, though the powder-puff and rouge are in evidence in every well-conducted house. The lack of toilet articles, dressing-stands, chiffonniers, and pier-glasses is painful to those who are familiar with the profusion of implements of dainty toilet.

The dining-room is always quite bare, with the exception of the table, and perhaps a side table, which holds the multitude of dishes for an ordinary dinner.

The kitchen has much of interest and novelty, and much dirt and many squalid children, which it is better not to see near meal-time. Modern ranges are seldom a portion of the culinary furniture, and when they do make an appearance they subserve the end of a quick-baking apparatus, in lieu of the slowly heated brick ovens of an older period. Every house has its charcoal cooking-pit, built out of brick, waist-high, the top of the bench being covered with a series of small square grated holes, over which pots and kettles and frying-pans are placed. The charcoal fire, in a country where coal is expensive and gas unknown, is an ideal fuel for cooking foods. It makes a quick hot fire with a minimum amount of fuel, and the many small holes permit a large number of dishes to be cooked and kept hot at the same time.

The opinion of most of the volunteer privates who have seen duty in Puerto Rico is that the population consists of a lot of Dugos linked together to see how much they can raise the price of every commodity, and to steal everything they can lay their hands upon. A striking exception among enlisted men to this state of feeling were the Fourth Ohio boys, who went home gladly, but with regret at leaving a people who did everything they could for their comfort. Their good fortune was the result of a kindly spirit, which imbued the entire regiment, exhibited toward the native population, and reciprocated in full meed by them. There is no intention to criticise other organizations, for the men lived hard lives in a hot climate, and were homesick and discontented, but there has been shown over and over again a wilful malice by a certain type of volunteers, resulting in ordering and cuffing the natives about, as if they considered them conquered animals instead of human allies and friends. This conduct in a few towns has thrown the volunteers out of touch with a people who, from habit at least, if not from better feeling, are inclined to show courtesy and graciousness to the military.

Those whose actions have been tinged with good intentions toward the native population have received a cheerful welcome, which has made many a lonely heart feel that service in Puerto Rico was not all hardship.

The officers have always been received in the best houses, where they have shown themselves appreciative of hospitality extended in a manner not known even in the United States. Everything in the Puertoriqueñohouses has been theirs—from the host's horses to his underwear and collar-buttons. His entertainers struggle to cook American dishes, and swell with pride when they obtain American fruits, cheese, and crackers for their tables.

A swell dinner in a Puertoriqueño home is a trying gastronomic ceremony. The menu is made up of astonishing viands, and the dishes seem to follow no conventional sequence in their procession to the table. Soup is as apt to be the second or third dish as the first. Roast beef and beefsteak are served at most unheard-of moments. The disastrous effect of a meat diet in tropical climes has been dwelt upon by medical experts, yet at one dinner no less than eight meat dishes were served — combinations of bacon, of ham, of kidney, of beef, and of chicken.

The following is the menu of a dinner given to two Americans by a rich sugar-planter: Fried eggs and two fried corn-cakes. Vegetable soup filled with garlic. "Gondinga" (a hash made of chopped kidneys and liver, seasoned with garlic and split olives). Larded beef, cooked juiceless and hard, flavored with garlic and oil. Beefsteak, onions, and garlic, fried in oil, and served in overdone fragments. Potatoes, sweet and Irish. Rice and scrambled eggs. Guava jelly in rectangular blocks. Cocoanut and brown sugar. American apples and cream cheese. Coffee and cigars. Champagne.

Claret was served through the entire dinner, and the coffee was either black or served with hot milk. Broken bread was kept always at hand.

There are many queer dishes—for example, vermicelli soup with whole pork chops, sausages, and tomatoes incorporated made its appearance on one table; on another was a boned goose stuffed with sweet red peppers, olives, and garlic; at still another, roast chicken stuffed with sausages, and the usual olives and garlic.

Sweet peppers bathed in olive oil are a common relish.

Garavansa, a succulent pea, not unlike a cooked chestnut in flavor, is a national Spanish dish. Frijoles, the Spanish red bean, comes on as a separate course. A number of dulces or sweetmeats are used, the oddest one being peanut taffy with chopped garlic.

Deviled land-crabs are a novel dish, and would be pleasant tasting minus the olive oil.

Aguacotas, or alligator-pear, a salad-plant, is eaten often in one of the earlier courses, with salt, pepper, and olive oil or wine vinegar.

Oranges and small bananas form another dinner course. Dry native goat-cheese, hand made, is used very commonly and widely. Sweet-potato soup is good and nourishing. The bread is generally better than ours, and is a close approximate to French bread.

Dinner is served, one article of food at a time, and the plates, knives, and forks are changed each time. At least a dozen such changes take place during a single meal.

Smoking goes on at the table, with the ladies present, and unfinished cigars are carried into the drawing-room.

The table decorations consist of a huge bouquet of native flowers, which are magnificent in their profusion and variety.

Napkins, where used, are generally as large as towels, but in many of the interior towns table-linen is at a premium, and it is slightly shocking to catch a pretty black-eyed señorita slyly wiping her rose-bud mouth on the edge of the table-cloth.

Rum, white wines, and cognac are brought out before and after dinner, and at any time the host may think the American taste craves stimulation, though in the daily life of the average Puertoriqueño he is remarkably abstemious, drinking perhaps before dinner a brandy and water, and before breakfast a little white wine.

The native early-morning meal is a cup of coffee with milk—addiction to the black-coffee habit does not exist on the island—and a piece of bread. Breakfast is served at eleven or twelve o'clock, and is seldom elaborate, unless guests are in the house. Boiled eggs, bread, and coffee satisfy the ordinary man, but the hungry man eats his garlicky beefsteak in addition.

Dinner is *the* meal of the day, and is eaten between six and seven o'clock. This is the native's only full heavy meal, and this fact may account for his ability to eat a quantity of food which leaves the average American a victim to indigestion and remorse.

The positions of honor at a dinner table are, among the older and non-travelled residents, in the following order: the head of the table to the most distinguished guest; the rest, in the order of their rank and importance, ranged around to the right, the host occupying the last seat after his guests. The women sit at the left of the table, all together. Among the more cultured classes the host occupies the head, the hostess the foot, the places of honor being the seats to the right and left of the host.

The evenings in the home—for instance, of an alcalde, the mayor of a town—are spent around the centre of the marble-topped table, lazily rocking to and fro in the big chairs. The men smoke their cigarettes — the women never smoke—and a flow of small-talk, filled with simple jokes and sallies, constitutes the entire evening's amusement. Where they have pianos, the daughters exhibit their limited skill on instruments which are jangled and out of tune. One never sees a book or a magazine in these houses, though in two or three of the larger cities there are many literary men. Reading is not a strong point of the island population. The women are pictures of self-complacent indolence in the evenings, though it must be understood that Puerto Rico women are far more assiduous in their interest in the household economy than are the women of the other Spanish-speaking territories of North America.

Every little comfort which these people can provide for the stranger within their gates is offered with a whole-souled cordiality that appeals to the heart by its true and unaffected ring, and, as Americans coming among them, we should remember that by meeting this spirit measure for measure we shall follow one pathway to a sincere and lasting mutuality of interests.

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# AMATEUR SPORT

THE MOST SATISFACTORY EXHIBIT of the out-door athletic year, which may be said to close with the football season, was the unusually intelligent attitude of the press and the public towards sport—amateur and professional. Hitherto unreasoning partisanship and unreasonable prejudice have provided two irreconcilable elements—one that would see nothing beneficial and one that could see nothing harmful in sport. A few passing ills of the game closed the eyes of the first to all its vigorous beneficial virtues, and impulsive exaltation of those virtues and improvident partisanship have as completely shut the eyes of the other to the danger attending immoderate athletic indulgence.

Both were ignorant, both garrulous and unconvincing. Neither evinced any conception of the potentialities of sport healthfully and sensibly conducted; or of its influence upon the physical and moral welfare of Young America; or of obvious accomplishments in a wholesome direction, and the promise of eventual well-being that was assured by the character of men who had interested themselves in the work.

Since the dangers of the football craze which beset us four years ago have been met and overcome, the friends of amateur sport have increased greatly in numbers and in influence. Correspondingly, knowledge of the purpose and value of sport has been spreading. The newspapers have assigned more intellectual members of their staff to the amateur branch of their sporting departments, and the public therefore reads better-written sporting news, and comment that, much more often than formerly, upholds honesty and wholesomeness, and condemns the practices that argue for mere winning at any cost.

THIS YEAR IT LOOKS as though all the better class of newspapers had at length discovered—(1) the difference between a sportsman and a sporting-man; (2) that the vigorous play of our games makes for manly, morally and physically healthful men; (3) that sport is not to be condemned because, as in every other department of human endeavor, it has shortcomings amenable to repair; (4) that the sport of sportsmen is not to be confounded with the physical efforts of cads and muckers; (5) that the destiny of college sport is in the care of those who will not tolerate its serious misdirection; (6) that dispassionate fair treatment of sport situations is better business, and certain to gain more respectful attention, than ignorance, prejudice, and hysterics—all three of which have been on view in, for instance, many an absurd and wholesale condemnation of football to which I could point.

THE LAST TWO YEARS HAVE PROVED that football is neither the professionalizing nor the bone-crushing and muscle-lacerating engine some of the game's commentators proclaimed it to be in 1895. So also the evils of '95, declared by the same critics to be irremediable and disastrous, have yielded to the guiding influences that were at work even while these gentle bigoted souls shuddered in dismay over the game's present vandalism and its future dissolution. A few there were of the dailies that realized the value of sport as a wholesome element in the school and college days of our boys and young men, and their discernment was speedily rewarded by a greatly increased patronage of their sport department. There is yet seen now and again an attempt to sensationalize and bear false witness—but only by those who are reckless of facts in their madness to exaggerate or underrate that with which they are on no congenial footing—two schools of journalism whose extreme doctrines the pulsing, intelligent, self-respecting man leaves—the first, to the proletariat, whose intellectual food needs high color to be impressionable; the second, to the impotent and querulous, who, daring to venture nothing themselves, hate those with healthful minds and bodies, those that have hope and spirit and energy, and are not afraid or soured. New York suffers under the most flagrant exponents of both schools.

THE MOST PLEASING EVIDENCE of the new spirit, and the most important one, for its influence is wide, has been given by the spectators at baseball and football games during the year. Several years ago rowdyism at the professional baseball games, slugging on the football fields, and fake bicycling races excited no adverse comment among the spectators—indeed, they seemed to consider it part of the game, and to like it. I am speaking now more particularly of the West and some parts of the South. Last year there were mutterings of disapproval by the spectators on such occasions, and this year there has been no equivocal expression of opinion by the spectators where they have been the witnesses of rowdyism or slugging or faking. Here in our midst in New York we have noted the by no means uncertain exclamations of disapproval and disgust at the hoodlum spirit displayed in the professional baseball matches. Last year, when the eleven of the Kansas University gained unenviable notoriety by slugging its opponents in contests, we heard very little local comment; this year, however, we find the same college team vigorously and very generally condemned by the Missouri Valley press. Last year the spectators of Kansas University's unsportsmanlike work said nothing; this year a general disapproval was apparent during the game, and found strong expression immediately after it.

As a team largely reflects the teachings of its coach, we fear Wiley Woodruff must have been imparting to Kansas some of those methods which drew criticism upon his own first year's work on the Univ. of Penn. team.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPECTATORS has very generally in the Middle West been emphatically against anything not fair and sportsmanly. There is no surer indication, in my opinion, of the development of a wholesome sporting spirit, of the development of the sentiment that makes for sport for sport's sake, and without which there can be no genuine growth of amateur sport. It seems to me I have never before noticed so much evidence of sport for its own sake—East and West and South—though I would not be understood as overlooking the many instances and the many directions in which the game for its own sake is an end yet to be attained.

Barring the difficulties in the Middle West among several of the larger universities, and which I expect to see work out to the good of the cause, there has been no interruption in the steady forward movement among the better college and school elements of the country. It is really very encouraging to know that the public's sense of honesty and justice has at length been aroused on the field of sport; it will lend strong support, moral and actual, to the cause of wholesome athletics.

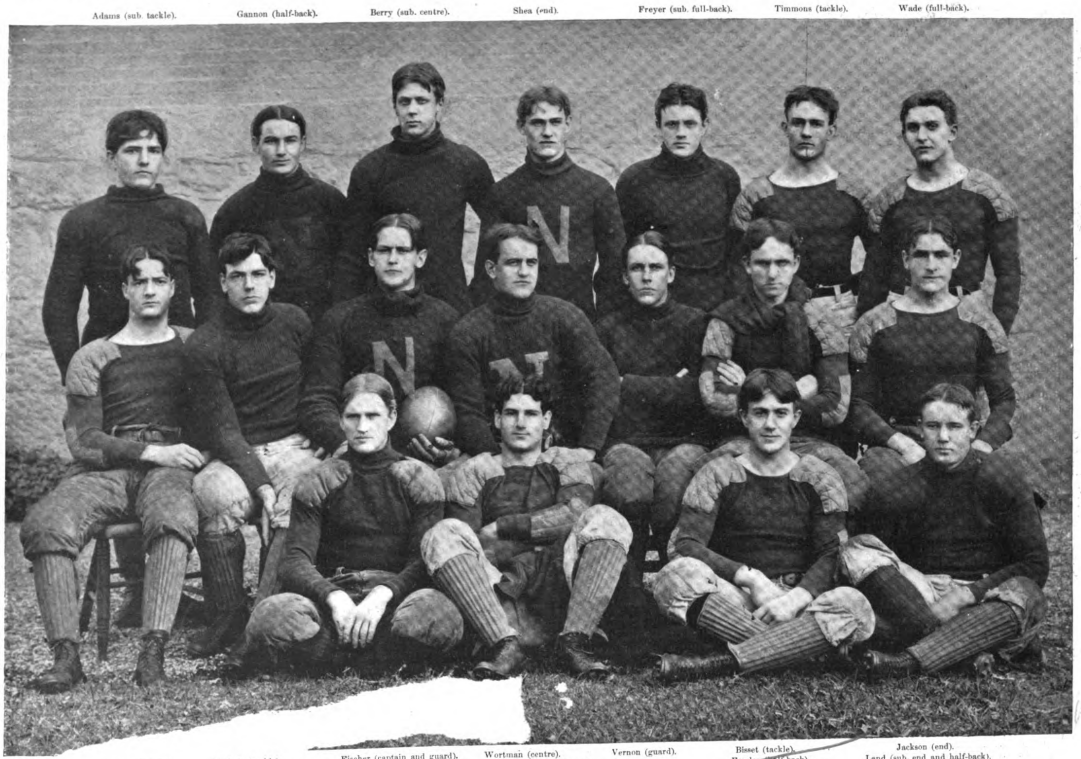
IF IT WILL REACH CLUB ATHLETICS in the West, and particularly in Chicago, there will be cause for rejoicing. Two years ago the manager of the Chicago Athletic Club football eleven, with a great show of outraged virtue, expelled several members of his football team who had engaged with a rival club to play on its team—at so much a head—for a single game. At that time the Chicago club, through its football-manager, disclaimed professional methods, and uttered vow after vow to keep the club's teams absolutely above reproach. But the same old game of reimbursing, one way and another, men who play on its football and other teams seems quite as much in evidence as before the virtuous parade in '96.

The Chicago A. A. exercises a baneful influence throughout the entire Middle Western section by the manner in which it draws athletes into its fold. Chicago University has forbidden her athletes from taking part in club competition under the colors of any organization save those of their own university association, and Ann Arbor will shortly do likewise—to be followed, we hope, by Wisconsin and all the Eastern colleges. It is needed nearly as much around New York as around Chicago. Such legislation ought not to be necessary, but apparently it is, if the present healthful spirit just budding in Western college track and field sports is not to be stifled.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS ARE DEAD in Cleveland, and have been for four years. A rowdy spirit seems to have possession of that city in the matter of sport, and sportsmen will not attend athletic games or bicycle races. Even the decline of interest in professional baseball may be traced to rowdyism on the diamond and rowdyism on the bleachers, and because of it respectable people refuse to attend the games—another indication, by-the-way, of the vastly improved sportsmanlike spirit of the public, and one of the most encouraging signs in the campaign for amateurism. The great mass of people, I find, in the Middle West, are growing more and more interested in amateur sport, and less and less interested in professional baseball, fake bicycle matches, and the wrangles that accompany both. For this very reason it is all the more regrettable that the Chicago A. A. and the chief officials of the A. A. U. in the Middle West constantly, through their methods, act as a retarding influence upon the growth of a healthy amateur spirit.

LITTLE INTEREST IN AMATEUR SPORT is taken at Columbus and Indianapolis, while Cincinnati is beginning to show some concern—perhaps through the growth of Y.M.C.A. and other gymnasium athletics there. The most pernicious state of affairs I know of anywhere is to be found in the western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio sections, where the Duquesne C.A.C. at Pittsburg, Greensburg A.C., Springfield, Akron, and other clubs are to be found. The arch-offenders are the Duquesne and Greensburg clubs, while an unwholesome spirit pervades most of the little towns, and even some of the colleges, of that entire section. Professionalism is in many cases open and confessed. It is exercising a most deleterious effect upon the game itself, to say nothing of the question of amateurism involved. Slugging in football is common, and in general the whole section needs a cleaning out. I shall have a great deal more to say on this subject and section later.

IT IS ENCOURAGING TO DISCOVER so much genuine interest in 'cross-country running as the individual cham-




THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

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pionship revealed on Thanksgiving day. Perhaps there are no two games that have more to commend them than 'cross-country running and lacrosse; and certainly no two have received so little support from the colleges. There has been a slight movement in 'cross-country work within the last couple of years, but in the main this grand sport was left to the individual clubs. There is no department some care of the athletic clubs. There is no department of American athletics in which we are so weak. Compared with England, we are the veriest tyros; and even in Germany, just awakening to out-door sport, there is a more generally active interest than here in the United States, where 'cross-country running is among the oldest of our athletic endeavors.

And we need 'cross-country work more now, probably, than we ever did; we need it to develop distance-runners, of whom we have never had many; we need it to give our athletes stamina—the well-filled-out chests and the rounded legs that make the English athlete conspicuous, wherever he may be.

THE HABIT OF SPECIALIZATION—the fervor with which special lines of development are followed to the exclusion of all others—is harmful to general athletics. It is developing a comparatively few specialists of extraordinary skill in their respective fields, but lessening the general inclination for athletic endeavor, and lowering the average of athletic attainment among those whose skill and ambition do not rise to championship honors. Athletics, in other words, are to-day in the same condition as was football a half-dozen years ago, when, at the colleges, twenty-two men played the game, and the remainder of the college stood on the side-lines and watched them. Class matches and other excellent influences served to take a large number from the side-lines and put them on to the gridiron, so that nowadays the average of football skill and the number of men playing are greatly increased—to the betterment of the game, and to the physical well-being of the students. Everything that tends to promote development in these two very important directions should be encouraged, first, last, and at all times. They provide the life of the game and the sinews of competition. The "scrub" players, the men who knock the ball about on the college grounds, form the reserve, and awaken interest that the regular eleven, practising at some distance from the campus, might perhaps fail to arouse. And, best of it, they spread the glow and vigor of health, moral and physical.

THE AMERICAN TENDENCY TO CONCENTRATION makes for specialization and ulterior development along distinct lines, which is very good in so far as it does not hinder general participation in sport or narrow the field of endeavor. We need more games at our colleges and schools to provide a greater variety of play and give opportunity of play to a greater number of boys. It will invaluably increase the substitute material for 'varsity teams and lessen that intense—and, to my mind, harmful—concentration in any one sport. The more games we have, the more material there will be for representative teams, the higher the average quality of play, the more vigorous and healthful the tone of the sport and of the players. There should be association football, lacrosse, and 'cross-country running, games which at their highest development are surpassingly interesting, and yet games in which the unskilled may engage with pleasure and interest, and without danger of injury. For healthful development of wind and limb no games equal these three.

THE 'CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP the other day attested the keen interest the sport arouses even in its neglected condition, and also suggested the desirability of establishing an annual inter-collegiate event in addition to this regular one of the A. A. U. The Thanksgiving-day meeting practically resolved itself, so far as team honors were concerned, into a struggle between Yale and Cornell, but the sport requires more attention and encouragement from the colleges than it now receives, and the surest way of giving it is through the establishment of a separate and annual fixture. Preferably it should be held not later than the middle of October, and before all interest of the inter-collegiate world is centred upon football.

There were forty-one starters on Thanksgiving, and thirty-two finished the six and two-third miles laid off around and over the Morris Park race-track. It was a hard course with its forty-five jumps in the five circuits of the flags, including some stiff Liverpools, the great water-jump, and the usual three-foot-six-inch hurdles. Considering the day, with its hurricane of wind and cutting sleet, the running of all was excellent, and of the six leaders exceptionally good. Cregan, Wright, Orton, and Bray alternated in the lead for three-quarters of the first lap, but thereafter Wright took the lead and maintained it, finishing close on to three hundred yards ahead of Orton, who will be remembered as the winner of this championship last year and the year before. Bray, who finished second, is a Williams College boy, and a runner of much promise.

The team contest provided the more interesting struggle, since the result was always in doubt until the last half-mile. Barry and Sweet kept well to the front throughout, and the remainder of their collegemates were on fairly even terms with the best of Yale's representatives. But in the last circuit the Yale men, who had kept together marvellously well, raced for and secured the lead, finishing 10, 11, 12, 13, 19, while Cornell finished 4, 5, 14, 18, 27, with the same, though not as well-conditioned, team as had beaten Univ. of Penn.

The leaders and their times follow:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1—A. L. Wright | Brown | 38.33 |
| 2—John Bray | Williams | 39.00 |
| 3 George W. Orton | Toronto L. & A.A. | 39.30 |
| 4 A. L. Barry | Cornell | 39.32 |
| 5—A. J. Sweet | Cornell | 39.38 |
| 6 T. O'Connor | Pastime A.C. | 39.48 |
| 7 A. Grobl | Pennsylvania | 40.15 |
| 8—J. F. Cregan | N.Y.A.C. | 40.17 |
| 9—J. M. Lewis | N.W.S.A.C. | 40.35 |
| 10 S. R. Chittenden | Yale | 40.36 |
| 11 C. B. Spitzer | Yale | 40.37 |
| 12 H. P. Smith | Yale | 41.13 |
| 13 J. P. Adams | Yale | 41.19 |
| 14 C. C. Torrance | Cornell | 41.28 |
| 15 J. F. Malloy | Knight A.C. | 41.40 |
| 16—T. G. McGirr | N.Y.A.C. | 41.57 |

Among the clubs, the New York A. C. took first honors, those running for it finishing 1, 2, 7, 8, and 16—points being apportioned according to positions of the men at the finish, only the leading five in each team counting.

THE BROWN-DARTMOUTH GAME (12–0) bore significantly on the relative standing of the teams which come from what we may call the smaller New England colleges. Three of these—Dartmouth, Amherst, and Williams—are members of a league, with an annual all-round contest, which Dartmouth has won for six consecutive years; the remaining two—Wesleyan and Brown—have no league affiliations, although that has not prevented their meeting the others as the opportunity offered. This year especial interest attached to the Brown-Dartmouth game because Dartmouth had overwhelmed Amherst and beaten Williams and lost to Wesleyan, while Brown had made a very fair showing against the larger university teams, but had not met Wesleyan. The place of Wesleyan and Brown in the year's classification was therefore largely to be determined by the play of Brown against Dartmouth —a very unsatisfactory method, but the only recourse, since these two, so near of a class, who should have an annual game, for some reason do not. Judging by her play against Dartmouth and comparative work against the same teams during the season, Brown has not so strong an eleven this year as Wesleyan, by one, if not by two, touch-downs. And that which figures most importantly in Wesleyan's favor is Brown's fumbling. If the Providence men could hold on to the ball, the difference between Brown and Wesleyan would, I think, be very slight.

THE FEATURE OF BROWN'S PLAY against Dartmouth was unquestionably half-back Richardson's brilliant running, not only on caught punts, but around the ends and into the line; at the same time, his own kicking was very fair. Perhaps his occasional fumbling may be forgiven, although that fatal characteristic of the Brown team turned out to be a costly one. In the matter of fumbling, by-the-way, the past season seems to me to have been the most remarkable I have known. Brown's work in the first half was not reassuring. She not only failed to score, but seemed unlikely to do so by the frequency with which she lost more or less certain chances, by fumbling, at the critical moment. Dartmouth, on the other hand, except for one period at the close of the second half, when she worked the ball to Brown's fifteen-yard line, could make no substantial or steady gains running, and from the very beginning relied on the punting of Proctor, who, all things considered, did very well. Certainly he was of great service to his team, although his good work was neutralized by Dartmouth's poor ends, who cut practically no figure at all in checking Brown's running-back kicks. Almost without exception Richardson ran back, from fifteen to thirty yards, every one he caught of Proctor's punts, and while in the first half Dartmouth was saved heavier defeat by Brown's fumbling and loose play, in the second the repeated running back of punts, and fierce line-bucking, completely outweighed what there was of value in Dartmouth's defence.

BROWN PLAYED MUCH MORE STRONGLY and much more together in the second half, although Richardson's individual work was responsible for both touch-downs and both goals, a clever forty-five-yard run by Paine giving Richardson but fifteen yards to carry the ball for the second score. Individually Brown played well; Richardson, Paine, Murphy, and Wheeler doing excellent running with the ball; the quarter-back ran his team with good judgment, and the line men were acceptable. As a team, defensively its work was rather good, but offensively success was far more in the quality of the runner than in either the quantity or the quality of support given him.

Dartmouth was outplayed at every point except in punting, of which Brown did very little, relying solely on a running game; but Brown's play was not good enough to keep her out of about ninth place on the Eastern list of football positions this year. We hope next year to see a game between Wesleyan and Brown.

SPEAKING OF DARTMOUTH FOOTBALL reminds me of the long Western trip the team has just completed, and the thoughts it suggests. We have grown accustomed to the wanderings of the Carlisle Indian team during the football season, and if we have wondered when the men found time for study, we, or at least I, have thought that perhaps the vigorous play of the game, the association with college men, the contact with the outside world, were, in their way, valuable education to these red men. We have also become accustomed to occasional visits of teams from out of the West, more particularly from Chicago. It is no doubt excellent for the men, for the game and for the institutions which support it, that there should be trials now and again between teams of different sections; but they should invariably be arranged so that college work is not unusually interrupted, and should never be made the excuse for a tour. When the Chicago Athletic Club team comes East for a tour of the colleges, relying on the gate to reimburse the cost of the trip, no one is surprised, for that is the way of the Chicago and a majority of the other athletic clubs. We are surprised, however, when a college faculty permits its football team to follow the example of the athletic clubs, and especially of one with so little consideration for the health of amateur sport.

Dartmouth's trip to Cincinnati and Chicago, where she was soundly trounced, should rightfully professionalize every man on the team. That the trip was a flat failure at the gate (financially) and on the playing-field is just retribution. By rights the deficit ought to be made up by the faculty members, whose indifference to the ethics of college sport made the Western trip possible.

THE PLAY OF ANNAPOLIS THIS YEAR has shown the need for arranging future schedules of harder games; or perhaps I should better express it by saying—with teams playing a higher grade of football than those which the cadets have met. This is entirely irrespective of what the scores have been or whether Annapolis has won or lost.

As a team, the cadets were quick, hard players, but poor in the kicking game, and lacking in the finer points of football which come from plenty of individual coaching and practising, and frequent contact with big teams that are drilled in these particulars. Abundant individual coaching it is impossible, of course, for the Annapolis cadets to receive. First, because they have not yet established the graduate coaching system as West Point has done, and must depend therefore on one coach, who this year has been Richard Armstrong, than whom there is none better; and besides, their geographical position appears to prevent their meeting any of the larger elevens, save Princeton.

There is no doubt Annapolis labors under greater disadvantages than West Point, the number of men in the Academy being nearly one hundred less and the average age rarely exceeding eighteen years. In weight the line this year averaged 166 and the backs 150 pounds. Despite these handicaps, however, Annapolis each year sets to work with characteristic determination. The quality of that spirit is illustrated by the schedule of the last two years, which shows Princeton to have been the only team to defeat them. This year's team is the strongest Annapolis has had for several seasons, and it is therefore the more to be regretted permission for a game with West Point was withheld. I expect to see permission granted for a game next year, however.

SEVEN OF THE 'VARSITY CADETS had one or more years' experience. Wortman is fast, aggressive, and holds his own with any centre he has met. Fischer has been laid up all autumn with injuries, and unable to show his true form. Nichols played his first year, and is promising. Royall was also in his first year, is slow, yet thoroughly sure on end runs, but poor in getting down the field under kicks. Halligan learned his game from the mighty Heffelfinger, and has more than held his own, even against the big elevens. He is quick, aggressive, and a good ground-gainer. Bisset has developed rapidly this season —is indeed a sure, hard player—and carries the ball well. Jackson is slow and erratic, though capable, on occasions, of playing a good game. Taussig is fast, good driver and runner, and sure and hard tackler, but is weak on handling punts. Gannon is a valuable man to a team, steadying the backs and helping the runners; is a good tackler and very strong on the defensive, but poor on handling punts, and is not very sure on offensive work. Fowler is a light but a fast runner and a good tackler. He also is weak on punts. Wade is a sure short-distance gainer and long punter and hard tackler. The best all-round men of the team are Halligan, Taussig, and Fowler. The weakness of the eleven in the kicking department was due particularly to inability of the ends to get down under the ball. In the present-day development of the game, needless to say that particular weakness would prove costly, and especially so against West Point, which was very strong in the kicking department.

THERE WERE HALF A DOZEN LOCAL MEN among the sixteen survivors of the medal round at Lakewood last week, and it is reasonable to infer that their more intimate knowledge of the course was of material advantage in enabling them to finish ahead of veterans like Tyng and Park. At any sport a man is supposed to do his best when in his own country, and in this respect golf bears a close analogy to 'cross-country riding. No matter how plain the problem may look on paper, its solution, nevertheless, depends upon a knowledge of detail that only actual experience can give. The exact quality of the turf, the relative keenness of the putting-greens, and even the requisite carry for the hazards must all be learned by the sense of touch, and up to a certain point the home player necessarily has this advantage over the visiting one.

The fact that Douglas not only led all the field by a wide margin, but established a new amateur record for the course, is but the exception that proves the rule; his brilliant performance goes again to show that, among Eastern golfers at least, the champion stands in a class by himself.

IT MUST BE ADMITTED, however, that the scoring game under the severe weather conditions that prevailed on Thanksgiving day is more or less tinctured by pure luck. After a long tee shot, it is discouraging to find the ball half buried in mud, when in ordinary weather it would have run on for thirty yards farther and rested in a fair lie for the brassey. Perhaps the approach shot may be brought off with unaccustomed accuracy through the ball's dropping dead, but this one advantage is pretty sure to be lost on the soggy greens. Under the circumstances the qualifying figures were good, and if Tyng failed to get in, it was simply because his score was too often at sixes and sevens.

Evidently there is a time for all things, even for golf, and the vagaries of our Northern winter climate are heavier odds than any official handicapper would dare to give. The dismal spectacle presented two or three weeks ago at Baltusrol, when a dozen professionals and a quartet of amateurs wallowed all day in a quagmire while the rain came down in sheets, may be taken as satisfying evidence of sportsmanship, but the interests of golf would have been better served by a postponement. And, *a fortiori*, golf under snow rules is, properly speaking, only an amusement, and one which, more often than not, must be taken sadly. The Morris County and Richmond Hill golfers are sensible in closing their courses for the mid-winter months. The links assuredly profit by the rest, and the game itself is the more enjoyed for being played only in its regular season and under normal conditions.

OUTSIDE OF TYNG'S FAILURE TO QUALIFY, and young Winston's creditable showing, there were but few interesting features in the tournament. Tyng has not made a brilliant record in this year's golf, but it is unfair to say that he has gone back in his game. The truth is that the general standard has been advanced, and that Tyng, handicapped by his late entrance into the golfing world, has reached and stopped at his limit. If he had been playing golf twenty years ago, instead of baseball, he might have won its highest honors, for he possesses many of the qualities of the really great player. Up to this year his "get there" powers have kept him well up among the leaders, and if he must yield now, it is simply because the younger generation are beginning to display mastery in the finer points of the game that can only be acquired in youth and suppleness.

Douglas and Travis were picked to meet in the finals, and the conclusion was foregone. The final round in the driving snow soon became such a farce that the contestants sensibly called it off, and it is to be settled at some later date—during the holidays, I hear.

*Middle Western football and the All-America eleven will be discussed next week.*

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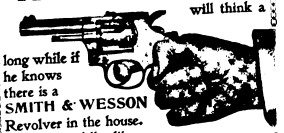
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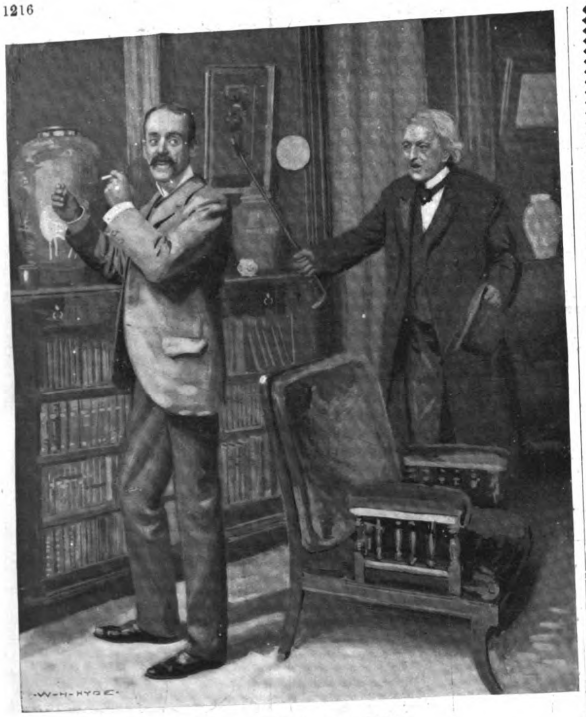
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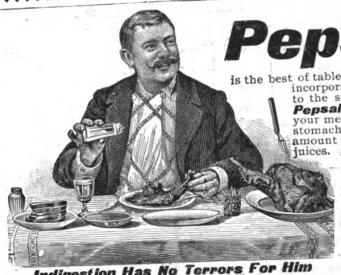

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VOL. XLII.—No. 2191. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1898. PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

CHRISTMAS NUMBER—FORTY PAGES AND AN ILLUMINATED COVER—PRICE, 25 CENTS

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 17, 1898

**Terms: $4 00 a Year, in Advance**

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

*Subscriptions may begin with any Number*

**HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS**
**New York City: Franklin Square**
**London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.**

**Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris**


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NOTICE.—*In order that this special Christmas Number may be complete in itself, the regular instalment of the Serial Story, "The Awkward Age," by* HENRY JAMES, *is omitted this week, but will be continued in the next Number.*

THE Secretary of the Treasury has come to be a believer in subsidies for steamships, and in the policy of restricted trade to ships of American register between this country, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii. We have expressed our opinion more than once upon these policies, and especially the latter. Mr. GAGE is proposing that the republic shall adopt the colonial policy which was England's in 1776, the consequence of which was the loss of her most important American colonies and the establishment of this government. It is also the colonial policy which Spain has pursued, with results which are so recent that their lesson ought to have impressed Mr. GAGE more deeply. We believe that the policy which he advocates is destined, if adopted, to prove disastrous.

GOVERNOR TANNER'S indictment by the grand jury of Macoupin County, Illinois, is not to be rejoiced over as an act of virtue which has been directed against the illegal and rebellious conduct of the Governor of a great State. Governor TANNER is unfit for the office which he occupies, and he ought to be removed from it. But in removing him from it the people of Illinois should respect the law as he has contemned and outraged it. The chief executive of the nation or of a great State cannot be prosecuted for his conduct as a private individual can be. He is not amenable to the ordinary criminal processes of the State. The way to punish the Governor is through his impeachment, and not through an indictment: and those who would be glad to punish TANNER, who is possibly the greatest criminal who ever held the gubernatorial office in this country, ought to be especially careful of the methods which they adopt, for example's sake, if for nothing else.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce, through its committee, of which GUSTAV H. SCHWAB is chairman, has memorialized the President to invite the maritime powers of the world "to attend an international congress for the purpose of considering and adopting rules providing for the freedom from capture of private property on the sea, whether belonging to neutrals or non-combatant citizens of belligerent nations, except in the case of contraband of war or violation of a blockade." This is something that ought to have been done years ago, when the conditions of warfare on land were ameliorated, and when the barbarism of pillage was put an end to. One of our most distinguished jurists, Judge BRAWLEY of the District Court of the United States, sitting in Charleston, South Carolina, has lately, in a prize case which came before him, given strong expression to what is doubtless the sentiment of civilization on this subject, and it is auspicious that the President has accepted the suggestion of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and has taken the first step in a proceeding which may add another laurel to the wreath which the United States has long been wearing for its achievements in the cause of peace, and for the introduction of humane principles into war.

WE are told that the result of the election for Governor in Minnesota was not due to any feeling against the Republican party or Senator DAVIS, but to the personal popularity of Mr. LIND; that, in fact, Senator DAVIS is stronger to-day than he ever was before, and this on account of the prominence he has attained by his advocacy of war and expansion. However much we may disagree with Senator DAVIS on these subjects, we are glad that statesmanship has won in Minnesota, and that Mr. DAVIS, an educated lawyer and a man who thinks on political questions like a trained statesman, is assured of his position in a contest threatened by money-bags. It has been too much the habit, of late years, to give the prize of the Senatorship to rich men, and although we have disagreed radically with Senator DAVIS, we believe that he has come sincerely to the view which he holds by intelligent study of the question. We often find those who oppose us on these questions denouncing us as un-American because we do not agree with them, and we are glad to take this opportunity to express the hope that we never will be found calling a fellow-citizen unpatriotic because he does not think as we do on a public question.

THERE is a strong feeling among some very excellent citizens of Chicago against general criticism of Mayor HARRISON. This feeling has been aroused by the Mayor's attitude toward certain street-railroad corporations which are seeking an extension of their franchises for fifty years. Mayor HARRISON, and the good people of Chicago generally, think that the corporations have purchased what is known as the "ring" in the Chicago Board of Aldermen, and the ring constitutes a majority. The feeling against these corruptionists is so strong that threats have been heard against their lives, and Mayor HARRISON himself is reported as saying that if there is any hanging going on in the city he will not "turn in the riot call." This alone ought to settle the question as to whether he is the proper chief magistrate for a great city in the nineteenth century, although his fight against corruption is doubtless commendable in being strong and vigorous, and directed against that which is dangerous to our municipal life everywhere in this country. But notwithstanding the favor which Mayor HARRISON has won among some of the clergy and best citizens of Chicago, we continue to think him a dangerous demagogue, who, in his fight against ALTGELD, is seeking the support of the very elements that made ALTGELD prominent and dangerous.

THE report of the Secretary of the Treasury, so far as it deals with the revenues and expenditures of the government, is very far from being satisfactory. We do not say this because the estimates show an expected deficiency at the end of the current fiscal year of $112,000,000, and for the fiscal year of 1900 a deficiency of a little more than $30,000,000. We shall have to expect deficiencies for some time to come, and doubtless an increase of the bonded debt will be made necessary by the excess of expenditures over revenues. But this report is unsatisfactory mainly for its indefiniteness. It is entirely guess-work. Treasury reports are always more or less predictions, but this year the certainty is so slight that it may truthfully be stated that there is really no approach to it in the figures which Mr. GAGE presents to the country. The cost of the military and naval establishments is to be increased so much that the army, for example, for the current year, is expected to cost nearly ten times what it cost before the war broke out, and in 1900 it is expected to cost nearly five times as much. This may or may not be true. As to the amounts which Mr. GAGE predicts, we fancy that in reality, if the present tendency of the country towards militarism and imperialism goes on, the cost of the army will be found to have been underestimated by the Secretary of the Treasury. But everything depends, after all, on what Congress decides to do in these directions, and while we may be sure that the cost of governing the country is to be greatly increased, we do not know within millions the amount of this increase.

## THE MESSAGE ON OUR COLONIES.

THE President's reason for not discussing in his annual message the subject of governments for the new colonies is conclusive. The message is an official document, and therefore deals merely with facts and deductions from facts, with actual situations and existing conditions, and not with conjectures or possibilities, certainly not with the possible results and sequences of diplomatic negotiations which are nearing conclusion, and which have not yet resulted in a treaty which has been submitted to the Senate for ratification. It is evident that the President believes that the treaty will be ratified substantially as it has been agreed to by the Paris commissioners, for he speaks of "the new possessions which will come to us as the result of the war with Spain." Nevertheless, there is room for doubt, and it is quite possible that further consideration may weaken the expansionists, and certainly a public debate on the treaty in the Senate will not be helpful to their cause. Mr. MCKINLEY, indeed, may induce Senators who are really opposed to expansion to vote for it, on the theory that to vote against it is to vote for a renewal of the war. It ought to be borne in mind, however, that only Mr. MCKINLEY can renew the war, and that, unless he orders the navy to attack Spain, there may be a real peace even though the treaty of peace may fail, and we seriously doubt if he would ever carry such a threat into execution, for the reason that if he did, he alone would be responsible for the consequences.

However the effort to secure ratification may result, the country ought to have the privilege of considering this proposed new departure from our old traditions, and of passing upon it squarely. Let us have the issue in the next Presidential campaign. The right to judge and determine upon a proposition to change the very character of the republic ought not to be denied to the people, if there is any significance or any reality at all in popular government. We are not among those who believe that this country cannot grow to the stature of this or of any other undertaking in the nature of government; but we do believe that this undertaking will never pay for the trouble and the cost that will be imposed upon us by the effort to administer the affairs of distant and dependent peoples under our present form of government and with our present condition of politics. It may be that the assumption of the new responsibilities will hasten the establishment of a permanent official class of administrative officers, and will bring us more speedily to the abandonment of our protective policy and the establishment of free trade. But if these ends are desirable, they should be gained without burdening ourselves with otherwise undesirable possessions, and when they are actually gained through the necessity of meeting new responsibilities, those responsibilities will even then be none the more desirable. In the end, as now, they must be reckoned with at their true value. Moreover, whether expansion will be beneficial or injurious to us, it involves a departure from the traditional principles of the republic and a change in our form of government, including important radical amendments of the Constitution, which we have already described. Even the expansionists themselves frankly admit that the new colonies must be governed outside of the Constitution, and that the restraints imposed upon Congress for the protection of the rights and liberties of our citizens will not apply to the people of the new colonies.

A subject of this importance is essentially one for the consideration and decision of the people, because it is constitutional in its nature. There are certain subjects on which the politicians ought always to seek the mandate of the people, and this is one of them. There is nothing practical to be gained by the immediate ratification of this treaty. It may go over until after the next Presidential election without any resultant harm to the country. Indeed, to ratify a treaty necessitating such enormous changes in the very structure of our government before the next Presidential election would be to take an unfair advantage of the people. It would be something in the nature of a snap judgment against the people, who, whether they eventually agree to the adoption of the policy of expansion or not, have the right to a full and free public discussion of the question, and an opportunity to declare their opinion after it has been intelligently and deliberately formed. Let ratifi

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tion be delayed, but let there be a public debate on the treaty in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. Such a debate will be followed by a wider, and perhaps a more thorough, discussion on the platforms and in the press of the country. After that we shall all be willing to abide by the decision of the people, expressed in their choice between the rival candidates for the Presidency; and if the choice be for expansion, we shall all join in the effort to make the government fit its new duties and responsibilities. The issue of expansion is a better and a more honorable issue to hold over for 1900 than is the currency question.

If the treaty should not be ratified at once, the conditions would be the same in the Philippines as the President intends they shall be for a long time to come. His language as to Cuba is as follows: "Until there is complete tranquillity in the island and a stable government inaugurated, military occupation will be continued." He also says, as to all our other actual and possible colonial possessions, "Until Congress has legislated otherwise, it will be my duty to continue the military governments which have existed since our occupation, and give to the people security in life and property, and encouragement under a just and beneficent rule." We have no doubt that the military rule will be, as Mr. McKINLEY says, just and beneficent. It will be much better than any rule which the politicians can give these colonies under any laws that exist to-day. Indeed, there is no law under which civil government could be maintained in these islands, and if the treaty were to be ratified to-morrow, Congress would be obliged to pass a joint resolution authorizing the President to continue military rule until it could devise and enact a scheme of civil government. Therefore, even if the treaty be ratified, we may expect a continuance of military rule in the Philippines, Cuba, and Puerto Rico for several years to come. In view of the fact that, treaty or no treaty, the new colonies will be under military rule for some time, there is no reason for hasty ratification or for a denial of the right of the people to pronounce judgment on the scheme to change their form of government, which, until now that it has been questioned by the expansionists, has been considered by all Americans as the best government which human ingenuity has ever invented. Mr. McKINLEY need only follow up the reticence of his message by recommending the practical submission of this question to the people, after the manner that we have suggested. Such an act would be one of high statesmanship, by reason of which there would be no change of conditions in the manner of exercising control over our colonies whether expansion were finally agreed to or not, while the people of this country would thus secure the right to refuse to change their government — a right which is theirs by reason of the very nature of their political institutions.

## THE MORAL OF TWO CAREERS.

THE history of our politics has never taught the moral lesson more pointedly and effectively than in the downfall of FRANK S. BLACK at the time of THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S elevation. Both are still young men, as youth is rated in public life; both are men of ability enough to adorn public station, and with a laudable ambition for high position; both possess strong personalities, and have sought success deliberately by well-considered courses of action. Each has tried his experiment long enough to test thoroughly the effectiveness of his methods, and the popular verdict has been rendered after full deliberation.

"The republic is opportunity." In no other relation of life is GARFIELD'S oft-quoted declaration more frequently or more completely vindicated than in politics. The American people are not only ready to give a young and untried man a chance; they seem even anxious to welcome and encourage any new-comer who shows signs that he can do something if he is given a chance. The sudden rise of GROVER CLEVELAND within three years, from the Mayoralty of a third-rate city beyond the borders of which he was hardly known when he became its executive, to the Presidency of the United States, is of itself enough to show how quick and rich may be the reward of public confidence, once it is won.

BLACK was the son of a poor farmer with a large family "down East"; he had the hardest kind of a struggle to get a college education and a law training; he had to make his own way when he began practice. His was the sort of boyhood, youth, and early manhood which has always been accounted, by the masses of our people, a good training for the bearing of large responsibilities later on; and they still, as of old, enjoy conferring what they deem a just reward for the homely virtues through which an ambitious spirit has risen from poverty, obscurity, and what would elsewhere be, practically, hopelessness. Bitter as the struggle had been by which BLACK, at forty, had obtained an assured position in his profession, there could hardly have been a better "campaign document" for an aspiring politician than the record of those forty years as a private citizen.

The present generation has not seen a case where a young man so suddenly leaped into so high a position, with such still greater possibilities before him, as when, two years ago, Mr. BLACK was elected Governor of New York by a majority immense beyond all precedent. He had never held any office beyond a still unfinished term as Representative in Congress, and as Executive of the Empire State he now became a national figure. It would be hard to name an official, below the President, who occupies so commanding a position as the Governor of New York. If the man chosen to this post have an individuality of his own, he can engage the attention of the American people, as witness TILDEN and CLEVELAND, to cite no others.

Governor BLACK had convictions, and the courage of those convictions. He believed that political success was to be achieved through "practical politics." In the language of the practical politician, he "took no stock" in such ideals as civil service reform. He owed his nomination as Congressman to a notorious lobbyist, who later was the agent in securing his nomination for the Governorship. He believed that the LOU PAYNS had the Presidency within their grasp. So believing, Governor BLACK was cynical enough to proclaim his faith both in words and in actions, which spoke even louder than his words. In his inaugural address he proclaimed his intention to defy criticism as "intolerant clamor and irresponsible assault," and he ridiculed the careful work of years in improving the civil service by declaring himself in favor of "less starch." He made his unsavory sponsor insurance commissioner, against the earnest protests of the decent element in his party, and he reappointed a superintendent of public works whose selection by his predecessor had been a sad blot upon the latter's administration. He demoralized the merit system by forcing changes in the civil service law which rendered it little better than a farce.

All this, and much more of the same sort, Governor BLACK did openly and unblushingly, in the sincere belief, to all appearances, that the moral law had nothing to do with politics at the end of the nineteenth century. We had never seen precisely such an experiment tried before. There had been men enough who at heart accepted all that Mr. BLACK professed, but they had deemed it necessary to make pretences of something better. He acted everything out, because he was confident that the more open he was in his defiance the stronger he would become as a candidate for higher honors.

Governor BLACK had his own way, and made a thorough trial of his novel experiment. The result was his utter ruin. The appointment of PAYN as head of the Insurance Department, the free rein given ALDRIDGE in the Department of Public Works, the lowering of standards in the civil service, made a record so hopelessly bad that the Governor's party had no choice but to repudiate him. There was not a practical politician, outside those bound to him by personal ties, which rendered their opinion worthless, who did not see and admit that the renomination of Governor BLACK meant overwhelming defeat for the party. A candidate who had been elected by the extraordinary plurality of over 213,000 in 1896 had to be set aside in 1898 because of the record he had made in those two years.

The downfall of Governor BLACK under any circumstances would have been an impressive event. It was rendered doubly impressive by the fact that the immediate agent in that downfall was a man who had been his perfect antithesis. Colonel ROOSEVELT had won place after place by defiance of the professional politicians; he believed in more "starch" in the civil service; he had repeatedly demonstrated the sincerity of his independence; he accepted the moral law as the controlling force in human affairs—including politics. Because he was thus the antithesis of Governor BLACK, and only because he was, did Colonel ROOSEVELT stand any chance of rescuing his party from the defeat which threatened to overwhelm it. The "organization" of his party had to take him as its candidate or meet certain defeat. The nomination of Governor BLACK would have insured the success of the opposition, and nobody knew this better than the professional politicians themselves.

People do not often think of EMERSON as the philosopher of politics, but nowhere did he show his clear-sightedness better than in his discussions of public affairs. There is a passage in his *Man the Reformer*, written at Concord back in 1841, which could not apply more patly to the United States of 1898 if it had been said after a study of BLACK and ROOSEVELT:

> We complain that the politics of masses of the people are controlled by designing men, and led in opposition to manifest justice and the common weal and to their own interest. But the people do not wish to be represented or ruled by the ignorant and base. They only vote for these because they were asked with the voice and semblance of kindness. They will not vote for them long. They inevitably prefer wit and probity.

## THE CURRENCY AND ITS COMPTROLLER.

IT would be curious, if it were not so very familiar, that an existing condition of business, however abnormal or even injurious, comes to be regarded by men engaged in the business which it affects as the normal condition, without which the further transaction of business would be impossible, even inconceivable. We are best used to this way of thinking, or of not thinking, as it regards the tariff. Even when a modification has proved to be advantageous, as was the case, in its effect upon the exports of manufactures, of what the Senate left of the WILSON bill, some beneficiaries of the change continue to object to it.

The currency fetich is not of so long standing as the tariff fetich. But it is equally impressive to many minds, and among them is the mind of the Comptroller of the Currency, Mr. C. G. DAWES. His report makes it clear that he regards the existing mixed system of currency, including the national-bank notes and the Treasury notes, and involving the "endless chain," as "the fixed custom and general law of man." No writer of any standing as an economist has a word to say in favor of that system. Historically it has no claims to consideration. Instead of having been carefully thought out with reference to the needs of the country, it was the hurried makeshift of the sorely pressed Secretary CHASE to save the Treasury. It had the advantage of making a forced and immediate market for government bonds, and that was decisive.

Why the Comptroller of the Currency should set his face against every rational attempt to improve this system is by no means so clear as why Mr. CHASE should have devised and enforced it. He has neither the pride of paternity nor the excuse of a seeming necessity. In the mean while the mischiefs of the existing system have become not merely apparent, but glaring. It has given opportunity for dangerous attacks upon the soundness of the currency and the maintenance of the standard of value, of which the most formidable was made in 1896, and another seems to be preparing for 1900. It has furnished an excuse for these assaults in artificially restricting the banking facilities, which the agricultural districts, according to the most credible and impartial witnesses, urgently need. The very basis of the security of the noteholders is gradually dwindling and disappearing, and yet the Comptroller of the Currency has nothing but opposition for the thoughtful and well-matured scheme that has been propounded for taking the currency out of politics and the government out of the banking business, and for allowing every community in need of enlarged banking facilities to supply those facilities for itself, and, as it were, automatically.

Mr. DAWES'S specific argument is almost all directed against one point, which the plans to which he refers have in common. This is that, in his words, "they seem to ignore the interests of bank depositors," with which he regards himself as "peculiarly charged." We know of no reason, certainly the statutes give none, why the depositor should be dearer to him than the noteholder. The title of his office would suggest that the latter should be his peculiar care. What he chiefly objects to is the proposition that the notes of a bank should be the first lien upon the assets, as they are in Canada. This he describes as "giving noteholders a preference over depositors," which he thinks "normally unjustifiable" and "inherently wrong." The difference is obvious. The depositor of a bank is a creditor who has had means of informing himself as to the responsibility of his debtor, and who makes his deposit at his own risk. The noteholder is a man who may be the whole width of the continent away from the debtor, may have no means of making inquiries about him, and ought to be enabled to take with absolute confidence a note of any bank in the United States which is allowed to issue its notes as currency. That is the very meaning, in the present sense, of the phrase "a sound currency." It is plain that no help can be had from the present Comptroller of the Currency towards putting the currency on a safer and a more rational basis.

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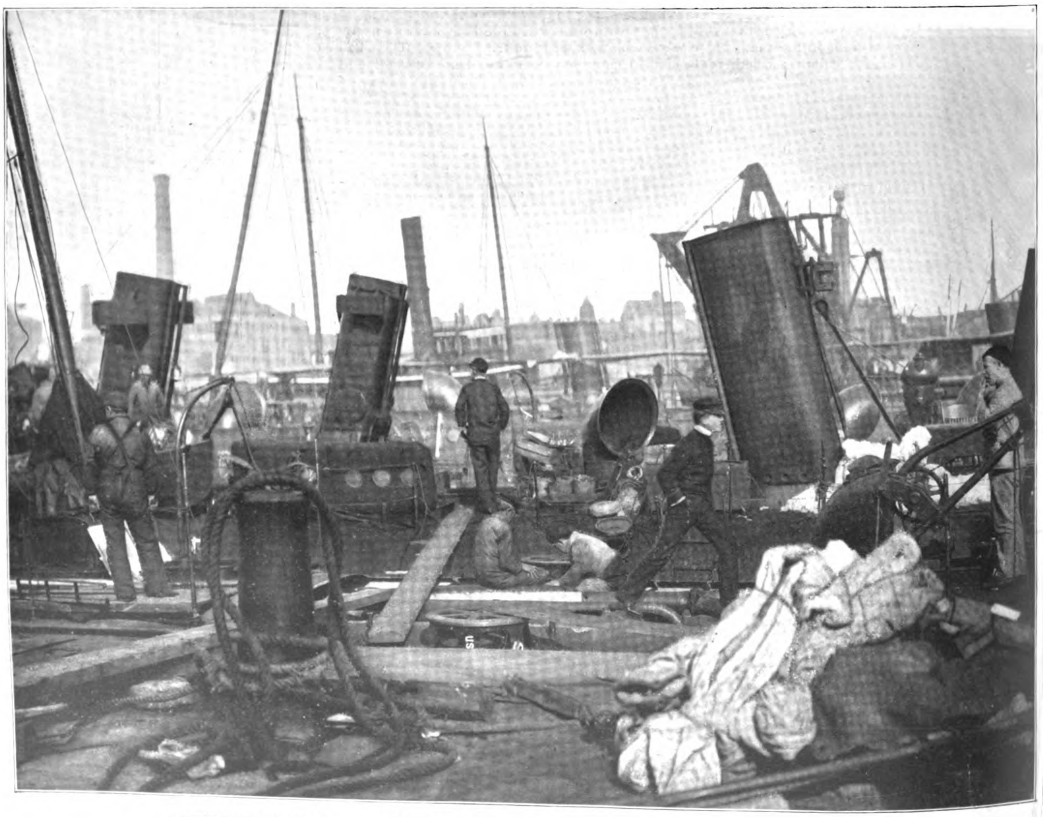
"THE TRIUMPH."



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"THE WICKED PONY."

TWO BRONZE STATUETTES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[See Page 1222.]



DECEMBER SCENES AT THE NAVY-YARD—PREPARING THE TORPEDO-BOATS FOR WINTER QUARTERS.

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THE HERO OF THE OCCASION.—Drawn by Rosina Emmet Sherwood.

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# LONDON.

*November 26, 1898.*

Of all recent utterances upon the foreign relations of this country, Mr. Chamberlain's speech remains the most significant. Its importance lies not only in what he said, but in the fact that it was he who said it. His position in British politics is a very curious one. A man of extraordinary intellectual keenness, of wider and more exact knowledge than he is usually credited with, beyond comparison the most effective debater in Great Britain, greatly and vastly ambitious, he has been for many years within sight of the top rung of the ladder, but has never succeeded in setting foot upon it. Lord Randolph Churchill once bitterly but truly called Mr. Gladstone "an old man in a hurry." Mr. Chamberlain is not old, but he is sixty-two. It was his impatience to be Prime Minister that caused him to oppose Gladstone so acutely over the home-rule bill, for he himself had already offered a single national council to Ireland, as has just been clearly shown by Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell* and the re-views of it. Many of his friends now think that his ambition has taken the form of a desire to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He has two rivals—one, his own leader, Lord Salisbury; the other, in the Liberal camp, Lord Rosebery. The former is aging fast, and the Conservative rank and file is honeycombed with discontent at his weakness; but the latter is undoubtedly making great strides back to power, and the country is unmistakably rallying to him. Mr. Chamberlain's problem must be, within which party is he most likely to realize his desire? Among the Tories he is distrusted for his past Radical record, and jealously disliked for his undoubted ascendency in the ministerial councils. At the same time he is greatly feared because of the possibility that by returning to his old Liberal allegiance he might smash the Unionist alliance and bring down the Tory party in ruins. Knowing this, he speaks with a freedom, not to say a recklessness, upon which nobody else would venture, and of course he knows precisely what is taking place in the cabinet and behind the scenes. It is for the reasons thus hastily sketched that his words are heard and read with such keen interest here. On the Continent he is erroneously regarded as the trumpet through which Lord Salisbury blows more warlike blasts than he thinks it diplomatic to produce on his own instrument. The leading Belgian paper, for instance, has just summarized his position by saying, "Lord Salisbury reigns, but Mr. Chamberlain governs." This is not so; but Mr. Chamberlain's speeches are almost as important as if it were.

During the prolonged and bitter negotiations over West Africa, Mr. Chamberlain developed a deep resentment to the course and the methods of French statesmanship, particularly as embodied in M. Hanotaux. Certain remarks made by the latter to a friend of mine and repeated to Mr. Chamberlain strengthen this feeling, although the remarks themselves have never been made public, and it would not be discreet to write them now. The echo of his resentment is plainly and deeply heard throughout his Manchester speech. At the same time, everything that he said about France is the literal truth.

It is a simple statement of fact that French influence has steadily been used to hamper every detail of Egyptian administration and to delay the progress of Egypt itself, and that France has grotesquely stretched her rights under the Treaty of Utrecht, to the intense indignation of the people of Newfoundland, and has thus produced a situation which, I may parenthetically add, will startle several countries when it is reflected in the report of the Newfoundland Commission, about to be issued. It is true also that England was put to a great and unnecessary expense in the creation of a new and separate army in order to protect her remaining Hinterlands in West Africa; that British trade has been destroyed in Madagascar by what Mr. Chamberlain called, with needless qualification, "almost a breach of faith"; that in Siam, in Tunis, in Abyssinia, in China, in South Africa, "we have found French influence exerted without regard to British susceptibilities and without regard to British interests." There is, moreover, the grave remaining problem of the future of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, with its seven armed French posts established by Marchand, the evacuation of Fashoda being, as Mr. Chamberlain said pointedly, "only a symbol."

In view of all this, and what I have explained before with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's position, his declaration that "it is necessary, if we are to arrive at a different kind of understanding, that French politicians should, once for all, abandon the tactics which they have been pursuing for so many years," is little short of a direct menace. I was myself at Manchester and attended the annual conference of the Liberal-Unionist party held there. In the classic precincts of the Free Trade Hall, memories yet linger of John Bright's great efforts to make the food of the people plenteous and free, and of the struggle for reform which was fought and won at Manchester in the middle of the century. Here it was, to a mass-meeting of five thousand Unionists, Conservative as well as Liberal, that Mr. Chamberlain—"sexagenarian dandy" he is termed by the French papers—delivered his first fighting speech after returning from America. His trip to the States seemed to have refined him. His face grows more like that of Pitt every year, while the physiognomy of Sir William Harcourt, by strange coincidence, more closely approximates to the heavy visage of Charles James Fox. It is a critical period in Mr. Chamberlain's career. Of the speech itself little need be said, and the impression made upon prominent politicians who heard it was reflected in the smoking rooms of many country houses in Lancashire the same evening. Every member of Parliament with whom I was brought in contact gained the same impression as myself. Mr. Chamberlain means war unless the international conduct of France changes for the better. Practically, if not constitutionally, the Foreign Secretary, the Premier, and the Queen divide among them the responsibility for resorting to the arbitrament of war. In the present ministry it is otherwise. Mr. Chamberlain, as Colonial Secretary, is responsible for Newfoundland, and it seems not unlikely that England may ere long be in a crisis with France over that island. At Manchester he dropped a hint, to which the people of this country have not yet paid sufficient attention. "The interference of the French with the development of the colony has," he said, "increased. At the present time it is suffering a most serious injury from what I venture to think is an intervention which is of no advantage to France, although it certainly is of serious detriment to our colony of Newfoundland." The question is very important. Newfoundland is the place of all places in which it is possible for France to renew the policy of pin pricks over which she has just been defeated in Upper Egypt. France has a claim to a certain right in that island which we in England cannot deny, mainly because it has never been defined. At the beginning of the eighteenth century France and England were in a chronic state of war. In 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht, which for the time ended hostilities, secured the sovereignty of Newfoundland in England. Unfortunately, however, it left to France an undefined right which modified our sovereignty. It yielded to her the privilege of catching and drying fish on the western and northern sides of the island.

Thus, although no territorial rights were conceded to France, the practical result was that both the early settlers and the native population were excluded from what was and is potentially the richest part of the colony. More or less, they have been excluded ever since, and the subject has been a bone of constant contention when no larger quarrel occupied the thoughts of the two governments concerned. There was, as I have indicated, more in Mr. Chamberlain's reference to Newfoundland than meets the eye of the casual reader. If France ever seeks a cause of quarrel with England in earnest, she will pursue it on the sea, and she will discover a cause of quarrel at a spot where, standing firm on moral and legal rights, England is at the same time locally vulnerable. Just such a place is Newfoundland. In regard to that island we should not be able to deny the moral claim absolutely; but, in the absence of means by which to settle the question of title, facts are more than usually valuable, and of these I will give a few.

Newfoundland is the oldest of England's colonial possessions. When we discovered and acquired the island, France had nothing to do with it whatever. We established in it such legal and other usages as the civilization of the time allowed. To this day every institution of government or commerce which is helpful to its progress was founded and maintained by English knowledge and English enterprise. In these early times, however, in Newfoundland, as in all other parts of the world which England has colonized, French ambitions have sought to share in the benefits which have accrued from the discoveries and the enterprise of our people. The French followed us to Newfoundland, just as, nearly two centuries later, they followed us to Africa. The difficulty is that in the earlier adventure they followed us with much more effect. In 1578 there were four hundred vessels engaged in the fisheries off the island. Of these only fifty were English. All the others were French and Spanish. It is on the strength of that fact, in combination with the unbusinesslike terms of the Treaty of Utrecht and its modification in 1783, that the French government of to-day affirms a moral basis for pin-pricking. As I have said, the fact is indisputable; but it is not the only one to be considered. At the time of the treaty the population of the island, the area of which is almost as large as Scotland, and potentially much wealthier, was less than the population of a humble county-town of the smallest shire in these islands. Now, according to the latest statistics available, which are those of 1891, the population is well over 200,000. Industries, the arts and commerce, have flourished proportionately. Popular government in its most modern and equitable sense has been established, and is broad-based on the people's will. In short, progress in every direction conceivable has been made. All this is entirely due to England. The part of France has invariably been to assert moral claims which she has not yet had the courage to enforce. Should she wish to do so now, or at any other time, in an endeavor to compensate herself for the disaster which has come upon her through her own folly in Egypt, we shall not feel our moral right any the less real because it is not inscribed on the parchment of Utrecht. It is much to the credit of Mr. Chamberlain that he has given the country warning of the new complication which looms darkly ahead. Even as the Constitution of the United States made no provision for the possibility that stress of unforeseen circumstances might force her to annex or acquire the Sandwich Islands, Cuba, and the Philippines, so England is not to be blamed if through the same causes she is obliged to curb French pretensions in Newfoundland.

It had seemed at one time as if the Panama scandals that threw such a lurid light on the methods of French financiers and politicians, and finally drove M. Grévy from his exalted position into the retirement of private life, were to find their parallel in England. Happily the revelations in connection with Mr. Hooley's bankruptcy, although they have excited much public interest, and even set us on the tiptoe of expectation, have not so far disclosed, at least to any appreciable extent, the same grave causes for public alarm. It is true that certain persons of high social position, and others, have sought, under Mr. Hooley's inspiration, that short and easy road to fortune which we have been taught to regard as the dream of the idle. But while the revelations of the Registrar's Court are sufficiently instructive, and by no means without their seamy side, it can hardly be said that they amount to a national indictment. The gravest incident that has come to light in this matter, and that may be said to touch the community most nearly, is the avowed attempt on Mr. Hooley's part to purchase a distinction which some good people had hitherto supposed to be the reward of recognized public service, benevolent enterprise, or efficient political support. Whilst it is substantially true that these are the grounds on which, to a very large extent, honors have been conferred, it is fair to admit that the possession of great wealth, either in personalty or in landed estates, has also been an important consideration in the distribution of titles. It would be easy to give the names of men who in our time have been granted titles for their wealth alone, but to do so would be invidious, and there is no useful purpose to be served in naming individuals when the facts are not in dispute. There was a subtle cunning in Lord Beaconsfield's remark that every country gentleman with $50,000 a year and a good character should be ennobled. The act of ennoblement confirms his loyalty and imposes a hereditary obligation of upright conduct.

The reason for this recognition of wealth can easily be traced to a characteristic national sentiment. To the average Briton the rights of property are almost as sacred as the shibboleth of law and order, and this sentiment is, in the main, responsible for the system which re-enforces the peerage and baronetage from the capitalist, merchant, and landlord class. The belief that duty as well as privilege is the accompaniment of high rank and position is so thoroughly ingrained in the minds of the majority of Englishmen that one is rather tempted to accept than dispute it. In any case, it is difficult to protest that such ideas are the survival of feudal modes of thought—traditional, sentimental, archaic—when one is assured by practical, matter-of-fact, successful people, who call into service no imagination, that they are satisfied that the possession of wealth and its employment in certain directions are ennobling of themselves and constitute claims to distinction.

It did not require the public investigation into Mr. Hooley's affairs to prove that all parties in the state need money wherewith to grease their machinery, and that party officials are always very willing to obtain it on terms; but it is greatly to Lord Salisbury's credit that in this case he exercised a sound discrimination. By returning Mr. Hooley's check for $250,000 and refusing the baronetcy he showed a wisdom and foresight for which in other matters he has not always been distinguished, and saved the country from an unpleasant scandal. It is idle, however, to contend that the various peers, honorables, and right honorables who have contaminated themselves by dealing with Hooley are not smirched by contact. The late Archbishop Whately was fond of saying that the man who associated with chimney-sweepers must get smutted. The Hooley breed has existed from all time. The South-Sea Bubble and the cycle boom are of the same family. Circumstances only differ. Of the intermediary in the Hooley baronetcy affair, Sir William Marriott, himself a Privy Councillor, I can only say that, having had agreeable relations with him in former years, I am surprised that, having occupied the position of Judge-Advocate-General, he could have fallen into such a company. The one satisfactory feature of the Hooley business is that there is a general desire to get at the truth, and that the people who have made haste to get rich too quickly are socially irretrievably maimed.

ARNOLD WHITE.

## FREDERIC REMINGTON'S STATUETTES: "THE WICKED PONY," AND "THE TRIUMPH."

It is not an unusual thing for an artist temporarily to abandon his pencil and brushes and seek expression in sculpture. As one of them said the other day, "There is a fascination in being able to get around your figures and see how they look at the back, and the process forces you to a reliance upon form and gives a directness to your method of work." It is quite in accord with the energy and straightforwardness of Mr. Remington's style that he should occasionally stop working on the flat, with its illusions and make-believes, and revel in the actual "round." Hitherto he had given us "The Bronco Buster" and "The Wounded Bunkie," both works of remarkable strenuousness and daring. They are frankly realistic, but their realism is of a character that must command unstinted admiration. It is not the kind that is displayed in reproducing all the imperfections as well as the good points of a model that maintains a fixed pose as long as needed. In such work there is nothing commendable; it is an absolute negation of art, which presupposes the expression of some idea personal to the artist. In Mr. Remington's case there is no question of the mental picture. It is of the most vivid and assured kind, resulting from a faculty of observation quite extraordinary in its comprehensiveness. What he has seen in his study of horses and their riders he has seen with such completeness that he can record with accuracy an action which was momentary, or which passed before his eyes like a flash. A preference for such which makes an appeal to the imagination cannot interfere with one's admiration for such evidence of genius as this.

Of these later statuettes, one, "The Wicked Pony," recalls the qualities of the earlier ones. The man has been thrown and is lying flat. He has caught the pony by its ear and pins its head to the ground. The brute realizes its impotence, and is lashing out with its hind legs. The question is, will the man in getting on to his feet succeed in keeping his hold? It is one of those questions that are apt to be decided in less time than is spent in asking them, and the remarkable feature of the composition from a technical point of view is that though the action is momentary, its retention in bronze does not make it seem stiff. The movement throughout is free and spontaneous.

The other statuette has high qualities of a different order. Its subject is "The Triumph," and it represents an Indian reining in his horse and rising in his seat as he holds aloft a scalp. It is not a *tour de force* that we are here called upon to admire, but a serious attempt to express a moment's energy by methods reposeful and dignified. As a thing to live with, this group is more agreeable than the others, and technically it is superior. The composition is built up with a true feeling for what is big and impressive. The line made by the horse's fore leg upon the ground and the man's arm is an axis of determined energy, around which the rest of the parts are distributed with an excellent sense of balance. There is also a fine crescendo of energy. If you trace it upwards you will find no anticlimax; the supreme point, in every sense, is the clinched fist. They are cast by the Henry-Bonnard Co.

It is interesting to study Mr. Remington's method of modelling. It is not so much that of a sculptor as of a black-and-white artist—suggestive rather than thorough. For example, on the hind quarters, especially around the hip, there is an arrangement of light and shade, very effective in its broad and suggestive treatment. The attitudes, on the other hand—the points where a sculptor would concentrate his energy—are flat and nerveless. The fetlocks and pasterns, for instance, do not suggest the tension which the pose of the horse must have put upon them. These statuettes should be taken for what they are intended to be—vivid representations expressed with determined directness. More attention to detail might have marred their spontaneity.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

"DEAR me! Dear me!" exclaimed our Uncle Samuel. "That's a fat stocking!"

He lay in bed on Christmas morning regarding it. There it hung, long, fat, and knobby, from the chimney-piece around the big fireplace—big for a modern fire-place—in our uncle's bedroom. Our uncle has reached a time of life when he wakes early in the morning, but unless there is special occasion for hustling he does not rise when he wakes, but lies abed and thinks. For an hour he had been regarding his stocking with quiet meditation, without the least show of eagerness to get at it. He always hangs his stocking up, and every year this ever-so-long, Father Time or Santa Claus or some one has filled it overnight with the year's accumulations, so our uncle is pretty well used to fat stockings, and they no longer excite him.

But this year's stocking was fatter than usual. Uncle Sam lay still and looked at it and sighed. Then he turned on his back and sighed again.

"Darn it!" said Uncle Sam.

The stocking stirred; a head popped out of the top of it. There was a soft soldier hat on the head. It looked at Uncle Sam and grunted and popped back. But the stocking began to get impatient, and when our uncle looked at it again there were jerky motions visible through its texture.

"Bless me!" said Uncle Sam, and with that he got up and put on his dressing-gown. Then lifting the stocking from the nail, he took it by the toe and shook its contents all out in a heap on the bed. Then he had to smile, for all that he was feeling pretty grim, considering it was Christmas morning, for the contents hastened to separate themselves from one another, just as football-players do when the umpire shouts something, or angle-worms when you tip them out of the bait-box. They scrambled about on the counterpane, sorting out and grabbing their several effects, which in most cases were military hats and equipments which had been shaken off in the overturn. They were puppets, a lively lot of them, and in a jiffy they had themselves in order and were standing in a group on the uneven surface of the bed.



COLUMBIA ENCOUNTERS THE BIRD OF DESTINY.

"Bless me!" said Uncle Sam, and picked up the whole lot of them at once in his big hands and set them down very carefully on the large round table that stands in his room. Then he drew on his trousers and sat down and looked at them. There was one very lively one in eye-glasses and a soft hat with the brim skewered up at the sides in a fantastic sort of way, and this one, as soon as his feet found a fair surface, bustled about like anything and had all the others up in a line, with himself at one end of it, and then they all saluted Uncle Sam.

"Good morning, dears," said our uncle, and they all said good-morning. Then the abnormally brisk one came forward two steps, and saluted with so much animation that he made Uncle Sam grin with as much cheerfulness as any grown man can feel before breakfast. "Here we are, uncle," said he—"here we are, wishing you a merry Christmas and fetching you the fruits of victory." And then he smiled so widely that Uncle Sam smiled back almost as cheerfully, and his eyes twinkled, and picking that puppet up, he looked him over, with evident amusement and satisfaction, from the bullet holes in his hat to the jagged edge of his sword and his spurs with the broken rowels. The brisk puppet was so active that his arms and legs moved up and down in the air while our uncle was looking at him, which made the old

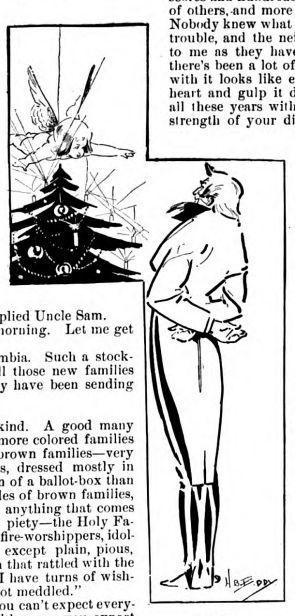



SAMMY'S SUGAR-PLUMS.

man chuckle. As soon as his feet touched the table again he scampered off to the end of the line and grasped by the hand a particularly spruce and dignified puppet in an admiral's uniform, and led him forward, followed by a little group of others in various outlandish costumes. The spruce puppet saluted our uncle, and our uncle gravely returned his salute, and looked at him long and with close attention. He did not pick him up, for indeed he was not the sort of puppet that invited familiarities, but presently he wrote something in a little book which lay near him. Then he bowed, and the spruce puppet fell back, and our uncle considered the little group that had followed him. They were dark-complexioned folk, not very big, but well put together and proportioned. Most of them had straight hair, but among them were a few under-sized negroes. One or two of them bustled about with some show of authority, but, as a whole, they seemed an orderly and sober-minded group. All the other puppets were interested in them, the spruce puppet regarding them with an air which had in it something of paternal responsibility, while the brisk puppet went behind them to where the spruce puppet stood, and evidently put questions to him about them. Uncle Sam picked up every man of them one by one, and scrutinized everything about each one from his hair to his feet, noting the clothes that he wore and their texture, the shape of his head, his muscles, his complexion, his hands and whether they showed signs of work, his weapons when he had weapons, and his label when he had a label. Most of them did have labels, as "Luzon," "Panay," "Mindanao," and other outlandish names; and one or two funny ones, unlike the rest, who made Uncle Sam smile in the midst of his seriousness, turned out to be labelled "Guam." On the outskirts of this group was another little group which seemed related to it, though not part of it, which was labelled "Hawaii," and this lot too Uncle Sam regarded with attention, though not with the intimate scrutiny he bestowed on the others. Presently he fell into so brown a study over them all that the spruce puppet shifted his position, stretched himself a little, and turned aside his head to hide a yawn, observing which the brisk puppet saluted again and marched the whole group back to their place.

Back he came again with another squad, and fetched them up so energetically that our uncle was stirred from his meditations, and his eyes ceased to stare and began to see again. These too were dark men, but not so dark as the former ones. Neither were their clothes so odd, but in most ways they were more like what we would be if we were puppets and not real people. There were no great number of them, and one or two puppets in generals' uniforms, who marched up with them, exchanged cheerful salutes with Uncle Sam and caused him to write down more names in his little book. One of this group the old man picked up and looked at his label, as if to make sure, and reading "Puerto Rico" on it, he glanced at a cabinet in the corner in which many other puppets had already been placed, and seemed to find spare space there for this group too.

Then he nodded his head, and this squad went back, and the brisk puppet marched up another group, not unlike its predecessor, but larger, more various, and superintended by divers admirals and generals and captains and supervisors, variously equipped. In this group the brisk puppet seemed to take the most interest of all, especially when a lot more names went into Uncle Sam's book. Many of the puppets in this group were ragged and worn. Most of them were shaky on their legs, and some fell down in the ranks. Uncle Sam looked at them sorrowfully, and drummed on the table with his fingers and whistled very low and thoughtfully long after the brisk puppet had marched them all back. Then he left them there, and dressed himself and went to breakfast.



PEACE.

"Merry Christmas, Samuel!" cried Columbia, as she reached out for his coffee-cup.

"Merry Christmas, Columbia!" replied Uncle Sam.

"My goodman seems worn this morning. Let me get his coffee into him quickly."

"Worn! And good reason, Columbia. Such a stocking-ful as I have left upstairs! All those new families that we've got mixed up with lately have been sending me samples."

"Nice people?"

"No doubt, but not at all our kind. A good many colored families, and the notion of more colored families makes me a bit nervous. Lots of brown families—very nice straight-haired brown families, dressed mostly in night-shirts, and with no more notion of a ballot-box than a Methodist has of incense. All shades of brown families, from drab to burnt-umber, speaking anything that comes handy, and professing all phases of piety—the Holy Father's, the Sultan's—all except ours; fire-worshippers, idol-worshippers—every kind, I guess, except plain, pious, dollar-worshipping Protestants. I'm that rattled with the various eccentricities of them that I have turns of wishing our folks had just sat still and not meddled."

"Come, come, Sam! Cheer up! You can't expect everything to come right all at once; neither can you expect something for nothing. You got some considerable satisfactions this last year. There's our friend Bull. It was worth a good deal, really, to know how excellent his disposition is towards us."

"Surely. My heart really warms to Bull. I wish I had his faculty of getting on with these brown families. He seems to do well by them, and they by him, and the more of them there are, and the more kinds of religion they have, and the farther off they live, the better he seems to like it. You see, Bull has webbed feet, as he should have, to be sure, living as he does on that little island, which really isn't much more than a rock to dive off of. Of



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

course our folks here can swim a stroke or two at a pinch, but, cracky! some of those samples upstairs have come ten thousand miles! If we start an agency as far off as that, how ever shall I have the face to meet my old friend James Monroe? You remember how set James was against letting outsiders stake out claims in our neighborhood, for fear they'd involve us in their quarrels. What he'd say to our being interested in these brown people who live in a regular nest of jealous neighbors I'm sure I don't know."

"But Bull has agencies out there, Sam."

"Oh yes, Bull has; but Bull's Bull. He's got to have 'em. That's his business. I tell you I wish, more'n half the time, that after our boy George had done his job he'd cut for home. But, after all, running's not much in George's line, and it's a long ways, and I'm not sure that George, blown as he was, had the wind and the legs for it."

"It's been a good season for some of our boys, Sam."

"Oh yes. I'm proud of the boys."

"There's Theodore. Since he ran up the hill that time and got so much credit he's been just bursting with energy, and over in Manhattan and thereabouts they think there's nothing too good for him. I believe that if he lives to really grow up he'll be one of the handiest men in the family, Sam; and, really, he's older now than I ever supposed he'd get to be."

"Oh yes, Columbia, Theodore's a good lad, and if he only keeps his wheels on his feet he's bound to skim along."

"And William Sampson, Sam, and all those fine fellows with him, and plucky little Joe, and dozens and scores and hundreds of others, hundreds and thousands of others, and more and more and more behind them. Nobody knew what a family we had before we had this trouble, and the neighbors have never been so polite to me as they have been of late. I tell you, Sam, there's been a lot of good, and if some of what comes with it looks like evil, you'd better just harden your heart and gulp it down. I haven't fed pie into you all these years without learning something about the strength of your digestion. And as for James Monroe, you can explain to James that circumstances alter cases, and that when a man takes hold he can't always let go just when it happens to suit him."

"There's no logic to you, Columbia. You talk, like every woman who is really valuable, not as you think, but as you happen to feel. You know as well as I how much it is due to your sentimentalism that we ever got into this mess. What did my old friend Marquis Lafayette use to tell me? 'When you find yourself in a scrape, Sam,' says he, 'cherchez la femme.' That's you, Columbia! You work like a mechanical toy. Touch your heart, and you shut your eyes. I tell you those brown families live ten thousand miles off, in a climate that makes our folks sick."

"And if you let them alone, Sam, what then?"

"There'll be the mischief to pay, I suppose, until some one of the neighbors steps in and stops it. And like enough the neighbors will fight to settle as to which one of them shall step in."

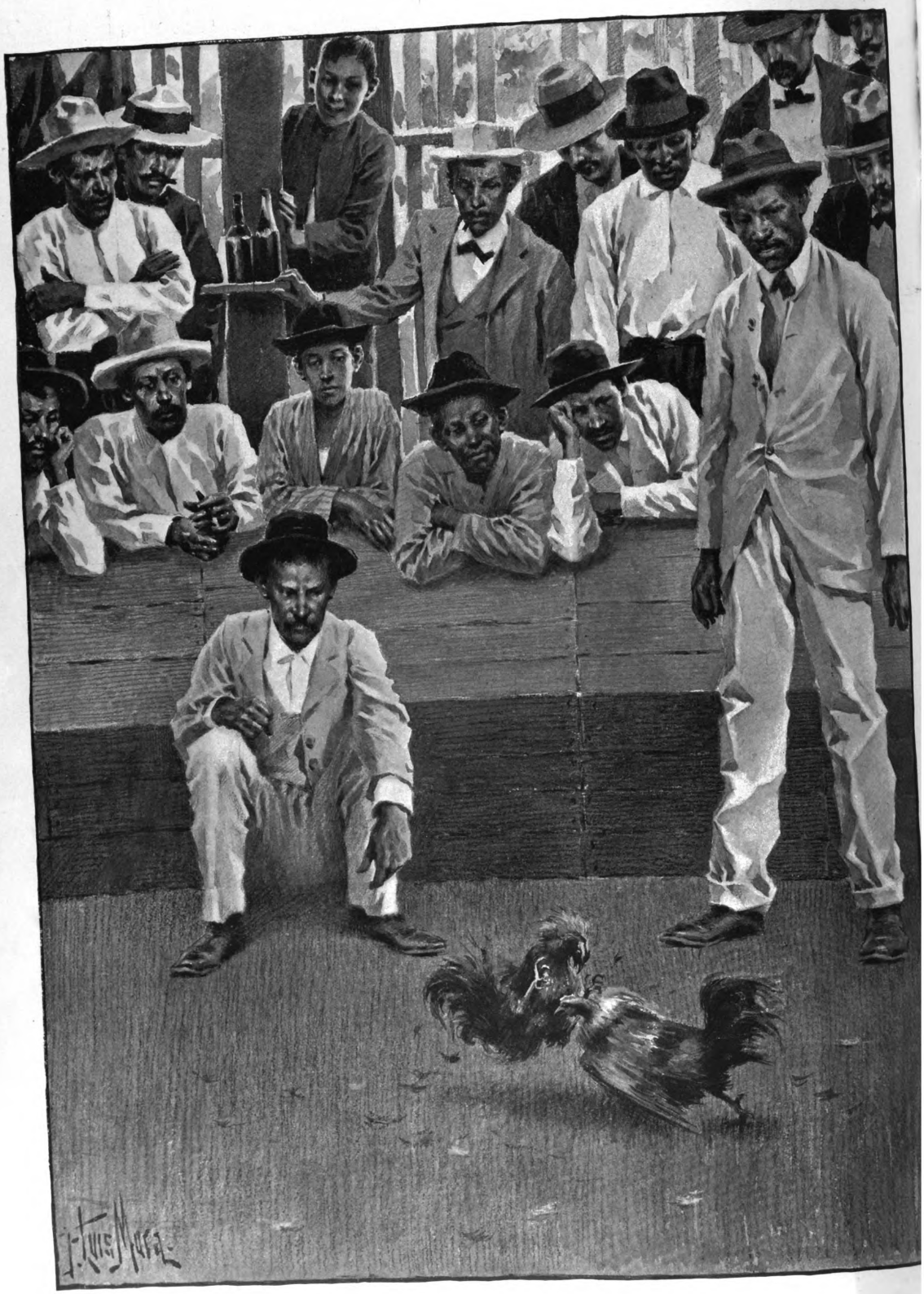
"And how will that suit you, Sam?"

"Just there's the trouble, Columbia."

"My poor old Sam! That's one trouble at least that he will never suffer from. More coffee, grumbler? No! Then I'd hurry up stairs. There's a rumpus there, and I judge the samples have got to fighting."

E. S. MARTIN.

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CHRISTMAS IN PUERTO RICO—A COCK-FIGHT AT CAGUAS.

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA.

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HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES AT THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT—THE CHRISTMAS HOP.—Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

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JOHANNA GADSKI,
Soprano, of "The Charles A. Ellis Opera Company," Philadelphia.
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# MUSIC

ART makes the world's faithfulest and longest holiday. Its gifts are not restricted to a Christmas-tide profusion, any more than is music limited by the stately loveliness of the Adeste Fideles and the joyous Magnificat. Rich and fruitful indeed are the topics latent in this immediate hour of the local musical season. They press on one's conscience and taste and enthusiasm. The splendid course of opera at the Metropolitan, sung alternately in three tongues—to which a fourth one, our own, so readily could be added under the circumstances—suggests by itself half a dozen considerations worthy of the pens of the most careful reviewers, and meriting the perusal of all readers who have other than a superficial feeling for opera's charm and its lasting welfare. At least three or four of these topics—in certain instances queries—will not be fubbed off much longer. For the moment, however, unmistakable are the claims on a reviewer's office as merely a recording angel. My duty is the merely historical one toward what Miranda calls "a tale to cure deafness."

The Holiday of the World's Heart.

Says Byron, cynically, if with much perception,

> The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
> An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

Symmetrical, and full of a beauty of vocalism that one well may seek New York this winter to relish, have been the performances at our Opera House thus far. We may expect the links in the season's long chain to be as glittering to the end. But even in noting here the *Juliette* of a Melba, the *Violetta* of a Sembrich, it is on M. Albert Saléza's tenor that the intensest interest of the city has been centred since this admirable French artist appeared in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." I am sorry that M. Saléza is not likely to have a chance this season to show himself to New-Yorkers in three or four of the impersonations that best suit him, as a singer and actor scarcely surpassed in Europe to-day. But he is an adaptive artist, as well as one gifted. If he do not sing *Mathó*, *Mylio*, *Otello*, or *Siegmund*, the strange beauty of his voice, and even the fierce flash of his dramatic fire, will be quite plainly shown as *Roméo*, *Don José*, or *Raoul de Nangis*. M. Saléza's voice is one among a hundred French ones in size, in sweetness, in steadiness, in purity of intonation and volume, in the passionate warmth and finish of usage that have grown more and more peculiar, not to Italy, but to Gallic lands and training. These traits are often ill represented by other men singers from Paris. Often compared with Capoul—in amatory rôles—Saléza really advances on that favorite of twenty years ago. Saléza is more the tenor to recall Italo Campanini, as Campanini was *circa* 1878–9, before overwork for Mr. Mapleson did him remediless injury. M. Saléza's voice dominates the stage, evenly and richly; it fills the house from parquet to amphitheatre, as did the voice of Campanini, or as does that of M. Jean de Reszké. This is the case in spite of the fact that M. Saléza shows neither a particularly mobile countenance like Van Dyck's, nor a divorce from stage conventions such as does Jean de Reszké. But Saléza's lithe nervosity of movement (when swift movements are to be made), his poses that are almost invariably effective, the buoyant suggestion of virile full-blooded youth in all that he does, even when it is done with a touch of real *gaucherie*, are traits that add seduction. Such a singer is that rarest creature just now to be exploited by an operamanager—a versatile young tenor without the faulty tricks of the French school, who shall carry by storm the coldest patronage of a foreign audience when singing parts that it knows almost as well as the artist himself knows them. M. Saléza's success here has been practically unqualified, and Mr. Grau's discretion in importing him is already blessed. He is still a young man, born in 1867. He was a Paris Conservatory graduate in 1888. He has been of vogue since the hour of his début in Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," at the Opéra Comique. There, by-the-bye, he alternated with M. Gibert, another superior French tenor, just now a star dependence of Mr. Charley's large company in New Orleans.



ALBERT ALVAREZ,
Tenor, of "The Charles A. Ellis Opera Company," Philadelphia.

By-the-bye, let us not fancy that we are having all the good and interesting opera to ourselves, even if Mr. Grau's Napoleonic policy is setting before us the most majestic names. Three or four other social centres are active this year, not only in symphonic concerts, but in superior operatic rewards for all the virtuous. Almost simultaneously with the inauguration of our own operatic week, both New Orleans and Philadelphia have started upon their seasons, which are of a strength unusual. In Philadelphia, it will be remembered, Mr. Charles A. Ellis is the supreme impresario. There now exists, however, a fine treaty of reciprocity between him and Mr. Grau that makes their singers interchangeable between New York and Philadelphia, almost without exception. The first Philadelphia performance was "Faust," sung in French. In "Faust" Madame Melba was the *Marguerite*, and the *Faust* was M. Bonnard, a French tenor, who made a considerable impression. Mesdames Ternina and Gadski, and Messrs. Pandolfini (a rather superior Italian tenor lately heard here in concert), Andreas Dippel, Albert Alvarez, and Ernest Kraus are only a fraction of Mr. Ellis's large troupe. Alvarez is another signally important loan from the Paris Opéra, where he has a heavy responsibility in the heroic and lyric routine. M. Alvarez's best part is his *Samson*, in Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," and while his voice shows wear, it is resonant, large, and dramatic in timbre. Madame Ternina has been briefly heard here, and, like Madame Gadski, is, in German opera, of first rank. As for that fair and far-away French city of the South, New Orleans, ever an aristocratic as well as old home of French opera in this country (the only one where a municipal support ever has been given to it), Mr. Charley, the present manager of the opera, has a fine company and a large subscription. His forces include Mesdames Fièrens, Dalzen, Phillips, Bergès, Savine, and Pouget, and the Messrs. Gibert (whom I recall in "Le Roi d'Ys," Paris, years ago as an excellent young artist), Gaidan, Godefroy, Gauthier, and Darnead. Madame Fièrens has pleased the New Orleans public as *Valentine*. The size of the New Orleans Opera House admits of both grand and light opera, a happy variety. Thus "Les Huguenots," "L'Africaine," "Il Trovatore" ("Le Trouvère") are relieved by "La Mascotte" and "Fra Diavolo." It is worth while to notice that in San Francisco, where there is a large German population, such a taxing work as Goldmark's "Die Königin von Saba" was given last month with general local praise.

Opera in Philadelphia, New Orleans, and San Francisco.



EDOUARD DE RESZKE,
Barytone Bass, of "The Maurice Grau Opera Company."
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ALBERT SALÉZA,
Tenor, of "The Maurice Grau Opera Company."
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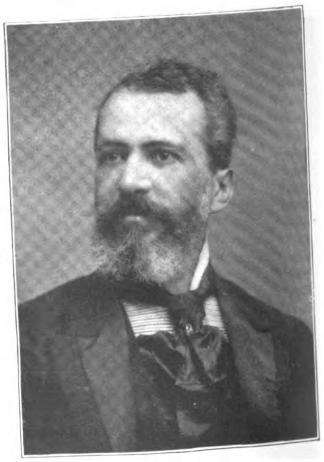
If I am speaking of opera at all, I should not forget that the Castle Square Company, at the American Theatre in this city, is now carrying on Puccini's "La Bohème" for a second week, with noteworthy musical success and a most beautiful and accurate scenic dress. What a commentary on the intelligence, so often underrated, of the real musical public of the city! Does Fifth Avenue know that excellent work and works are to be heard so far westward of Arline's marble halls? Certainly Eighth Avenue may unawares reach nearer to a state of musical grace than Lenox Hill. "La Bohème" is evidence and to spare. Miss Yvonne de Treville, Miss Knox, Mr. Sheehan, and Mr. Chase are at their best in this difficult score.

The Castle Square Company in "La Bohème."

Wars and conquests and the heart-beats of patriotism do not always do their duty as musical inspirations, even if Handel's noble "Dettingen" Te Deum, his overwhelming "Utrecht" Jubilate, and Beethoven's "Heroic" Symphony argue otherwise. But the splendid first performance, some nights ago, of Mr. Walter Damrosch's "Manila" Te Deum, sung by the Oratorio Society at Carnegie Hall, put Mr. Damrosch forward not as the writer of a dull opera, but of a powerful, dignified, and often most beautiful piece of religious music; infused with military exultation wholly becoming and wholly impressive. Mr. Damrosch is not a strong melodist; but in the dignity of this sumptuous choral work that lack is little felt. The finest numbers are perhaps the "Sanctus" and "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ," and the uplifting, imposing conclusion—at which the audience rose by a common and due impulse. Mr. Damrosch is under stood to have given up most of his conductorial work, that he may compose. If this, the first-fruit of his resolve, be the predecessor of others so fair, he has chosen the better part. The quartet of singers—Mesdames Emma Juch, Gertrude May Stein, and Messrs. Theodore van Yorx and Heinrich Meyn—sang extremely well—Madame Juch in chief.

Mr. Damrosch's "Manila" Te Deum.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



LUIGI MANCINELLI,
Composer and Conductor, of "The Maurice Grau Opera Company."
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Herbert Witherspoon (*Colline*). Harold Butler (*Schaunard*). Villa Knox (*Musetta*). Frank Moulan (*Alcindoro*). Joseph Sheehan (*Rudolph*). Yvonne de Treville (*Mimi*). W. G. Stewart (*Marcel*).

CONCLUDING SCENE OF ACT II. OF PUCCINI'S OPERA "LA BOHÈME," AT THE AMERICAN THEATRE, NEW YORK.




ONCE upon a time, so long ago that nobody now alive remembers it, there lived a Little Boy who knew how to have fun in his own back yard. He made mud pies, and made believe he ate them and liked them. He folded a leaf from his daddy's morning paper and made a hat that he thought as fine as any soldier ever wore. He whittled a sword out of a lath, and with it slew dragons in the hen-coop. He stole the cook's broom, and in a jiffy the handle was a horse that galloped him round and round the back yard. Altogether he learned how to do so many things, and to have so much fun with them, that there wasn't a boy on the block that was as bright or had as happy a laugh. When Christmas came, his father said, "Little Boy has such a good time with his broomstick that I think I'll give him a real hobby-horse." His mother gave him a soldier suit and hat. His uncle gave him a little tin sword, and a gun that shot pellets. His aunt, who couldn't bear to see his hands dirty, gave him a real mince pie. For a week Little Boy thought he was the happiest boy alive, and he laughed as he had never laughed before. But he broke his sword the very first day. He pranced about the front street in his new soldier clothes until his mother had to call him home and keep him there. Then, with his gun, he shot the neighbors' cats on the back fences, until the gun had to be taken away. Finally he got terribly tired of riding a horse in the nursery, that never took him anywhere. I forgot to say that the mince pie made him positively sick. At the end of a fortnight he had lost his happy laugh; and one day his mother, to get rid of him, said, "Why don't you go out and play with your old things in the back yard?" She was very much surprised to find that he didn't care for them any more. To this day nobody knows why his free and hearty laugh has gone, and why he has become such a stupid, dissatisfied boy.

The Gifts of Santa Claus.

In no previous season have the American theatres received such a wealth of Christmas gifts from abroad as in the season that is now at its height. The most successful German farce of last year, "Im Weissen Rössl," is excellently presented at the Irving Place Theatre. The most flagrant Parisian obscenity has passed its hundredth night at a Tenderloin theatre. The merriest French farce, Bisson's "On and Off," is running indefinitely at the Madison Square. The most praised comedy, Lavedan's "Catherine" has outrun our wildest hopes at the Garrick. "Cyrano de Bergerac" is poking his nose into every town in this broad land of ours. As for English, the two leading melodramas, "Sporting Life" and "The Christian," are still dazzling the multitude; and comedies from the two leading dramatists, Henry Arthur Jones's (or Oscar Wilde's) "The Liars," and Arthur W. Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells," have an indefinite grip on the Empire and the Lyceum respectively. Moreover, all these gifts from over-sea are more than adequately staged and acted. For quite a while now we have all laughed with all our hearts, and any one who didn't know would think us the brightest and happiest little boy on the block.

Hæc Fabula docet ....

In one way perhaps we are. We know how to appreciate the *Gemüthlichkeit* of "Im Weissen Rössl." We gorge the spicy Parisian obscenity as if it were a New England mince pie. We applaud the skill and verve of "On and Off"; we grasp the intimately Gallic motive of "Catherine." To hear us rave over "Cyrano" one would think we knew something of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Though essentially not a sporting nation, we enjoy the whiff of the stable in "Sporting Life," and Heaven only knows what worse thing it is we like in "The Christian." We are up to date with the atmosphere of fast English society in "The Liars," and we know enough of the Leech girl and her crinolines to be touch for touch with "Trelawny." In a word, I doubt if there is another public anywhere that would receive the intellectual wares of all nations with such undiscriminating discrimination.

The American Cosmopolite.

Undoubtedly clever as all this is, there is something that it is emphatically not. The one thing we Americans can't find on our stage is our own minds and hearts. We may like to gorge ourselves with the French pâté that so delights the Tenderloin, but in the end it will make us sick in a way that the home-made pie never can. It may be a lot of fun to strut with *Cyrano* in a soldier suit from France, but that is not the way we learned to fight at Bunker Hill and at San Juan. If the drama has any real use it is to give a fitting and a lasting form to all the best things we feel. By doing so it rouses in us the sense of what we are and what we are good for, and makes that sense a power. We are still having no end of a good time with our Christmas gifts, but by-and-by the Goddess of Liberty will grow tired of it all, and ask us why we don't run out into our own back yard and play with our mud pies and lath swords.

"Clever, but is it Art?"

Meantime we have learned that our back yard is only a back yard. After seeing "Cyrano," who would go to "The Maine Avenged," or to "Red, White, and Blue"? Who cares for "Uncle Dick," even though Mr. Sol Smith Russell did bring a beam of good American sunshine into its dreary void? Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Medler," even with Mr. Stuart Robson to make it live, lacks the scenic aptitude we find in "The Liars" and "Trelawny." Of all the new plays of the season, thus far, Miss Irwin's "Kate Kip, Buyer" has most of the spirit of American life. Let us get all the satisfaction we can out of that!

American Life as seen from our own Back Yard.

Our latest hope was Mr. E. W. Presbury's "Worth a Million," with which Mr. William H. Crane opened at the Knickerbocker. The play has died almost without a struggle, but, because of its obvious effort to be artistically American, it is worth while to find out why it failed. The alleged amusement in the play is caused in part by the fact that an alleged lady has induced a man to propose marriage to her, in cold blood, for the purpose of bringing an alleged gentleman, whom she loves, to the point of proposing himself. She assumes that the alleged gentleman will cavesdrop if he gets the chance, and, to be sure, he does. All the people in the play are obtrusively fashionable. They talk glibly of a hotel called The Waldorf; they take runaway lunches at a confectioner's named Maillard, and relate what they ate with the unrelenting exactitude of a *menu*, even adding how much they paid for it all; and they bet boxes of something called Huyler's, with an air of *savoir-faire*. To clap the anticlimax, they allude to Hoboken as the acme of vulgarity and pretentiousness. The citizens of Hoboken have seldom had greater cause to complain. To any one who did not know their city it must seem self-evident that the people of the play all hailed from there, and were struggling to conceal the fact. It is almost a public duty to protest that in no part of any country could so many men and women be found who are so ill born and ill bred. In view of the fact that the play makes so great a virtue of dealing with American life, perhaps we all have a grievance. The long and short of it is, we have had so many new toys to play with that our own poor things are a bore.

The Wisdom of Santa Claus.

It would be easy to pull a long face over all this. Perhaps it would not be quite just. After all, Santa Claus, like most saintly and reverend parties, is, in the main, to be trusted. Little Boy would have learned by himself in the course of years that a mud pie is a mud pie, and a broomstick a broomstick. Perhaps Santa Claus knew all the time that a hobby-horse is the shortest cut from a broomstick to a Pegasus. In the end we shall learn that a French obscenity makes us sick, and that Gascon "langwidges" and a Gascon soldier suit have very little to do with the way we speak and fight. On the other hand, the lessons they have taught us in the mechanics and the literary capabilities of the drama are likely to endure. At least, people of our race have frequently been indebted to Latin races for a hint as to some new way of amusing ourselves. It has been gravely argued that in all the great eras in English literature the impulse has come from without; and it does seem as if the Anglo-Saxon temperament had to be thoroughly galvanized before it wakes up to the fact that about the most interesting things in this very interesting world are poems and pictures and plays. Chaucer took most of his stories, much of his versification, and perhaps all of his literary inspiration from French, Italian, and classical sources. Shakspere borrowed most of his plots and much of his manner directly, or indirectly, from the Continent. The lines in which *Portia* describes an English gentleman are suggestive on this point: "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere." The Elizabethan poet was of a piece with the Elizabethan gentleman. Perhaps we Americans should be glad we have the cosmopolitanism of our very worthy ancestors. So wake up, you playwrights, and let us forget our mud pies and put off our soldier clothes. These foreign playthings are all well enough for a while, but we must grow up sufficiently to write and to enjoy the kind of plays that come home to us. Such plays are more fun and last longer than almost anything else in this bustling world, and when they come laughing down from generation to generation they hold a nation together in a way nothing else can.

JOHN CORBIN.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE KLONDIKE—HOLIDAY GREETINGS BETWEEN AN "EL DORADO KING" AND A "DOG-PUNCHER" ON THE MAIN STREET OF DAWSON.
Drawn by Tappan Adney.—[See Page 1243.]

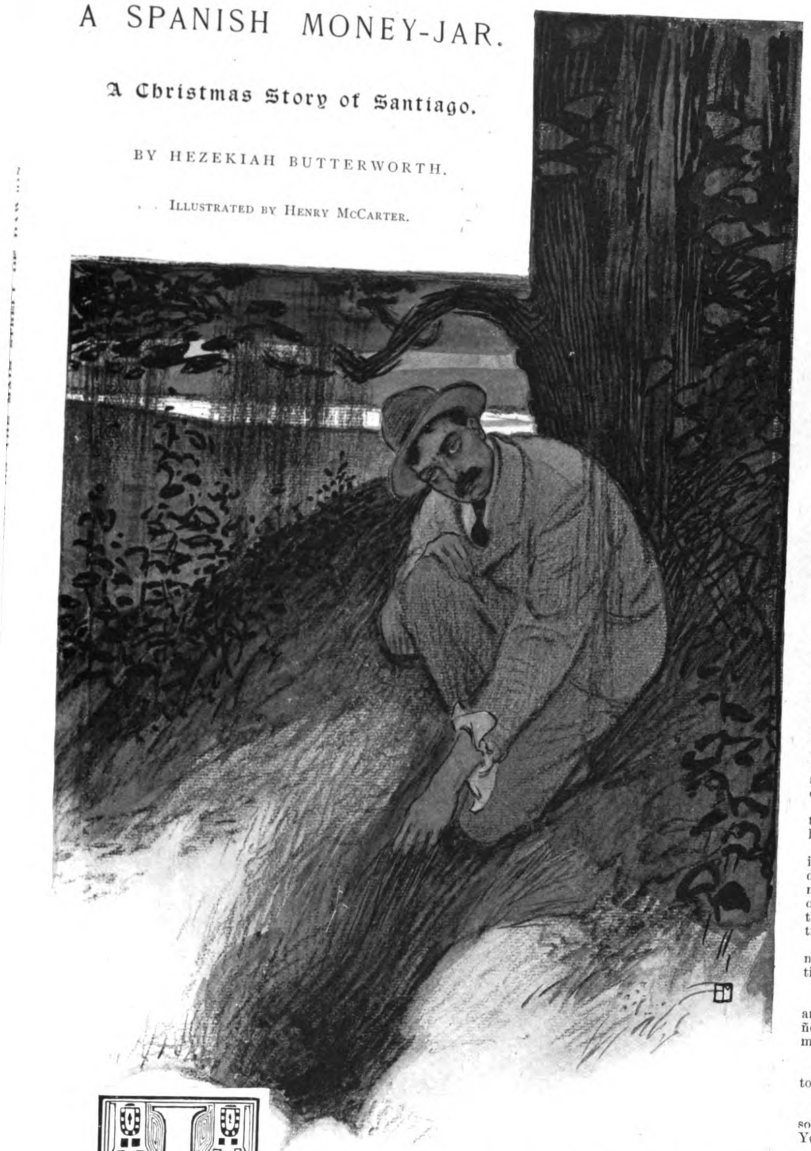
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# A SPANISH MONEY-JAR.

## A Christmas Story of Santiago.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY MCCARTER.



IT was at the English consulate at Santiago de Cuba, where might be gathered tales that would have saved the head of the lovely vizier's daughter of Arabian romance, the enchanting Scheherazade. Such places are the Southern consulates, where float the lazy clouds of light cigars in palm-cooled air, with the blue sea rolling before them, and the still sky burning above. Such used to be the English consulate of the "City of Cuba," as the ancient collection of houses on the yellow mountain-side under the protection of St. James (Santiago) was called.

Some chance remarks made on a balcony of the consular office, by the vice-consul to a manager of the Cobre (copper) mines, were my first introduction to the strange story that I have to tell. Sitting in the cool, and looking listlessly down on the water-bright harbor—a bowl in the mountain, as it were—this consular agent said:

"I have often been sent by the consul to take charge of the effects of the dying. This is one of the curious duties of the consulate. The wishes of a dying man are sacred. To fulfil them is to be blessed, led, and prospered. To ignore them is to lose the right direction of life!"

He spoke the words absently, as though he thought he was overheard by some spirit in the air.

The dreamy remark started me on a new train of thought. I leaned forward and said,

"Mr. Mascaline, do the dead know?"

"Know? Yes. I am not a spiritualist, but I believe that those whom we help here come back and help us in the visions of a larger life. I am not a Catholic, but I have come to think that the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints as applied to souls that are invisible is founded on eternal truth. The dead *do* know, and they give right and holy direction to the lives of those who once helped them in their need. I could tell you tales."

"Señor Mascaline, I have always thought that vice-consuls were engaged only in commercial things. I never saw before what an opportunity is given them for the study of spiritual mysteries, and I am glad to find that your experiences have led you to such cheerful views of the future, and to the kinship of departed souls, if such there be, to the living. Tell me some story of your consular life that has led you to your present views."

"Have you been listening to what is going on in the street?"

I had not. He referred to a religious procession—a common thing. Bells were beating the breathless air. A band of music was playing some far-away Andalusian air. It was surrounded by a moving crowd of negroes and peons. Then came military officers glittering in insignia, holding their hats in one hand and candles in the other; the Governor-General followed, glittering with the regalia of his office, a man of gold. Then the city council, and after them white-robed priests, and a gorgeous catafalque borne on the shoulders of negroes, on which was a jewelled image of the Virgin.

As the image passed under our eyes like a vision, Mr. Mascaline said:

"That is the Virgin of Charity. Her shrine is at the village of Cobre, near the copper-mines, some twelve miles from here. The value of the offerings to the shrine of the Virgin of Charity amounted to $30,000 in a single year."

He then told me the legend of this image—a wonder which was found drifting upon the sea.

"Do you believe the legend, señor?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you believe in making offerings to such a shrine?"

"Ah, my friend, I am not so clear there. Sacrifices of faith lift the soul into spiritual light. Let me tell you the tale of an offering that was made to that shrine by a young Englishman who did not believe the legend of the Virgin of the sea. It is a Christmas story. Christmas is a joy here; the world all seems to be born again when the bells of the cathedral are echoed from the mountain-side. It is a story that will illustrate what I mean when I say that the wishes of the dead are sacred, and that in fulfilling them we bring favorable influences into our lives—wings, white wings—angels' wings. Did you never read in the ancient Scriptures how that one prayed that 'angels' wings might encompass him like a wall'? You may think me superstitious, but I mind that they do, my American friend—I mind that they do."

He leaned on a table, on which were cards which he never played, and a bottle of aguardiente from which he never drank. His life followed the best traditions of the Church of England, and had become spiritualized beyond any set forms.

"Did you ever see a Spanish money-jar?" he began.

"No, señor."

"They are made of clay, with round bowls and long necks, like water-jars. They were once used for the purpose of burying money."

He added:

"The grandees used them in the times of the pirates and boucaniers. The Church buried them in the patios. The peons buried them in their gardens. When the peons were dying they would tell the secret of the places where their money-jars were buried to some relatives or friends, and they in turn would tell it to others in their last hours. So a Spanish money-jar would lie buried in the same place, under the same date-palm or ceiba (cottonwood) tree for generations. A money-jar is the subject of my story.

"Some twenty years or more ago there came to Santiago a young English naturalist named Ralph Marlowe. He was a dissipated man, and soul and body had both been weakened by dissolute habits. But he had a warm, generous heart and a high sense of honor, which he had been too weak to follow. There was the making of a glorious man in him, and he won my affections in spite of his weakness, as some men do.

"He was the son of a baronet. He had been sent adrift from home on account of a scandal that he had brought upon a proud family. He turned naturalist as an excuse to hide his ruined influence. What he needed was a return to honor, but what he wanted was money. How could he become rich in this far-away Spanish province of Santiago? This question haunted him continually.

"One day, as we were seated in the consulate as you and I are now, a strange thing happened. The building began to tremble. The whole city trembled as if shaken by an invisible giant; dust clouds rose from the mountains; the harbor grew dark, and towers fell down. People rushed into the streets, crying 'Terremoto! terremoto!' (the earthquake). They fell on their knees in the squares and cried for mercy to the heavens. The whole city seemed to crumble, and the walls to dissolve into the earth.

"A number of churches in the province of Santiago fell, and the adobelike walls that encompassed them lay scattered around the ruined towers. The priests left their old places, and soon after the disaster it began to be whispered about in Santiago that one might gain a fortune by searching for the money-jars buried in the abandoned church gardens.

"Ralph Marlowe heard the exciting suggestion, and the thrill of an adventurer filled his soul. He thought of little but money-jars.

"'Gold, gold!' he said to me one day. 'I must have it. That is what I came here for. I must have it to redeem my lost reputation, consul!' He added: 'Let me make a journey with you to the coffee farms. There are orchids there that I wish to see. There are trees there that grow around trees. There are trees that grow on trees, and suck their sap like as sin eats up the soul.'

"'Ralph,' said I—for such I had come to call him—'you need something better than gold to redeem your reputation. What you need is a new sense of honor.'

"'I have the sense,' said he, 'but not the strength.'

"He looked me in the face pitifully, and said: 'There are some things richer than orchids in the mountains, Señor Consul. I can see them in my mind. They haunt me. They won't let me rest.'

"'What are they?' I asked.

"'Money-jars. What wouldn't I give if I could return to England rich? Señor Consul, you must help me.'

"He bent an earnest face on me, and added:

"'Think of it—discredited at twenty-one! Shunned by society! I have done wrong, but, oh, how I have suffered! You do pity me, don't you, Señor Consul?'

"I did pity him. I told him that he might make a journey with me to the cafetales of Guantanamo. The place is one of the most beautiful in the world, and some day, when a good government shall give opportunity to Cuba, this region will be filled with American, English, or German life which will reap fortunes from one of the most productive districts under the sun.

"We set out for the coffee plateaus.

"We went by boat to the harbor of Guantanamo. Then we rode up the hills. The rainy season had passed. The sky was a splendor, and the wonderful vegetation a charm. The earth here pours forth vegetation as from fountains of life. The world has yet to discover Guantanamo.

"There was everything on the way to enchant a naturalist. There were ceiba-trees in fetters, being pulled down to the earth by the lianas of the cupey. I could but feel the likeness of the captive ceiba to the case of my young friend.

"But his mind was no longer on the ceiba or cupey. Splendid orchids swung in the air, varieties that I had never seen before, but his eye was lost to their beauty. One thing alone haunted him now—it was the finding of money-jars. Of this he talked with every way-side peon whom he met.

"As we ascended the mountains, there was opened to our view the glory of the sea. The air was as clear as crystal, and every breath seemed full of life. Every light breath of the sea-breeze caused a quivering of palms, as in the fabled orchards of leaves of gold. The sky was like purple fire, and yet it seemed to mingle with the earth.

"No gardens of kings could equal the vegetation of the slopes and plateaus. Here were fragrant gardens of wild orange-trees; here the sweet-scented jasmines trailed over the decaying trees; here the delicate heliotrope checkered the open ways. Pomegranates showed their red cheeks amid the quiver of leaves. Date-palms with green necks loomed so high in air as hardly to cast a shadow.

"Butterflies like flowers bloomed out here and there, insects like gems gleamed among the byways, and everywhere clusters of palms rose like tents, and cocoanuts that lifted their cool buckets of milk-water in the air.

"The sunset on the sea was like the last day. The tropic night fell quickly—the shutting of the doors of

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heaven. The sea turned violet; then the stars came out, like sentinels guarding the earth. The near planets hung liquid and low, like lights in the silent chambers of the Deity. High among them shone the Southern Cross.

"The far-away turquoise sea became a scintillation of stars, a palpitating splendor of fervid airs and soporific breezes and crepuscular dimnesses. As we journeyed upward, we seemed to be ascending the sky.

"I had letters to mine host, Monsieur Rosseau, who expected us, and whose *casa* was illuminated in honor of our arrival.

"Mine host was a Frenchman, his wife was a Spanish lady, and her mother, Señora Lance, was an ancient Spanish dame nearly a hundred years old. She was a strange character. She sat on the balcony much of the time as one dead.

"I addressed this aged woman. She crossed herself and said,

"'*Mi casa está á su disposicion.*' (My house is yours.)

"Ralph, with his mind full of money-jars, seemed intensely and instinctively drawn to this strange woman.

"Before we were called out to tea he sat down by her on the wide veranda under the great fanlike shadows of the royal palms. He made a few complimentary remarks in clear words in regard to the beauty of the country, and then approached the subject nearest to his heart.

"'Is any treasure ever found in this country?'

"The withered señora crossed herself, and shook her head mechanically as one dead.

"'Any *money-jars?*'

"Señora Lance started like a form galvanized.

"'It is you who say that.' She crossed herself again, and spoke like one talking out of the past.

"'And who said there were, and why do you ask that? Have you the inner vision? Pardon!'

"Her head turned to and fro, and she said:

"'Excuse me if I have been rude. I am tired. I am almost to the end of the way, and am tired. I am resting a little before I go. Money-jars!'

"Her withered hands started up; her form bent forward. The effort seemed to exhaust her. She fell back in the chair as one dead, again dropping a gold snuff-box into her lap.

"We were called to our meal. The presiding genius of the dining-room was a mulatto, or creole, the sight of whom filled me with surprise, and whose proportions I shall never forget. She must have weighed more than three hundred pounds. She talked Spanish, French, and English, mingling the three languages in an odd way that held one by its singularity.

"She tried to bow as we entered the room. How could she? There was no part of her body that could bend. So she shook her white apron and blinked the large white spaces of her eyes.

"'*Bonjou', messieurs. Buenas noches, señors.* Ebening, sars [sirs] Americanos.'

"She flapped her white apron three times, and directed us to our places at the table, and surveyed us while the mozos brought in the food. Ralph was as absent as usual, and she studied him doubtfully, her arms, as large as an ordinary body, resting on her hips, with her hands turned back, and the fingers moving as though weaving.

"The table was bountiful. At every order that we gave, our fat French housekeeper, whose name was *Merci*, said 'Merci!' and shook her apron. She seemed to feel a sense of gratitude at being able to serve us. We called her 'Missie,' for so our host had done.

"Our bedroom was on the ground-floor, for the house was built around a patio, in which were fountains, flowers, birds, dogs, and an orange-tree.

"In the room were two iron beds. We were about to disrobe, when Missie appeared, shook her apron and said,

"'*Mi casa á su disposicion!*'

"She shook her apron again and retired to an adjoining room; for the mistress of the tables was a woman of no common importance, and this one was a creole—and a seeress, as we afterwards found.

"I threw myself upon my bed exhausted. The falling water on the fountain outside and the fragrance of the orange-tree soon led me away to the border-land of sleep, when I was startled by an agonizing cry from Ralph:

"'Señor Consul—wake!'

"'Como?' said I, dreamily.

"'What indeed, Señor Consul. Your life is in danger. Wake! What is that on the wall over your bed?'

"With a great effort I opened my eyes.

"'Nothing but a spider,' as I saw that insect, as big as a bird, with feathered legs, retreating towards the roof.

"'Nothing, Señor Consul? Nothing? Do you call that nothing? It is a tarantula. He will drop down on you, and then you will be dead. Wake!'

"'That's nothing,' answered I. 'The house is full of them. They never trouble any one.' The insect was hurrying away as fast as his many legs would carry him.

"How cool to my dulling senses was the falling of the springs of the fountains in the moonlight! I could see the drops glisten through lattice curtains as I closed my eyes. I breathed again the fragrance of the orange-tree, and sleep once more led me to her border-land, when another shriek pierced the air like a fife note.

"'Señor Consul—Deo Supremo! Señor!'

"I said not a word. A sea-breeze moved the lattice curtains—how delicious!

"'Señor Consul—Consul señor! There's a *snake* in the room!'

"'Go to sleep, my friend. I am weary. Is it black?'

"'Black? Black as the imp of darkness himself. I can see him now. He lies at the foot of your bed. I can see his eye *wink*.'

"'Oh, amigo, go off to sleep in this cool mountain air. That's nothing but a *ratter*.'

"'A ratter!' he said, as if electrified, starting up in bed like a New England ghost from a grave. 'A ratter?'

"'No, no—a *ratter*. Now let us both go to sleep; everything will be all right in the morning, and the valley will be below us, and you shall see the most glorious sunrise that ever broke upon your view.' I closed my eyes and refused to answer any more questions.

"Presently I heard Ralph knock on the side of the partition at the foot of his bed, that connected with the big fat woman's room.

"She gave a groan.

"'Missie!'

"'Bonjou', señor,' she said, half French and half Spanish.

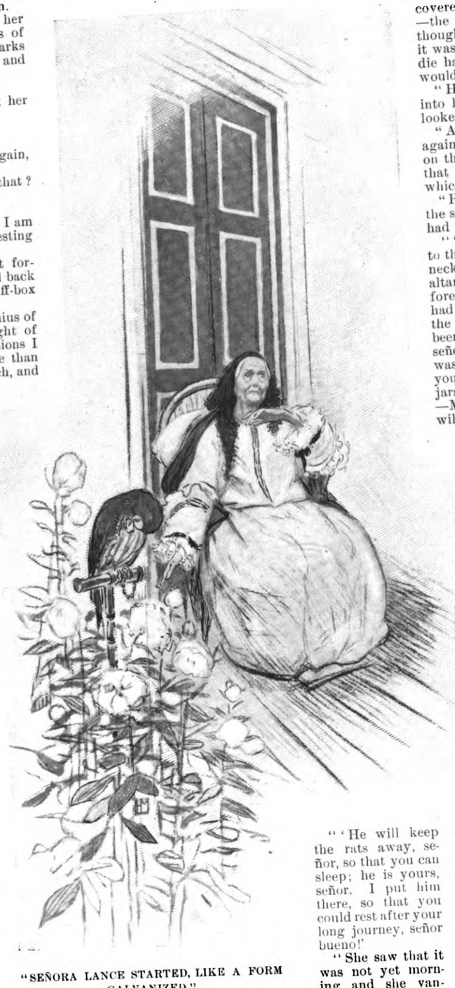
"'Missie!'

"'Yes; the top of the morning,' she said, in English. 'Is it morning?'

"'No, Missie; there's a snake in the room. A snake!'

"'Mi serpiente á su disposicion, señor.' (My snake is yours.)

"'Deo Supremo! What is that you say, Missie? Have I gone mad? He winks. Missie—say!—his eye goes round!'



"SEÑORA LANCE STARTED, LIKE A FORM GALVANIZED."

"'He will keep the rats away, señor, so that you can sleep; he is yours, señor. I put him there, so that you could rest after your long journey, señor bueno!'

"She saw that it was not yet morning, and she vanished into the land of dreams.

"There was a whirring, *whishing* sound on the floor. The domestic snake was moving with almost electrical swiftness after some poor unfortunate rat that had found a way into the room through the unloose floor. There was a little squeal, and the ratter and rat were gone. Missie was snoring. I opened my eyes, which seemed glued, and never did I see such a form of terror as that which sat up shaking in the other cot.

"'Jumping Jackson!' cried Ralph, suddenly using an unknown classical term of provincial origin. 'Am I mad?'

"'That is only a domestic snake,' said I, 'as harmless as a bird. They keep such about the place for ratters. There would be little comfort here without them.'

"We woke up in the morning. Clarinas were singing in the patio. I lifted the curtain, and never burst upon my eyes such a scene of extended beauty. I roused Ralph, and we two went out on the veranda.

"The peaks and mornes were flaming. Below was the valley of Guantanamo. The coffee-farms in dewy freshness glittered like far billows of the sea. Everywhere gleamed in the air the tentlike palms.

"The old Spanish lady came hobbling out thus early and sunk into her chair.

"'Bueno!' she said.

"'Como pasa la noche?' said Ralph.

"'Mal—badly,' she said, with shaking hands. 'What you said last night touched my mind.'

"'And what was that, señora? I am sorry indeed if I have made the night unquiet.'

"'About the money-jar. Did you ever hear of my Fidele?' Her hands trembled again.

"'No, señora. May I ask you who was Fidele?'

"'My little daughter—she went away sixty or more years ago. She had come to love God, so she did not die; she went away, leaving the form—what a beautiful form it was!' The old woman's hands shook again. '*She* had a money-jar. I'll tell you about it all as soon as I get my strength.' She added, 'Fidele was a saint.'

"'I'm stronger now,' she presently said. 'Fidele buried her money-jar under the ceiba-tree. After she went on beyond we went to find it, and it was gone. It was buried under the tangle grass, and the roots of the grass had not been broken. It was gone. No man in all the country round would have stolen Fidele's money-jar, and the pirates never could have disturbed it, else the roots of the grass would have been broken. The roots of that grass do not break for many years. But it was gone.' She seemed lost, then roused up again. 'What do you suppose became of Fidele's money-jar? The money in it was nothing to me, but that jar was very precious to her soul. There was a fortune of gold in that jar, and she covered the gold doubloons with frankincense and myrrh—the bishop gave those perfumes to her. It seemed as though her soul was buried in that money-jar—not because it was so rich in gold, but for a sacred reason. I would die happy if I could know that jar had been found. I would give back to the finder doubloon for doubloon.'

"Her hands shook again. The sea sunlight streamed into her face, and in it she sank into a deep sleep and looked like one dead, as before.

"At breakfast the ponderous Missie flapped her apron again, and, when the meal was over, went out and sat down on the cool water-sprayed patio to talk with a parrot, that answered all her questions with, '*No necesito*,' to which the fat creole replied, piously, 'Jesis Ma'ia!'

"Ralph joined her. He began to question her about the saintly Fidele, and the place where the lost money-jar had been buried.

"'Bon Die'!' said Missie, reverently. 'I could take you to the very spot. That jar was as tall as a baby, and its neck was as long as a flamingo's, and it smelled like the altar of heaven—so I have been told. It all happened before my day. But they dug for it when I was a girl—it had been conjured—the jar had been conjured away, for the roots of the tangled grass that lasts forever had not been broken. If you will follow me out into the cool, señor, I will take you to the ceiba-tree where the treasure was buried. If you could find it, the señora would make you rich. She is rich. She is likely to have many money-jars—but she only cared for that one jar. Monsieur Señor—Mister Ralph—I have heard her say that she would be willing to die poor if she could only find that one jar. I sometimes think in imaginations that Fidele put her jewels into the jar. There was something peculiar about it—I never knew what—only they say that the señora has talked of it for sixty years. She once lost a ship at sea, and never spoke of it often. *Venga*—follow me!'

"She waddled away through the garden that was bending with flowers. She met a blacksnake in the way, and pushed him aside with her bare foot. Ralph travelled rapidly by the place.

"They came into the open fields, and beyond it was an ancient ceiba-tree that lianas had caught as with a lasso and were pulling down.

"The sun was fierce now, and Missie sunk down into the shadow of the tree.

"Ralph sat down beside her, and looked up to the mountains and down to the sea. Over the latter a great steamer was passing. The mountain air was melting. The world all seemed like an island floating about in a vast sea of sunlight.

"How the sargazo gleamed like a cloth of gold and pearls on the far dazzling ocean! How the tepid wind stirred the top of the imprisoned ceiba-tree! How green grew the mangoes along a winding stream below! How the clouds with pearl and aureate lustres drifted here and there in the sun, like the robes of goddesses' chariots! Everything was life.

"The grass at the foot of the tree lay in a mat.

"'It was there,' said Missie, 'that the money-jar was buried.' She touched the spot with her bare feet. A single stone was there.

"'Missie,' asked Ralph, 'did anything ever happen between the time when the jar was buried and when they went out to find it?'

"'Nothing, monsieur, nothing; at least nothing but the earthquake. That turned many things about—the solid hills and all; but it did not move the ceiba-tree. It did not break the grass mat. No, no, nothing has happened. No wars, no pirates—that all ceased long, long ago. No!'

"'How was the treasure buried, Missie?'

"'And you may well ask that. They dug a hole in the earth, and came to a solid rock, like that you see up yonder. Then they picked a hole in the hard rock and set into it the money-jar, and sealed it up with ground stone. That ground stone would have had to be picked out. I would not like to do it!

"'Now comes the marvel,' she added. 'Jesis—Ma'ia! They opened the hole to find the jar, and they found that the roots of the grass had not been broken; but when they came to the rock, it was solid. It was as solid as though it had never been drilled at all. The jar had been conjured away. Mon Die'!'

"'Did the earthquake move the rocks on the mountain, Missie?'

"'And sure it did; it tumbled them down like a giant. The mountain moved. A hill over yonder went down and there rose a lake!'

"'Was that rock above us moved?'

"'A little way, señor.'

"Ralph measured the distance from the rock on the mountain-side to the rock under the ceiba-tree. He reasoned that the two rocks were a part of each other. A strange light came into his face.

"'Which way was the rock on the hill moved?' I asked.

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"'To the west.' She pointed with her loglike arm.

"He measured the distance that the rock under the tree and the mat of earth would have been moved to follow the angle of the rock on the hill, and he placed his eye on the very spot where he believed the lost money-jar could be found. He saw how the rock could have changed place without moving the earth above it. The rock could have moved *under* the detached earth. He saw a possible solution to the long mystery.

"He sat down under the ceiba-trees, and Missie told him the stories that she had heard of the little saint Fidele. The girl had sought to fill the money-jar, to bury it, and had died of some mountain fever—that was all.

"They went back to the quinta, as the rambling house of the hacienda was sometimes called.

"The withered señora had awakened, and she said,

"'Señor Ralph, if you will find Fidele's money-jar I will return you doubloon for doubloon.'

"'Señora,' said Ralph, 'pardon me, but may I ask *why* that jar was so dear to *her* heart?—your family was rich without it.'

"'Yes, yes; *si, si; oui, oui.* I am glad to hear you ask that. Sit down there, and I will tell you. This was the reason: It was to be a Christmas gift. The dear child had set her heart upon that!'

"Her head moved to and fro.

"'You may have heard of the Virgin of Charity at Cobre.'

"'Yes, señora!'

"'Well, the dear child had set her heart on making a Christmas gift to the Virgin of Charity at the shrine. It was not for herself that she filled the money-jar; no, no. It is not for the money that I want that money-jar; no, no. What do I care about money when my soul is about to rise? What I want the money-jar for is to fulfil the wish of my little saint's life; to send it, as she expected to do, to the shrine of My Lady of Charity. I said I would give you doubloon for doubloon if you would find that precious jar with its frankincense and myrrh! The perfumes may be dead now. I will give you two doubloons for one. That jar is a treasure that belongs to the altar of heaven.'

"Her head dropped; she crossed herself, and sat motionless. She then lifted her face again, and said:

"'*She* comes back to me some times, like a star, when I sleep. Oh, those dreams are blessed!'

"The next day Ralph wandered about the mountain plateau with restless feet. In the dusk the family and their guests gathered again on the veranda.

"The night grew more and more luminous and beautiful. The veranda was wide, and the people in the service of the household gathered upon it, where they could receive the cool air that came up from the sea. There was a mulatto, a sort of major-domo, who had made himself locally famous by purchasing his brother from slavery in his younger days. The Spanish slavery had merciful features, and among these was the slave's privilege of earning money during holidays. The holidays in Cuba were many, and this man, who had purchased his own freedom by such work, also bought the liberty of his brother, and made the youth a Christmas present to his mother.

"This man could play the guitar in a rude but musical way. He brought out the instrument, and strummed a number of old haunting airs. He at last touched a chord of 'Bonnie Doon.' Ralph started up nervously at the sound, and said:

"'I used to be a choir-boy. I have sung that air at Christmas festivals to the words of an English poet who died young, and who had been tempest-tossed by infidelity. White was his name; the poet-laureate Southey writes of him.'

"He repeated the words 'tempest-tossed,' walking with his hands behind him, and added,

"'There is something in that ballad that haunts me—it seems to be a parable of my life somehow.'

"Ralph became very restless amid these quiet scenes. We asked him to sing the ballad as he used to do when a choir-boy. The mulatto played the soul-haunting air, and Ralph sang the ballad of the poet who had been 'tempest-tossed' by infidelity, as he had done at English church festivals when a boy:

> 'When marshalled on the nightly plain
> The glittering host bestud the sky.'

"When he had finished the first stanza he gave a nervous turn, and said:

"'I used to sing the second verse in the boy choir as a solo. What wouldn't I give to feel again as I did then? I wish I could be my old Christmas self again!'

"The last words impressed me. His true soul was in them. He had noble impulses, but he had fallen under the power of his lower nature, and a struggle to gain a better will was going on within. He sung the stanza, in which the poet described his own conflict:

> 'Once on the raging seas I rode:
> The storm was loud, the night was dark;
> The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
> The wind that tossed my foundering bark;
> Deep horror then my vitals froze;
> Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
> When suddenly a star arose—
> It was the star of Bethlehem!'

"His voice was usually sympathetic, and to-night it had a pathetic tone. The cooling of the azure heat, the far-away glimmer of the dusky opal sea, the wine of the mountain air, the silent march of the stars, made the night one to awaken latent feelings. The better soul of Ralph came out in that old English Christmas song, but it disappeared. Money-jars took the place of the star of his vision.

"Ralph's desire to find hidden gold grew more and more intense. His mind returned to it in all he said or did. He went *botanizing* daily.

"One day he returned with a piece of the trunk of a jaquey-tree, a glory of the woods. This tree begins its life on the branches of a common tree, and grows downward and roots itself in the earth, and then enfolds the tree on which it has had its growth, and causes the latter to decay. The new tree then flourishes in bloom and beauty, having eaten up the old one.

"He brought to me the trunk of the jaquey-tree which he had sawn out. It was a kind of parable to him.

"'It may be so in life,' he said. 'The beautiful may grow on the worthless material and consume it, and cause it to disappear in the flowers of the air.'

"Ralph wandered over these regions on horseback, taking a great interest in the gardens of churches and in wayside shrines.

"Missie, from the French islands, said to me one day, pointing to her turbaned head,

"'I mind that young man is conjured; now he is; I can see it in my inner eye.' She flapped her white apron knowingly, and added, oddly, 'Or it may be that he has been bitten by a *jigger*.'

"He used to come home late at night. Now he had been to some far-away sugar-mill; once to a zapateado. But twice I noticed a strange thing: he poured water from the water-jar over the ends of his fingers; they were bloody, and the nails were torn.

"He did not sleep; he would start up in the night and cry out, 'Money-jars!' and strike out here and there with his torn hands, as though there were money-jars in the air.

"Ralph became more absent, queerer, and more restless nights. He seemed to have made some discovery. I would ask him where he had been, and he would return but one answer, which was, 'Botanizing.' Once he brought home a species of the night-blooming cereus, and said, 'It blooms alone among the rocks, but it is beautiful.'

"He would sit up in bed nights, holding his head in his hands. He did not seem to hear the plash of the fountains in the darkness, nor the singing of the clarinas in the red rifts of the morning. I began to feel an aversion to him, and I wondered what the future of this strange life would be.

"One day he did not come home. I was greatly alarmed. The beautiful forests were full of poisons, pitfalls, and dangers, and the young man had become more and more absent-minded.

"We searched for him, but found no trace of his wanderings, except that the earth had been opened by some unknown hand at a place some distance from the ceiba-tree. The matted grass there had been broken. Missie said that he had buried himself there.

"Two days after his disappearance I received a note that caused my heart to stand still. It read strangely, and I read between the lines:

"'SEÑOR,—I have found some rare orchid specimens and other things. I have barrelled them, and wish to take them direct to Santiago on the steamboat that sails to-day. You shall hear from me in Santiago. Thank your friends for the courtesies they have shown me. You shall know more.

RALPH MARLOWE.'

"What had happened? Who had helped Ralph to *barrel* the rare orchids? How did he get to the sea? Was this letter true? Had he found the money-jar? If so, why had he not returned it to the señora and received the reward? Had he reasoned that it would be discourteous to me to accept a reward for such a service? There had been going on some undercurrent of life; there was not a true ring in this message. In some way his heart now was untrue. I gasped as I read it, and, when I spoke of its contents to the señora, she said:

"'Now I shall never find the money-jar. I wanted the Virgin of Charity to have that before I died; I wanted her to have it for Fidele's sake. I care for nothing more.'

"She waved her fan in the hot air, dropped her trembling hands, and fell asleep as one dying. I pitied her.

"I was sorry that I had given my confidence to Ralph Marlowe. There was something wrong in his conduct, or he would not have left me in this way, so discourteous to those to whom I had introduced him. I was hurt.

"A week passed, when I returned to the consulate of Santiago de Cuba, hoping to find the young man there; but he did not appear. He had gone to Cobre, evidently to avoid me.

"The week before the Christmas holidays I went to Cobre. I there met Ralph at a fonda and pasada. It was a withered man who stood before me.

"'Ralph,' I exclaimed, 'what has happened to you? What has changed you in this manner? Have you had the fever?'

"'Yes, I have had a fever—God knows what it is—a fever of the mind I think it is. Señor, *I found the money-jar*, and I am haunted. I will die after this way—have pity on me once more. Come out under the tamarind-trees, Señor Mascaline, and I will tell you.'

"A shadow seemed passing before me as I followed him.

"'You found the money-jar?' I said. 'Why did you not return with it to the señora? You would have been honorably rewarded.'

"'I reasoned then that you would not have allowed me to receive a reward as a guest of the house. These Spaniards are gentlemen.'

"I gasped, 'Where is the money-jar?'

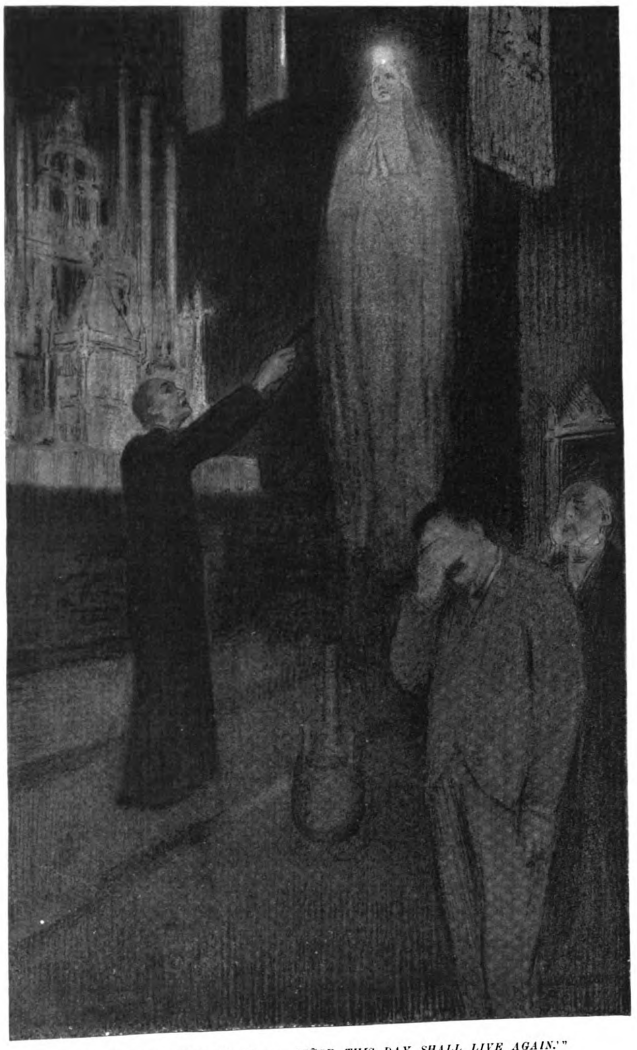
"'It is here in Cobre.'

"He continued his narrative:

"'The country people, who are all heart and kindness, helped me barrel the jar in orchids and take it to the sea.

"'We embarked. The sea was like glass as we sailed away. Then I began to think of what I had done, and a fire was kindled within me. It burned—here in my heart. My thoughts caused it to burn. No one can tell what I have suffered.

"'We had not been long out to sea when a cloud began to stretch across the sky like an apparition. It darkened and threw a shadow over the waters. Then a wind arose coming down from Cape Maisi, to the north. The boat tossed about like a shaving. She took in water. The sailors cast out the cargo, and ordered me to roll out the barrel.



"'A VISION COMES TO ME. . . . SEÑOR, *THIS DAY SHALL LIVE AGAIN.*'"

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"'I refused; they stormed. Such thunder! Such lightning! The heavens seemed bowed upon the sea.

"'They threw over the barrel. It was my life; my heart was in it. It floated, and I threw myself upon it, and drifted with it upon the war of the waters. I lost it in the rain and darkness, but swam and found it again. I never could have believed that such a power of struggle was in me. Señor, as the storm broke, something happened. I will tell you what happened when you shall come to have confidence in me. Some day I will tell you all.

"'After the storm the sailors found me, and I drew the barrel after the boat with a cord.

"'We landed at Santiago. I looked in the glass at the hotel, and saw that something had come over me. I could not tell what. I do not know now, only that my heart was on fire, and thoughts made it burn, and I withered. Then I thought of Fidele, and a new spirit came to me.

"'Señor, you will be slow to believe what I am about to say, after my unworthy conduct. That money-jar belongs to the *soul* of Fidele.'

"'Bueno!' I said, in the sense of *well*.

"'She had prepared it as an offering to the shrine of the Virgin of Charity. To make a pilgrimage to the shrine with this offering was the dearest wish of her life.'

"'Bueno, my friend.'

"'I desire to make that gift to the shrine for her now, after she has laid in the grave for sixty years. But, señor, I am a thief.'

"'You are a thief, amigo mio.'

"'I hoped never to hear the winds of Cape Maisi again, except on a home voyage, but I must go back to the señora on the mountains and confess my conduct.'

"'Bueno, bueno; that resolution is worth more than all the money-jars of Spain!'

"'If she forgive me, I am going to ask her permission to make a Christmas offering of the money-jar to the shrine, as a penitent soul. A new spirit seems to be guiding me. All my desires have changed. I have found a new person in me. I have now the strength to do right. Help me to begin. I am going to live again. Señor Consul, you have been true to me, a roofless wanderer.'

"'There is but one way to begin a new life, and to cause the new spirit that you have found in you to grow: Go back to the señora! That is the first step.'

"He dared the winds from Cape Maisi and the plunging waters again, and in a week he returned to Santiago and came to Cobre.

"I could see a new joy in his face. My heart leaped to his.

"'What said the señora?' asked I. 'You told her all?'

"'All, señor. I made a glass of my soul.'

"'And what did the señora say?'

"'She said: "Amigo, I forgive you all. Take the money-jar to the shrine of Our Lady of Charity, for I can see that God wills you to do it. This is the hour I have been waiting for all these withering years. Now I can die content." She said that. Then she crossed herself and called to Monsieur Rosseau: "Let him be rewarded, doubloon for doubloon."

"'Then she began to tremble. Her hands trembled, and then they were still. Her face quivered, and then it became like wax. Her eyelids fell, and she sat there like a thing of clay; her breath was gone. Señor, how mysterious is life!'

"'Did they reward you?'

"'Señor, can you think that I would accept any reward after my conduct? There is a new spirit in me. I am going to-day to give up the money-jar. Will you go with me?'

"I began to hope for the new man that I saw in Ralph Marlowe. I analyzed his motives now—he was not seeking for gain, but for honor, and freedom from the sins that bound him, and that sense of honor came from a desire to fulfil a trust of the dead. I went with him to the church.

"Do the dead know?

"The money-jar was tall and heavy. It had handles like ears, and two mulattoes bore it after us. The people stared as we passed through Cobre.

"Palm-Sunday had passed, but the church was still a bower of palms. The air was heavy with the odors of faded flowers.

"We saw at the altar the parish priest. He was directing the decorations for the Christmas festival. He came down the aisle to meet us at the door, in his dark robe, and with an illumined face. His eye fell upon the money-jar.

"'What have you here, señors?' he asked, in a tone so spiritual that it showed that his service was faith-inspired and sincere. 'Is it an offering? We have need of money. The poor multiply.'

"'A money-jar,' said Ralph, in Spanish—'an offering from the dead.'

"'It is a strange experience to which you introduce me, señor—a mystery. When did the owner of the treasure die?'

"'Sixty or more years ago, your reverence.'

"'That is marvellous indeed. But, pardon, how did the money-jar fall into your hands? Pardon; I would know, since you bring it here.'

"I looked at the face of Ralph. A high purpose rose into his eyes. A new man had indeed come into him. I could see the new soul as he answered in honest tones that echo a clear soul:

"'I found it. I stole it after I found it; I now bring it to you, though I am one whom your Church would call a heretic. I am not a Catholic, but, Catholic or Protestant, I love all men who seek to be led by the spirit of God.'

"'What words were these!

"'My good friend,' said the priest, 'you must have had some unusual experience. Why have you brought the treasure here?'

"'To fulfil the wishes of the dead. The young saint Fidele, who died a generation ago, desired that this money-jar be given to this shrine, and I come bringing it as a matter of honor. She wished it to be a Christmas gift, and she hoped to give it herself and to make a pilgrimage to do it—Saint Fidele. I have brought it for her; will you give it to the cause of the Virgin of Charity in her name? It is the Christmas offering of the soul of Fidele, made by a penitent. You know all.'

"The priest bowed his head as in meditation or prayer, and moved back, pressing his hands against his eyes. He presently stopped and lifted his white hands in the air, and holding over his head a crucifix, said:

"'A vision comes to me—I can see something that you do not see; I can see an angel between you and me, an angel with a star on her brow. Señor, I seem to speak under the influence of that bright form. Señor, *this day shall live again*. Señor, your life is about to change. Your service to the dead shall bless you forever. I shall pray for you.'

"He lifted the crucifix, and seemed gazing upon some blessed form that we could not see.

"The acolytes took up the jar and bore it into the sacristy, and the priest moved back towards the altar, which was now being illumined in the darkness that was falling.

"I was filled with wonder at all these spiritual mysteries. I had no fixed opinions then, as I have now.

"We went out into the twilight. Ralph Marlowe did not speak. He put his arm on my shoulder. He was crying. He said:

"'You cannot trust me now, but you will. The new man within me is growing. I saw something on the sea!'

"We walked along towards the public-house, and I could hear him singing, in a low voice, in which was the new man and new resolution:

> 'Once on the raging seas I rode;
> The storm was loud, the night was dark!'

"Christmas week in the tropics seems like a new birth of the creation, owing to the simple faith of the people. The bells, the music, the palms, the fireworks, the children in white robes, the blessing of altars, the crowns of flowers, give a living picturesqueness to the Festival of the Nativity nowhere else to be found. All join in the joy.

"The Miracle Church at Cobre had melodious bells. We could not resist them on that Christmas week.

"We went to the church with the tide of garlanded people to look into the representation of the sacred cradle. And, owing to the gift that Ralph had made in the name of the little Saint Fidele, our coming was hailed like a visit from the Magi.

"The parish priest approached us in one of these visits, and repeated, with a change of pronouns,

"'*That* day shall live again!'

"Ralph was affected, and he said to me, on leaving the church, which was blazing with lights and made misty by odorous oils,

"'I care for myself no more; I am going to give myself to humanity; my old self is gone!'

"He had become another being. A new spirit creates life anew. His face was changing.

"He returned to England.

"What followed Ralph after these strange experiences? I asked this question daily for years, for the young wanderer had gained my affection. I had seen in him the struggle of a soul against a lower nature. Did he ever regain the moral will? Did he ever become 'his old Christmas self again'? Did *that* day live again?

"I heard from him once in a brief letter. He said that the doors of home had been opened to him; that that night's experience in the raging sea had led him to religious consecration; that there was nothing to live for in this world but the soul, and that he was preparing to enter the church as a deacon. He thanked me over and over again for what I had been to him and had sought to do for him. A consular agent meets with many experiences like these. I pitied him, loved him, and hoped for him.

"His memory would come back to me when I heard the bells of the Miracle Church of Cobre ringing, as I frequently did, for I often visited the English colony at the mines.

"Just before the war I was called back to England, some fifteen years after the finding of the money-jar, which had become a kind of Christmas legend in the place. I was in search of a man who had gone from Santiago to Southampton, and had disappeared in the English towns. I failed to find him, and I came, on the week of the Christmas holidays, to Southampton, and there waited for a ship.

"In the little sailors' chapel down by the sea, near the place where Canute is said to have rebuked his courtiers by commanding the waves on an overturning throne, an 'appointment' was made one night that there would be a union children's festival at the church at Winchester, and that the Bishop of Winchester would be assisted on that occasion by the new Bishop of Ripon, who was called the 'children's bishop,' who would sing solos with the children in the choruses. Winchester was some miles away, but I recalled that the church was the place once famous for the mortuary chests of the Saxon kings, and having some days to wait, I resolved to attend the festival.

"I entered the church. It was long, vast, and dim. Over the altar was a cloud of evergreens, and in the evergreens burned a star. I was early, and I took my place in a recess where I could look directly at the choir.

"Waiting, I took up a programme. My eye ran over it; one of the numbers read, 'Old Song—Scottish melody; chorus and solo; solo by the Bishop of Ripon.'

"My mind travelled back to the evening of that night on the coffee-mountains of the province of Santiago when Ralph Marlowe had sung Henry Kirke White's song to the Scottish melody of 'Bonnie Doon.' I looked up to the star in the evergreens, and wondered. I somehow felt the near approach of some kindred spirit—some souls are organized to receive such impressions; mine is.

"The church blazed with lights and filled with people. The great chorus of children gathered, and the organ thundered Handel's Halleluiahs, shaking the tombs of the Saxon kings, who ceased to listen long centuries ago. The Bishop of Winchester conducted the exercises, which were very simple and beautiful.

"At last the number entitled the 'Old Song' was reached. The children arose to sing, when there appeared among them in his white robes one of the most spiritual faces upon which I ever looked. But back of those luminous features was a face that I seemed to have met in some long gone experience in life.

"The organ thundered again. It had a soul that day. It was indeed the old air of 'Bonnie Doon' that was rolling under the roofs that covered the royal dead of the long dead centuries. The chorus arose, and the mighty church was flooded with the old song:

> 'When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
> The glittering host bestud the sky,
> One star alone of all the train
> Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:
> Hark, hark, to God the chorus breaks
> From every host, from every gem;
> But one alone the Saviour speaks—
> It is the star of Bethlehem.'

"The congregation became silent. The church seemed breathless and waiting. The organ was playing mystic music, so sweet and low that the pipes seemed pastoral. The Bishop of Ripon was about to sing.

"Then the storm of music rose again. The voice of the bishop rolled out as on the waves of a singing sea:

> 'Once on the stormy seas I rode;
> The winds were high, the night was dark;
> The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
> The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
> Deep horror then my vitals froze;
> Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
> When suddenly a star arose—
> It was the star of Bethlehem!'

"His eye fell upon me. I saw his countenance change. I saw his lips quiver. He turned and looked up to the star blazing in the cloud of evergreens over the cross behind the altar, then his eye again fell upon me.

"Now came a great burst of song, the bishop leading:

> 'It was my guide, my light, my all;
> It bade my dark foreboding cease,
> And through the storm and danger's thrall
> It led me to the port of peace.
> Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
> I'll sing first in night's diadem,
> Forever and forevermore,
> The star, the star of Bethlehem!'

"The next number on the programme was 'An Address by the Bishop of Ripon.'

"How noble and inspired he looked as he came forward!

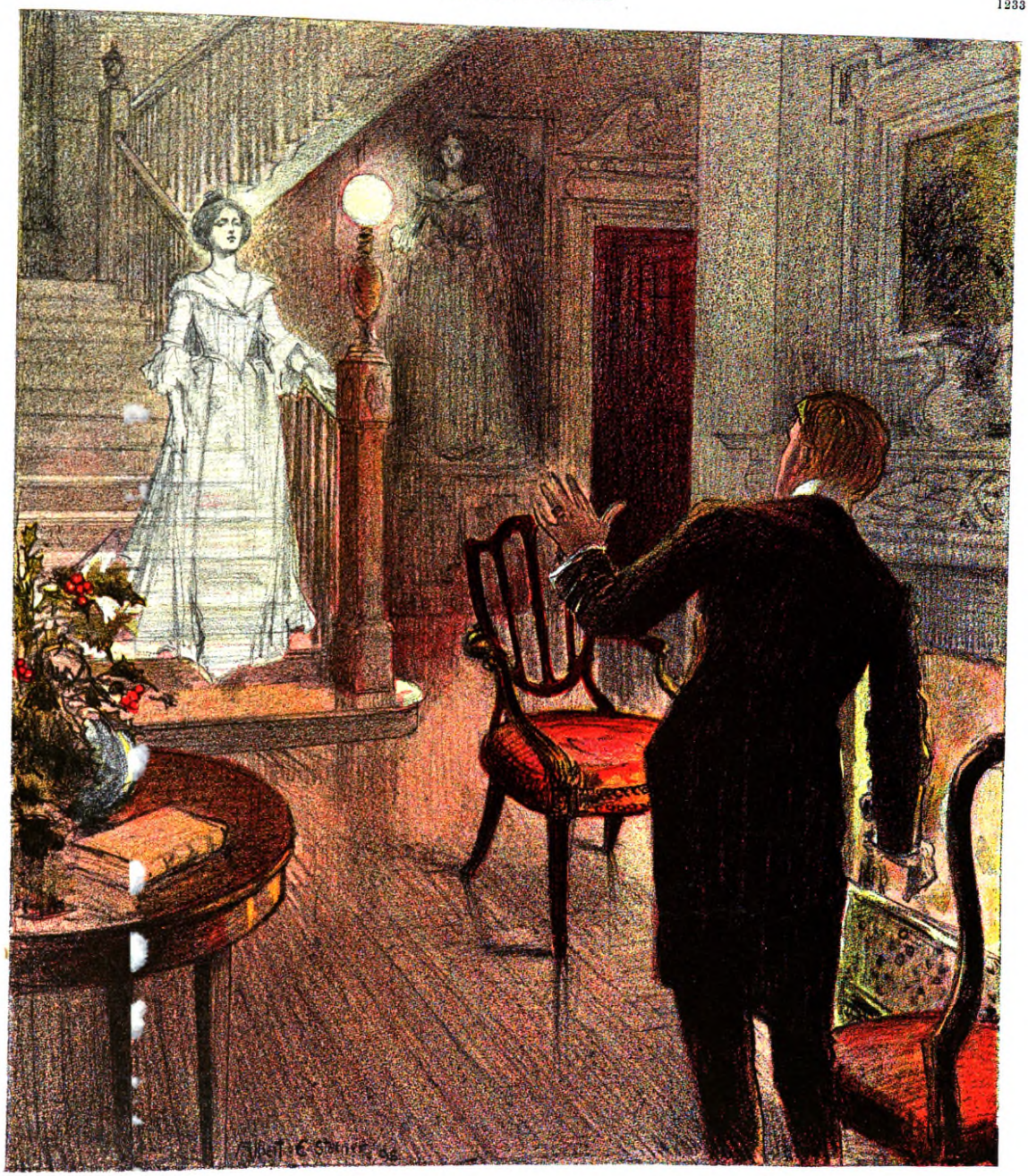
"He began: 'I was once tossed on the waves of Guantanamo Bay, and my soul was heavy with sin. A Star broke through the clouds and blazed out like yonder star in the cloud of evergreens. Señor Consul, sitting before me in yonder pew, *that* is why I saw that night, of which I promised to tell you. Señor Consul, you will believe me now—*that soul lived again!*'

Do the dead know? they reward us for filling their good wish Answer me, O Christ night; O night sacred all good souls! *Dios*



"'I SAW SOMETHING ON THE SEA.'"

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# THE GREAT STAIRCASE AT LANDOVER HALL

## *A Christmas Story.* By Frank R. Stockton

I WAS spending a few days in the little village of Landover, simply for the purpose of enjoying the beautiful scenery of the neighborhood. I had come up from Mexico because the weather was growing too warm in that region, and I was glad of the chance to vary my interesting and sometimes exciting travels with a little rest in the midst of this rural quiet.

It was early summer, and I had started out for an afternoon walk, when, just upon the outskirts of the village, my attention was attracted by a little group at a gateway which opened upon the road. There were two women and an elderly man. The women appeared to be taking leave of the man, and one of them frequently put her handkerchief to her eyes. I walked slowly, because I did not wish to intrude upon what seemed to be an affecting leave-taking; so when I reached the gate the women had gone, but the man was still standing there looking after them.

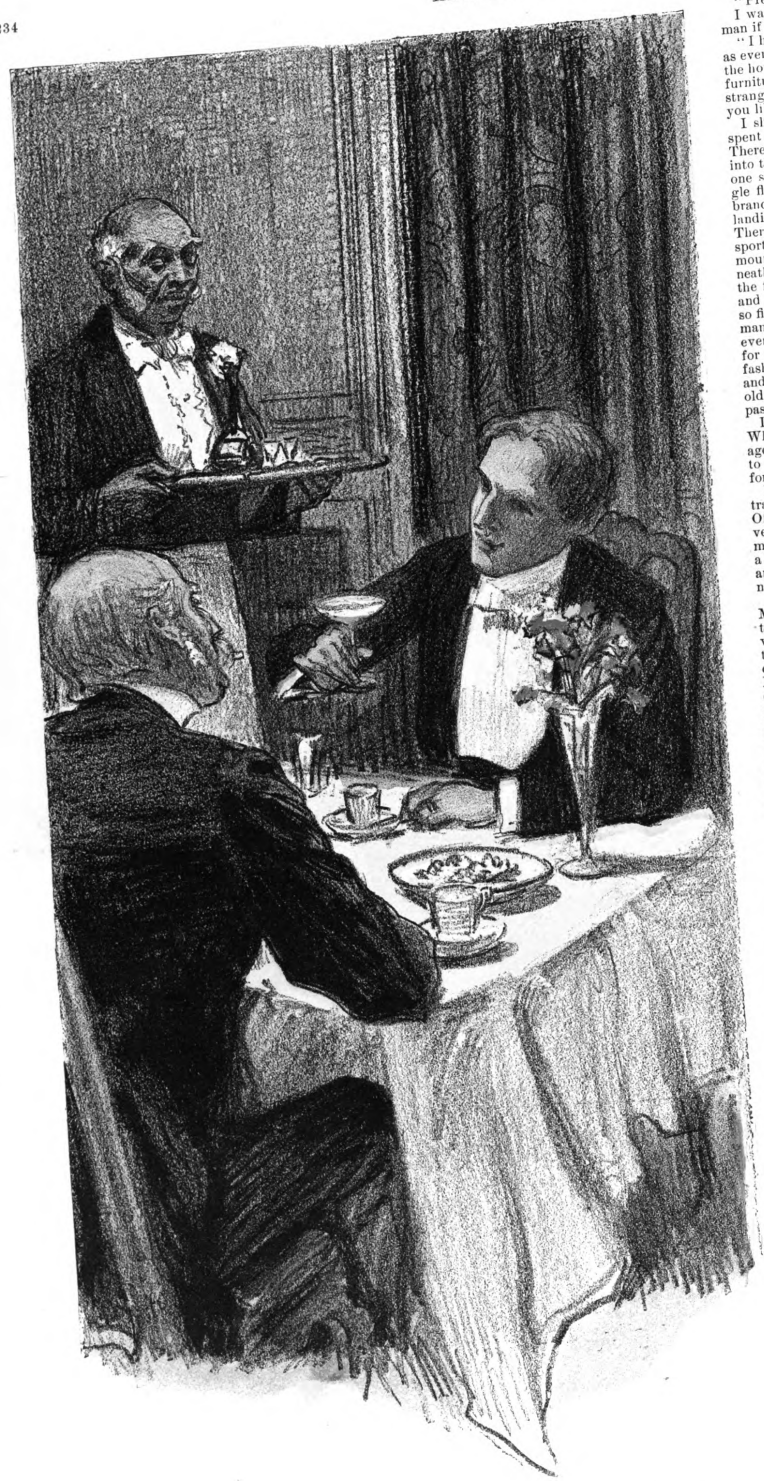
Glancing over the low fence, I saw a very pretty grove, apparently not well kept; and some distance back, among the trees, a large old house. The man was looking at me with a curiosity which country people naturally betray when they see a stranger, and as I was glad to have some one to talk to, I stopped.

"Is this one of the old family mansions of Landover?" I asked. He was a good-looking man, with the air of a head gardener.

"It is not *one* of them, sir," he answered; "it is the only one in the village. It is called Landover Hall, and the other houses growed up around it."

"Who owns it?" I asked.

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"That is hard to say, sir," he said, with a grim smile; "though perhaps I could tell you in the course of a couple of weeks. The family who lived there is dead and gone, and everything in it is to be sold at auction."

I became interested, and asked some questions, which the man was very willing to answer. It was an old couple who had owned it, he said. The husband had died the previous year, and the wife about ten days ago. The heirs were a brother and sister living out in Colorado, and as they had never seen the house, and cared nothing about it, or about anything that was in it, they had written that they wished everything to be sold, and the money sent to them as soon as possible.

"And that is the way it stands," said the old man. "Next week there is to be a sale of the personal property—a 'vandoo' we call it out here—and every movable thing in the house and grounds is to be sold to the highest bidder; and mighty little the things will bring, it's my opinion. Then the house will be sold, as soon as anybody can be found who wants it."

"Then there is no one living in the house at present?" said I.

"Nobody but me," he answered. "That was the cook, and her daughter the chambermaid, who just left here. There is a black man who attends to the horses and cows, but he will go when they are sold; and very soon I will go too, I suppose."

"Have you lived here long?" I asked.

"Pretty near all my life," said he.

I was greatly interested in old houses, and I asked the man if I might look at the place.

"I have not had any orders to show it," he said; "but as everything is for sale, I suppose the sooner people see the household goods the better; there's many a bit of old furniture, candlesticks, and all that sort of thing, which strangers might like to buy. Oh yes; you can come in if you like."

I shall not attempt to describe the delightful hour I spent in that old house and in the surrounding grounds. There was a great piazza in front; a wide hall stretched into the interior of the mansion, with a large fireplace on one side, and a noble staircase at the further end, a single flight of stairs running up to a platform, and then branching off on each side to the second floor. On the landing stood one of the tallest clocks I have ever seen. There were portraits on the walls, and here and there a sporting picture, interspersed with antlers and foxes' heads mounted on panels, with the date of the hunt inscribed beneath. There was an air of largeness and gravity about the furniture in the hall which was very pleasing to me, and when I entered the long drawing-room I found it so filled with books and bric-à-brac of the olden days, with many quaint furnishings, that, had I been left to myself, even the long summer afternoon would not have sufficed for their examination. Upstairs was the same air of old-fashioned comfort. The grounds—the grass rather long, and the bushes untrimmed—were shaded by some grand old trees, and beyond there were gardens and some green pasture-fields.

I did not take the walk that I had proposed to myself. When I left the old house I inquired the name of the agent who had charge of the estate, and then I went back to the village inn, where I sat communing with myself for the rest of the afternoon and all the evening.

I was not yet thirty, I had a good fortune, and I had travelled until I was tired of moving about the world. Often I had had visions of a home, but they had been very vague and fanciful ones. Now, for the first time in my life, I had seen a home for which I really might care; a house to which I might bring only my wearing apparel, and then sit down surrounded by everything I needed, not even excepting books.

Immediately after breakfast I repaired to the office of Mr. Marchmay, the lawyer who had charge of the property. I staid there a long time. Mr. Marchmay took dinner with me at the inn, and in the evening we sent a telegram to Colorado. I made a proposition to buy everything for cash, and the price agreed upon between me and Mr. Marchmay was considerably higher than could have been expected had the property been sold at auction. It is needless to say that my offer was quickly accepted, and in less than a week from the day I had first seen the old house I became its owner. The cook and the house-maid who had retired in tears from its gateway were sent for, and reinstalled in their offices; the black man who had charge of the horses and cows continued to take care of them, and old Robert Flake was retained in the position of head gardener and general care-taker, which he had held for so many years.

That summer was a season of delight to me, and even when autumn arrived, and there was a fire in the great hall, I could not say that I had fully explored and examined my home and its contents. I had had a few bachelor friends to visit me, but for the greater part of the time I had lived alone. I liked company, and expected to have people about me, but so long as the novelty of my new possessions and my new position continued I was company enough for myself.

At last the holiday season came around, and I was still alone. I had invited a family of old friends to come and make the house lively and joyous, but they had been prevented from doing so. I afterward thought of asking some of my neighbors to eat their Christmas dinner in the old house, but I found that they all had ties and obligations of their own, with which I should not seek to interfere. And thus it happened that late on Christmas eve I sat by myself before a blazing fire in the hall quietly smoking my pipe. The servants were all in bed, and the house was as quiet as if it contained no living being.

For the first time since I lived in that house I began to feel lonely, and I could not help smiling when I thought that there was no need of my feeling lonely if I wished it otherwise. For several years I had known that there were mothers in this country, and even in other countries, who had the welfare of their daughters at heart, and who had not failed to let me know the fact; I had also known that there were young women without mothers who had their own welfare at heart, and to whom a young man of fortune was an object of interest, but there was nothing in these recollections which interested me in these lonely moments.

The great clock on the landing-place began to strike, and I counted stroke after stroke; and when there were twelve I turned to see whether I had made a mistake, and if it were now really Christmas day. But before my eyes had reached the face of the clock I saw that I was mistaken in supposing myself alone. At the top of the broad flight of stairs there stood a lady.

I pushed back my chair and started to my feet. I know my mouth was open and my eyes staring. I could not speak; I doubt if I breathed.

Slowly the lady descended the stairs. There were two tall lamps on the newel-posts, so that I could see her distinctly. She was young, and she moved with the grace of perfect health. Her gown was of an olden fashion, and her hair was dressed in the style of our ancestors. Her attire was simple and elegant, but it was evident that she was dressed for a festive occasion.

Down she came, step by step, and I stood gazing, no only with my eyes, but, I may say, with my whole heart I had never seen such grace; I had never seen suc beauty.

She reached the floor, and advanced a few steps towar me; then she stopped. She fixed her large eyes upon n for a moment, and then turned them away. She gazed the fire, the walls, the ceiling, and the floor. There can upon her lovely features an almost imperceptible smil as though it gave her pleasure thus to stand and lo about her.

As for me, I was simply entranced. Vision or no visi spirit from another world or simply a mist of fancy mattered not.

She approached a few steps nearer, and fixed her e

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SMALL GAME BETTER THAN NONE.

From the Painting by Howard Pyle.

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upon mine. I trembled as I stood. Involuntarily the wish of my heart came to my lips. "If—" I exclaimed.

"If what?" she asked, quickly.

I was startled by the voice. It was rich, it was sweet, but there was something in its intonation which suggested the olden time. I cannot explain it. It was like the perfume from an ancient wardrobe opened a hundred years after a great-grandmother had closed and locked it, when even the scent of rose and lavender was only the spirit of something gone.

"Oh, but if you were real!" I said.

She smiled, but made no reply. Slowly she passed around the great hall, coming so near me at one time that I could almost have touched her. She looked up at the portraits, stopping before some old candlesticks upon a bracket, apparently examining everything with as much pleasure as I had looked upon them when first they became mine.

When she had made the circuit of the hall, she stood as if reflecting. Fearful that she might disappear, and knowing that a spirit must be addressed if one would hear it speak, I stepped toward her. I had intended to ask her if she were, or rather ever had been, the lady of this house, why she came, and if she bore a message, but in my excitement and infatuation I forgot my purpose; I simply repeated my former words—"Oh, if you were but real!"

"Why do you say that?" she asked, with a little gentle petulance. "I am not real, as you must know. Shall I tell you who I was, and why I am here?"

I implored her to do so. She drew a little nearer the fire. "It is so bright and cheerful," she said. "It is many, many years since I have seen a fire in this hall. The old people who lived in this house so long never built a fire here—at least on Christmas eve."

I felt inclined to draw up a chair and ask her to sit down, but why need a ghost sit? I was afraid of making some mistake. I stood as near her as I dared, eagerly ready to listen.

"I was mistress of this house," she said. "That was a long, long time ago. You can see my portrait hanging there."

I bowed. I could not say that it was her portrait. An hour before, I had looked upon it as a fine picture; now it seemed to be the travesty of a woman beyond the reach of pigments and canvas.

"I died," she continued, "when I was but twenty-five, and but four years married. I had a little girl three years old, and the very day before I left this world I led her around this hall and tried to make her understand the pictures. That is her portrait on this other wall."

I turned, and following the direction of her graceful hand, my eyes fell upon the picture of an elderly lady with silvered hair and benignant countenance.

"Your daughter?" I gasped.

"Yes," she answered; "she lived many years after my death. Over there, nearer the door, you may see the picture of her daughter—the plump young girl with the plumed hat."

Now, to my great surprise, she asked me to take a seat. "It seems ungracious," she remarked, "that in my own house I should be so inhospitable as to keep you standing. And yet it is not my house; it is yours."

Obedient to her command, for such I felt it to be, I resumed my seat, and to my delight, she took a chair not far from me. Seated, she seemed more graceful and lovely than when she stood. Her shapely hands lay in her lap; soft lace fell over them, like tender mist upon a cloud. As she looked at me her eyes were raised.

"Does it distress you that this house should now be mine?" I asked.

"Oh, no, no," she answered, with animation; "I am very glad of it. The elderly couple who lived here before you were not to my liking. Once a year, on Christmas eve, I am privileged to spend one hour in this house, and although I have never failed to be here at the appointed time, it has been years, as I told you, since I saw a fire on that hearth and a living being in this hall. I knew you were here, and I am very glad of it. It pleases me greatly that one is living here who prizes this old place as I once prized it. This mansion was built for me by my husband upon the site of a smaller house, which he removed. The grounds about it, which I thought so lovely, are far more lovely now. For four years I lived here in perfect happiness, and now one hour each year something of that happiness is renewed."

Ordinarily I have good control of my actions and of my emotions, but at this moment I seemed to have lost all power over myself; my thoughts ran wild. To my amazement, I became conscious that I was falling in love—in love with something which did not exist; in love with a woman who once had been. It was absurd; it was ridiculous; but there was no power within me which could prevent it?

After all, this rapidly growing passion was not altogether absurd. She was an ideal which far surpassed any ideal I had ever formed for the mistress of my home. More than that, she had really been the mistress of this house, which was now my home. Here was a vision of the past fully revealed to my eyes. As the sweet voice fell upon my ears, how could I help looking upon it as something real, and listening to it as something real, and loving it.

I think she perceived my agitation; she looked upon me wonderingly.

"I hoped very much," she said, "that you would be in this hall when I should come down to-night, but I feared that I should disturb you, that perhaps I might startle or—"

I could not restrain myself. I rushed toward her and interrupted her with passionate earnestness.

"Startle or trouble me!" I exclaimed. "Oh, gracious lady, you have done but one thing to me to-night—you have made me love you! Pardon me; I cannot help it. Do not speak of impossibilities, of passionate ravings, of unmeaning words. Lady, I love you; I may not love you as you are, but I love you as you were. No happiness on earth could equal that of seeing you real—the mistress of this house, and myself the master."

She rose, drew back a little, and stood looking at me. If she had been true flesh and blood she could not have acted more naturally.

For some moments there was silence, and then a ter-



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rible thought came into my head. Had I a right to speak to her thus, even if she were but the vision of something that had been? She had told me of her husband; she had spoken of her daughter; but she had said no word which would give me reason to believe that little girl was fatherless when her mother led her around the hall and explained to her the family portraits. Had I been addressing my wild words of passion to one whose beauty and grace, when they were real and true, belonged to another? Had I spoken as I should not have spoken even to the vision of a well-loved wife? I trembled with apprehension.

"Pardon me," I said, "if I have been imprudent. Remember that I know so little about you, even as you were."

When she answered there was nothing of anger in her tone, but she spoke softly, and with, I thought, a shade of pity.

"You have said nothing to offend me, but every word you have spoken has been so wild and so far removed from sense and reason that I am unable to comprehend your feelings."

"They are easy to understand!" I exclaimed. "I have seen my ideal of the woman I could love. I love you; that is all! Again I say it, and I say it with all my heart: Would you were real! Would you were real!"

She smiled. I am sure now she understood my passion. I am sure she expected it. I am sure that she pitied me.

Suddenly a change of expression came over her face; a beaming interest shone from her eyes; she took some steps toward me.

"I told you," said she, speaking quickly, "that what you have said seems to be without sense or reason, and yet it may mean something. I assure you that your words have been appreciated. I know that each one of them is true and comes from your heart. And now listen to me while I tell you—" At that moment the infernal clock upon the landing-place struck one. It was like the crash of doom. I stood alone in the great hall.

The domestics in that old house supposed that I spent Christmas day alone; but they were mistaken, for wherever I went my fancy pictured near me the beautiful vision of the night before. She walked with me in the crisp morning air; I led her through the quiet old rooms, and together we went up the great staircase and stood before the clock—the clock that I had blessed for striking twelve and cursed for striking one. At dinner she sat opposite me in a great chair which I had had placed there —"for the sake of symmetry," as I told my servants. After what had happened, it was impossible for me to be alone.

The day after Christmas old Mr. Marchmay came to call upon me. He was so sorry that I had been obliged to spend Christmas day all by myself. I fairly laughed as I listened to him.

There were things which I wanted him to tell me if he could, and I plied him with questions. I pointed to the portrait of the lady near the chimney-piece, and asked him who she was.

"That is Mrs. Evelyn Heatherton, first mistress of this house; I have heard a good deal about her. She was very unfortunate. She lost her life here in this hall on Christmas eve. She was young and beautiful, and must have looked a good deal like that picture."

I forgot myself. "I don't believe it," I said. "It does not seem to me that that portrait could have been a good likeness of the real woman."

"You may know more about art than I do, sir," said he. "It has always been considered a fine picture; but of course she lived before my time. As I was saying, she died here in this hall. She was coming down stairs on Christmas eve; there were a lot of people here in the hall waiting to meet her. She stepped on something on one of the top steps—a child's toy, perhaps—and lost her footing. She fell to the bottom and was instantly killed—killed in the midst of youth, health, and beauty."

"And her husband," I remarked, "was he—"

"Oh, he was dead!" interrupted Mr. Marchmay. "He died when his daughter was but a mere baby. By-the-way," said the old gentleman, "it seems rather funny that the painting over there—that old lady with the gray hair—is the portrait of that child. It is the only one there is, I suppose."

I did not attend to these last words. My face must have glowed with delight as I thought that I had not spoken to her as I should not. If I had known her to be real, I might have said everything which I had said to the vision of what she had been.

The old man went on talking about the family. That sort of thing interested him very much, and he said that, as I owned the house, I ought to know everything about the people who formerly lived there. The Heathertons had not been fortunate. They had lost a great deal of money, and, some thirty years before, the estate had passed out of their hands and had been bought by a Mr. Kennard, a distant connection of the family, who, with his wife, had lived there until very recently. It was to a nephew and niece of old Mr. Kennard that the property had descended. The Heathertons had nothing more to do with it.

"Are there any members of the family left?" I asked.

"Oh yes!" said Mr. Marchmay. "Do you see that portrait of a girl with a feather in her hat? She is a granddaughter of that Evelyn Heatherton up there. She is an old woman now and a widow, and she it was who sold the place to the Kennards. When the mortgages were paid she did not have much left, but she manages to live on it. But I tell you what you ought to do, sir: you ought to go and see her. She can tell you lots of stories of this place, for she knows more about the Heathertons than any one living. She married a distant cousin who had the family name; but he was a poor sort of a fellow, and he died some fifteen years ago. She has talked to me about your having the old house, and she said that she hoped that you would not make changes and tear down things. But of course she would not say anything like that to you; she is a lady who attends to her own business."

"Where does she live?" I asked. "I should like, above all things, to go and talk to her."

"It is the third house beyond the church," said Mr. Marchmay. "I am sure that she will be glad to see you. If you can make up your mind to listen to long stories about the Heathertons you will give her pleasure."

The next day I made the call. The house was neat, but small and unpretentious—a great drop from the fine hall which I now possessed.

The servant informed me that Mrs. Heatherton was at home, and I was shown into the little parlor—light, warm, and pleasantly furnished. In a few minutes the door opened, and I arose, but no old lady entered.

Struck dumb by breathless amazement, I beheld Evelyn Heatherton coming into the room!

I could not understand; my thoughts ran wild. Had some one been masquerading? Had I dreamed on Christmas eve, or was I dreaming now? Had my passionate desire been granted? Had that vision become real?

I was instantly convinced that what I saw before me was true and real, for the lady advanced toward me and held out her hand. I took it, and it was the hand of an actual woman.

Her mother, she said, begged that I would excuse her; that she was not well and was lying down. Mr. Marchmay had told them that I was coming, and that I wanted to know something about the old house; perhaps she might be able to give me a little information.

Almost speechless, I sat down, and she took a chair not far from me. Her position was exactly that which had been taken by the vision of her great-grandmother on Christmas eve. Her hands were crossed in her lap, and her large blue eyes were slightly upraised to mine. She was not dressed in a robe of olden days, nor was her hair piled up high on her head in bygone fashion, but she was Evelyn Heatherton in form and feature and in quiet grace. She was some years younger, and she lacked the dignity of a woman who had been married, but she was no stranger to me; I had seen her before.

Encouraged by my rapt attention, she told me stories of the old house where her mother had been born, and all that she knew of her great-grandmother she related with an interest that was almost akin to mine. "People tell me," she said, "that I am growing to look like her, and I am glad of it, for my mother gave me her name."

I sat and listened to the voice of this beautiful girl as I had listened to the words which had been spoken to me by the vision of her ancestress. If I had not known that she was real, and that there was no reason why she should vanish when the clock should strike, I might have spoken as I spoke to her great-grandmother. I remained entranced, enraptured, and it was only when the room began to grow dark that I was reminded that it was incumbent upon me to go.

But I came again, again, and again, and after a time it so happened that I was in that cottage at least once every day. The old lady was very gracious; it was plain enough that her soul was greatly gratified to know that the present owner of her old home—the house in which she had been born—was one who delighted to hear the family stories, and who respected all their traditions.

I need not tell the story of Evelyn and myself. My heart had been filled with a vision of her personality before I had seen her. At the first moment of our meeting my love for her sprung into existence as the flame bursts from a match. And she could not help but love me. Few women, certainly not Evelyn Heatherton, could resist the passionate affection which I offered her. She did not tell me this in words, but it was not long before I came to believe it.

It was one afternoon in spring that old Mrs. Heatherton and her daughter came to visit me in my house—the home of their ancestors. As I walked with them through the halls and rooms I felt as if they were the ladies of the manor, and that I was the recipient of their kind hospitality.

Mrs. Heatherton was in the dining-room, earnestly examining some of the ancestral china and glass, and Evelyn and I stood together in the hall, almost under the portrait which hung near the chimney-piece. She had been talking of the love and reverence she felt for this old house. "Evelyn," said I, "if you love this house and all that is in it, will you not take them and have them for your own? And will you not take me and love me and have me for your own?"

I had my answer before the old lady came out of the dining-room. She was reading the inscription on an old silver loving-cup when we went in to her and told her that again Evelyn Heatherton was to be the mistress of the old mansion.

We were married in the early winter, and after a journey in the South we came back to the old house, for I had a great desire that we should spend the holidays under its roof.

It was Christmas eve, and we stood together in the great hall, with a fire burning upon the hearth as it had glowed and crackled a year before. It was some minutes before twelve, and, purposely, I threw my arm around my dear wife and turned her so that she stood with her back to the great staircase. I had never told her of the vision I had seen; I feared to do so; I did not know what effect it might have upon her. I cared for her so earnestly and tenderly that I would risk nothing, but I felt that I must stand with her in that hall on that Christmas eve, and I believed that I could do so without fear or self-reproach.

The clock struck twelve. "Look up at your great-grandmother, Evelyn," I said; "it is fit that you should do so at this time." In obedience to my wishes her eyes were fixed upon the old portrait, and, at the same time, looking over her shoulder, my eyes fell upon the vision of the first Evelyn Heatherton descending the stairs. Upon her features was a gentle smile of welcome and of pleasure. So she must have looked when she went out of this world in health and strength and womanly bloom.

The vision reached the bottom of the stairs and came toward us. I stood expectant, my eyes fixed upon her noble countenance.

"It seems to me," said my Evelyn, "as if my great-grandmother really looked down upon us. As if it made her happy to think that—"

"Is this what you meant?" said I, speaking to the lovely vision, now so near us.

"Yes," was the answer; "it is what I meant, and I am rejoiced. I bless you and I love you both," and as she spoke two fair and shadowy hands were extended over our heads. No one can hear the voice of a spirit except those to whom it speaks, and my wife thought that my words had been addressed to her.

"Yes," said my Evelyn; "I mean that we should be standing here in her old home, and that your arm should be around me."

I looked again. There was no one in the hall except my Evelyn and myself.

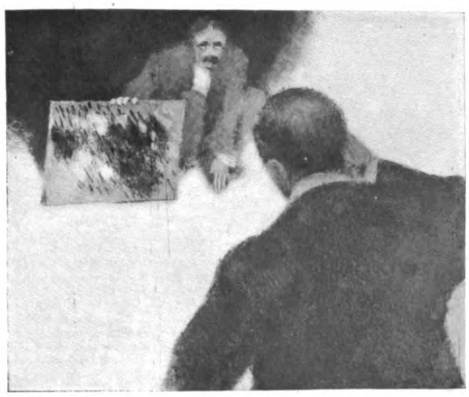


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# THE AMALGAMATED BROTHERHOOD OF SPOOKS.

## A Letter to the Editor.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS—ILLUSTRATED BY G. VERBEEK.



"I THOUGHT A MILE WAS THE PROPER DISTANCE"

IT is with very deep regret that I find myself unable to keep the promise made to you last Spring to provide you with a suitable ghost story for your Christmas number. I have made several efforts to prepare such a tale as it seemed to me you would require, but, one and all, these have proved unavailing. By a singular and annoying combination of circumstances in which only my unfortunate habit of meeting trouble in a spirit of badinage has involved me, I cannot secure the models which I invariably need for the realistic presentation of my stories, and I decline at this present, as I have hitherto consistently declined, to draw upon my imagination for the ingredients necessary, even though tempted by the exigencies of a contract sealed, signed, and delivered. It is far from my wish to be known to you as one who makes promises only to break them, but there are times in a man's life when he must consider seriously which is the lesser evil, to deceive the individual or to deceive the world, the latter being a mass of individuals, and, consequently, as much more worthy of respect as the whole is greater than a part. Could I bring myself to be false to my principles as a scribe, and draw upon my fancy for my facts, and, through a prostitution of my art, so sickly o'er my plot with the pale cast of realism as to hoodwink my readers into believing what I know to be false, the task were easy. Given a more or less active and unrestrained imagination, pen, ink, paper, and the will to do so, to construct out of these a ghost story which might have been, but as a matter of fact was not, presents no difficulties whatsoever; but I unfortunately have a conscience which, awkward as it is to me at times, I intend to keep clear and unspotted. The consciousness of having lied would forever rest as a blot upon my escutcheon. I cannot manufacture out of whole cloth a narrative such as you desire and be true to myself, and this I intend to be, even if by so doing I must seem false to you. I think, however, that, as one of my friends and most important consumer, you are entitled to a complete explanation of my failure to do as I have told you I would. To most others I should send merely a curt note evidencing, not pleading, a pressure of other work as the cause of my not coming to time. To you it is owed that I should enter somewhat into the details of the unfortunate business.

You doubtless remember that last summer, with our mutual friend Peters, I travelled abroad seeking health and, incidentally, ideas. I had discovered that imported ideas were on the whole rather more popular in America than those which might be said to be indigenous to the soil. The reading public had, for the time being at least, given itself over to moats, and châteaux, and bloodshed, and the curious dialects of the lower orders of British society. Sherlock Holmes had superseded Old Sleuth in the affections of my countrymen who read books. Even those honest little critics the boys and girls were finding more to delight them in the doings of Richard Cœur de Lion and Alice in Wonderland than in the more remarkable and intensely American adventures of Ragged Dick or Mickie the Motor-boy. John Storm was at that moment hanging over the world like the sword of Damocles, and Rudolf Rassendyll had completely overshadowed such essentially American heroes as Uncle Tom and Rollo. I found, to my chagrin, that the poetry of Tennyson was more widely read even than my own, even though Tennyson was dead and I was not. And in the universities whole terms were devoted to the compulsory study of dramatists like Shakspere and Molière, while home talent, as represented by Mr. Hoyt or the facile productions of Messrs. Weber & Fields, were relegated to the limbo of electives which the students might take up or not, as they chose, and then only in the hours which they were expected to devote to recreation. All of which seemed to indicate that while there was of course no royal road to literary fame, there was with equal certainty no republican path thereto, and that real inspiration was to be derived rather under the effete monarchies of Europe than at home. To Peters the same idea had occurred, but in his case in relation to art rather than to literature. The patrons of art in America had a marked preference for the works of Meissonier, Corot, Gérôme, Millet—anybody, so long as he was a foreigner, Peters said. The wealthy would pay ten, twenty, a hundred thousand dollars for a Rousseau or a Rosa Bonheur rather than exchange a paltry one hundred dollars for a canvas by Peters, though, as far as Peters was concerned, his canvas was just as well woven, his pigments as carefully mixed, and his application of the one to the other as technically correct as was anything from the foreign brushes.

"You can't take in the full import of a Turner unless you stand a way away from it," said he, "and if you'll only stand far enough away from mine you couldn't tell it from a Meissonier."

And when I jocularly responded to this that I thought a mile was the proper distance, he was offended. We quarrelled, but made up after a while, and in the making up decided upon a little venture into foreign fields together, not only to recuperate, but to see if so be we could discover just where the workers on the other side got that quality which placed them in popular esteem so far ahead of ourselves.

What we discovered along this especial line must form the burden of another story. The main cause of our foreign trip, these discoveries, are but incidental to the theme I have in hand. Our conclusions were important, but they have no place here, and what they were you will have to wait until my work on *Abroad versus Home* is completed to learn. But what is important to this explanation is the fact that while going through the long passage leading from the Pitti Palace to the Uffizi Gallery at Florence we—or rather I—encountered one of those phantoms which have been among the chief joys and troubles of my life. Peters was too much taken up with his Baedeker to see either ghosts or pictures. Indeed, it used to irritate me that Peters saw so little, but he would do as most American tourists do, and spend all his time looking for some especial thing he thought he ought to see, and generally missing not only it, but thousands of minor things quite as well worthy of his attention. I don't believe he would have seen the ghost, however, under any circumstances. It requires a specially cultivated eye or digestion, one or the other, to enable one to see ghosts, and Peters's eye is blind to the invisible and his digestion is good.

Why, under the canopy, the vulgar little spectre was haunting a picture-gallery I never knew, unless it was to embarrass the Americans who passed to and fro, for he claimed to be an American. I knew he was not a living thing the minute I laid eyes through him. He loomed up before me while I was engaged in chuckling over a particularly bad canvas by somebody whose name I have forgotten, but which was something like Beppo di Contarini. It represented the scene of a grand fête at Venice back in the fifteenth century, and while preserved by the art-lovers of Florence as something worthy, would, I firmly believe, have failed of acceptance even by the catholic taste of the editor of an American Sunday newspaper comic supplement. The thing was crude in its drawing, impossible in its coloring, and absolutely devoid of action. Every gondola on the canal looked as if it were stuck in the mud, and as for the water of the Grand Canal itself, it had all the liquid glory under this artist's touch of calf's-foot jelly, and it amused me intensely to think that these patrons of art, in the most artistic city in the world, should have deemed it worth keeping. However, whatever the merit of the painting, I was annoyed in the midst of my contemplation of it to have thrust in the line of vision a shape—I cannot call it a body, because there was no body to it. There were the lineaments of a living person, and a very vulgar living person at that, but the thing was translucent, and as it stepped in between me and the wonderful specimen of Beppo di Somethingorother's art, I felt as if a sudden haze had swept over my eyes, blurring the picture until it reminded me of a cheap kind of decalcomania that in my boyhood days had satisfied my yearnings after the truly beautiful.

I made several ineffectual passes with my hands to brush the thing away. I had discovered that with certain classes of ghosts one could be rid of them, just as one may dissipate a cloud of smoke, by swirling one's outstretched paw around in it, and I hoped that I might in this way rid myself of the nuisance now before me. But I was mistaken. He swirled, but failed to dissipate.



"HE VANISHED IN SOMETHING OF A RAGE."

"Hum!" said I, straightening up, and addressing the thing with some degree of irritation. "You may know a great deal about art, my friend, but you seem not to have studied manners. Get out of my way."

"Pah!" he ejaculated, turning a particularly nasty pair of green eyes on me. "Who the deuce are you, that you should give me orders?"

"Well," said I, "if I were impulsive of speech and seldom grammatical, I might reply by saying Me, but as a purist, let me tell you, sir, that I'm I, and if you seek to know further and more intimately, I will add that who I am is none of your infernal business."

"Humph!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Grammatical or otherwise, you're a coward! You don't dare say who you are, because you are afraid of me. You know I am a spectre, and, like all commonplace people, you are afraid of ghosts."

A hot retort was on my lips, and I was about to tell him my name and address, when it occurred to me that by doing so I might lay myself open to a kind of persecution from which I have suffered from time to time, ghosts are sometimes so hard to lay, so I accomplished what I at the moment thought was my purpose by a bluff.

"Oh, as for that," said I, "my name is So and So, and I live at Number This, That Street, Chicago, Illinois."

Both the name and the address were of course fictitious.

"Very well," said he, calmly, making a note of the address. "My name is Jones. I am the president of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Spooks, enjoying a well-earned rest from his labors on his savings from his salary as a walking delegate. You shall hear from me on your return to Chicago through the local chapter, the United Apparitions of Illinois."

"All right," said I, with equal calmness. "If the Illinois spooks are as Illinoisome as you are, I will summon the board of health, and have them laid without more ado."

Upon this we parted. That is to say, I walked on to the Uffizi, and he vanished, in something of a rage, it seemed to me.

I thought no more of the matter until a week ago, when, in accordance with an agreement with the principal thereof, I left New York to go to Chicago, to give a talk before a certain young ladies' boarding-school, on the subject of "Mus-



"TURNING A PARTICULARLY NASTY PAIR OF GREEN EYES UPON ME."

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cular Romanticism." This was a lecture I had prepared on a literary topic concerning which I had thought much. I had observed that a great deal of the popularity of certain authors had come from the admiration of young girls—mostly those at boarding-school, and therefore deprived of real manly company—for a kind of literature which, seeming to be manly, did not yet appeal very strongly to men. In certain aspects it seemed strong. It presented heroes who were truly heroic, and who always did the right thing in the right manner. Writers who had more ink than blood to shed, and a greater knowledge of etiquette than of human nature, were making their way into temporary fame by compelling chaps to do things they could not do. I rather liked to read of these fellows myself. I am no exception to the rule which makes human beings admire, and very strongly too, the fellow who poses successfully. Indeed, I admire a *poseur* who can carry his pose through without disaster to himself, because he has nothing to back him up, and, wanting this, if by his assurance he can make himself a considerable personage, he falls short of genius only by lacking it. But this is apart from the story. Whatever the general line of thought in the lecture, I was, as I have said, on my way to Chicago to deliver it before a young ladies' boarding-school. I should have been happy over the prospect, for I have many warm friends in Chicago, there was a moderately large fee ahead, and there is always a charm, as well, in the mere act of standing on a dais before some two or three hundred young girls and having




"A SPECTRE BRASS BAND."




"GHOSTS HAD PARADED THROUGH THE HOUSE, THREATENING THE OCCUPANTS."

their undivided attention for a brief hour. Yet, despite all this, I was dreadfully depressed. Why, I could not at first surmise. It seemed to me, however, as though some horrid disaster were impending. I experienced all the sensations which make four o'clock in the morning so dreaded an hour to those who suffer from insomnia. My heart would race ahead, thumping like the screw of an ocean greyhound, and then slow down until it seemingly ceased to beat altogether; my hands were alternately dry and hot, and clammy and cold; and then like a flash I knew why, and what it was I feared. It suddenly dawned upon my mind that, by some frightfully unhappy coincidence, the address of Miss Brockton's Academy for Young Ladies, whither I was bound, was precisely the same as that I had given the vulgar little spook at Florence as my own. I had entirely forgotten the incident; and then, as I drew near to the spot whereon I was to have been made to suffer through the machinations of the local chapter of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Spooks, my soul was filled with dread. Had Grand-Master-Spook Jones's threat been merely idle? Had he, even as I had done, dismissed the whole affair as unworthy of any further care, or would he keep his word?—indeed, had he kept his word, and, through his followers in the Amalgamated Brotherhood, made himself obnoxious to the residents of Number This, That Street?

My nervous dread redoubled as I neared Chicago, and it was as much as I could do, when the train reached Kalamazoo, to keep from turning back. And the event showed that I suffered with only too much reason, for, at the house of the institution, I found it closed. The door was locked, the shades pulled down, the building the perfect picture of gloom. Miss Brockton, I was informed, was in a lunatic-asylum, and two hundred and eighty-three young girls, ranging from fourteen to twenty years of age, had been returned to their parents, the hair of every mother's daughter of them blanched white as the driven snow. No one knew, my informant said, exactly what had occurred at the academy, but the fact that was plain to all was that, some two weeks previous to my coming, the school had retired at the usual hour one night, in the very zenith of a happy prosperity, and gathered at breakfast the next morning to find itself wrecked, and bearing the outward semblance of a home for indigent old ladies. No one, from Miss Brockton herself to the youngest pupil, could give a coherent account of what had turned them all gray in a single night, and brought the furrows of age to cheeks both old and young, nor could any inducement be held out to any of the pupils to pass another night within those walls. They one and all fled madly back to their homes, and Miss Brockton's attempted explanation was so incredible that, protesting her sanity, she was nevertheless placed under restraint, pending a full investigation of the incident. She had, I was informed, asserted that some sixty ghosts of most terrible aspect had paraded through the house between the hours of midnight and 2 A.M., howling and shrieking and threatening the occupants in a most terrifying fashion. At their head marched a spectre brass band of twenty-four pieces, grinding out with horrid contortions and grimaces the most awful discords imaginable—discords, indeed, Miss Brockton had said, alongside of which those of the most grossly material German street band in creation became melodies of soothing sweetness. The spectre rabble to the rear bore transparencies, upon which were painted such legends as, "Hail to Jones, our beloved Chief!" "Strike One, Strike All!" and, "Down with Hawkins, the Grinder of Ghosts!" This last caused my heart to sink still lower, for Hawkins was the name I had given the vision at Florence, and I now understood all. It was only too manifest that I was the cause of the undoing of these innocents.

My lie to Jones had brought this disaster upon the Brockton Academy. The dreadfulness of it appalled me, and I turned away, sick at heart, only to find myself face to face with the horrid Jones, grinning like the cad he had proved himself.

"Well, you have done it," I cried, trembling with rage. "I hope you are proud of yourself, venting your spite on an innocent woman and two hundred and eighty-three defenceless girls."

He laughed.

"It was a pretty successful haunt," he said; "and possibly, now that Mrs. Hawkins and your daughters—"

"Who?" I cried. "Mrs. What, and which?"

"Your wife and children," he replied. "Now that the local chapter has attended to them, maybe you'll apologize to me for your boorish behavior at Florence."

"Those people were nothing to me," said I. "That was a boarding-school you have driven crazy. I was merely coming here to lecture—"

I immediately perceived my mistake. He could now easily discover my identity.

"Oho!" said he, with a broad, grim smile. "Then you lied to me at Florence, and you are not Hawkins, but the man they call the spook Boswell among us?"

"Yes, I am not Hawkins, and I am the other," I retorted. "Make the most of it."

"I thought that was rather a large family of girls for one man to have," rejoined Jones. "But see here—are you going to apologize or not?"

"I am not," I cried. "Never in this world nor in the next, you miserable handful of miasma!"

"Then, sir," said he, firmly, "I shall order a general strike for the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Spooks, and the strike will be on until you do apologize. Hereafter you will have to derive your inspiration from a contemplation of unskilled spooks, and, if I understand matters, you will find some difficulty in raising even these, for there is not one that I know of who doesn't belong to the union."

With that he vanished, and I sadly made my way back to my home. Once at my desk again, I turned my attention to the work I had promised you, and, to my chagrin, discovered that while I had all the concomitants of a successful Christmas story, I could not write it, because Grand-Master-Spirit Jones had kept his word. One and all, my selected group of spooks went out on strike. They absolutely refused to pose unless I apologized to Jones, and by no persuasions, threats, or cajoling have I been able since to make them rise up before me, that I might present them to my readers with that degree of fidelity which I deem essential. My home, which was once a sort of spirit club, is now bare of even a semblance of a ghost worth writing up, and, conjure as I may, I cannot bring them back. The strike is on, and I am its victim. But one miserable little specimen have I discovered since my interview with Jones, and so unskilled is he in the science of spooking, that I give you my word he could not make a baby shiver on a dark night with the temperature twenty below zero and the wind howling like a madman without; and as for making hair stand on end, I tried him on a bit of hirsute from the tail of the timidest fawn in the Central Park zoo, and the thing fell over as limp as a strand from the silken locks of the Lorelei.

That, my dear sir, is why I cannot give you the story I have promised. I hope you will understand that the fault is not my own, but is the result of the evil tendency of the times, when the protective principle has reached the ultimate of tyrannous absurdity.

While Jones is at the head of the Amalgamated Brotherhood my case is hopeless, for I shall never apologize, unless he promises to restore to poor Mrs. Brockton and her two hundred and eighty-three pupils their former youthful gayety and prosperity, which, I understand upon inquiry, he is unable to do, since the needed patent reversible spook, who will restore blanched hair to its natural color and return the bloom of youth to furrowed




"THE THING FELL OVER LIMP."

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heeks, has not yet been invented; and I, he only person in the world who might ave invented it, am powerless, for while the oycott hangs over my head, as you will see or yourself, I am bereft of the raw material or the conducting of the necessary experiments.

## THE WORLD IMPROVES.

See double-page colored supplement, "Small Game Better than None," drawn by Howard Pyle, with this number.]

OLD-FASHIONED gentlemen we praise,
As did our dads before us,
And call old times "the good old days"
In approbative chorus.

Yet no man of us needs be told
That times we laud as "good" and "old"
Had still their drawbacks manifold;
That some folks, then as now, were rude;
That greedy ends were oft pursued
By methods still more bold and crude
Two centuries ago than now,
When wiser heads know better how.

Let's not regret the past, but give
Due thanks that it's our lot to live
Not in Queen Anne's, but Croker's, reign,
When power discreetly used may gain
The full reward that power deserves
Without offence to timid nerves.

E. S. M.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE KLONDIKE.

CHRISTMAS everywhere should be a day f happiness and merrymaking, but I wonder how many of those who spent last season n the Klondike (or who are there now) can ook back on it with any pleasure?

With hardly an exception it was our first winter amid far Northern conditions, and in ddition to what might possibly be called ardships of the climate were those attending he circumstances of our coming and our ode of living; for we had reached Dawson fter the arctic winter had set in.

The old-timers and those so fortunate as o have been in Dawson in time, or with fficient money to place a large order at the ores for the necessaries of life, which are rdered in advance sufficient for the year, ere comparatively well provided for, even hough some of the steamers failed to get in ith supplies to fill many of the orders completely. But none of the new-comers knew his. The "Chee-chalkos," as we were called, in our anxiety to reach the mines before he river closed, were exhausted in body, ind, and resources. Some had outfits large ough to tide them over until the first teamer came up in the spring to relieve lmost certain famine, some had flour enough or only a few months, still others had less, nd there were some who had not a pound f grub, a dollar of money, nor proper clothes n their backs. Many of these last preferred the remoter dangers of remaining in he Klondike to those of the trail, which was, y early winter, thronged with men fleeing or their lives, and, but for aid, starving.

The fear of famine was therefore over s all—though no one would starve so long s there was food in the camp. The days bout Christmas grew short, only a bit of iffused daylight between ten and three, the n being visible from the high ground, and he nights almost endless in their dreariness; or, like nearly everything else, candles were ort, and one could afford but one at a me.

Men went over their grub-piles, then easured the time, and figured to a pound hat they could allow themselves each day. here were parties living on a meal a day. n one cabin that I knew they allowed themselves bacon but twice a week. Flour was he staple by which the abundance of other hings was measured, and it was not until ome time after Christmas—namely, on January 10—that I noted as important news that ood was easier, flour having dropped to fty dollars a sack, damaged flour being orth as low as thirty-five. There were lots f people in the camp with sufficient equanimity to do as my friend Captain Anderson rote out that he was doing—eating the best rst, and the worst afterwards. And while pring revealed that our fears were groundless (since so many had departed from the amp), this anxiety was a distinct feature of ur life as a whole.

The feeling at this time is expressed in ome little verses by my versatile friend ussell S. Bates, which, in addition to their ther beautiful qualities, are true to nature, or they were scribbled *in medias res*. Here ey are:

THE LONE FLAPJACK.

One cold Alaska's winter day
I sat within my lonely shack;
Without, old Boreas held full sway,
While cold came in through every crack.
Upon the stove was scarce a snack—
My daily meal, a lone flapjack.

Upon the floor my flour lay—
In all 'twas less than half a sack.
My beans and bacon on that day
Would hardly constitute a pack.
Could I live on till first of May
Upon one lone flapjack a day?

While pondering thus, and looking back—
For I ne'er in my life did lack
Three sumptuous, hearty meals a day—
Judge Mastason, to my dismay,
Came in and said, "My dear old Mac,
Can you give me a hot flapjack?"

My friend has gone, the days seem black,
I miss his hearty, genial way.
His friends at home will test his sack
'Mid popping corks, as good friends may;
But should the spring convey him back,
He's welcome to my lone flapjack!

As Christmas approached, preparations were made to celebrate in some fashion; if not hilariously, then with as much propriety as possible. Some put little evergreens in front of their places, which in a dim way suggest the Christmas season. They were not hard to get, for the country is full of spruces of just the right size. Every one tried to have something special for dinner. There was much in our surroundings to suggest the season of gayety—the snow and cold, the people in furs and bright bits of color, the tinkling of bells of the swell dog-teams.

But while we had these natural accompaniments of the season, one prime essential was lacking. There was not a turkey in the camp. Some one had reported that a Dutchman brought a turkey in over the ice, one that his wife had cooked in Skaguay, but I believe that was not true. Andrew Flett, the Saskatchewan half-breed, with his train of dogs and the official mail (and a file of

(*Continued on page 1245.*)

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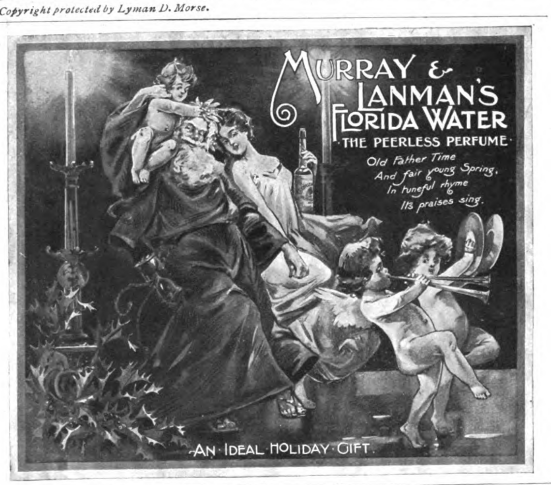
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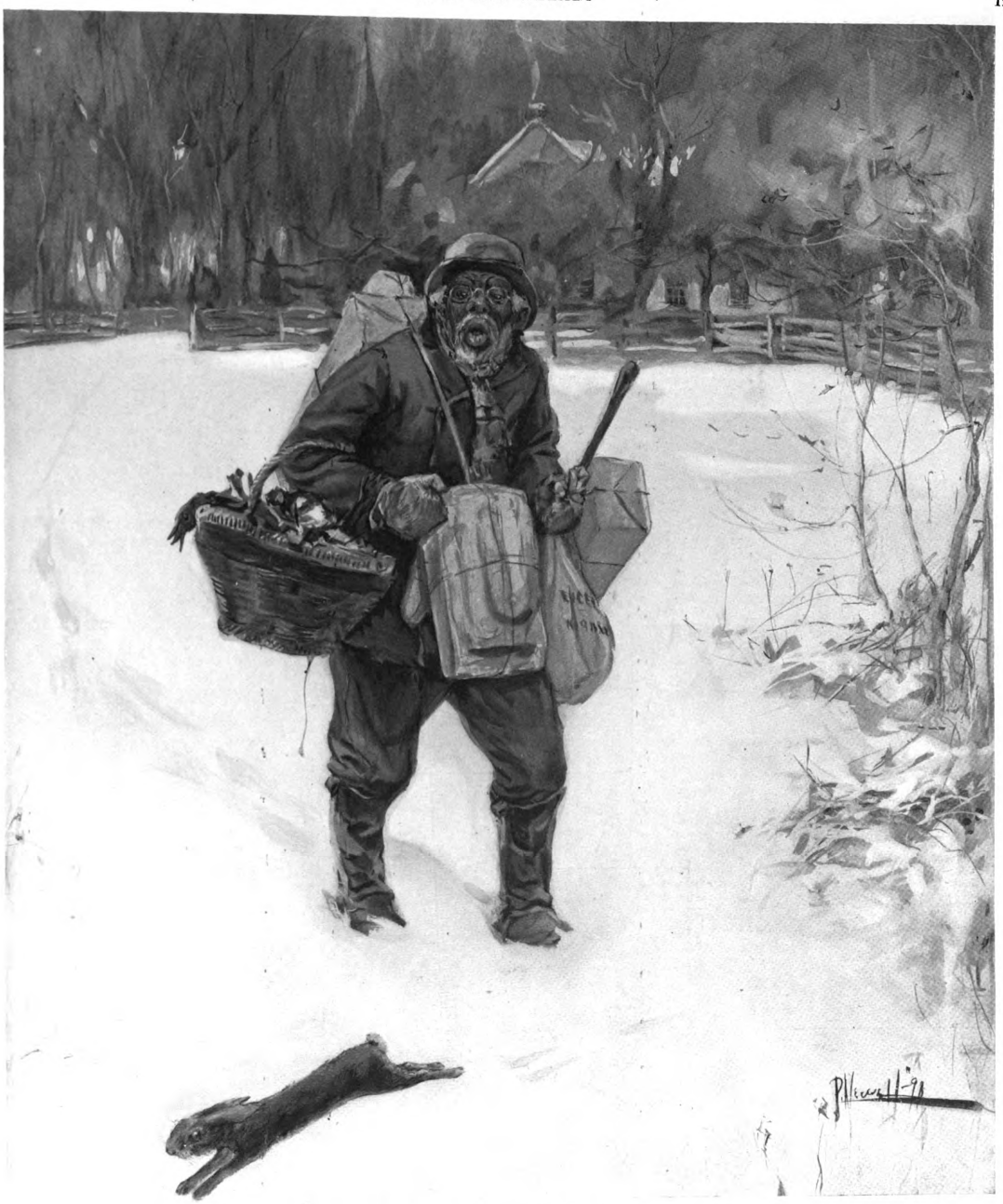
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A Merry Christma

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CHRISTMAS MORNING—THE CHALLENGE.—DRAWN BY PETER S. NEWELL.

(*Continued from page 1244.*)

HARPER'S WEEKLY), was the first to arrive straight through from outside. But on the 10th of April a man answering the description did arrive, and raffled the turkey off in McPhee's saloon, netting him $174; but he said he would not bring in another at the same price. So a description of our Christmas turkey must be of the one we did not have. If any one had owned a turkey, we could have found a way to dispose of it without fatal effects, as cranberries are plentiful in the Yukon.

I was not worried about the outlook for Christmas dinner until Pelletier, my cabin partner, announced that he had invited some friends to dinner. Heavens! I looked under the bunk where we had our stock of grub safely cached. There was bacon, plenty of that, but we were getting a little tired of it three times a day. Flour, plenty of that too; not much hand at making bread—never did cook until I had to. Pelletier no better, but with more imagination for concocting, which is nine parts of good cooking. Vegetarian, too, he was, having to live on soup vegetables and beans since he cooked that last lot of eighteen loaves that we could not eat, and that the dogs would not eat either, because he forgot to sweeten the sour dough. It would be flapjacks and beans. Plenty of them; got wet coming down river, but all right yet.

Milk all gone last week; don't know what possessed me not to put in two or three cases of condensed milk; those old-timers must have tough constitutions, when they said to bring in only pork and beans. Butter, some left; we will soon be able to call it cheese or butter. It is hard to tell the difference now.

Pelletier said, "Leave it to me!"

Day before Christmas he came in with some bundles, which he threw down on the table. I saw they were cans —some condensed cream, two tins of French pease, and— a can of turkey!

With the help of the turkey, which Pelletier had somehow rustled out of one of the stores, and with the counsel of old Joe Liberty, an old-timer from Juneau, who had come to live in the cabin, we made out not badly. One of our guests was setting out on the tedious journey to the outside, and it was a farewell dinner as well for him—a better one than many a poor fellow already on the trail was having that day.

And it was better than many a one has had on the Yukon. Nearly every one I knew began to have a touch of scurvy. We all missed the fresh meat.

Unable to stand the dreariness, and, moreover, being anxious to explore the upper Klondike, where few white men had been, soon after Christmas I threw some blankets and some grub on a sled and ran off with the Indians, and lived like a heathen for a month or two.

I heard much complaint about the food in Dawson, though I think the cooking of it is as important as the quality. I wonder what those old-timers were made of who, at the time of the strike on El Dorado, had nothing but candles to put in the beans, not even salt, until Swiftwater Bill thought they were using too many candles for drifting and shut down on them, and then they had nothing to season with but sarsaparilla.

I heard of another Christmas dinner, of two old-timers in the Lower Country. They were original old-timers; had been sixteen years in the country; came here from Cassiar; hadn't seen a railroad train for forty years; whiskers a foot long—what they call "sour-dough stiffs" down in Circle. Though the biggest-hearted men, they were regular old cranks. These two old-timers were living in the same old cabin; but each had his own stove, did his own cooking, had his own outfit, and his own side of the cabin, the two households being as distinct as if they were miles apart. It was Christmas, and one of the men had found a soup-bone, so as to have something special. The other man saw the preparations, and resolved to have something extra that day too; but he had no soup-bone, only soup vegetables; so he too made himself some soup. They sat down to dinner, each in his own corner. The man who had the bone tasted his soup.

"I tell you," said he, smacking his lips, "this soup tastes good," and kept on eating.

The other smacked his lips too; never looked up, but shook his head, saying, "It can't taste any better than mine." And those two old cranks kept on eating, each telling how good his own soup was, and it never occurred to either of them to offer some to the other!

I only heard this story. Alaska is the abiding-place of colossal liars. One must believe nothing he hears, and only half of what he sees.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

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1. "Yes, Brunie, this is pretty hard lines fer Chris'mas eve, an' I feel bluer 'n ever, after seein' that bootiful tree down in the school-house yonder."

2. "Say, Brunie, here comes the feller what's goin' ter be Sandy Claws down there to-night. Heard him say so in the village to-day. Costume's in that bag. You spring out on him an' git it. I've got a scheme."

3. "W-oo-o-o-o-o-ff!"

4. "Bully boy, Brunie! he won't stop runnin' fer a week."

5. "Now all yon've got ter do is ter jest shin down the chimbly, and when yer gits in, *scare* 'em."

6. *Deacon Shaddock:* "Hark, little children, for even now I think I hear old Santy coming down this unused fireplace."

7. "Ah, yes, here comes the dear old fellow. Don't be frightened, children. How de do, San—"

8. "W-o-oo-oo-ooo-ff!"

9. "Woof! *Wo-oo-ff! Wo-oo-ooff!*"

10. "Shake der tree again, Brunie; dey won't dare show up before daylight. Say, dis is a rather merry Chris'mas, after all."

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE DANCING-BEAR AND HIS SCHEMING MASTER.

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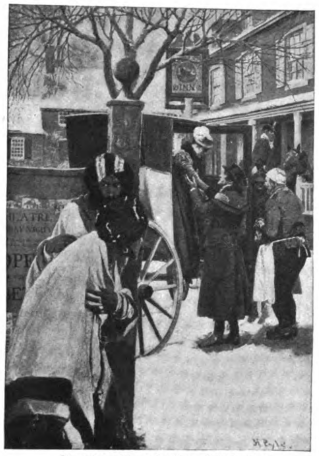



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# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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Enthronization of Queen Wilhelmina

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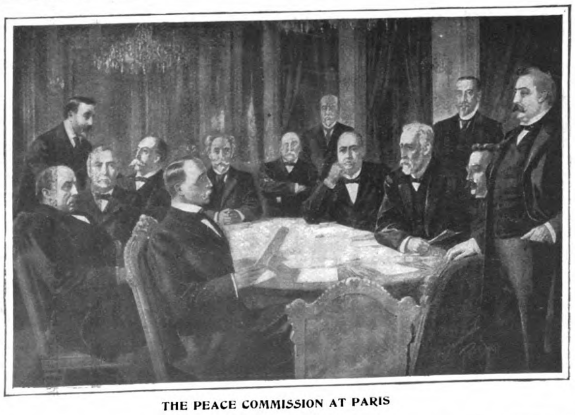
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# AMATEUR SPORT

ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1898.

Romeyn (West Point), full-back.
Dibblee, Captain (Harvard), and McBride (Yale), half-backs.
Daly (Harvard), quarter-back.
Cunningham (Michigan), centre.
Hare (Pennsylvania) and Boal (Harvard), guards.
Chamberlin (Yale) and Hillebrand (Princeton), tackles
Palmer (Princeton) and Hallowell (Harvard), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

IN THE LINE.

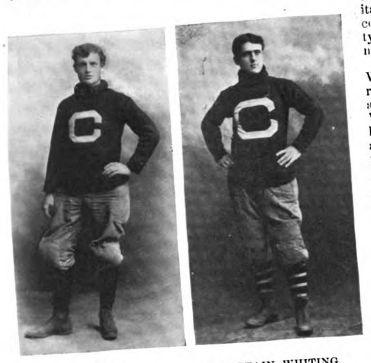
Overfield (Pennsylvania), Brown (Yale), Burden (Harvard), Haughton (Harvard), Donald (Harvard), Folwell (Pennsylvania), Poe (Princeton).

BACK OF THE LINE.

Reid (Harvard), Warren (Harvard), Kromer (West Point), O'Dea (Wisconsin).

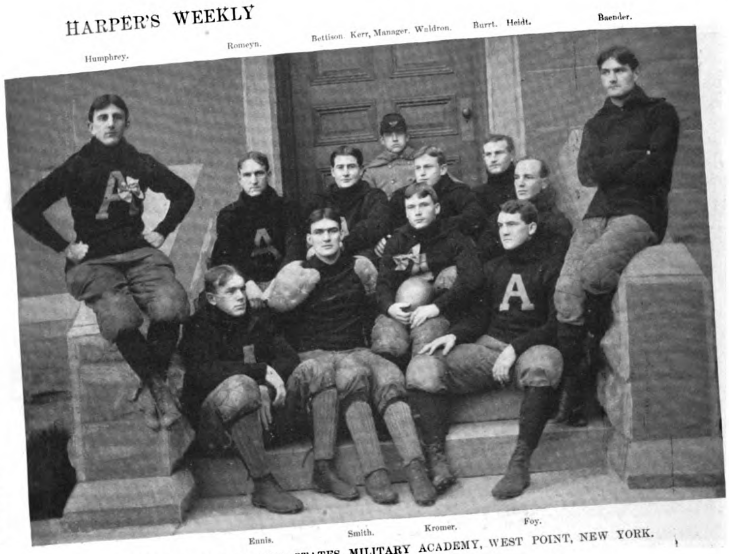
EXCEPT FOR SOME GENERAL IMPROVEMENT in punting, the football season of '98 marked no development deserving commendation. On the contrary, the average quality of play among the larger university teams of the East, Harvard not included, was distinctly lower than that of '96—I was in Siam and Sumatra hunting big game in '97, and therefore saw none of the elevens of that year. Among the smaller college teams East and South there appears to have been about a maintenance of the level of play of two years ago. In the Middle West, generally speaking, there has been a perceptible advance, although two of the larger universities, Chicago and Wisconsin, show less evidence of it than the others. Meanwhile the standard of general play of the larger university teams, East and West, is slowly and surely approaching a basis from which comparison is not only possible, but highly creditable to the West. There is not yet equality—it would be unreasonable to expect it—but the West is no longer the unthinking pupil of the East.

NEW AND DISTINCT PLAYS are developed, and defensive as well as offensive work laid out on original lines. Michigan's line-up on the defensive this year, though somewhat approaching Univ. of Penn.'s skilful arrangement of her back field, was an illustration in this respect. In the first class, the Eastern standard is yet quite a bit higher than the Western; how much



REED, Left Guard, Cornell Team. CAPTAIN WHITING, Left Half-back, Cornell Team.

higher it is impossible to judge accurately, and time wasted to speculate. Perhaps three touch-downs higher would be a conservative guess. It should be borne in mind by our Western reader that while Chicago was at her best against Univ. of Penn., the latter looked forward to the meeting with Harvard as her crucial test and culminating effort of the year. At the same time it must be acknowledged that Univ. of Penn.'s play against Harvard was but very little, if any, stronger than against Chicago. But carrying out the comparison is checked again by the fact that Harvard's final display of the year




FOOTBALL ELEVEN, UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, NEW YORK.

—her top form, in other words—at New Haven, was, on the offensive, a good twenty-five per cent. stronger than it had been at Cambridge against Univ. of Penn.

IF I WERE PINNED DOWN to an expression of opinion on the comparative merits of Eastern and Western play, I should unhesitatingly declare Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, West Point, and Cornell in the same class, with very little indeed to choose between at least the leading two Westerners and the teams from Ithaca and the Military Academy. Those who like to pursue these sectional comparisons to the bitter end can, without much difficulty, discover the relative positions of West Point and Cornell in the Eastern ranking.

Between the smaller colleges of the East and of the West I am inclined to think—although figures to corroborate my belief are wanting—that if we leave out Wesleyan and Brown and Carlisle, which occupy a rank between West Point *et al.* and Dartmouth, which is the undisputed leader of the New England league, the advantage will be all with the West. The Western small college team, as a rule, when it plays football, plays with comparatively great offensive strength, and a defence only slightly inferior to that of the Eastern small college of corresponding size. Moreover, it looks as though the faculties of the smaller Middle-Western colleges showed more concern than do the faculties of some Eastern small colleges for the ethical side of their sport. I wish to be understood as not including western Pennsylvania and western Ohio and the Missouri Valley section in this reference to comparative ethics in the Eastern and Western small colleges.

THE LESSON OF THE SEASON was contained in the triumph of the evenly developed team. Never before has so striking an illustration been given of the fallacy, in present-day football, of relying upon unusual strength in one direction to make amends for real weakness in another. Not before has such incontrovertible evidence been furnished to prove that, in the modern game, a strong line is not all-sufficient to success. On the 5th of November Univ. of Penn. had a line about as strong, defensively, as Harvard's, and offensively a little stronger, yet Harvard scored and Univ. of Penn. did not; Yale's line, defensively and offensively, was stronger than Princeton's, yet Princeton scored and Yale did not. Univ. of Penn. ran the ball about eighty yards more than Harvard, and yet lost; Princeton gained during the game, including Poe's ninety-five-yard run on a fumble, one hundred yards less than Yale with the ball in hand, yet Princeton won.

It means, if it has any significance, that the team which is well rounded out has material advantages in match play over one unevenly developed, and yet more brilliant, perhaps, in one or even two directions. It means, furthermore, that after many tentative efforts the kicking game has come to be an actuality. Not as an occasional resort during a hotly contested match, but as a regularly organized part of a team's play. The season has shown, too—emphasized its lesson in this respect, indeed—that the kicking game does not begin and end with merely booting the ball when no gain can be made by the runners, does not, in fact, mean simply lifting the ball into your opponents' territory, or at least away from your goal-line, but it means that the kicking game implies punting, supporting the backs' work with the ends, and handling the kicks of opponents.

REALLY THIS READS LIKE THE A B C of football, and as a matter of actual fact, so it is; and that being so, did any one ever see elementary principles more ignored than they were this year by Univ. of Penn. and—Yale? Fancy Yale disregarding the rudiments! Truly a change has come to New Haven.

Yale's ends provided indifferent support to even the mediocre punting exhibited by the blue at Princeton and again at New Haven, but Univ. of Penn. revealed more startling evidence of ignorance by permitting opponents' kicks to bounce and roll along undisturbed towards her goal-line. Had one not seen it, one could hardly believe a 'varsity team capable of such incompetency in this particular. When Univ. of Penn. did not let the punted ball bounce and roll, she muffed it, and Yale muffed and fumbled more than her erring companion because she attempted to catch more frequently.

IN OTHER RESPECTS YALE'S WORK WAS STRONG; her running game and her determined defence alone saved her from demoralization under Princeton's continued punting, and spared her even a worse defeat, by a couple of touch-downs, at New Haven. But a great part of the time there was lacking that clean-cut, sharp teamwork that has been so prominent a feature of Yale's teams in recent years. Between Yale and Univ. of Penn., this year, it is difficult to choose. One had first-class and the other had indifferent initial material in the back field; Yale's poor work was due largely to men being laid up and unwise handling; Univ. of Penn.'s backs muffed and let the punted ball bounce and roll, probably because they did not have it in them to do better. The back fields of both, at all events, neutralized the first-class work of their respective lines. With Yale's back field in sound physical condition the team would be strong enough, I think, to defeat Univ. of Penn., but on the showing made



W. T. REID, JR., Full-back, Harvard.



WHEELER, Full-back, Princeton.




P. OVERFIELD, Centre, Pennsylvania.




W. F. BENNETT, Capt. and Left Guard, U. of Michigan.



CHARLES WIDMAN, Left Half-back, U. of Michigan.

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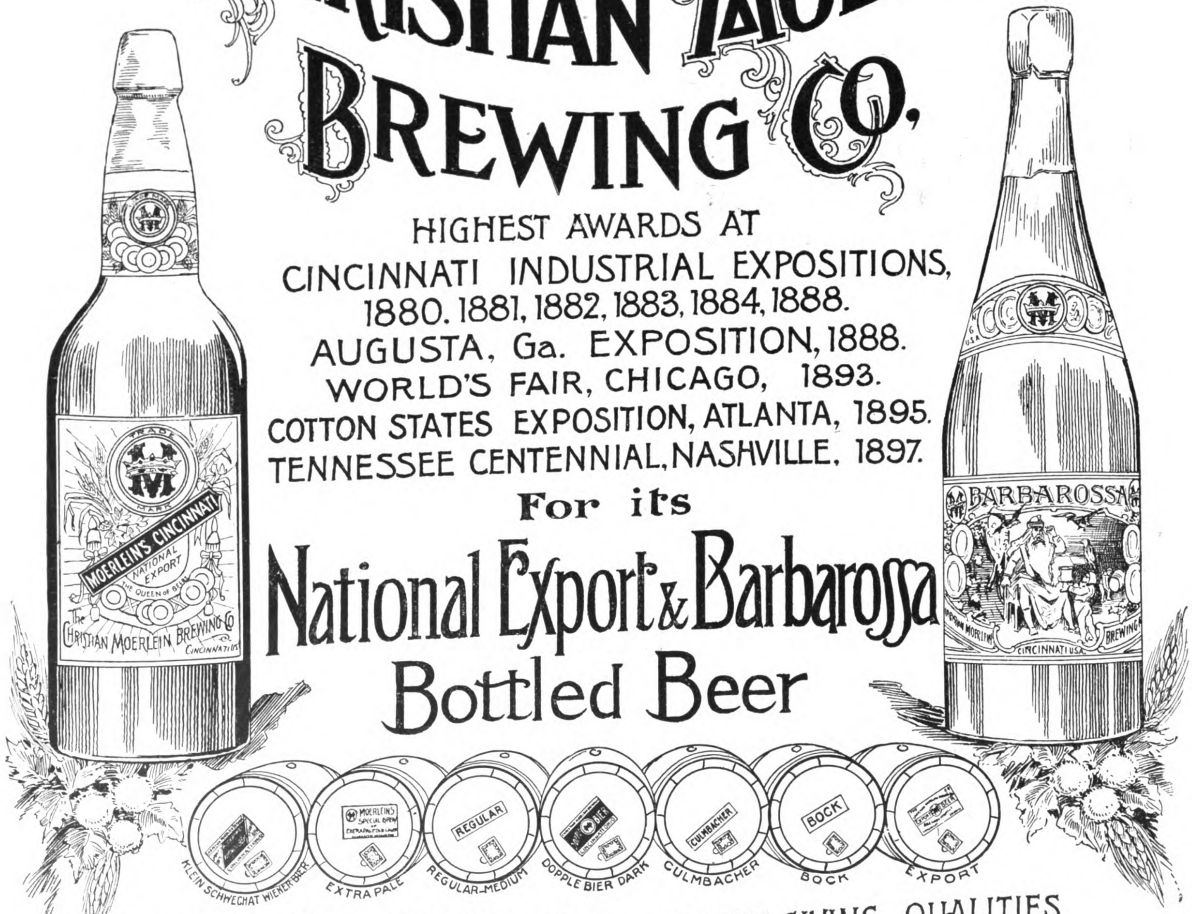



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, the two are very evenly matched, with per-
ds slightly in Yale's favor.

Penn. depended throughout the year almost
the guards-back formation or system, but
end of the season—notably in the Cornell
reased the variety of plays. It is probable we
next year, even a greater number started from
tion, to the increased effective playing strength
ren. Outland did his best work of the year in
e late variations.
ore than any other of the large universities, ran
rom their positions, and held to a more simple
. Harvard and Univ. of Penn., and also Prince-
more line men in interference than Yale, the
more cleverly than Princeton. Harvard and
Penn. more frequently dropped forwards behind
advance the ball from the half-back's position,
ne time the play of Harvard and Yale was much
a than that of Univ. of Penn. Princeton used her
nost entirely through the centre, or in end plays
nd halves, or in mass-on-tackle plays. Univ. of
nployed the quarter-back kick—which, on the
work, probably lost more ground than it gained—
delayed pass, which was executed very skilfully
ions, and resulted in good gains.

Importance of the kicking game, by which I
l that the game includes—punting, handling of
its' kicks, and support by the ends—is markedly
by the disposition of Princeton in the season's
of teams. It was Princeton's very excellent
; in that respect which gave her victory over Yale,
because of development in that department of the
nd not on account of the Yale victory, that I rank
on next to Harvard this year. If that showing
e ignored, Princeton would be fourth instead of
Both Univ. of Penn. and Yale exhibited much
stronger offensive play than Princeton, and Univ. of Penn.
was as strong, and Yale stronger, also on the defensive.
As a matter of fact, Princeton's victory was quite a sur-
prise, for no one had thought it possible for Yale to fumble
so repeatedly, and Princeton's team had not shown a run-
ning game that warranted confidence in her ability to win.
Her interference was really not first class; it was not har-
monious in itself, nor was it always timely. There was
not the life or dash of the '96 eleven, and this year's team
fumbled a great deal more than the one of two years ago.
Indeed, this has been a notable year in respect to fum-
bling. I do not recollect another like it—when two of
the leading four 'varsity teams threw away their chances
by unexampled uneven development, and three of the
four failed to equal their previous standard of play.

Only one team in the country played high-class foot-
ball this year, and that team was Harvard. Not only played
the best football of '98, but displayed a quality of con-
sistent, accumulative team-work such as no eleven has ever
excelled, and which only a couple of Yale's best teams
have approached. It was unquestionably the most per-
fectly rounded-out team the game has produced. A team
with no apparent weakness, with its work in all depart-
ments equally strong; relying on no one style of play or
formation or system, but capable of adapting its game to
changing conditions, and always discerning, tireless, and
skilful. I have never seen another team of which so much
could be said. The back field and the line worked to-
gether without a hitch, each supporting the other, to the
making of a powerful whole.

And one of the good features of Harvard's season was
the steady, continuous improvement throughout the prac-
tice, which seemed timed to bring the team to top form
on the day of the Yale game. The eleven that played
Yale could scarcely be recognized as the one which
had experienced so much difficulty defeating the Indians.
The offence against Univ. of Penn. was a mere sug-
gestion of the strength it developed two weeks later
against Yale.

On the day Harvard played Yale she was much
stronger than at Cambridge two weeks before, and out-
classed every other one of the four 'varsity teams. It
was a great victory for Harvard, and the least sig-
nificant, though perhaps most satisfying, result to the
average Harvard man was witnessed at New Haven.
The most important victory was in Boston, where pre-
judice in system and conflict in opinion had been con-
quered and unified. The influences that have been at
work the past two years, looking to the subordination of
individuals into one intelligent co-operating body work-
ing for the interest of the university, have brought about
handsome results. There is a new spirit at Boston—
and it breathes Harvard. The day of that bumptious
creature who sees not and cares not to see beyond his
own exploitation has passed from Cambridge—probably
not to return. The lesson has been long in the learning.
Credit is due Mr. Forbes for harmonizing the various
elements and organizing and directing the coaching, and
clinging to it steadfastly, to Dr. Brooks, who supported
Mr. Forbes, and to Lewis, Waters, and Dean, who, among
others, aided in the coaching.

Based on this year's showing and on its consistent
work of the last four years, I put West Point at the head of
the second class, which includes also Cornell, Michigan,
Chicago, and Wisconsin. Perhaps Cornell might defeat
West Point, but I should wish to see it before believing.
On this year's work alone West Point deserves prece-
dence, and her best game was against Princeton. There
is so little to choose between any of them that an all-
round contest in this class, which is of course not feasi-
ble, would produce exceptionally interesting games. Wis-
consin's fate in such a contest would perhaps not be so
uncertain, but as between Michigan and Chicago, or West

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Point and Cornell, or either one of the Eastern teams and one or the other of the Westerners, the better team could only be decided by actual play. It is difficult to place Annapolis because she meets so few of the others, but I should say she belongs at the foot of this class. None of these teams, except Michigan, has made any notable advance in the quality of its play over last year. Cornell and West Point were particularly good in handling kicks. So far as ethics are concerned, Chicago retrograded; she played Herschberger and Cavanaugh, a flagrant breach of the spirit and text of the rules to which Chicago had subscribed. I shall take up this and associate matters more fully later. I can only say now that the confidence sportsmen reposed in the Chicago University faculty, and especially in Stagg, appears to have been misplaced.

CARLISLE, WESLEYAN, AND BROWN are three that should meet frequently on the football field, and yet that play one another but rarely; indeed, I do not recall if Carlisle and Wesleyan have ever met. Wesleyan has made an excellent record this year, as her scores show, and so have Carlisle and Brown, although the last, despite the showing against Harvard (with Daly and Haughton and Dibblee out), has probably not so strong an eleven this year as either of the others.

I should put Oberlin also in this class, and at the same time expect to hear a storm of criticism sweeping down upon me from Ohio. I have no doubt many enthusiastic friends of Oberlin have long since, on the strength of the showing against Cornell, figured that college to be of football equality with Michigan, Chicago, and Wisconsin. Cornell's games against Carlisle and against Oberlin were vastly different in force; against Carlisle she was fifty per cent. the stronger. The fact that Carlisle played a tie game with University of Cincinnati after Oberlin had beaten her 6-0 is no more convincing than the other game in the attempt to argue Oberlin, on comparative scores, into a place alongside of Michigan. Oberlin has played good football and made an excellent record, but she would find her skill put to utmost test in holding a place in the class I place her, without aspiring to greater difficulties in the class next above.

DARTMOUTH, ILLINOIS, UNIV. OF CINCINNATI, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania State appear to be pretty much of a class, notwithstanding some discrepancies in scores. Cincinnati beat Dartmouth 17-12, and Carlisle defeated Illinois 10-0. I should be inclined to place Illinois at the head of this group; her showing against the Indians was unexpectedly good. Pennsylvania State made an excellent record. Perhaps the surprise of the smaller college football season was the great falling off in Lafayette's play. But, after all, it was only getting back to the healthful normal state. During the athletic fever a few years back, Lafayette secured several men of exceptional ability who would be ineligible in these days. These stars, together with excellent coaching, put Lafayette, for one year and part of another, above her natural class and her rival Lehigh, and she has but returned to them this year.

Amherst, Williams, Trinity, displayed their usual level of football, which has shown no advance for several years.

There are many other small college teams that should be classified, but which cannot be discussed, because there is no way of getting a line on their play through their meeting teams whose standard of performance is established. The showing of a single game may or may not be significant; it depends so much on the circumstances.

This is especially true of the games in the practice season which the larger elevens play with the smaller, and that is why, too, so many go astray in figuring out a 'varsity team's strength by a score or series of scores it may have made in the early weeks of its practice season.

The larger elevens use these games simply as practice—in the testing of new men, new formations, new plays; it is a trying-out season, whose results give the desired finish for the important games, towards which all development, all training is tending. What happens in the mean time is by the way. No one, for example, imagines Harvard and Brown even as near an equality as the score of their game (17–5) suggests.

THE ONLY EMBARRASSMENT ENCOUNTERED in choosing an All-America eleven this year is in the superabundance of riches. There are not so many stars as some years have given us, but there is such a number of thoroughly first-class players that one wishes to use them all and cannot, even by increasing the substitutes to eleven. When it becomes necessary to put such a man as Haughton among the substitutes, the quantity of high-class material may be appreciated. There is really very little difference, in my judgment, in the strength of the All-America team and that of its substitutes—what a game the two would make! There has not been a year when as much could be said, or when the teams were so evenly balanced and generally well developed in all departments of the game.

I wish to add—I believe I do so every year—that, in filling positions, regular and substitute, on this All-America team, I consider the candidate's all-round skill and judgment, his ethics, and his antecedents. It is not my purpose to have any man on the national eleven whose appearance on a college team during the year has been in violation of the spirit of amateur sport, or one whose play has been unsportsmanly. Again—the retirement through injury of a player whose standard of performance has been established will not lessen his chances to make the All-America, provided, of course, his ability entitles him to consideration. This, it seems to me, is only fair.

THOROUGHLY GOOD MATERIAL back of the line was more abundant in '98 than in any previous year I remember. And in this direction the West has had a larger representation than during any year of its football history. O'Dea's (Wisconsin) drop-goal from his own fifty-yard line, Widman's (Michigan) brilliant sixty-five-yard run through half a dozen of the Chicago team for a touch-down, Slaker's (Chicago) line-bucking against Univ. of Penn. and again against Michigan, Caley's (Michigan) work in the Chicago game, were all performances to suggest the quality of the men the West is developing in the back field. And there were others, too—Johnston (Northwestern), McLean (Michigan), Kennedy (Chicago), and no doubt yet others of good quality of whom I have not kept track. In the East the general quality was high, but in so many individual cases marred by uneven development. Several backs of exceptional line-bucking ability


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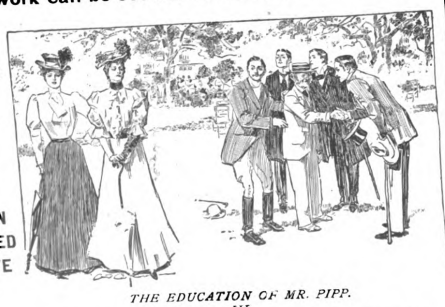
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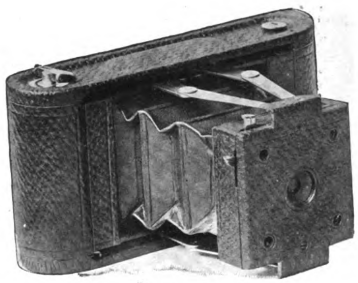


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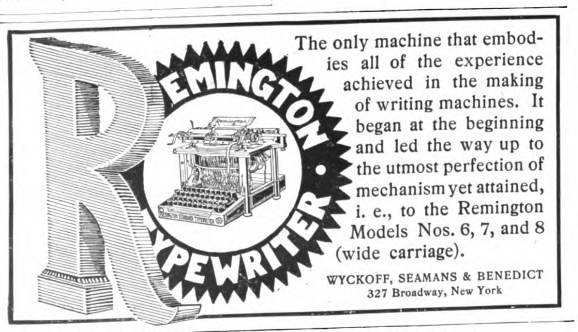
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COMPARATIVE SCORES OF THE EASTERN FOOTI

| | Princeton. | Yale. | Harvard. | Univ. of Penn. | Cornell. | Brown. | Carlisle Indians. | West Point. | Annapolis. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Harvard | ..... | 17–0, Nov. 19. | ..... | 10–0, Nov. 5. | ..... | 17–5, Nov. 12. | 11–5, Oct. 29. | 28–0, Oct. 15. | ..... |
| Princeton | ..... | 6–0, Nov. 12. | ..... | ..... | 6–0, Oct. 22. | 23–0, Oct. 29. | ..... | 5–5, Nov. 5. | 30–0 |
| Yale | 0–6, Nov. 12. | ..... | 0–17, Nov. 19. | ..... | ..... | 22–6, Oct. 19. | 18–5, Oct. 22. | 10–0, Oct. 29. | ..... |
| Univ. of Penn. | ..... | ..... | 0–10, Nov. 5. | ..... | 12–6, Nov. 26. | 18–0, Oct. 8. | 35–5, Nov. 12. | ..... | ..... |
| West Point | 5–5, Nov. 5. | 0–10, Oct. 29. | 0–28, Oct. 15. | ... ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Cornell | 0–6, Oct. 22. | ..... | ..... | 6–12, Nov. 25. | ..... | ..... | 23–6, Oct. 8. | ..... | ..... |
| Wesleyan | .... ..... | 0–5, Oct. 1. | ..... | 0–17, Oct. 19. | ..... | ..... | ..... | 8–27, Oct. 8. | ..... |
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| Brown | 0–23, Oct. 29. | 6–22, Oct. 19. | 5–17, Nov. 12. | 0–18, Oct. 8. | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Dartmouth | ..... ..... | ..... | 0–21, Oct. 8. | ..... | ..... | 0–12, Nov. 21. | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Annapolis | 0–30. | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Lafayette | 0–34, Oct. 12. | ..... ... | ..... | 0–32, Oct. 22 | 0–47, Nov. 12. | ..... | ..... | ..... | 0–18. |
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spoiled their work by wretched fumbling. Yale had in Dudley, Durston, Townsend, Benjamin, Corwin, great possibilities, and yet injuries and fumbling very materially lessen the impression they left on the year. At least three of these men should make names for themselves next year under better handling.

Princeton had a couple of serviceable though not brilliant backs in Beardsley and Black, and Kafer showed possibilities had he been given longer practice. Wheeler was Princeton's best full-back, though one half of only one game. Univ. of Pe able ground-gaining back was Outland, v game did some of the prettiest end runni Coombs was serviceable on occasion, but, Univ. of Penn.'s back field was mediocr

Harvard's back field was very strong collectively, Daly, Dibblee, Warren, and a unit; West Point's back field was pe

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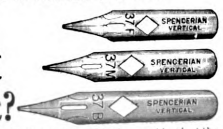
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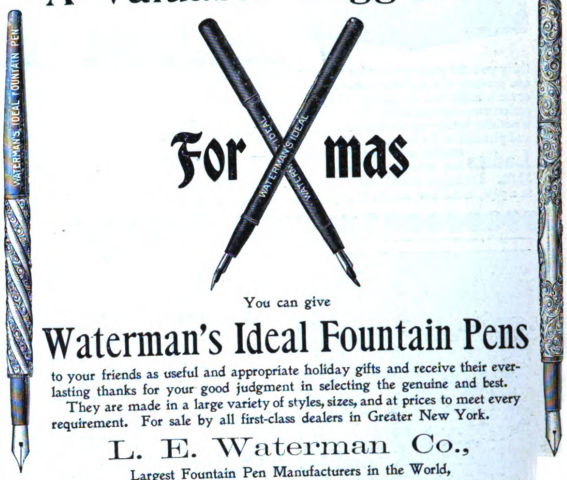
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

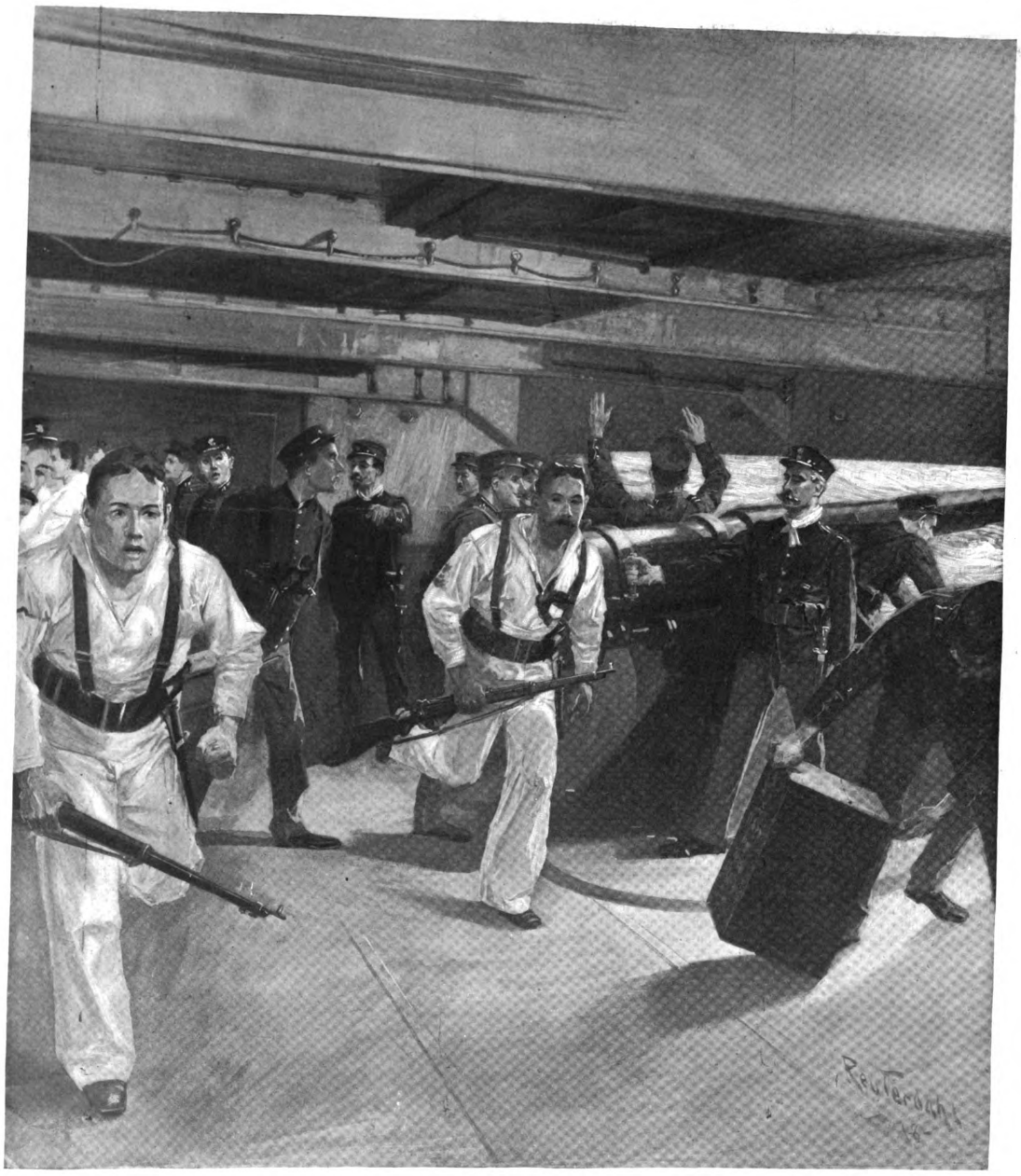
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2192.


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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1898.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 24, 1898

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*Subscriptions may begin with any Number*

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New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris


IN the issue of December 10, relying upon an interview published in a daily newspaper, the WEEKLY stated that Attorney-General GRIGGS had expressed the belief that in legislating for our new colonies Congress would not be bound by the constitutional limitations imposed upon it for the protection of the States and of the rights of individuals. The Attorney-General now writes us to say that he has not made any statement or given any opinion to justify our remarks. Most of these, however, were our own inferences from the premises which we have already stated, and which are, in fact, the opinions of many expansionists, if they are not those of the Attorney-General. We regret to have been led into error by trusting to a newspaper interview, and to have thus done Mr. GRIGGS a wrong.

THERE are a good many bad features in both the MILES and the HULL army bills, but we hope that there will be a reconciliation between the two, resulting in the elimination of the bad features of both, and especially of one gross injustice in the latter. Whether we keep the Philippines or not, or whether the treaty of peace signed at Paris is ratified or not, we need a much larger army, and still more we need an army much better organized than that which we had at the outbreak of the war. No one knows better than General MILES the weak points in his own and in Mr. HULL'S bill, but he was evidently under the necessity of preparing a measure that would not invite opposition from the army, and consequent confusion of mind among Congressmen. Whatever happens, we advise the army and all its branches to keep out of the struggle in Congress. If a bill is to be passed at the present session, it will be because Congressmen are left to work out their own conclusions without professional interference. The army or some of its branches can probably defeat any measure agreed upon by the two military committees.

THE PICQUART case has aroused a good deal of interest and is exciting a good deal of attention in Paris, and there are people who would spit upon PICQUART, as well as those who think him a hero. That he is a hero, however, seems to be the opinion of the most judicious and best informed, for he has voluntarily endangered his position, which was a brilliant one, because he believed that injustice had been done DREYFUS which seriously reflected upon the honor of the army, and upon the republic itself. These same enemies of PICQUART, some of whom, under the leadership of two Deputies, paraded the street in which the Cherche Midi prison is situated, for the simple purpose of insulting the man who was helpless behind bars, are also the enemies of the Cour de Cassation; and one of the Deputies, in his harangue before the Cherche Midi prison, called the justices of the court "infamous monsters," while another declared that they were "perverting justice." The Cour de Cassation, by-the-way, in preventing the trial of Colonel PICQUART, is itself deserving of great honor. At the same time it is moving France to its senses. It not only stood out against the storm of crazy public sentiment, but it has calmed the angry feelings of the populace, and has induced a good many people who were the enemies of DREYFUS on general principles to reflect. The result has been that a professor and revisionist, after making a speech in support of his contention, was cheered by his students when he appeared in the lecture-room at the Sorbonne. These same students would probably have stoned him a month ago, and before the Cour de Cassation had taken its position on the revision. It is evident that there is a good deal to hope for from France, and that there, as in other countries, calm discussion is likely to produce beneficent results.

## INTEROCEANIC CANAL PROBLEMS.

THERE is no doubt that the time is nearly here for the construction of a canal uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, but the questions involved, so far as the government is concerned, are grave and difficult, and there are various forces at work which are hostile to one another, and necessarily make speedy action impossible. There are the antagonisms, in the first place, between government ownership of the canal, and government control, and mere government participation including endorsement of a private corporation. Then there are the international questions involved. There is nothing, however, of such serious import that it may not be settled, provided that nothing but the public welfare is considered. The country has made up its mind that a canal ought to be constructed, and, as matters now stand, the Nicaragua Canal is the only one in the public contemplation. Indeed, this route has been the only one in the thoughts of the people for many years, and also the only project which has been presented to Congress in such a manner as to excite an interest sufficient to be formulated and embodied in bills and reports, and in appropriations for commissions charged with the task of making investigations and surveys. The Panama route has been so long surrendered to French exploiters that the public seems to have forgotten that the United States government has rights there other than those represented in a physical way by the Panama Railroad.

The rights of this country in Panama are contained in a treaty which was negotiated with New Grenada in 1846, and which is still operative between this country and Colombia, the latter having succeeded to New Grenada in 1862. Under this treaty the United States have "the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist or that may hereafter be constructed." This right is guaranteed both to the government and the citizens of this country, and there is a further guarantee as to tolls to be charged. In return for this, "the United States guarantee positively and efficaciously to New Grenada, by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus . . . and, in consequence, the United States also guarantee, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Grenada has and possesses over the said territory." As we have already said, this treaty is still in force, and, so late as President CLEVELAND'S first administration, troops of the United States were landed on the isthmus, under its provisions, for the suppression of disorder and the protection of the property of the Panama Railroad Company. The advantage which the United States have under this treaty is the joint control of the canal with New Grenada for purposes of commerce, it being stipulated that the charges and tolls imposed upon the one shall be no greater than those imposed upon the other.

Thus much for the treaty status of the Panama Canal, and the rights which this country possesses in the work now in progress on the isthmus. Whether that work will result in the actual construction of a canal is a question which is now interesting engineers, the views of General ABBOTT having already been stated in the WEEKLY. All that we care to state in this article is that if a canal be built at Panama the rights of the United States, so far as the transit of persons and vessels engaged in commerce is concerned, will be the same as those of Colombia, and will, we think, be practically the same so far as the passage over the isthmus of troops and war-vessels is concerned.

The first arrangement for a canal was made by this government with the government of Nicaragua, and contemplated the construction of a ship waterway over the route from Greytown to the Pacific by way of Lake Nicarágua. This arrangement was entered into in 1849, and resulted from the acquisition of California in May, 1848. As soon as the concession was obtained, however, conflicting rights or claims on the part of Great Britain were encountered. That government exercised a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, who occupied nearly the whole of the eastern coast of Nicaragua, over Belize, or British Honduras, and over the Bay Islands and other islands adjoining Honduras. It was therefore realized at Washington that if this country undertook to aid in the construction of a canal and to control it, especially if it was built through territory which might be claimed by the British government as the property of the Mosquito Indians, serious difficulty might result. Therefore Mr. CLAYTON, President TAYLOR'S Secretary of State, requested the British government, of which Lord JOHN RUSSELL was the head, to consent to the construction of the canal through Mosquito territory. The British government declined to do this, and the result was the negotiation of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty of April, 1850. In this treaty the two governments agree that "neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of owning or exercising any dominion over the same." We have quoted this at length from the first article of the treaty because it has nearly always been contended by the United States that in continuing to exercise a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians and over some of the islands Great Britain has violated the treaty from the beginning, and that therefore the convention is, and always has been, void. It has been also contended by various Secretaries of State that Great Britain has not only continued to exercise a jurisdiction which she was bound to surrender under the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty, but that she has enlarged her jurisdiction and violated her agreement not to colonize the Central American states, especially through a treaty made with Guatemala in 1859, in which her Honduras "settlements" were transformed into "possessions." This contention was made by Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN in his instructions to Mr. LOWELL in 1882, and in the same instructions he insisted that the intention of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty was "to dispossess Great Britain" from the Mosquito territory. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN also contended that the treaty failed for lack of consideration, its one object, the building of the canal by the concessionnaire of 1849, not having been accomplished. Nearly all American Secretaries of State have contended that the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty is void; but President BUCHANAN, in his fourth annual message, 1860, declared that, through treaties concluded by her with Honduras and Nicaragua, Great Britain had relinquished her protectorate over the Mosquitoes, and that therefore the dangerous question "arising from the CLAYTON and BULWER treaty.... had been amicably and honorably adjusted."

Subsequent Presidents and Secretaries, however, did not agree with BUCHANAN, although Mr. BLAINE seemed to assent to the theory of the treaty's survival by asking Lord GRANVILLE to consent to its abrogation, and President CLEVELAND recognized it. The difference of opinion on this subject between the two governments, however, continues, the British Foreign Office holding that the treaty is in force. However this may be, it is quite evident from the friendly sentiment prevailing between the two countries, and from more specific testimonies, that the difference can be arranged, and that Great Britain will agree to give to the United States all the ownership that Congress may desire the government to have, and full control of the canal besides. It is not likely, moreover, that any bill will be passed by both Houses of Congress unless it contains a request or an instruction to the President to agree with Great Britain in a renewal of the essential feature of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty that the two powers shall guarantee the neutrality of the canal.

There are some difficulties too in the way of the pending MORGAN bill to be found in the Nicaragua concessions, especially one which seems to forbid control by the United States. Whether this can be so readily overcome is a serious question. The Nicaraguan government is not friendly to the Maritime Canal Company, but is evidently friendly to EYRE and CRAGIN, to whom it has granted a reversion of the Maritime Company's concession when it terminates, as is claimed, on the 9th of next October. Probably then the questions with Nicaragua will be much easier of settlement if they exist, but in the mean time vested interests of citizens of the United States may be imperilled or lost.

At any rate, so far as the government is concerned, it is clear that it is guaranteed all the rights it needs, less than actual ownership, in any canal that may be built at Panama, and that it may secure even greater rights, if it wishes them, at Nicaragua by diplomatic management. At all events, it seems as though the necessary preliminary work in canal-building, if the Nicaragua route is to be insisted on, is for the Executive.

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# ANGLOPHOBIA.

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

IN seeking for the source of a prejudice against England which cannot be denied, we may find that slight causes of animosity may gradually affect popular thought, leading to dangerous conditions in the relations even of the States of the Union, yet more in the relation of our nation to others.

The inherited burden of slavery caused the perversion of thought which led men of otherwise incorruptible integrity to maintain negro servitude even to the arbitrament of war. This was due to the false conviction that the only possible relation of the white and black races was that of master and slave.

The disease which I have named anglophobia is of a somewhat similar nature. It will die without resort to violence, under the incentive which is now leading to a study of the relations of the English-speaking people to each other. Events wholly unforeseen a short time ago have stirred the hearts of multitudes, who are now trying to find a way to extend the aid and sympathy to each other which are the logical outcome of the mutual service developed by their commerce. Presently every one will wonder how very slight obstructions should so long have kept English-speaking people at variance, when their whole methods of thought, ends, aims, hopes, laws, and customs are nearly identical. This superficial animosity has been attributed to several causes.

First, to the school-books in which what has been called history is taught. In these books the battles of the Revolution and the isolated naval battles of the war of 1812 are brought into most conspicuous notice. But this is a slight and wholly insufficient cause of animosity.

Second, to the aid and sympathy which a small Tory faction gave to the support of slavery during the civil war. This has been a cause of rightful reprehension, but only toward this faction, which did not represent the people of England.

Among grown men these sources of animosity soon cease to be of any effect. They do not bear the test of time or intelligence. Yet an almost unacknowledged jealousy, suspicion, and distrust of British influence have remained, which might at any time in the last few years have become a grave danger. It therefore becomes not only expedient but necessary to search for the true cause of this animosity, in order that it may be removed.

It is due to a false conception of the nature of commerce. Is it not apparent that men who regard the effort of foreign manufacturers to sell their goods in this country, in exchange for our products which they need, as "a war upon domestic industry" (I quote from a speech of a Senator of the United States) must be led to a state of animosity against those who thus threaten us? Must they not impute false motives and unjustifiable methods to the leaders in such an attack? The mediæval theory that in the conduct of international trade what one nation gained another must lose, and that the possession of colonies justified their oppression in the effort to profit the nation which had conquered and occupied them, still has a strong hold on the minds of many men in the highest positions of influence and authority in this country. They are blind to the simple principle that commerce consists in an exchange of goods for goods, to the benefit of each country, only the balance of trade, so-called, being settled in specie. If there were no other monetary relation between countries except this exchange of goods, that country which exported more goods than it imported would lose by the traffic and the trade would stop. When mutual benefit and mutual profit end the commerce ends. No one has cleared away this rubbish about the balance of trade more effectively than Daniel Webster.

Now to the application of these ideas. The writer began a serious study of the principle of commerce during the first year of the civil war. He had been brought up in the belief that slave labor was necessary to the production of cheap cotton, and that impression prevailed among all his business associates in the cotton manufacture. He was surrounded by men who held the conviction that low rates of wages were necessary to the production of manufactured goods at low cost. He had been bred in the belief that the protection of domestic industry by the imposition of a high duty on foreign imports was the right of every true citizen. Beginning with the study of the cotton fibre, he found that De Bow, editor of *De Bow's Review*, and previously the superintendent of the latest census, was held of highest authority in statistical science and in Southern agriculture. The facts and figures which De Bow presented regarding the production of cotton, and the theory on which he defended slavery, were generally accepted throughout the North, and formed the basis of the political convictions in the South. He held that the crop of cotton would diminish the more active the demand and the higher the price. Admitting his premises, his conclusions were based on sound reasoning and were fully justified. He proved that for every cent added to the price of cotton a hundred dollars was added to the price of the human chattel then assumed to be necessary for its production. He then proved that the slave-breeding States north of the cotton-fields could not meet the demands of the slave-consuming States in which cotton was raised, and that in the process the human cattle were rapidly worked out. On this abhorrent logic the system of slave labor rested, and to it the so-called Cotton Whigs of the North lent their support.

It took very little research to expose the excessive cost of such a system of labor, and the fallacy of the assumed necessity even of black, much less of slave, labor in the production of cotton. These fallacies were exposed in the first pamphlet ever published by the writer, "Cheap Cotton by Free Labor," 1861.

The writer then took up the question of wages. He soon discovered the profound error in the idea that low rates of wages are necessary to the production of manufactured goods at low cost. This error lies at the bottom of the humiliating fear of foreign pauper labor which still pervades the minds even of persons of intelligence in this country who have not studied the question. The writer found, both in his own experience in the conduct of factories and in the observation of other employers of large numbers of working-people, that preference was always given to workmen of highest skill in order to convert crude materials into finished goods at the lowest cost by the unit of product. Conversely he observed that the workmen of highest skill and aptitude earned the highest rate of wages through the possession of this very power of reducing the cost of labor. High wages were found to correspond with low cost, low wages or cheap labor with high cost, except in branches of industry which are conducted mainly by manual labor, and in which time and physical strength or aptitude in the use of the fingers are the principal factors. Yet it is only after twenty years that this conception has now become a part of the common thought of almost every one.

It now needs only one single proposition to prove it for all time. We are now exporting one hundred million dollars' worth of goods per month, of nearly every kind produced in this country. One or more examples of almost every useful product is now being exported to every known port on the globe, at the rate of twelve hundred million dollars' worth per year. Ninety per cent. are sold to the manufacturing or machine-using states and nations, whose power of purchase has been increased by the application of science and invention to their own products. These goods are sold in competition with the products of the machine-using nations, and mainly to them, namely, Great Britain, France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Belgium, in which countries the rates of wages are, as a rule, from twenty-five to fifty per cent. less than they are on the fields, in the factories, and in the workshops in which export goods are made. Our products of all kinds are sent for sale not only to those manufacturing countries themselves, but, in competition with their products, to the non-machine-using nations of the world, in comparison with whose wages the earnings of the workmen of these countries are far higher; while in comparison with the workmen in this country our wages are five to ten fold greater.

If the rate of wages governed or controlled the cost of labor in these products, not one dollar's worth of any kind could be exported from this country to any part of the world, unless possibly to Australia and New Zealand, where the rates of wages are reputed to be higher than they are in the United States.

One could not deal with this problem of wages without being led directly to study the basis of the theory of what is called protection. The logic of the facts forced the writer, against his will, to give up all his previous ideas and to become the advocate of the sure and steady reform of our revenue system, until we should reach free trade. He has since advocated that policy for the purpose of protecting American labor and developing domestic industry to the utmost.

At a somewhat earlier date the writer had come into very intimate relations with the late David A. Wells, who was then a disciple of Henry C. Carey. Mr. Wells, having had his direction turned by myself to the logic of the facts, had himself begun to doubt his former convictions, when we both attended one of the afternoon sessions of what was called the Hock Club, at the house of Mr. Carey. In the course of that afternoon's discussion—if discussion it could be called—Mr. Carey said that in his judgment "the material progress of the United States would be more fully promoted by a ten years' war with Great Britain than by any other method." It then became evident to Mr. Wells that if what Mr. Henry C. Carey conceived to be the promotion of domestic industry and the protection of American labor rested upon such an abhorrent conception, the whole theory must be false, as that conception was immoral, and repugnant to every principle of science and of justice. His subsequent investigations finally brought him to the same conclusions which the writer had attained, his own survey giving him a much broader examination of the facts than had been possible to the writer.

Do we not find a cause of animosity against Great Britain in the prevalence of these ideas, to which Mr. Henry C. Carey did not hesitate to give expression? Yet this false conception of the relative loss and gain in commerce and of antagonism in international trade was derived by us from British precedents, and has only been surmounted by the English-speaking people themselves during the last fifty years. We are but repeating history, and we are being led by the logic of the facts to the same revolution of ideas which occurred in Great Britain a little over fifty years ago under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. The effort of the mother-country, after the conquest of Canada down to the beginning of our Revolution, had been to prevent the establishment of manufactures in the colonies of America, which nevertheless were established, and, on the evidence of Alexander Hamilton, were thriving in every direction at the time when he made his notable report. The effort of the mother-country had been to forbid intercolonial trade. This effort was later coupled with one to enforce the navigation laws, which had fallen into disuse, against the colonies as if they were foreign countries. These were true causes of animosity, and they led to the independence of the United States.

It was not until 1842 that Sir Robert Peel, who had been elected with a large majority in Parliament to sustain the so-called principle of protection, became convinced that the system had ended in privation. He was convinced by the logic of the facts and by the figures of the national accounts compiled by Joseph Hume under an order of Parliament of 1840. Never before had the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland been in such extremity. He pictured these bad conditions in burning words, which I quote from memory:

"Ships rotting at the wharves, agricultural laborers starving in the fields, the manufacturing operatives rioting in the streets, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer seated on an empty chest over the pool of a bottomless deficiency fishing for a budget."

He condemned the existing conditions by saying that the policy which had been so long established "for the purpose of developing and keeping the home market had effectually destroyed that market by reducing the mass of the population to beggary, destitution, and want."

Such was the end of the effort to hold the sole control of the trade of the colonies, and of the effort to maintain restrictions on British manufactures and production under the name of protection.

In one of his subsequent speeches, covering the record of his reform, he used the following words, which would now be most fitly applied to the reform of the tariff of this country:

"I stated, and I am now ready to repeat the statement, that if we had to deal with a new society, in which those infinite and complicated interests which grow up under institutions like those in the midst of which we live had found no existence, the true abstract principle would be 'to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest.' And yet it is quite clear that it would be utterly impossible to apply that principle, in a state of society such as that in which we live, without a due consideration of the interests which have grown up under the protection of former laws. While contending for the justice of the abstract principle, we may at the same time admit the necessity of applying it partially; and I think the proper object is, first of all, to lay the foundation of good laws, to provide the way for gradual improvements, which may thus be introduced without giving a shock to existing interests. If you do give a shock to those interests, you create prejudices against the principles themselves, and only aggravate the distress."

We have outgrown the present system, and on every hand the representatives of nearly every branch of industry in the country are demanding the promotion of exports, and that must be the ruling motive in the reform of our present system of collecting the revenue. When that work is done, the prime cause of animosity against Great Britain will have been removed. We are seeking a market for the excess of the crude products of our farms, our mines, and our forests, and of late we have also been seeking a foreign market for the excess of the highest types of all our manufactures.

The largest market for these goods exists among the states of Europe, whose power of purchase has been increased by their application of science and invention to all the arts. The power of purchase must exist in order that there may be any power of sale, and that power is found chiefly in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and her colonies. For ten years prior to 1897 the English-speaking people of the world and their dependencies bought from us sixty per cent. of all that we had to sell. Next to them, our competitors in manufacturing—France, Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands—bought of us twenty-three per cent. of all that we had to sell. The rest of the world, only seventeen per cent. It follows that if our own interest be regarded as the single motive, we should endeavor to increase the power of purchase of the machine-using nations, especially of Great Britain, by opening our ports, under purely revenue duties, to their goods and wares of every kind —a free buyer always tending to become more and more a free seller, and *vice versa*.

We are in danger at the present time of being misled by the lack of attention to the statistics of international commerce. We are being told to seek an extension of our markets in Asia, Africa, the Philippine Islands, and in the Spanish-American states of South and Central America and the West Indies, even to the danger of adopting the mediæval follies of establishing colonies for the purpose of maintaining the sole control of their trade. We are being urged to adopt the very policy which has ruined Spain, and which France and Germany are pursuing at an excessive cost without any profit in the trade of their colonies. In repeating history, let us not repeat the very policy which Great Britain gave up fifty years ago, to her own immense benefit, as well to that of every section of the world over which she has carried the rule of the common law, the justice of the English courts, and the security of the British administration.

In the year 1898 our exports were as follows:

EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES FOR TWELVE MONTHS ENDING JUNE 30, 1898.

| | | | Per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|
| United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland | | $540,860,152 | 43.92 |
| British colonies and dependencies: | | | |
| Gibraltar | $304,899 | | |
| Malta | 64,352 | | |
| Bermuda | 998,941 | | |
| British Honduras | 555,179 | | |
| British North America | 84,911,260 | | |
| British West Indies | 8,359,740 | | |
| British Guiana | 1,792,912 | | |
| Australia | 15,603,763 | | |
| British Africa | 12,027,142 | | |
| British Asia | 10,961,055 | | |
| | | 135,602,173 | 11.01 |
| | | $676,462,325 | 54.93 |
| Germany | $155,039,972 | | |
| France | 95,452,692 | | |
| Netherlands | 64,274,622 | | |
| Belgium | 47,606,311 | | |
| | | 362,373,597 | 29.43 |
| Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, and all other European States | | 69,718,419 | 5.66 |
| | | $1,108,554,341 | 90.02 |
| South and Central America, Mexico, and West Indies not British, including Cuba and Puerto Rico | | 77,194,168 | 6.27 |
| Asia not British | | 33,863,213 | 2.75 |
| Oceanica not British, including Philippine Islands | | 6,387,618 | .52 |
| Africa not British | | 5,330,610 | .44 |
| | | $1,231,329,950 | 100.00 |

It will be observed that the whole of the Spanish-American states, the whole of Asia not British, Oceanica, including the Philippine Islands not British, and Africa not British, possessed the power of purchasing from us a fraction under ten per cent. of our entire exports, while the British colonies and dependencies only bought from us a fraction over eleven per cent. It will be remarked that if even a tolerable treaty of reciprocity is now negotiated with British North America we may expect an increase in a single year in their purchase of our goods in a sum more than equal to the entire trade of Oceanica not under British rule, including the Philippine Islands. The purchasing power of the Philippine Islands is so small, and the exports are so insignificant, that to introduce them in

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able would require a carrying of the decimal point
he hundredths of one per cent.—they are not worth
g separately.

are already the largest consumers of the crude
ucts of Asia, Africa, Oceanica, and the Spanish
rican states, but the wants of these hand-working
le are very limited. The wants of the population of
, Africa, and Oceanica are limited to a few yards each
hat are called cotton goods, usually loaded to the ex-
of twenty-five or thirty per cent. with clay and
ch, or to the cheapest products formerly called Brum-
em (Birmingham), but now commonly marked "Made
ermany." We may increase our exports by making
ds of these kinds; far better to increase our exports to
European states, which demand good quality, and
ere our fabrics are sold mainly on their superiority,
wing bills of exchange as we do now in payment for
crude products of Asia, Africa, and Oceanica. Wit-
s the fact that our total exports to these barbarous
ntries and to the semicivilized Latin American states,
included, are less than our exports to the British col-
ies only, and have been so year by year for twelve years.
t our wages are the highest in the world.

The reason is very plain. Wages are recovered from
e sale of the product, in the manufacture of which cap-
al has been advanced. The capital of this country, con
sting of food, fuel, metal, timbers, and fibres, is in ex-
ess of that of any other manufacturing country. We
roduce an excess of food, an excess of
uel, an excess of metal, an excess of
mber, and such an excess of cotton
hat with the proceeds of a small part
re can buy all the wool we need. When
ommon-sense is applied to the produc-
ion of wool on the cotton-fields we shall
ecome exporters of wool as well as of
otton. All other manufacturing states
with which we compete are deficient
n one or more of these elements of pro-
duction, and are mainly dependent upon
us for their supply. Under these con-
ditions our high wages are derived from
products made at the lowest cost of pro-
duction.

Our other advantage has consisted in
national taxation at the rate of only $5
per head each year, $2 50 being applied
to the normal cost of government—civil,
military, and judicial under conditions of
peace. This sum has been wholly de-
rived from liquors and tobacco, domestic
and foreign; while the other $2 50, de-
rived mainly from sugar and miscella-
neous duties, has covered pensions and
interest.

At $5 per head our national taxation
has been less than half in terms of
money that of Great Britain and Ger-
many, less than one-third that of France,
less than one-fifth that of Austria and
Italy.

If regard be given to the ratio of na-
tional or imperial taxation to the annual
product of labor and capital from which
it is derived, we have a considerable ad-
vantage even over Great Britain; but our
greatest advantage is over Continental
Europe, in which Great Britain shares in
somewhat less measure. That advantage
is from six to ten per cent. of our entire
product. The burden of the rule of
blood and iron in Germany, and the
curse of militarism in France and Italy
and Austria, take from their annual pro-
duct from ten to twenty-five per cent.,
from a supply which if wholly devoted
to subsistence would barely suffice, leav-
ing but a small margin. Hence this so-
called pauper labor is ineffectual, and in
some parts of the Continent, notably in
Italy, loathsome diseases generated by
want of food are spreading through the
country. Our national taxation has not
exceeded two and one-half per cent. upon
our entire product; that of Great Britain
somewhat larger, but yet a burden easily
borne. Other things being equal, on tax-
ation at $5 per head we can make a profit
of six to ten per cent. on products upon
which France, Germany, and other Con-
tinental states can make nothing, and on
which some would lose. Under these
conditions the English-speaking peoples
control the commerce of the world. Their
profits would yield an ample return upon capital on the
mere difference in the burden of national taxation.

When the obstructions to the mutual service of the
English-speaking people are removed, the cause of ani-
mosity will go with them. No wonder that the dynastic
rulers of Continental Europe fear the removal of the ani-
mosity which has existed in this country against Great
Britain, and dread the commercial union of the English-
speaking people, before which their power to sustain the
military system would be destroyed.

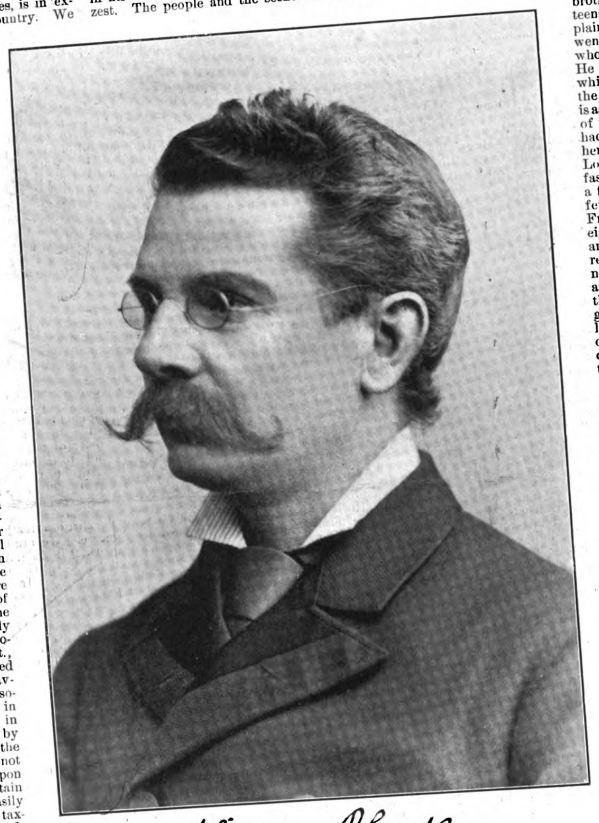
The policy now named imperialism, and sometimes
called expansion, advocated by those who desire to ex-
tend the sovereignty of the United States over Cuba,
Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, is a long step tow-
ard militarism. The lowest charge in money which is
anticipated for the next two years by the Secretary of the
Treasury adds $3 per head to our peace expenditures of
$5, making $8 per head, or over $225,000,000 a year, thus
throwing away our main advantage in a futile attempt to
gain a share in commerce which is not worth having at
any such cost, while subjecting the armed forces which
will be needed to maintain that dominion to corruption
of the blood from nameless diseases, which will be the
inevitable consequence of the adoption of this policy.

As President McKinley wisely said, and still appears to
hold, the perversion of a war entered upon in the name of
humanity to a war of conquest would be a national crime.
It is evident from his message that he will resist the com-
mission of this crime, and in that resistance every true
citizen of any repute may be relied upon to support him.

Boston, *December 7, 1898.*

## WILLIAM BLACK.

The death of Mr. William Black, which occurred on Saturday, December 10, at his home in Brighton, England, ended a literary career which will no doubt always be regarded as one exceptionally easy of comprehension, exceptionally free from the difficult problems and contradictions which a student of literature expects to find in the life of an eminent writer. There was, to be sure, a little vacillation for a few years before the novelist recognized the field in which it was easy and natural for him to excel, but after the discovery had been made, a few simple principles were formulated which served him, and served him wonderfully well, through rather more than thirty years of activity. Everybody who has read even a few of his books knows the principles of his art, which were applied consistently in every piece of work to which he put his hand, and which we find more or less completely exemplified now in every one of his many volumes —almost twoscore of them. He believed that a story should be wholesome and easy to understand, and really a story rather than a problem, theory, or protest in disguise; he unfeignedly liked the world and found it beautiful; he saw clearly the attractive features of attractive people, and he was observant of quaint and amusing characteristics as well. What he saw he has described in his novels with simplicity, directness, and uncommon zest. The people and the scenes thus transferred from life to literature have delighted and will continue to delight a very large number of gentle readers, for the essential pleasures in life are not the exclusive property of a single generation. Those persons whose taste has been formed by constant attention to the later school in fiction, which is so much more complex, strenuous, and "expansive," may be expected to rebel against uniformity and consistency. It is in their prayers, and the prayers of all, that the new fiction may be wider and stronger, as well as freer, than that which preceded; but it will still be conceded, in justice to the older form, that "those things must beautiful be called which, often seen, please often."



William Black

Born, November 15, 1841. Died, December 10, 1898.

William Black was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on the 15th of November, 1841. In his native town he received a thorough elementary training, so far as the local schools could supply it, and, with the most sincere appreciation of natural scenery—of form, color, phases, and changes in the landscape—he studied at the government art schools. And he had the power to execute as well as to appreciate, but to execute with the pen rather than with the brush. Without the designing hand—without the "potter's thumb," so to speak—the artistic instinct will not produce works of art, though the impulse, baffled on that side, may find admirable expression in literature. Black became a journalist, at first in Glasgow, and subsequently in London, and, just before reaching the age of twenty-six, wrote his first novel, *Love or Marriage*, which was published in 1867, and afterwards withdrawn, at the author's request. The list of his works (novels and volumes of short stories) is as follows:

*In Silk Attire; Kilmeny; A Daughter of Heth; The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton; A Princess of Thule; Three Feathers; Madcap Violet; Green Pastures and Piccadilly; Macleod of Dare; Nanciebel; Mr. Fisistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands; The Monarch of Mincing Lane; The Maid of Killeena, and the Marriage of Moira Fergus; Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart; Sunrise; White Wings; The Beautiful Wretch; The Four Macnicols; The Pupil of Aurelius; Adventures in Thule; Yolande; Shandon Bells; Judith Shakespeare; White Heather; The Wise Women of Inverness; Sabrina Zembra; The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat; In Far Lochaber; The New Prince Fortunatus; Donald Ross of Heimra; Stand Fast, Craig-Royston!; The Magic Ink; Wolfenberg; The Handsome Humes; Highland Cousins; The Penance of John Logan, and Two other Tales; Briseis; and Wild Eelin.* His biography of Goldsmith is, so far as I know, the only work of considerable length that he undertook in the department of criticism.

Fortune, after coquetting with him for a while just at first, though never quite leaving his sight, came to walk at his side and sit at his hearth after *A Daughter of Heth* was published. Probably the story is so well known that a few words will bring it all back; and one can easily recall the typical characters: Mr. Gavin Cassilis, the parish minister of Airlie, and his son "the Whaup," and the very dangerous Lord Earlhope, and Catherine Cassilis, called "Coquette." And the Manse itself, and Loch Scavaig, and the places down the Clyde—how typical these scenes are! And this situation: Catherine Cassilis is the daughter of the minister's only brother, who had left Scotland in his teens, and never returned; and, to speak plainly, his family had been glad when he went abroad, for he was the prodigal son, whom no one was anxious to see again! He had married a foreign woman, too, which put a climax to his wickedness, as the Airlie people thought; but the reader is assured the French lady he married was of the most gracious temperament, and had the sweetest looks, and had brought her Scotch husband a fine estate on the Loire. Alas! the mother and father of a fascinating little heroine had died within a few hours of each other, cut off by a fever which raged over the south of France; and so now we see the girl of eighteen, just come from a French school, arriving at the house of her only living relative, the Airlie minister.... Are they not all remembered now—these scenes and people and situations? Across the thousands of miles that intervene many grateful readers on this side of the Atlantic will send their acknowledgments, or, if they only speak the words, will unconsciously turn towards the East, as though Black were still there.

In an English edition of *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, I think (for unfortunately the volume is not at hand), the most attractive drawing contains a portrait of Black's real heroine—the her. Black, of Scotch descent, though born in Northumberland, has shared her husband's tastes and found her pleasure in his occupations, as one may judge from the saying, "The year is without salt when I do not go to Scotland." Their daughters are Mabel and Violet, and their son Norman—a young lawyer.

Marrion Wilcox.

## ART.

### THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

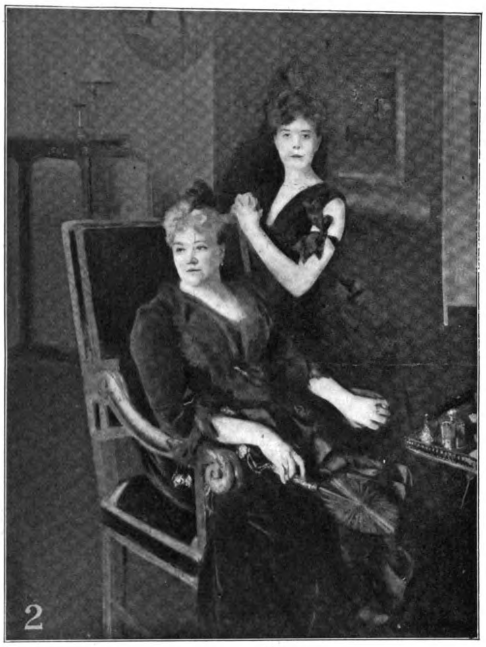
How differently different painters attack the problem of a portrait! Such an exhibition as the present one at the National Academy impresses this on one's attention. There is the simply objective method, the plain statement of fact; the same with an addition of pictorial or decorative treatment; then the admixture of the subjective through a varying scale of schemes of light and color, and manifestations of the personal sentiment of the painter, until we reach a point where the subjective excludes the objective, and the portrait is lost in the picture. And in all one can trace the relation which for the time being existed between the painter and the sitter, varying from the merely business one, through all sorts of shades of sympathy, up to actual antipathy.

Of the last an illustration has been seen by some in John S. Sargent's wonderful portrait of "Mr. Wertheimer," the London picture-dealer. Philistinism, they think, has here been pilloried—the trading in art for money alone. The gentleman is a Jew, with racial peculiarity of features very pronounced. His gaze is keen and concentrated, commercial, if you will, but quite possibly more—subtle, deep, and discriminating. The droop of the shoulders and the extreme sensitiveness felt all through the figure may reveal the habitual pliability of the trader, or, not unreasonably, the receptivity and impressionableness of an artistic temperament—possibly both. Opinions will be divided. Sargent's other examples in this exhibition are less fortunate. The "Portrait of Two Ladies" was painted as long ago as 1885, before the painter had matured his strength in the direction of leaving out as well as of putting in, and though splendid in parts, is as a whole crowded and incoherent. In the "Calvin S. Brice," by the curious introduction of a screen that cuts the background in half, a shrinkage is given to the shoulders which unpleasantly emphasizes the largeness of the head.

As examples of the simply objective method, Carolus Duran's portraits may be cited. They are boldly direct, hard and assertive, and ungracious in color. His pupil Carroll Beckwith shows the influence, but has added a certain exuberance both of drawing and color which

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FROM THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Portrait.—A. L. Zorn. 2. Portrait.—John S. Sargent. 3. "Mrs. Henry W. Poor."—G. Boldini. 4. "Dr. Polk."—R. de Madrazo. 5. "Miss Florence Robinson."—J. Carroll Beckwith. 6. "Mona."—William M. Chase. 7. "Mrs. Mowbray."—H. Siddons Mowbray.

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makes his portraits in a measure handsomer, though still prosaic. The specimens of Bonnat's work are equally direct, but reveal character both on the part of the painter and of the sitter. His influence also may be traced in a pupil, Alfred Collins. Witness his portraits of Dr. Rainsford and Dr. Draper.

Chartran's "Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay" is an example of the decorative kind. The lady, adorned and surrounded with flowers, is seated on a bench with a classical garden at her back. The whole thing is pretty—fatally so, for the painter has been "intoxicated with his own exuberance," and crowded his canvas as if he had been decorating an arbor. In the direction of mere prettiness, however, Madrazo, as represented here, is the most flagrant offender. These faces of shell-like pink and whiteness, and the glittering toilettes, suggest the decoration of a bonbon-box. Boldini's brilliance is of a less innocuous sort.

It is a relief to turn aside to the honest, deep-intentioned efforts of some of our own painters. There is often more of painterlike quality than human interest about the work of William M. Chase, but this cannot be said of his beautiful portrait of Mrs. George B. Ely, so strong and earnest and dignified; or his tenderly impressive "Mona," or of the splendid burst of color in the picture of "Miss C." Miss Cecilia Beaux's new picture, "Dorothea and Francesca," is scarcely a portrait, but its sober force, and the delicious movement running through the two figures, which, hand in hand, are executing the step of a dance, lift this gifted lady one rung higher. Her "Mother and Son," on the other hand, does not improve upon acquaintance. The perspective of the picture is up hill, and the figures are stiff and isolated. The "Portrait of Cynthia," however, is a lovely bit of childhood. The strength, directness, and withal searching tenderness of Frank W. Benson's method are fairly well represented in his "Portrait of Mrs. P. K." H. Siddons Mowbray's three little portraits —two in a scheme of black and gray, and one in gray and greenish-blue—have the preciousness of gems of an exquisite setting. Gracious and tender, they are dignified notwithstanding their minuteness. It is interesting to compare with these the severer refinement of Kenyon Cox's "Mrs. O.," and T. W. Dewing's "Portrait of a Lady." The latter, with its green-gold background, yellow-upholstered chair, and the dark hair and gray-white dress of the lady, reaches an indescribable perfection of refinement. But the face is in shadow; as a portrait it is only dimly discernible. The feeling is almost entirely spiritual, instead of mingling spirit and flesh, as in Mr. Mowbray's. It is a beautiful expression of its author's sentiment rather than a portrait. In this exhibition, therefore, it is less in place than, for example, J. Alden Weir's "Miss Pierson." Here there is spirituality as well as physical charm, a fair, pure young face, not without sprightliness, painted with a clean and tender brush that reveals the sensitive artist in every stroke.

That prince of impressionists, though he is not numbered with the band, J. McNeill Whistler, is well represented by "The Girl in White"—a face and figure that haunt you, because nothing is intended except the one impression that the painter wished to convey, and that is conveyed with an apparent simplicity that enables you to penetrate to the heart of the thought. Close by are several examples of John W. Alexander. He too is continually experimenting with problems of color and sentiment, the two closely interwoven and always executed with an economy of method. The "Miss V." is beautiful in both respects; the "Mrs. B." more conscious and manneristic; the "James W. Alexander" at once alert, harmonious, and straightforwardly a portrait. Albert Herter is another painter who usually stimulates both the mind and the emotions. His "Mathilde—Baroness de R.," however, who stands sweetly pensive, with a glow from behind of soft golden light creeping round her form, comes near the danger-line of being a beautiful picture rather than a portrait. This is carried to the farthest extent in A. L. Zorn's "Mrs. Potter Palmer," a brilliant canvas, but lacking in repose, and relegating the lady to a subordinate part in a pageant of color.

It can be said with all deliberation that in respect of individuality, execution, and earnestness the best of our American portrait-painters to-day have few rivals and no superiors. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

## WASHINGTON.

### NOTES ON OPENING OF THE THIRD SESSION OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

WALKING east on Pennsylvania Avenue on the evening of the opening day of the present session of Congress, I saw an express wagon drawn by two horses coming west. It was loaded down with big set pieces. They had formed that day a part of the annual flower show of the Senate. A number of solemn Senators had sat at their desks in the Chamber that day half obscured by baskets of flowers, floral flags and ships, and other devices. They are a standing joke at both ends of the Capitol, these floral contributions, but few of the members of either House have the courage to order them sent to the cloak-room. So they decorate the desks on the first day of the session, until the Senate adjourns, and then the Sergeant-at-Arms carts them away.

Interest in Washington these days is divided among the Senate, the White House, and the State Department. The peace treaty is the most important matter to come before Congress, and when its 600 type-written pages reach Washington they will pass from the hands of Secretary Hay to the White House, and thence by the President's executive clerk with a message to the Senate. There the debate on the treaty will be held in secret session. But most of it will be threshed over in the open Senate. In fact, there has already been debate on the question of our constitutional right to "buy sovereignty," and Senator Vest has made a speech in opposition to the colonial policy to which the administration stands committed. It has not been possible yet to make a party division on the question, but the natural tendency of the Democrats is toward the anti-administration policy, and the Republicans, with a few exceptions, stand by the President, so when the vote is taken the division will follow party lines pretty closely.

The secret session of the Senate serves two purposes: it gives the Senators a chance to relax from the stiffness of the open session, and it protects them in the expression of opinions which they would rather did not go beyond their fellow-members. In the matter of expansion there is no desire for concealment. Every member of the Senate who has positive convictions wants to express them; so, while the treaty will undoubtedly be considered in executive session as a matter of decorum, all the important speeches about it will be made in open Senate. Among the interested listeners to these speeches will be the members of the Corps Diplomatique. They have even now begun to frequent the gallery.

The most interested spectators on the floor of the Senate at this session are the Canadian members of the Joint High Commission. Already they have lain down with the lion from New Hampshire, Senator Chandler, and studied at close range the eccentricities of South Carolina's pitchfork Senator. No doubt they find the proceedings lively compared with the solemn sessions of the Upper House at Ottawa.

At the other end of the Capitol Speaker Reed accepts the inevitable as gracefully as he can. He has had to go through the biennial grind of congratulations on his re-election. He is twice a subject for congratulation in that the election of a Republican House for the Fifty-sixth Congress insures him another term as Speaker. The House will have something to say about the treaty of peace when that $20,000,000 is appropriated for the purchase of the Philippine islands. No one expects the Speaker to get on the administration band-wagon as it goes by; nor is he likely to lie down and let it roll over him. He is more likely to keep a discreet silence on questions affecting the national policy, for there are times when the only language adequate to Mr. Reed's emotions would be impolitic.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

## "IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND."*

MR. LANDOR, "by caste, European; British subject; by occupation, artist and traveller"; his home at Empoli, near Florence, Italy, and his residence, London, was satiated with civilization. He desired, without drugs or other portable medical aid, to try the rarefied air of Tibet and the ozone of barbarism. This is not his first trial, either of huts and hovels or of the appalling simplicity of savage life. He has been in that country long called "a forbidden land"—Korea; which now, however, is suffering the pangs of transformation. Even before that, Mr. Landor had travelled and lived among the Ainos of Yezo, in northern Japan, the most primitive of gentle savages, where much patience and insect-powder are indispensable.

Look at this traveller and you will see a slender youth with no bulging brawn or corrugated muscles. Upon his spidery legs and arms and his almost effeminate face, every line of which bespeaks the artist and the man of keen susceptibilities, a heavy-weight pugilist or Japanese wrestler would look with contempt. Yet, as in the case of so many of those British heroes, we note on his face the lines of stern determination, a conquering nose, a resistless chin, and soft liquid eyes, piercing and determined. We have seen many such, wondering how such "baby faces," with rosy cheeks and mild visage, could in any way forecast the heroism which makes history.

Yet from February, 1897, there came a change, as we see in four front and side views of the same face, in four aspects. This apparently pampered son of a luxurious civilization becomes, in October, 1897, a prematurely aged man, with a sad and wrinkled face, bearing the stamp of pain. The features refuse to conceal some awful horror of experiences, that plunged the man from youth to middle life. How the aging and marring came is told in the books before us.

The appearance of this brace of volumes, whether we consider their superb mechanical outfit of paper, print, binding, maps, and illustrations in ink and color, taken by an artist on the spot, or reproduced from photographs, or the triumphs of German color-reproduction, or whether we revel in the delights of a fascinating literary style and rich vocabulary, or whether in the story itself, charming, thrilling, horrifying by turns, must be welcomed as a literary event of great significance.

We confess to an honest prejudice against Mr. Landor, for in his previous books on Korea and the Ainos he seemed to be careless in some of his statements. Indeed, to Englishmen in India, so daring seemed to be his route, and so horrifying his story, that it appeared impossible that he could have survived both fatigue and tortures. When the reports of his adventures reached London, some healthy gales of criticism began to blow in England. Hence Mr. Landor has taken the wise precaution of substantiating his main narrative by gathering into an appendix a sheaf of reports from government officers in India, who were sent to investigate the simple facts, and from the magistrate of the court of Almora District, with the oaths and depositions of his servants, and of the American missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Harkua Wilson, who dressed his wounds and tended him during his sickness, as well as of the nurse who took care of him, and of various other persons who saw him in his awful plight and during convalescence.

Early in 1897 having arranged with the Russian and Turkish legations in London, and sent on his cartridges and ammunition by water, expecting to reach Tibet by way of Russia, he learned that the steamer had stranded just before reaching her port of destination. Furthermore, the Turko-Greek war broke out. So determining to take no more preliminary risks, he abandoned the Russian route, and resolved to go by way of India. He reached Bombay in the midst of intense heat, when the city was devastated by the bubonic plague. From Bombay, by rail, wagon, and on horseback, he arrived at Naini Tal, where he announced to the British officers his purpose to journey into the sacred land of the Lamas. He was fortunate in finding two unconventional persons who proved endlessly faithful. Their names deserve to be known. One was Chanden Sing, and the other was Mansing. It seemed to promise a waste of months in negotiation before he could obtain a military escort of Gurkhas—the little fighting men of the Indian army. Realizing that the passes would then be closed and his enterprise be foredoomed, he "snapped his fingers at all the red tape the job required," and set forward. With condensed provisions prepared by the Bovril Company, and with all proper equipments for a scientific observer of things visible and invisible of earth, heaven, and air, this scientific man and artist, relying more on fresh air and exercise to keep him well than on a medicine-chest and its contents, started upward on his great climb with thirty bearers.

Landor is a keen student of man and nature. Glorious was the view of the Hamahlyas (as he spells the name), with their oceanic depths of color and shadow, and with pinnacles of ice and snow that seemed fitly to adorn this "Roof of the World." This inter-Alpine region of Asia is called Tibet, which is but a corruption, probably, of the local name Bhot, variably spelled Bod, Pote, and Tupot. One is mightily impressed with his descriptions of these high places of the earth with their dazzling altitudes, whose glaciers feed rivers and nourish the civilization below. In these regions prayer is done by wind and water power. The noble missionaries of the American Methodist Episcopal Church are working here to rout superstition and lift up the people. Our traveller found pleasant society, helpful suggestions, and, for some of his journeys in southwestern Tibet, a delightful companion in Dr. Wilson.

The picture of the Nerpani road gives one a vivid impression of the awful desolation of rock and sand, the terrors of gorges and steep paths over mighty altitudes, but they also reveal the splendors of color in which an artist revels. It was in the inhabited part of Tibet, but away from the beaten roads, that Mr. Landor travelled. Probably ten million people lived on this plateau. As one reads through the book he finds a vast variety of bases for human habitations—on the rock, on the drift, in colossal valleys, where a village seems but a dot, and on the sheer face of precipices that remind us of our Arizona cliff valleys. Yet only occasionally did one find a house which might suggest wealth or power. Very properly, a good space is devoted to the people called Shokas, with their curious customs, such as the dances in front of the house and around the lay figure of a deceased man, whose clothes are bound on a goat, which is driven out of the village or over a precipice, other tribes profiting by the simplicity and superstition of the Shokas.

Mr. Landor, with his passion for unbeaten tracks, pictures some perilous passageways. In one case, on the perpendicular face of a sheer rock, had been cut holes for hands and feet. With his face to the wall and his back to space, over a gap of forty or fifty feet, he made his way, though it suggests dizziness even to look at the feat. Moving on these elevations, of from thirteen to twenty-two thousand feet above sea-level, he once, from a comparatively low elevation, while standing on the point of the rock, saw a circular rainbow. He beheld himself reflected as a Brocken spectre. On some of the mountain passes were yards or areas of stone pillars, erected by devotees who each put a pebble on the structure. He passed forts on conical hills. He encountered fierce snowstorms, and fiercer men armed with matchlocks resting on long bifurcated frames. While sleeping at night he was sometimes nearly buried in snow. Besides adventures both amusing and dangerous, passing Tibetan guardsmen and thieving Dacoits, he visited the two great lakes of Rakastal and Mansarowar, and proved them to be separate and not united. In this land of Lamasaries and Lamas, "brick tea," broken up, is served as food, after being churned with butter and salt.

Tibetan Buddhism, though of an antique type, is a caricature of the original doctrines, ritual, and order. An amazing number of stones is to be seen in walls, foundations, the ruins of deserted cities, inscribed with Sanskrit writing, especially with the mystic words "Omne manu padme hun." Indeed, one is not long in noticing that here is the home-land of that "Northern Buddhism" which, from India, early took on its peculiar form in Tibet, and thence travelled to China, Korea, and Japan. Many of the popular superstitions farther East—for example, the explanation of earthquakes by a subterranean monster who is disquieted and flopping about—are also the same.

Mr. Landor's purpose had been to reach the inaccessible city of Lassa, the headquarters of his Mysteriousness the Dai Lama, who is about the last survivor of a once lively mob of divinity-hedged mortals who posed as incarnations of Deity, Sons of Heaven, etc., to whom the Chinese Emperor and the Japanese Mikado and Great Mogul were brothers, and the Czar and German Emperor are distant relations. He did not reach Lassa, but he did achieve notable geographical results, and his lively book will be valued both by general readers and special students. The treachery and cruelty of the Tibetans defeated our author's purpose. His Shoka bearers, having left him, informed the Lamas of his purpose (so sacrilegious in their eyes), and, being prepared, laid an ambuscade for him. In crossing the river Neo Tsambo, one of his yaks sunk with all its load of provisions, clothes, shoes, money, etc., so Mr. Landor reached Tuxem in a state of raggedness and starvation. Having little money left, he went out to buy provision and ponies. Walking among the villagers unarmed, supposing them to be friendly, he was suddenly seized, knocked down, and overcome, bound hand and foot. At the signal of a shrill whistle, four hundred armed soldiers appeared and hustled him before the Lamas. After brutal treatment he was handcuffed and made to ride on a saddle on the back of which four or five sharp iron spikes projected which pierced and lacerated his back. He was fired at, but the murderer missed his aim. In the torture-room his feet were stretched apart on a sharp-edged mass of wood, to which he was tied, his weight resting thus painfully upon it. A bar of red-hot iron was held close to his eyes until his nose was scorched and his eyeballs almost burst. Another twenty-four hours of horrible pain, in a cramped and suspended position, formed but the prelude to further intended torture.

How he escaped, and how, through the good offices of the missionary and the government officer, who were already anxious about the traveller, he finally got back, after many exciting adventures, to the Methodist hospital, where he recovered, and reached India and home, is told in the last half of the second volume. Mr. Landor is no mere tourist. He has solved the uncertainty regarding the division of the two great Tibetan lakes, ascended an altitude of 22,000 feet, pictured the great Hamahlyan glaciers, and visited and has fixed the position of the two principal sources of the Brahmaputra, never before reached by a European. WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS.

* *In the Forbidden Land.* By A. Henry Savage Landor. Two vols., 8vo., illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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# THIS BUSY WORLD

THE *Yale* and the *Harvard* have gone back to the paths of peace, which they follow again as the *Paris* and the *New York*, but the blockade-scarred *Princeton* is still in the navy, and expects to stay there. As every Princeton man and many other persons know, she is a composite gunboat, barkentine rigged, and carries thirteen guns. On December 10 about 300 Princeton men boarded her in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, to celebrate the addition to her equipment of one silver punch-bowl, mostly tiger, one ship's bell with a Princeton clapper, and a ship's library of about 600 volumes. The Princeton Club of Philadelphia gave the bowl, the Princeton Club of New York the bell and library. Commander Clifford H. West accepted them in behalf of the gunboat and her owners and crew with eloquent and appropriate remarks. He recalled the history of the former United States ship of the same name, and her associations with Commodore Stockton, to whom chiefly is due the abolition of flogging in the American navy. President Patton was there, and Admiral Bunce. It was the greatest Princeton day Long Island ever saw.

Another interesting presentation of recent occurrence was the gift of a loving-cup, by the Commercial Club of St. Paul, Minnesota, to Captain Sigsbee, late commander of the liner *St. Paul* during her term of service as an auxiliary cruiser of the United States navy. In his letter of acknowledgment Captain Sigsbee remarks that the loving-cup sent him is identical in design with that which went down on the *Maine* in Havana Harbor. It was a mere coincidence, but a fortunate one, that this should have been so. By way of a souvenir of the cruiser *St. Paul's* term in the navy, Captain Sigsbee sent the Commercial Club the ship's Bible, which had been inadvertently packed among his things when he left the ship, and later had been given to him by the president of the International Navigation Company.

Boston is arranging for a show of pictures by John S. Sargent, to be held under the auspices of the Boston Art Students' Association, in Copley Hall on Clarendon Street, for three weeks, beginning February 20. The exhibition promises to be exceedingly interesting. The committee of fifteen which has it in charge includes Professor Norton, Mr. Wadsworth Longfellow, Mrs. Henry Whitman, and divers other well-known and accomplished persons. They have arranged to borrow many of the best paintings by Mr. Sargent that are in London, including everything in the artist's studio that is of interest. Among pictures already promised them are the portraits of Mr. Wertheimer, the English Jew, which is now in the Academy loan exhibition; of Mrs. Wertheimer; of Senator Calvin S. Brice; of Mrs. Carl Meyer, of London, and her two children; and others. The prospect is that the exhibition will be the best show of Mr. Sargent's work ever given. The artist himself is said to take a very lively interest in it, especially because his most important work is already in Boston, in the Public Library.

Mr. Brigham H. Roberts, Congressman-elect from Utah, has three wives, and a good many persons seem to think that he ought not to be sworn in as a member of Congress. Mr. Dingley of Maine is reported to be scandalized at the idea of sitting in the same House with a polygamist, and to believe that Mr. Roberts ought not to be admitted. The Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church is of the same opinion, and is getting ready to take action. The Episcopal clergymen of Trenton, New Jersey, have written to their Congressman about the case, and other bodies will doubtless be heard from. It would seem to be trouble enough for one man to have three living wives, without losing his seat in Congress, but these vigilant censors don't take that view of it.

Mr. Roberts's explanation of his predicament is that he married all his wives while polygamy was still fashionable in Utah, and that he has never felt at liberty to divest himself of his domestic responsibilities. One must sympathize with that sentiment, however inexpedient it may seem for a man ever to have got himself so much entangled.

It seems not as yet to have been suggested that an American citizen cannot now have more than one living wife, and that in the eyes of the law in Washington Mr. Roberts's second and third encumbrances are not wives at all. Nominally he may be a trigamist, but actually trigamy is not recognized by law as a feasible condition. If he attempts as a Congressman to have three wives in Washington, and to take more than one of them to a White House reception, his case will fall naturally and easily to the care of the District police force. If, however, he is content to leave his families in Utah, it seems as if Congress might get along with him.

We have had a new war, and have seen peace follow it, but no one has yet seen a soldiers' and sailors' monument in New York. There are plans for one, made by Messrs. C. W. & A. A. Stoughton, which have been duly accepted, after a competition. The site, too, has been agreed upon, in the Riverside Park at Eighty-third Street, but as yet the monument does not rise.

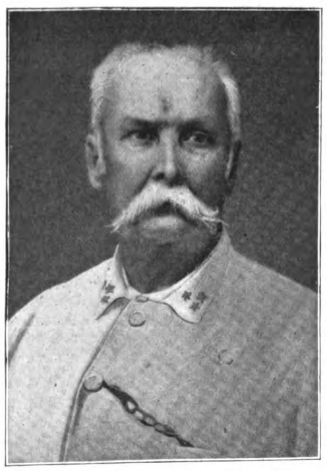
The Columbia University Committee of Employment for Students finds more students who need employment than employments which need students. Last year the committee put the young men with whom it concerned itself in the way of earning about $2500. It wants to do better this year. It has registered students for hire, who can spare a few hours daily, "for almost any line of work requiring special aptitude, intelligence, and reliability." If you want private tutors, translators who know the European and Asiatic languages, teachers for evening schools, stenographers, type-writers, draughtsmen, lecturers for schools, or ushers for entertainments, send to Columbia's Committee of Employment and have your order filled.

Another thing that is wanted for Columbia students is dormitories. The trustees have decided that they will have them, and plans have been drawn by McKim, Mead, & White for four five-story buildings to skirt the green at 120th Street, and form three sides of a quadrangle. Two of these buildings are to cost $164,000 each, and two about $210,000 each. As soon as the money is subscribed work on them will begin.

Destiny, as we all know, is a sarcastic creature, and it happens often that folks die just when it seems to observers that they have got ready to live. It was certainly so with General Calixto Garcia, who died of pneumonia, in Washington, on December 11. It is only a few weeks since he came from Cuba at the head of the special Cuban commission which was empowered to communicate the views of the Cuban leaders to our government.

General Garcia was fifty-eight years old, and for more than half his life his chief concern had been the overthrow of Spanish rule in Cuba. He was born in Holguin, Cuba, in 1840, and was one of the instigators of the Cuban rebellion of 1868. For five years he was active and successful in fights and forays against the Spaniards, but in September, 1873, he was surprised with twenty men by 500 Spaniards. Seeing that there was no chance to get away, and unwilling to be captured alive, he put the muzzle of his pistol in his mouth and pulled the trigger. The ball, instead of going through his brain, came out of his forehead between his eyes, and he recovered. He was sent to Spain and held a prisoner until the peace of Zanjon was signed, in 1877. Then he went to Paris, and thence to New York and back to Cuba, and presently took part with Maceo in what was called "the little war," which followed the peace of Zanjon. Captured again, his life was spared, and he was sent back to Spain, where he lived for seventeen years under police supervision at Madrid. There he supported his family, which grew to be large, by teaching.

When the last revolution broke out, in 1894, he grew restless again, and finally slipped away from Madrid and reached New York in November, 1895. He commanded



GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA.
Born, 1840. Died, December 11, 1898.

the Hawkins filibustering expedition which came to grief, but after two more unsuccessful attempts reached Cuba in March, 1896. His record as a Cuban leader after that is matter of general knowledge. His co-operation with the American forces in the capture of Santiago fairly brought him in at the death of the Spanish rule that he had fought so long.

Of the three Cuban generals of greatest note in the last revolution only Gomez now survives.

The *Independent*, fifty years old, has issued (December 8) an anniversary number full of reminiscence and history. One feature of it is its poems by Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Mrs. Browning, Alice Cary, and others, gathered from its own files, as well as new ones by Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Bliss Carman. Dr. Storrs tells of the paper's early years, Dr. William Hayes Ward reviews its half-century of activity, and Dr. Theodore Cuyler tells of the thirty-eight years during which he has had personal relations with it as contributor.

The *Independent* has had a hand in the making of a vast deal of important history. It has been written and read by thinking people, and while its form has changed repeatedly, its quality seems to be continuous. So may it ever be, and its readers also.

There has been some sort of a hitch between Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, and the Chicago Board of Education. Precisely what the difference was has not been made clear, but the gist of the difficulty seems to have been that Dr. Andrews's authority was curtailed, appointments were made over his head, and he was unable to carry out what seemed to him his reasonable ideas and purposes. It was rumored that finally he sent in his resignation, and that that led to a thorough discussion of existing conditions and of the relations between the superintendent and the board, with the result of a better understanding and Dr. Andrews's continuance in office on terms agreeable to him.

Dr. Andrews has been quoted as saying that much of the trouble sprang from a belief prevalent in the board that he was the exponent of the educational ideas of President Harper of the Chicago University. Dr. Harper's ideas appear to be offensive to the board, and Dr. Andrews appears to have relieved the board's mind considerably by the assurance that while he and Dr. Harper were friends, their opinions were not in accord on all subjects.

The Supreme Court in Tennessee declares that the law passed by the Tennessee Legislature prohibiting the sale of cigarettes in that State is constitutional, because cigarettes are not legitimate articles of commerce. In Chicago the City Council voted, the other day, to increase the cost of licenses to sell cigarettes from $100 to $500. In these actions, however they may result, there is evidence of a deep-seated suspicion that cigarettes are unwholesome. Persons in whose minds this suspicion has grown to such troublesome proportions that they have come to believe that the cigarette habit threatens to undermine American manhood, may find some comfort in the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who has reasons for believing that during the last fiscal year the consumption of cigarettes diminished 382,587,200. The significance of this report is impaired, however, by the fact—which every one must recall—that the Rough Riders and others of our soldiery ran entirely out of cigarettes at Santiago, and with the best will in the world to bring the average consumption up to normal, were unable to procure the means to do it.

During the same fiscal year there was an apparent increase in the consumption of cigars of about 325,000,000, so it does not do to argue, from the slight relapse in cigarettes, that tobacco is going out of fashion.

The most popular military man in the world among the hack writers, authors, newspaper men, and workers at literature and the affiliated trades is General Kitchener, of whom it is told, that being asked to write a book, he replied, "No, thank you; I shall remain a soldier." In old times making history and writing it were usually separate jobs. Nowadays it is different. The sword and the pen are mighty by turns in the same hand, and what soldiers lose by the discouragement of the good old practice of sack, they win by gleanings in the field of literature. Relief for the professional men of letters is not easily devised. A literary trust would have to be too hospitable to be of value for commercial purposes. A license system might be tried, as with ministers, but that too would fail for lack of a reasonable basis for exclusion. Hope is chiefly sustained in the literary bosom by anticipation that the late wars will presently be as fully expounded as the fickle mind of the public can endure, and that then, when there is nothing in particular to say about anything, the business of saying it will revert to experienced hands.

British justice seems not to differ materially from American justice in its treatment of Christian Science. The healers whose ministrations failed in the case of Harold Frederic have encountered British law, and nothing seems to have come of it. After having been examined, arraigned, remanded, and re-remanded, they have been discharged, subject, however, to further legal attentions if it should seem expedient.

This is about the usual course on this side of the water. An exception is the case of Harriet Evans, of Cincinnati, who is reported to have been convicted on December 8, by a jury, of practising medicine unlawfully. She was fined $100. The story, as the newspapers tell it, is that Thomas McDowell had typhoid fever, and called in a doctor, who had him in charge when Miss Evans came in and "treated" the patient. The doctor then gave up the case, and Miss Evans took it. McDowell's wife approved, but his daughter objected, and resented Miss Evans giving her father plums to eat. McDowell died. The usual difference of opinion obtains as to the cause of his decease, the rabble declaring that he had too much Christian Science, the Scientists protesting that he didn't have enough.

There appeared in the WEEKLY for December 10 a meritorious poem by Mr. John K. Bangs, wherein he had fun with "Sir J. D. Edgar, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons," on the strength of the suggestion, attributed by a daily paper to that gentleman, that England should cede the island of Jamaica to Uncle Sam in exchange for one of the Eastern States.

Mr. Edgar (it would not be polite to call him "Sir J.," and he has not divulged his Christian name) writes to the WEEKLY to say that he does not object to Mr. Bangs's chaff, but that Mr. Bangs has trusted too implicitly to the daily paper. He explains that his suggestion to swap Jamaica for New Hampshire was not offered in entire seriousness, but was a counter-suggestion to the proposal of Senator Chandler, made in a current magazine, to swap the Philippines for Canada. One suggestion he thinks not more absurd than the other, since Great Britain could no more swap off Canada than the United States could swap off New Hampshire. He adds:

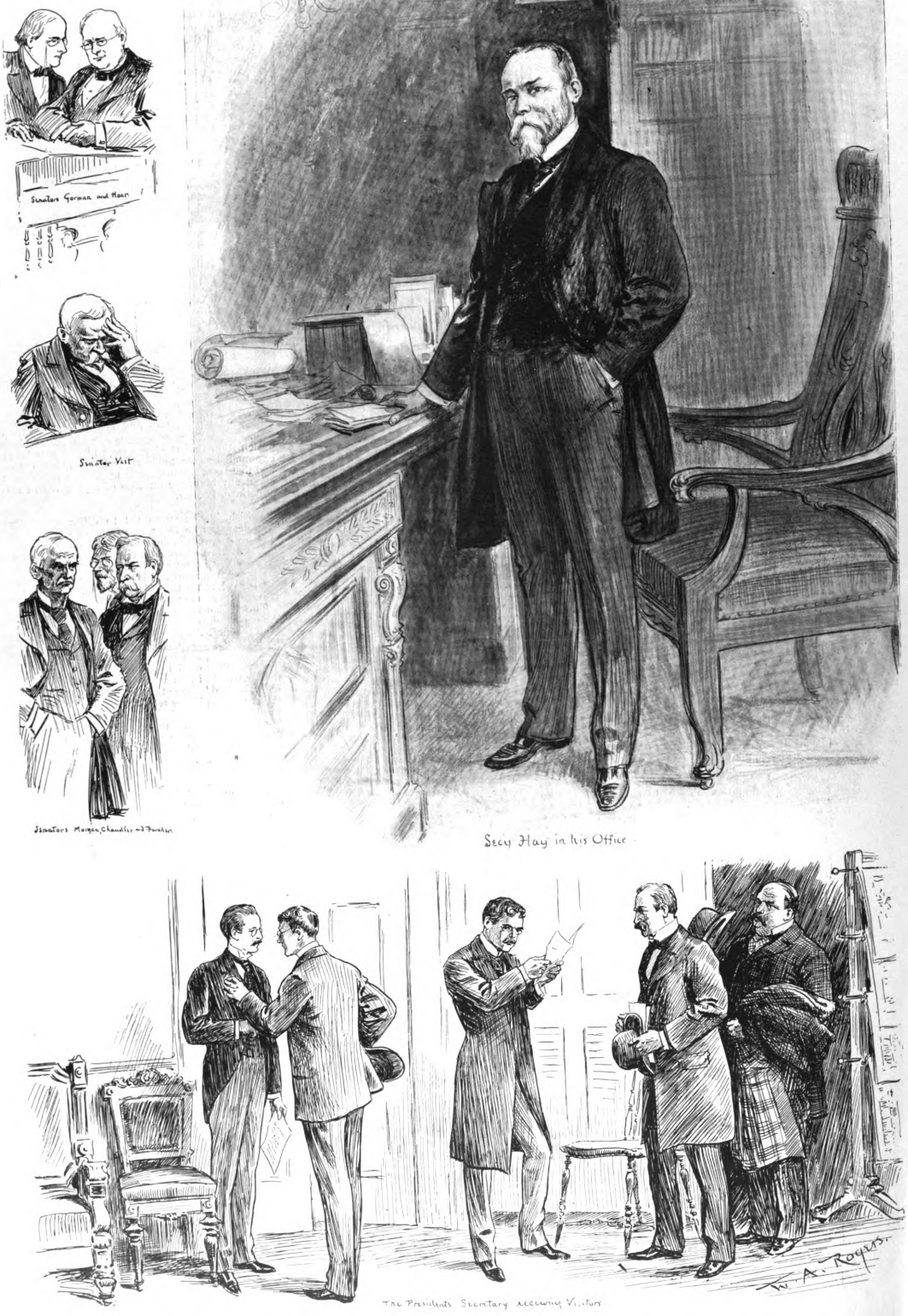
> If it strikes an American as absolutely incongruous and absurd for any one to suggest the swapping of one of the States for Jamaica, with its black population, it must be seen that it would be more conducive to good feeling all round if a statesman so prominent as Senator Chandler would realize that his suggestion about the Philippines and Canada might do harm all round if it were to be taken seriously.

That is very true, but, happily, Senator Chandler's suggestion is not likely to be taken seriously on either side of the border. It is part of a policy of pin pricks, which some American statesmen and American newspapers affect, to talk periodically of gobbling up Canada the first good chance. It is not a useful policy, though we are warranted in hoping that it is practically harmless.

Columns of discourse from many sources have been published of late about "the negro problem," but no one has spoken with more authority and wisdom about it than Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee. He says that while in a few places there is trouble, in ten thousand places in the South white men and black are living together in peace and contentment. He does not tell the colored men to fight for their rights, but he bids them not to be discouraged. "A white man," he says, "respects a negro who owns a two-story house." He thinks material and industrial improvement must precede the other kinds of betterment among the colored people. It is hard, he says, to make a good Christian or a good citizen of a hungry man, but he believes that the Southern negroes need not go hungry if they can learn how to work; and to teach them that, among other things, is the business of his admirably useful life.

E. S. MARTIN.

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THE FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS—SCENES IN WASHINGTON AT THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

### XXIX.

MR. LONGDON mechanically obeyed the Duchess, though it happened to lend him the air of taking Mrs. Brook's approach for a signal to resume his seat. She came over to them, Vanderbank followed, and it was without again moving, with a vague upward gape, in fact, from his place, that her old friend received, as she stood before him, a challenge that flashed a point into what the Duchess had just said.

"Why do you hate me so?"

Vanderbank, who, beside Mrs. Brook, looked at him with attention, might have suspected him of turning a trifle pale; though even Vanderbank, with reasons of his own for an observation of the sharpest, could scarce have read into the matter the particular dim vision that would have accounted for it—the flicker of fear of what Mrs. Brook, between the other parent and the other child, was at last so strangely and differently to show herself.

"I should warn you, sir," the young man threw off, "that we don't consider that—in Buckingham Crescent certainly—a fair question. It isn't playing the game—it's hitting below the belt. We hate and we love—the latter especially—but to tell each other why is to break that little tacit rule of finding out for ourselves which is the delight of our lives and the source of our triumphs. You can say, you know, if you like, but you're not obliged."

Mr. Longdon transferred to him something of the same colder apprehension, looking at him, manifestly, harder than ever before, and finding in his eyes also, no doubt, a consciousness more charged. He presently got up, but, without answering Vanderbank, fixed again Mrs. Brook, to whom he echoed without expression: "Hate you?"

The next moment, while he remained in presence with Vanderbank, Mrs. Brook was pointing out her meaning to him from the cushioned corner he had quitted. "Why, when you come back to town, you come straight, as it were, here."

"Ah, what's that," the Duchess asked in his interest, "but to follow Nanda as closely as possible, or at any rate to keep well with her?"

Mrs. Brook, however, had no ear for this plea. "And when I, coming here too, and thinking only of my chance to 'meet' you, do my very sweetest to catch your eye, you're entirely given up—"

"To trying of course," the Duchess broke in afresh, "to keep well with *me*."

Mrs. Brook now had a smile for her. "Ah, that takes precautions then that *I* shall perhaps fail of if I too much interrupt your conversation."

"Isn't she nice to me," the Duchess asked of Mr. Longdon, "when I was in the very act of praising her to the skies?"

Their interlocutor's reply was not too rapid to anticipate Mrs. Brook herself. "My dear Jane, that only proves that he had reached some extravagance in the other sense probably in the 'mean'—isn't that what they call it?—between you. Don't *you* now take him away," she went on to Vanderbank, who had glanced about for some better accommodation.

He immediately pushed forward the nearest chair, which happened to be by the Duchess's side of the sofa. "Will you sit here, sir?"

"If you'll stay here to protect me."

"That was really what I brought him over to you for," Mrs. Brook said while Mr. Longdon took his place and Vanderbank looked out for another seat. "But I didn't know," she observed with her sweet, free curiosity, "that he called you 'sir.'" She often made discoveries that were fairly childlike. "He has done it twice."

"Isn't that only your inevitable English surprise," the Duchess demanded, "at the civility quite the commonest in other societies?—so that one has to come here to find it regarded, in the way of ceremony, as the very end of the world!"

"Oh," Mr. Longdon remarked, "it's a word I rather like, myself, even to employ to others."

"I always ask here," the Duchess continued to him, "what word they've got instead. And do you know what they tell me?"

Mrs. Brook wondered, then again, before he was ready, charmingly suggested, "Our pretty manner?" Quickly too she appealed to Mr. Longdon. "Is *that* what you miss from me?"

He wondered, however, more than Mrs. Brook. "Your 'pretty manner'?"

"Well, these grand old forms that the Duchess is such a mistress of," Mrs. Brook had with this one of her eagerest visions. "Did mamma say 'sir' to you? Ought *I*? Do you really get it, in private, out of Nanda? *She* has such depths of discretion," she explained to the Duchess and to Vanderbank, who had come back with his chair, "that it's just the kind of illustrative anecdote she never in the world gives me."

Mr. Longdon looked across at Van, placed now, after a moment's talk with Tishy in sight of them all, by Mrs. Brook's arm of the sofa. "You haven't protected—you've only exposed me."

"Oh, there's no joy without danger—" Mrs. Brook took it up with spirit. "Perhaps one should even say there's no danger without joy."

Vanderbank's eyes had followed Mrs. Grendon after his brief passage with her, terminated by some need of her listless presence on the other side of the room. "What do you say then, on that theory, to the extraordinary gloom of our hostess? Her safety, by such a rule, must be deep."

The Duchess was this time the first to know what they said. "The expression of Tishy's face comes, precisely, from our comparing it so unfavorably with that of her poor sister Carrie, who, though she isn't here to-night with the Cashmores—amazing enough even as coming *without* that!—has so often shown us that an *âme en peine*, constantly tottering, but, as Nanda guarantees us, usually recovering, may look, after all, as beatific as a Dutch doll."

Mrs. Brook's eyes had, on Tishy's passing away, taken the same course as Vanderbank's, whom she had visibly not neglected, moreover, while the pair stood there. "I give you Carrie, as you know, and I throw Mr. Cashmore in; but I'm lost in admiration to-night, as I always have been, at the way Tishy makes her ugliness serve. I should call it, if the word weren't so for ladies'-maids, the most 'elegant' thing I know."

"My dear child," the Duchess objected, "what you describe as making her ugliness serve is what I should describe as concealing none of her beauty. There's nothing the matter surely with 'elegant,' as applied to Tishy, save that, as commonly used, it refers rather to a charm that's artificial than to a state of pure nature. There should be for elegance a basis of clothing. Nanda rather stints her."

Mrs. Brook, perhaps more than usually thoughtful, just discriminated. "There *is*, I think, one little place. I'll speak to her."

"To Tishy?" Vanderbank asked.

"Oh, *that* would do no good. To Nanda. All the same," she continued, "it's an awfully superficial thing of you not to see that her dreariness—on which, moreover, I've set you right before—is a mere facial accident, and doesn't correspond or, as they say, 'rhyme' to anything within her that might make it a little interesting. What I like it for is just that it's so funny in itself. Her low spirits are nothing more than her features. Her gloom, as you call it, is merely her broken nose."

"*Has* she a broken nose?" Mr. Longdon demanded with an accent that for some reason touched in the others the spring of laughter.

"Has Nanda never mentioned it?" Mrs. Brook inquired with this gayety.

"That's the discretion you just spoke of," said the Duchess. "Only I should have expected from the cause you refer to rather the comic effect."

"Mrs. Grendon's broken nose, sir," Vanderbank explained to Mr. Longdon, "is only the kinder way taken by these ladies to speak of Mrs. Grendon's broken heart. You must know all about that."

"Oh yes—*all*." Mr. Longdon spoke very simply, with the consequence this time, on the part of his companions, of a silence of some minutes, which he himself had at last to break. "Mr. Grendon doesn't like her." The addition of these words apparently made the difference—as if they constituted a fresh link with the irresistible comedy of things. That he was unexpectedly diverting was, however, no check to Mr. Longdon's delivering his full thought. "Very horrid of two sisters to be both, in their marriages, so wretched."

"Ah, but Tishy, I maintain," Mrs. Brook returned, "*isn't* wretched at all. If I were satisfied that she's really so I would never let Nanda come to her."

"That's the most extraordinary doctrine, love," the Duchess interposed. "When you're satisfied a woman's 'really' poor, you never give her a crust?"

"Do you call Nanda a crust, Duchess?" Vanderbank amusedly asked.

"She's all, at any rate, apparently, just now, that poor Tishy has to live on."

"You're severe then," the young man said, "on our dinner of to-night."

"Oh, Jane," Mrs. Brook declared, "is never severe: she's only uncontrollably witty. It's only Tishy, moreover, who gives out that her husband doesn't like her. *He*, poor man, doesn't say anything of the sort."

"Yes, but after all, you know"—Vanderbank just put it to her—"where the deuce, all the while, *is* he?"

"Heaven forbid," the Duchess remarked, "that we should too indiscreetly inquire."

"There it is—exactly," Mr. Longdon subjoined.

He had once more his success of hilarity, though not indeed to the injury of the Duchess's next word. "It's Nanda, you know, who speaks, and loud enough, for Harry Grendon's dislikes."

"That's easy for her," Mrs. Brook declared, "when she herself isn't one of them."

"She isn't surely one of anybody's," Mr. Longdon gravely observed.

Mrs. Brook gazed across at him. "You *are* too dear! But I've none the less a crow to pick with you."

Mr. Longdon returned her look, but returned it somehow to Van. "You frighten me, you know, out of my wits."

"*I* do?" said Vanderbank.

Mr. Longdon just hesitated. "Yes."

"It must be the sacred awe," Mrs. Brook suggested to Van, "that Mitchy so often speaks of. *I'm* not trying with you," she went on to Mr. Longdon, "for anything of that kind, but only for the short half-hour, in private, that I think you won't for the world grant me. Nothing will induce you to find yourself alone with me."

"Why, what on earth," Vanderbank asked, "do you suspect him of supposing you want to do?"

"Oh, it isn't *that*," Mrs. Brook sadly said.

"It isn't what?" laughed the Duchess.

"That he fears I may want in any way to—what do you call it?—make up to him." She spoke as if she only wished it had been. "He has a deeper thought."

"Well then, what in goodness *is* it?"

Mr. Longdon had said nothing more, but Mrs. Brook preferred none the less to treat the question as between themselves. She *was*, as the others said, wonderful. "You can't help thinking me"—she spoke to him straight—"rather tortuous." The pause she thus momentarily produced was so intense as to give a sharpness that was almost vulgar to the little "Oh!" by which it was presently broken and the source of which neither of her three companions could afterwards in the least have named. Neither would have endeavored to fix an indecency of which each, doubtless, had been but too capable. "It's only as a mother," she added, "that I want my chance."

But the Duchess, at this, was again in the breach. "Take it, for mercy's sake then, my dear, over Harold, who's an example to Nanda herself in the way that, behind the piano there, he's keeping it up with Lady Fanny."

If this had been a herring that, in the interest of peace, the Duchess had wished to draw across the scent, it could scarce have been more effective. Mrs. Brook, whose position had made just the difference that she lost the view of the other side of the piano, took a slight but immediate stretch. "*Is* Harold with Lady Fanny?"

"You ask it, my dear child," said the Duchess, "as if it were too grand to be believed. It's the note of eagerness," she went on for Mr. Longdon's benefit—"it's almost the note of hope: one of those that *ces messieurs*, that we all, in fact, delight in and find so matchless. She desires for Harold the highest advantages."

"Well then," declared Vanderbank, who had achieved a glimpse, "he's clearly having them. It brings home to one his success."

"His success is true," Mrs. Brook insisted. "How he does it I don't know."

"Oh *don't* you!" trumpeted the Duchess.

"He's amazing," Mrs. Brook pursued. "I watch—I hold my breath. But I'm bound to say also I rather admire. He somehow amuses them."

"She's as pleased as Punch," said the Duchess.

"Those great calm women—they like slighter creatures."

"The great calm whales," the Duchess laughed, "swallow the little fishes."

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Brook returned, "Harold can be tasted, if you like—"

"If *I* like?" the Duchess parenthetically jeered.

"Thank you, love!"

"But he can't, I think, be eaten. It all works out," Mrs. Brook expounded, "to the highest end. If Lady Fanny's amused she'll be quiet."

"Bless me," cried the Duchess, "of all the immoral speeches—! I put it to you, Longdon. Does she mean"—she appealed to their friend—"that if she commits murder, she won't commit anything else?"

"Oh, it won't be murder," said Mrs. Brook. "I mean that if Harold, in one way and another, keeps her along, she won't get off."

"Off where?" Mr. Longdon inquired.

Vanderbank immediately informed him. "To one of the smaller Italian towns. Don't you know?"

"Oh yes. Like—who is it? I forget."

"Anna Karénine? You know about Anna?"

"Nanda," said the Duchess, "has told him. But I thought," she went on to Mrs. Brook, "that Lady Fanny, by this time, *must* have gone."

"Petherton, then," Mrs. Brook returned, "doesn't keep you *au courant*?"

The Duchess blandly wondered. "I seemed to remember he had positively said so. And that she had come back."

"Because this looks so like a fresh start? No. We know. You assume, besides," Mrs. Brook asked, "that Mr. Cashmore would have received her again?"

The Duchess fixed a little that gentleman and his actual companion. "What will you have? He mightn't have noticed."

"Oh, you're out of step, Duchess," Vanderbank said. "We used all to march abreast, but we're falling to pieces. It's all, saving your presence, Mitchy's marriage."

"Ah," Mrs. Brook concurred, "how thoroughly I feel that! Oh, I knew. The spell's broken; the harp has lost a string. We're not the same thing. *He's* not the same thing."

"Frankly, my dear," the Duchess answered, "I don't think that you personally are either."

"Oh, as for that—which is what matters least—we shall perhaps see." With which Mrs. Brook turned again to Mr. Longdon. "I haven't explained to you what I meant just now. We want Nanda."

Mr. Longdon stared. "At home again?"

"In her little old nook. You must give her back."

"Do you mean altogether?"

"Ah, that will be for you, in a manner, to arrange. But you've had her practically these five months, and, with no desire to be unreasonable, we yet have our natural feelings."

This interchange, to which circumstances somehow gave a high effect of suddenness and strangeness, was listened to by the others in a quick silence that was like the sense of a blast of cold air, though with the difference, between the spectators, that Vanderbank attached his eyes hard to Mrs. Brook and that the Duchess looked as straight at Mr. Longdon, to whom, clearly, she wished to convey that if he had wondered a short time before how Mrs. Brook would do it he must now be quite at his ease. He indulged in fact, after this lady's last words, in a pause that might have signified some of the fulness of a new light. He only said very quietly: "I thought you liked it."

At this his neighbor broke in. "The care you take of the child? They *do*!" The Duchess, as she spoke, became aware of the nearer presence of Edward Brookenham, who, within a minute, had come in from the other room; and the determination of her character leaped forth in her quick signal to him. "*Do* you, dear." He was already before their semicircle. "*Do* you, dear," she appealed, "want Nanda back from Mr. Longdon?"

Edward plainly could be trusted to feel in his quiet way that the oracle must be a match for the priestess. "'Want' her, Jane? We wouldn't *take* her." As if knowing quite what he was about, he looked at his wife only after he had spoken.

### XXX.

Brookenham's reply had great success, to which there could scarce have afterwards been a positive denial that some sound of amusement even from Mr. Longdon him-

* Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2150.

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Appealed to on the question of underlying desire, Mrs. Brook went through the decent form of appearing to try to give it the benefit of any doubt. "Don't I want, you mean, to find out before you go up what *you* want? Shall you be *much* disappointed," she asked, "if I say that, as I shall probably learn, as we used to be told as children, 'all in good time,' I can wait till the light comes out of itself?"

Vanderbank still lingered. "You *are* deep!"

"You've only to be deeper."

"That's easy to say. I'm afraid, at any rate, you won't think I am," he pursued after a pause, "if I ask you what in the world—since Harold does keep Lady Fanny so quiet—Cashmore still requires Nanda's direction for?"

"Ah, find out!" said Mrs. Brook.

"Isn't Carrie Donner quite shelved?"

"Find out," she repeated.

Vanderbank had reached the door and had his hand on the latch, but there was still something else. "You scarce suppose, I imagine, that she has come to like him for himself?"

"Find out!" And Mrs. Brook, who was now on her feet, turned away.

He watched her a moment more, then checked himself and left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# PUERTO RICO.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

## THE WATER-WORKS OF SAN JUAN.

NINE miles from San Juan, by the military road, near the little town of Rio Piedras, there is a piece of engineering just approaching completion, which is to result in furnishing the capital of Puerto Rico with a much-needed water-supply. Aside, one is surprised that cities of the size of San Juan should have remained so many years in a primitive condition, without modern water-works, without gas, without electric light, without sewerage, and without street-cars.

The awakening to the needs of modern life and the possibilities in the direction of mechanical comforts has come only in the last few years, and then principally through the instrumentality of progressive Americans.

To-day San Juan has an ice-plant which is wholly inadequate; a gas-plant which furnishes only a mean yellow flame; a feeble incandescent electric-light-plant; a narrow-gauge steam tramway leading to suburban towns, and a single railroad running east to Carolina and west to Arecibo; but beyond this she has remained at a standstill in this century of wonderful advancement.

It is calculated that within four months San Juan will be able to dispense with the questionable supply of rain-water in cisterns—to which may be attributed a portion of the sickness developed—which will be replaced by well-filtered water drawn from an uncontaminated source far up in the mountain ravines.

This has been practically accomplished by damming a mountain stream, at normal periods some thirty feet in width, by a substantial wall of masonry twenty feet high. American engineers would pronounce this portion of the work defective, in that along the low flood-plains to the left of the stream there are no extension retaining-walls, and hence all flood waters rush around the unprotected end of the dam. The monetary loss, when the spring-waters cut a new stream-bed, as they will, over the alluvial plain, will be of small moment as compared to the distress which will be caused by the temporary cutting off of the water-supply of a city, whose people have become educated to the use of water from faucets.

Beyond this primary objection to the work as it stands, it may be said that the undertaking has been well and ably executed under the direction of Spanish engineers, including, as it does, settling-basins, sand-filters, pumping-basins, steam lifting-pumps, primary receiving reservoirs, and secondary distributing reservoirs.

It is estimated that this plant is capable of raising and distributing two million gallons of water in twelve hours, with one set of pumps in action.

All the great basins have been built by throwing up a massive surrounding wall of earth, and erecting against this a stone wall four feet in thickness, finished with a cement lining. The stone used in their construction is a fine-grained blue limestone, brought from the mountains within a mile and a half of Rio Piedras. As a building-stone it is said to be excellent. It is worked, however, with some difficulty, as the massive rock seems to have no general lines of cleavage. The entire eastern end of the island abounds in immense metamorphosed sand-stones, approaching quartzites, and in limestones ranging to argillites. Both make fine building-stone, and, with better roads and easier means of transportation, they will very likely come into extensive industrial use.

The water comes from the dam through a twenty-four-inch pipe to two settling-basins, which are used alternately, and it is here held for twenty-four hours until the major portion of the foreign matter has precipitated.

Provision is made at the lower end of these basins to flow off the water into the stream, so that the basins may be cleaned of the accumulation of mud.

From the settling-basins it is flowed into great duplicate filter-basins, which have a bed-covering of four feet of coarse sand. The water passes through these beds of sand into the final pumping-basin.

In the event of any trouble with the filter-beds, it is possible to flow the water, by side trenches with cemented walls, around the filter-basin direct into the pumping-pits. The pumps are direct coupled, and the engines are of the condensing type, manufactured by a Glasgow firm.

The primary reservoir is situated a hundred and sixty feet above the pumps, and is a work of beauty. The walls are of rough masonry, topped with a handsome stone fence. The centre of this great basin, holding 3,700,000 gallons, is divided by a median wall, and the valve-house is situated at one side of this division.

A twenty-inch main leads into the city, this piping having been furnished by a Belgian company.

The entire work has been planned and carried out under the supervision of Puerto-Rican engineers, though the story goes that the original plans for this plant, with estimates of cost, were presented by a Scotch engineer on the island, and, with his approval, were mailed to Madrid for final sanction. These plans, it is then stated, were stolen from the post-office, and copies made of them under the direction of the Governor-General, who forwarded them as an original scheme. They were approved by the government at Madrid, the Scotchman getting neither credit nor money.

The total cost of the completed plant with the water in the mains, it is said, will be somewhat over six hundred thousand pesos. This amount was raised by a bond issue of the municipality of San Juan, and carries a low rate of interest. It is the concensus of opinion among American experts who have examined the work that it is generally excellent, and that the money has been economically expended.

In four months it is hoped the pumps will be in position, and San Juan supplied with an abundance of clear, pure, filtered water, in place of the tainted, fever-breeding rain-water now gathered in several hundred small cisterns, and meagrely doled out for domestic purposes.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

# BLOODY FORD.

## The Story of the Dressing-Station.

BY THE MEDICAL OFFICER IN CHARGE.

MANY things have been told us about the Santiago campaign. Descriptive articles and excellent illustrations by our ablest correspondents and artists have been forth-coming in plenty.

One feature, however, has been merely touched upon in these writings—a feature very important indeed for the poor sufferers involved at the time. I refer to the dressing-station, and in particular to the one designated as the "Bloody Ford" station. So many pathetic events occurred there—examples of heroic fortitude, entire lack of selfishness, true American courage in the very presence of death—that I think a few lines devoted to that alone will not be amiss. If all who were there feel as I do, there were many things that happened so deeply impressed on their memories that they will carry them to the grave.

To lead up to this dressing-station proper, I will ask you to go back with me to El Pozo. I was on duty as regimental surgeon with the Third United States Cavalry, a gallant body of men indeed. On the night of June 30 we bivouacked on El Pozo hill. Tired with our slow laborious night march to this point, we dropped quietly into the long grass and tried to get a little sleep, little imagining what was before us for the morrow. Just before the break of day, July 1, the cavalry division of which our regiment formed a part descended to the road at the foot of the hill and halted, awaiting our turn to advance. We were strung out in one long column of twos along that road, with dense jungle on either side. Captain Grimes's battery, in position on the summit of the hill right above us, opened fire on the Spanish lines. We were all intensely interested watching the firing. Shot after shot was sent into them without any reply. We began to think we were going to have an easy victory. Rash conclusion; for suddenly and without warning a shell comes screaming through the air, followed immediately by another, and still another. All eyes are strained upward at these terrible missiles, uncomfortably near to us, many of them bursting directly over our heads. Everybody unconsciously crouches as they come tearing and shrieking along. An instinctive feeling of trying to get into as small a compass as possible—"to crawl into one's self," as it were—comes over all. These shells were skilfully directed and properly timed to do the greatest amount of damage, and one old sergeant with a grim smile expressed aloud the thoughts of the command by the remark.

"Them Dagoes is got the range down fine."

The road was beginning to get pretty hot for us, and when the forward movement came it was hailed with silent relief; for it is certainly discouraging, and not conducive to good health and a happy frame of mind, to be pounded by an unseen enemy, without any opportunity to retaliate. The men were all eager to go ahead and get a chance at them. With grim determination they adjusted their packs, shouldered their pieces, and trudged along through the mud toward Santiago. Eventually we reached the San Juan Creek—a pretty little stream of clear water, hardly knee-deep where the road crosses it. On the farther side several strands of barbed wire obstructed progress, but it was only the work of a few moments to cut these and pull them aside. It was soon evident that the expected battle was about to begin at this point. The cavalry division crossed the stream, mounted the bank, and formed for fight. Men took their places quietly and silently, and there was a stillness about it all that was ominous, like the lull before the storm, and which boded ill for the Spanish in the trenches beyond on the hills of San Juan. It is at this stage that my tale begins.

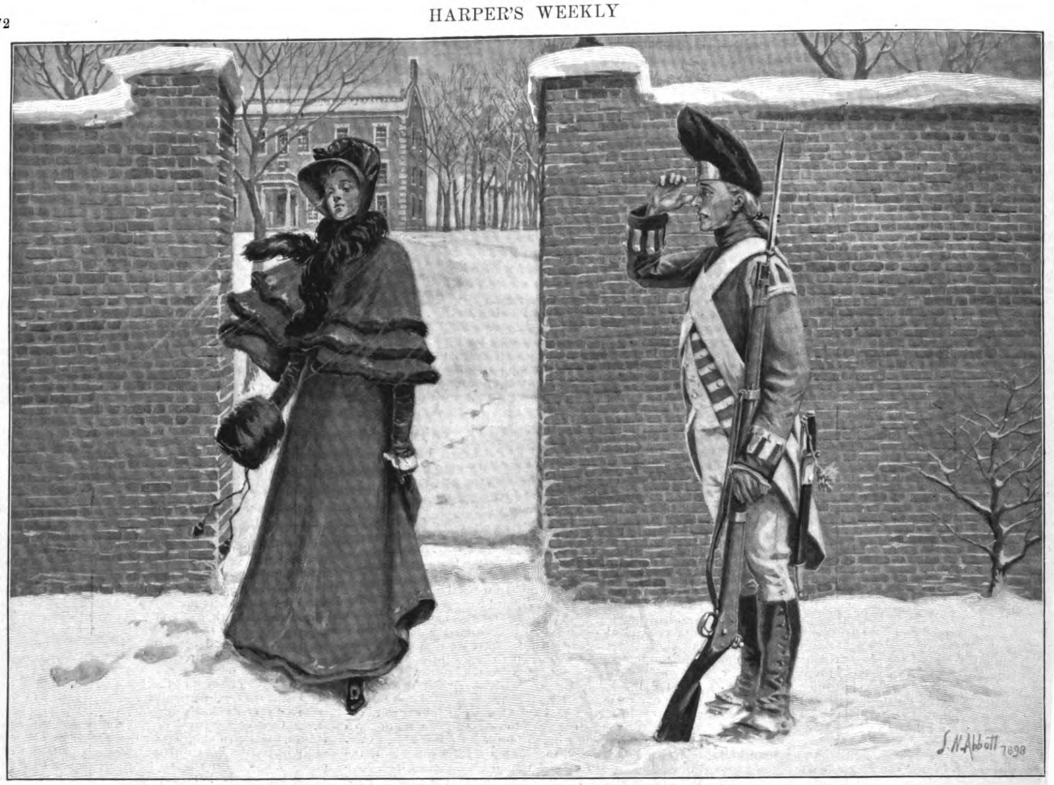
The thought now came to me that I had better be looking up a place for a dressing-station without delay, and this point of the creek seemed naturally created for the purpose. There was a cut bank, varying from a few inches to about three feet high, serving as partial protection for a man lying down behind it, and in some places for one even sitting. From this bank a shelf of gravel and sand about twenty feet long and perhaps eight or ten feet wide extended out into the shallow waters of the creek. After a rapid taking in of the situation, I determined to open a dressing-station right here, and together with Dr. Menocal, on duty with the Sixth United States Cavalry, set about making it comfortable as a joint station for our two regiments. The staff and field officers had left their horses on this gravel shelf, and proceeded from that point on foot. After having these horses moved down the creek about fifty feet, men were put at work with shovels to extend the shelf and increase its area. Other men at the same time gathered boughs and soft leaves, spreading them over the ground to make as comfortable a resting-place as possible for the unfortunates about to come in. These details were completed none too soon, for hardly was the place in readiness before the silence was broken suddenly by the sharp incessant rattle of rifle fire, and a perfect hail of bullets came whizzing right into the station and all around us. All day long this continued, with occasional short lulls, and at times the din was terrific, particularly when shrapnel would go cutting its way over us as well. It is a marvel that every living thing thereabouts was not either killed or wounded. Even the black dog with H Troop, Third Cavalry, the mascot of the troop, seemed to realize that it was an unhealthy locality about that time, for he crouched below the bank and shivered miserably, with occasional low whines, as though he understood it all, poor fellow. The fight was on; and hardly had one time to collect his thoughts before the wounded came pouring in from over the bank in a steady stream, some limping, some hopping, others holding their arms to their sides or abdomen, many using the rifle as a crutch or support, and a number carried in by their comrades—one, two, or four, as the case happened to be—themselves in a condition of utter exhaustion from fatigue and heat, but cheerful to be of use to their poor suffering companions. The capacity of the dressing-station was very soon strained to its utmost.

The first thing that impressed me was the curious expression of the faces of the wounded. None were without it, except those mortally hurt. As nearly as I can interpret it into words, the look was one of "dazed anxious surprise." The men carried as part of their equipment an emergency or first-aid packet. This consisted of two gauze compresses, a roller bandage, a handkerchief sling, and two safety-pins—all enclosed in macintosh or rubber sheeting, and the whole packet so prepared as to be absolutely free from germs of any kind. Before the battle opened, many of these had been thrown away by the thoughtless as being so much unnecessary encumbrance; but later, so high did they rise in the estimation of the men, that I several times overheard them trying to buy of one another, but without success. They evidently realized the value of the packet then. It was very gratifying to note the disappearance of the set expression, the dazed look mentioned before, from the faces of the injured after the dressing was applied by means of this packet; and with the completion of the dressing, one of intense relief, and one might almost say content, takes its place. No matter how great the suffering then or even after, it was the case with all. Small and almost insignificant as this first-aid packet appeared before the fight, it was really one of the most important parts of the equipment next to the actual munitions of war and commissary supplies. We owe to it directly and its prompt use the low mortality from wounds and the small number of amputations necessary. All hail to the first-aid packet, say I, in time of war. Many injuries which were not disturbed for some days after the first dressing was applied were found completely healed, and required no more care when the dressing was removed, presumably to put on a fresh one.

The freaks of some of the bullets were strange, to say the least. Several particular wounds made by them I remember very distinctly on account of their peculiar nature. One young cavalry officer was shot through the mouth, the bullet entering on the right side of the face, sadly battered a beautiful set of teeth, splintering eleven of them, was deflected and turned downward by one of the molars on the left side, and lodged in the muscles on the left side of the neck, where it now is and can easily be felt. I have since met this officer again, in excellent health. He is now in the toils of a dentist getting the damage repaired. The only mark he bears is a pretty little dimple at the right corner of the mouth, simply intensifying his former pleasant expression. Another was shot through both thighs, and I found the bullet in his trousers pocket. When told of the fact he simply remarked: "That's a mighty smart bullet, to stop in my pocket after plugging me. I wouldn't lose it for a farm." Another lad—he was merely a boy, in fact—was carried in by two comrades, and evidently did not know how badly he was hurt. While dressing his wounds—there were three of them, any one of which would render him helpless for some time to come—he said to me: "Fix me quick, doctor. I want to go up and have another crack at them." Of course that was out of the question, but it goes to demonstrate the spirit of the men, the kind of material they were made of. One poor lad, mortally wounded, was lying on the sand, staining it with his life-blood, and struggling so hard with death that it made me heart-sick to feel my utter helplessness when face to face with the inevitable. He wanted so much to live, and his look of mute appeal, and the oft-repeated question, "Will I pull through, doctor?" will haunt me for a long time to come. I am comforted by the knowledge that his death was quiet and painless, just like falling into a deep sleep. Most of the injuries to bone caused by these bullets were clean perforations only, instead of the terrible splintering fractures of previous wars, produced by soft bullets of larger calibre and less velocity. One, instead of penetrating the abdomen, after entering apparently straight, passed around from one side to the other between the muscles, and escaped from the opposite side to that on which it entered, making only a simple flesh-wound. A number of men were shot right through the lung, and yet all those of this class whom I dressed seemed to suffer very little, and have ultimately recovered. The strange pranks of these bullets were so many that to mention more would tire you.

As the wounded lay under the low, sheltering bank, the bullets came singing incessantly by, with a sound something like the quick momentary hum of a large mosquito, clipping the leaves from the trees in their flight, and allowing them slowly to flutter down in the faces of the men; then splashing into the creek, would bury themselves in its bed. At times they fell there so thickly for short intervals that it appeared as though it were raining. To vary the excitement, an occasional shrapnel would come tearing through the trees above us, smashing limbs, and dropping splinters and branches all about us. Men coming up the road from the rear to join the firing-line were frequently wounded right in the creek while crossing it, and it was often necessary to wade out and get them before they drowned, as many of them surely would have done otherwise. Now and then a wounded horse would plunge through the station; and one poor animal, bleeding profusely from his side, dropped half-way across the creek, and drowned and bled to death simultaneously. His struggles to gain a footing and keep his head above water were pitiful to see. A number of the staff and field horses were killed close by the station. Some dropped dead in their tracks; others, frantic, plunged and broke their halters and disappeared in the brush to die. To add to the feeling of insecurity about this place, it was but a very short time before shots very close at hand were heard from time to time, and bullets fell among us, apparently from above and behind us. There was no natural protection from that side, and the only solution of this problem that we could arrive at was that we were

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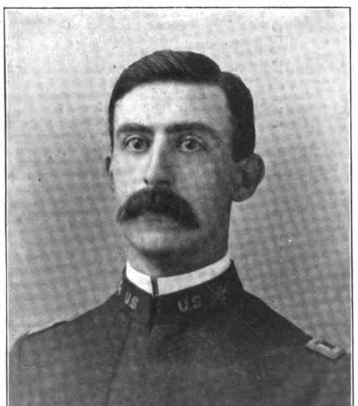

AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE LAST CENTURY—A COLD CHRISTMAS GREETING.—Drawn by S. N. Abbott.

being shot at from the trees. There were several very large ones with dense foliage close by. Such, we found afterwards, was really the case. We were being made targets of by the Spanish sharp-shooters. It was quite a task to reassure the wounded that they were in no danger where they were if they would only lie quietly. After the first shock of this discovery, many of the injured passed the time watching the trees to determine if there were any signs of life in them, and occasionally pointed out to one another what they thought were living beings hidden in the foliage.

A little later in the day several other surgeons stopped at the station on their way to the front, and it was an intense satisfaction to me to see them, as we had more than we could handle—the place having developed into a general station by reason of its locality, nearest the firing-line and on the only road to and fro. Not only the wounded of the two regiments for which it was originally intended, but those from infantry and cavalry, regular and volunteer, kept coming in steadily. Major Robinson and Captain McCaw, two of the surgeons who came up, worked indefatigably and unceasingly. By afternoon we managed to secure the pack-wagons on their return trip from carrying ammunition to the men, and load them with the wounded able to be transported in that manner. Here again the heroism of the men showed itself universally. Throughout the day hardly a groan was heard, and never a complaint of any kind; and now, when the opportunity was present to get back to the division hospital in comparative safety and out of the zone of fire, men severely wounded volunteered, without request, to wait for another wagon, in order that some one else whom they fancied in worse plight than themselves might get back first. With such material, why shouldn't we win battles? Every time a man came back from the front, the one question put to him by all, the wounded included, was, "How is it going—have we got 'em licked yet?" There was never a thought of defeat. I recollect one lieutenant being carried into the station by four of his men. They handled him so tenderly and with such care on the rude litter they had hastily improvised of boughs and shelter-tent canvas that I concluded he had better go all the way back in that manner, after having his wound dressed. Upon asking the men whether they were equal to the task, the reply from one of them was, "If the captain thinks the lieutenant can stand it, we'll get him there all right." Never a thought about themselves; and yet they were all of them ready to drop from exhaustion right there in their tracks. This is the kind of stuff our men were made of, and their grim determination to win and surmount all obstacles has never been equalled in history. Many of the volunteers who had brought wounded comrades back, seeing a heap of Krag-Jörgensen rifles, originally belonging to wounded regulars, begged me to let them exchange their Springfields for them. Upon telling them that I had no authority to dispose of the guns, and was entirely too busy to watch them, it was not long before every one had disappeared and Springfields were lying there instead. The others had all gone to the front again.

At one time in the afternoon there was quite a commotion at one end of the long line of wounded, a restlessness on their part that was quite noticeable. Asking one of them if anything was wrong, he said, "I don't know whether my wound has made me flighty or not, but I'm pretty sure I just saw a big snake crawl around the roots of that tree there." It really proved to be the case. I soon impaled it with a sword that had been abandoned there earlier in the day. It was quite a large snake, about six feet long, and formidable-looking, but perfectly harmless. I don't wonder the men were restless, not knowing its nature, yet unable to move out of harm's way. At different times large hideous land-crabs would rustle out of the brush into the open, stop for a few moments and stare around, then scamper off sidewise into cover again. These creatures would come and go so suddenly that it seemed almost a nightmare. To make the surroundings more dismal and oppressive, great numbers of buzzards kept circling about overhead. Such happenings were sufficient to try the nerves even of the well and sound, yet never a murmur was heard anywhere along the line of the wounded. They all seemed resigned to their fate.

Some of the slightest wounds were the most fearful to look upon. During the early morning a gallant captain



CAPTAIN GEORGE J. NEWGARDEN, U.S.A.,
Regimental Surgeon 3d U. S. Cavalry, who established the Dressing-Station at "Bloody Ford," Santiago.

of cavalry was brought in by four men of his troop, perfectly limp, and evidently unconscious, or nearly so, with blood pouring down his face in perfect streams. At first glance it appeared to be all over with him. After examination it proved to be merely a glancing wound of the scalp, about two inches long.

After washing the mask of blood from his face, I recognized Captain Dodd of the very regiment I was on duty with. It was a very close call indeed. After dressing his wound and seating him under the bank, I had occasion to notice him several times. He was conscious, but quite dazed by the shock, and it was painful to see him from time to time try to get upon his feet in order to rejoin his troop, only to find he could not even stand steadily, then drop down again, with a look of thorough disgust with himself for his ill luck. As I told him later, he was a fortunate man not to be killed outright.

Men coming up from the rear would stop long enough to fill their canteens in the creek, and a number who were fortunate enough to possess smoking-tobacco voluntarily left it at the station for the comfort of the smokers among the wounded. Others left their pipes, perhaps their most valued possessions, and gave them up cheerfully. Very thoughtful were these acts indeed, and much appreciated by all. We were lucky enough to secure an abandoned camp-kettle and some coffee and sugar that had been left behind, and soon had good strong coffee boiling for the wounded and exhausted.

One wounded Cuban, an officer—who, by-the-way, was the only wounded one I saw—was carried in by four insurgents, and while I dressed his wound his four bearers were put to work building a shelter out of boughs and palm leaves, which they know so well how to construct, to protect the badly wounded from the sun and rain. Over this we placed shelter-tent canvas. This shady little spot was very soothing to them, for the heat was almost unbearable. Great numbers, after having their wounds dressed here, being able to walk, continued toward the hospital on foot. Later in the day the ambulances reached us, and we managed to keep them, as well as the wagons, full all the time. After dark, when the firing ceased for the day and no more men were being hit, was the first time that there was any empty space whatever in the station. Several who were mortally hit and could not be moved were made as comfortable as possible right where they were for the few short hours still remaining to them. On the 2d the firing recommenced, but the casualties were not so many, and our capacity was not strained. It was then we began to feel the fatigue resultant upon such a hard day's labor. We needed no rocking to sleep that night, though all we had was the wet ground and a rubber poncho. Hardly had we closed our eyes, however, when heavy firing began again. We were in a quandary, and could not imagine the meaning of it. It was not until daylight that we were enlightened, when we heard that the enemy had attempted a surprise by night, but met with heavy disaster. There was more firing on the morning of the 3d, but as our men were by that time in fairly good shelter on the firing-line, the casualties were very few, and we managed that day to clear the station completely. There were constant rumors of the fight starting again at any moment for the next two days, but on the 5th I received orders to rejoin my regiment, after abandoning the "Bloody Ford" station for good, and Dr. McCaw and myself, who were now alone with our few men, packed our traps and supplies, and were nothing loath to move on and up to the safe protection of the San Juan hills, where our regiments were encamped. Bloody Ford station had outlived its usefulness, and was henceforth a thing of the past. The waters of the creek glide on as smoothly as before the conflict, and—so peaceful look the surroundings—it is almost impossible to believe that such terrible scenes could have occurred there during those few short but eventful days.

George J. Newgarden.

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THE case of "The Head of the Family," which Mr. Clyde Fitch and Mr. Leo Ditrichstein have "freely adapted from the German of L'Arronge," may be conveniently summed up in the case of the wig in which Mr. Crane plays the part of the Head. It is what a Tenth Avenue Mick would call a brick-top, and it is combed back from the forehead so sleekly that the path of every tooth of the comb is plain to be seen. In short, it is the wig of a German professor, and it is about as characteristic of the Columbia professor Mr. Crane impersonates as are the traits that go to make up his somewhat farcical character. The professor has a passion for travel, and knows by heart the times and tides of all vehicles of locomotion; but he has never ventured off the island of Manhattan, where he was born. The day of course arrives when he is obliged to make no less a journey than from the Grand Central Station to Utica. He gets up at the crack of dawn to make ready for the afternoon train, packs all his belongings, envelops himself in all the traveller's garments he has ever read about, and arrives at the station before the gate is opened. Overcome by fatigue and the heat of many garments, he falls asleep in the waiting-room, and of course is left. It is all very genial and amusing, but it belongs to the common or garden bourgeois German of farce as surely as the brick-top wig. In a simon-pure American play, such as Mr. Crane pretends to give, it simply won't wash. No doubt Mr. Fitch would argue that Columbia professors are all more or less freely adapted from the German. And as for expecting the brick-top of a German professor to wash— But we need not pursue the subject.

The Wig of the Head.

To the main idea of "The Head of the Family," however, the wig and the time-table are incidental; at bottom the professor and his family are American enough. The local color in the play is in strong contrast to that in Mr. Crane's previous venture at the Knickerbocker. In "Worth a Million" Mr. Presbrey showed us some such matter as the roof garden of the Astoria as seen from the shores of Hoboken. Mr. Fitch has taken us to the West Side of New York, where one may perhaps find more concentrated Americanism than in any other similar area, and has suggested certain social conditions with great subtlety and intimacy. His good professor, like so many fathers in this new and distracted life we lead, has had little or nothing to say about the bringing up of his children; and his wife, who, like so many newly rich American mothers, has become the head of the family, is more bent on the vanities of life than on its realities. She allows her youngest daughter's affections to be rather openly and shamelessly trifled with by a young man whose only recommendation is social smartness; and, piqued at her failure, she lets her humiliated daughter be persuaded to marry a worthy friend of the father's. Though the daughter does not at first love her husband, she soon learns to do so; but presently the old lover turns up, and her husband, convinced that he has been wronged, threatens such trouble that before things can be straightened out the good professor is obliged to assert himself, for the first time in his life, as the head of the family. The play is a study in the chaotic conditions of American family life. If the working out of this plot were as able as the conception, we should have a really great American play, wig or no wig. There is a good deal of superficial cleverness in the lines and considerable intelligence in the drawing of character, but I did not feel that the authors struck bottom anywhere, except in a passage at the end of the second of the three acts. Here the professor defends his daughter against her husband's false charges in a very stirring fashion, and brings the act to a close in a manner as true as it is dramatic. Though the play is not, as a whole, as well conceived as Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Meddler," it is as bright in dialogue, and is much better handled technically. It is therefore one of the two noteworthy American plays of the season.

A Social Study of the West Side of New York.

As for the people who stage and act the play, many complimentary adjectives could be sprinkled among them. I find, however, that, with two exceptions, I am able to resist the temptation. Mr. Walter Hale has the part of a somewhat underbred fellow, who talks in his cups, and manages to get into what he says an air of cumulative abandon that appeals to one strongly as true to the nature of whiskey and carbonic. Of Mr. Crane it is to be said that his part is admirably adapted to his manner. If one objects that the Adolph L'Arronge business is not handled with sufficient lubrication, Mr. Fitch would no doubt answer that the lubrication has been omitted also from the wig. For the rest, Mr. Crane is himself at his best, and most theatre-goers, no doubt with justice, prefer to have Mr. Crane at his best rather than anybody else they are not so well acquainted with—a sure-enough Columbia professor, for instance. And he is all very American—dry, shrewd, grotesque, amiably henpecked, for the most part, and wholesomely assertive when he has to be.

Miss Ada Rehan's impersonation of *Portia* has improved in repetition. The personal quality of her interpretation, I must say—though I scarcely hope to be pardoned for saying it—still does not seem to me particularly happy. The characters that in the past have marked the limits of her powers, *Peggy Thrift* and *Katherine*, different as they are in effect, have this in common, that they do not stand for any rare type of womanhood; and in "The Merchant" there are moments in which one regrets a certain lightness of comic effect. One misses, let us say, Miss Ellen Terry and the sweet personal dignity with which everything she does is imbued. It is all the more a triumph of histrionic power, however, that Miss Rehan rises above her personal equation as she does; and in these days when we have so much of mere personality on the stage, and so little intelligent art, the fact is especially to be commended. Almost any scene might serve as an example, and a few passages are especially to be noted. In the scene where *Bassanio* apostrophizes the caskets of gold, silver, and lead, Miss Rehan follows every change of thought with an unspeaking sympathy that runs the range of dramatic expression. Fear, suspense, hope, amusement, mirth, and finally the joy and triumph of love, are all shown with unmistakable power and with a transparency of impulse that is essentially Shaksperean. Then *Bassanio* chooses, and turns to her:

Again Miss Rehan as *Portia*.

"And here choose I, joy be the consequence." In the instant, with an effect at once comic and fine, *Portia* controls herself and answers with a dignity and modulation of feeling no less essentially Shaksperean than her previous impulses,

"How all the other passions fleet to air. . . .

"O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy." Such elaborations of scene, so minute in calculation, and yet so spontaneous in seeming, can only be the result of long and scholarly study, of patient training in expression. They give the play a variety of light and shade and a dramatic intensity that belong to the highest impersonative art. In the end, whatever personal disqualification may have been felt is forgotten. Every line teems with the dramatic suggestion and effects that belong to it. As a result, one comes face to face with as much or more that is truly Shaksperean than in the case of a less accomplished actress, however sympathetic her personal medium.

In the trial scene the effect of Miss Rehan's expression reaches its culmination. Many actresses, and among them the best, have been accustomed to enter the court-room with an air of conscious power, like a Daniel come to judgment, or like that painted Saint Michael, attributed perhaps wrongfully to Raphael, who slays the mediæval dragon of evil without ruffling a plume. This interpretation is simple, and is not without a sympathetic quality. Miss Rehan's conception is quite different. It has been said of her that she expresses doubt of the outcome of the suit, and anxiety for her friends. To my mind this statement is not exact, and I do not think the lines admit of such an interpretation. What she expresses is an effect of imagination—an awed sense of the magnitude of the issue, a womanly sympathy for *Antonio's* suffering, and a no less womanly horror of *Shylock*. This feeling subtly pervades every line. At the sudden sight of the knife, with which the *Jew* points to the wording of the bond she is holding, it rises to an acute agony of feminine dread, the effect of which is instantly transmitted to the audience. Such emotions are perfectly reconcilable with *Portia's* intellectual self-command and with her certainty of the final outcome. They give the scene an intensity of emotion more dramatic than any previous actress, to my knowledge, has given it. Because of this intelligence in conceiving dramatic effects and in expressing them, Miss Rehan's *Portia* not only marks the highest point yet attained in the development of her powers, but is absolutely the most original and interesting interpretation of the part of recent years.

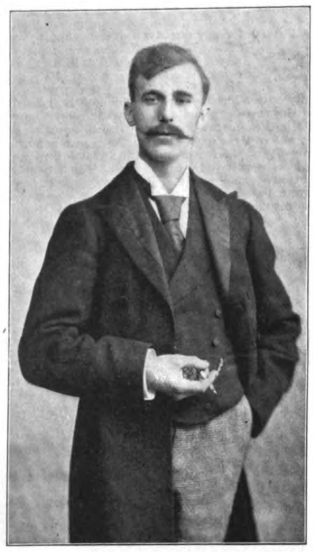
A new reading of the Trial Scene.

Mr. Herbert's *Shylock* still lacks force, both of imagination and of magnetism. It fails to express the primal malignity that seemed to prompt every thought of Booth's *Shylock*, and the lust of blood that filled every vein. Yet his excess in acting, due doubtless to a young



ADA REHAN AS *PORTIA* IN THE TRIAL SCENE OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,"
Now playing at Daly's Theatre, New York.
Photograph by Zaida Ben-Yusuf.

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WILLY BURMESTER,
Violinist.

actor's pardonable nervousness, has been subdued, and as an inevitable result he has gained in force. One is permitted to fix his attention on *Shylock's* face; and the play of emotion there gives a just and an adequate impression of the part. Mr. Herbert shows the same careful and intelligent training that has made Miss Rehan. Few managers could be as little desirous of praise as Mr. Daly, but we owe it to ourselves to recognize the hand that has given us these and so many others of the actors that have enriched the American stage. JOHN CORBIN.

Mr. Herbert and Mr. Daly.

## LONDON.

THERE has been, during the past few days, a considerable amount of energy spent in the denial of reports, said to have been confined to your side of the Atlantic, as to the unsuccess of "The Musketeers"—those of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The truth of the matter is that "The Musketeers," although a possible artistic mistake, is, for the time being, an equally undoubted box-office success. This is due to no virtue that there may be in "The Musketeers" as a play. "The Musketeers" never was nor ever will be a play. The best criticism of it as yet offered is that "one leaves it with a sense of something wanting. What that something is, maybe one cannot tell. Perhaps it is the harlequinade." There are two causes for this *succès d'ennui*, as Mr. William Archer would call it. It is, chiefly, a tribute to the power of the previous paragraph (a power wielded with particular vehemence on this occasion) and to the stimulus afforded by the far better, if humbler, rival musketeer-melodrama at the Globe Theatre. It is, or rather was, also a tribute to the beauty of Mrs. Brown Potter. "The Musketeers" could depend for a considerable run on the presentation of Mrs. Brown Potter against so gorgeous a background, and in a part so completely suited to her serene lack of nature, her old-world dignity, and her agreeable glance. Strangely enough, perhaps on that very account, some jest of fortune has ordained that Mrs. Brown Potter should contract a chill, and that Mrs. Tree should take her place. Nobody could, of course, be less fitted for such a part than Mrs. Tree. Mrs. Tree can portray very admirably, in many fashions, the pathos of pained womanhood, but for a broad, daring, flamboyant effect, such as Miladi must achieve, her very talents unfit her. Her Miladi is a mere "artful hussy," a sort of court edition of Becky Sharp. Miss L. ƒ Hanbury, who has taken Mrs. Tree's part of the Queen with an astonishing amount of command, even she, over-honeyed as her art is, would have been the better choice.

"Topsy-Turvy Hotel," for all it appears to have charmed New York, has quite failed to make its attractions felt in the circle of musical comedies now shouting one another down in London, and has been withdrawn from the Comedy Theatre. After all, with so many in the ring, a musical comedy, to be a success, needs now a far more substantial endowment of melody and personality than "Topsy-Turvy Hotel" possessed. It boasted Mr. John Le Hay (an amusing decorative comedian, but no central figure for a piece); one thoroughly spirited song, "The Boulevard de Paris"; an excellent and delicately gifted drawing-room singer, Mr. Maurice Farkoa; and one lady with a fresh charm, Miss Florence Collinghume. This was all very well, but it was not enough; that is all one can say. Another lesson taught by the comparative failure of this piece was the ill effect of noise and fury when they signify nothing. In "Topsy-Turvy Hotel," whenever the fun flagged, they shouted. And that sent people away with a headache.

The only new production of any importance during this week has been that of "Two Little Maids from School," at the pioneer suburban theatre in Camberwell. This is an adaptation by Mr. Robert Buchanan and "Charles Marlowe" (Miss Harriet Jay) of that bright comedy by Dumas *père*, "Les Demoiselles de St.-Cyr." The piece was a local success, but does not much honor Mr. Buchanan and profanes Dumas. Where the adapters have not slavishly translated the French they have vulgarized it. Miss Annie Hughes, the original "Sweet Nancy," played very prettily in the chief part. Mr. Buchanan made a speech after the first performance, regretting that there was no telegraph office in Elysium, and that so he could not communicate the news of the play's success to Alexander the Great.

There seems increasing prospect of London reversing the verdict of some American cities regarding "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." Mr. Anthony Hope's neat jewel of all too few facts. The third act tells to perfection as played here. Perhaps it may be that Miss Evelyn Millard's charm and discretion have gradually conjured us into self-deception. The other play by Anthony Hope, "When a Man's in Love," in which Mr. Edward Rose assisted him, has proved, at the Court Theatre, an immediate failure. It was very brilliant and quite insincere. ARNOLD WHITE.




"The first century of the Christian era was a period of great musical activity; it witnessed the transplanting of the highest accomplishments of the Neo-Hellenic art to Rome. From all the nooks and crannies of European and Asiatic Greece the virtuosi, cheered by the certainty of success and profit, hastened to a city whose whole occupation seemed to be pleasure and festivities."—GEVAERT.

Is there not something strikingly contemporary in that picture of music in the Neronian Rome? Can we not fit every detail, save for changed proper names, to our own city and hour? Once or twice in the course of a season the kind of concert or of operatic representation which we hear so surpasses any of routine complexion that we realize it as a fragment of musical history wider than that of any pent-up Utica. Twice, or mayhap thrice, in a lifetime, a whole succession of months may possess the same vitality. New York is fast making such a chapter of musical history at this moment. For many years to come those "placid souls unstirred by envy's whip," those who know us best and love our professional garrulity most, are likely to be plagued and bored by our endless comparisons and our limitless vauntings of the golden glories of opera and concert—in nearly even balance—radiating during 1898–9. Moreover, the newest generation of critics, striplings whom we sometimes rebuke and oftener smile at, because of that happy-go-lucky way in which they have clapped on their hats and walked so jauntily into criticism—these confident professional recruits can no longer get quite the settings-down from us that they have had, and now and then need. To go through such a winter's music intelligently is to be armed with supreme comparisons as with mail. Let us change Steele's charming declaration and say that to hear well and to think well this winter should be "a check to loose criticism," and to love such a term is "a liberal education." Horace Walpole cynically cries out, "Anything but history; for history must be false." Much musical history is false enthusiasm. We cannot exaggerate enthusiasm for the best contents of the current weeks.

A Season to be Historic.

There are three great Wagnerian bores. I do not mean those auditors of private station or of journalistic extravagance who have injured Wagner's nobility and beauty as a musician and a poet by telling us that Mozart and Rossini and Verdi are dust and ashes just because "Lohengrin" or "Parsifal" is so marvellously beautiful. There are not merely three, there are three thousand such citizens. No, I refer to a trio of worthies of Wagner's own creation and exploiting—*Wotan* the War-Father, *Fafner* the Dragon, and *King Mark*, who has quite another label. They are all solemn bores, in spite of the fact that *Wotan's* utterances when in the "Rheingold" and as the *Wanderer* in "Siegfried" are richly scored, and admitting that *Fafner* when alive and kicking amuses for five minutes—though he is insupportable in his dying. As for *King Mark*, that abused spouse preaches and maunders away on friendship for half an hour, and asks deep questions at four o'clock in the morning, amid sullen orchestration, till we wonder at nothing in *Isolde's* ill-considered behavior. I strongly incline to add to this dismal trio *Erda* and her music! Now this winter Mr. Grau purposes to give to all the faithful their Wagner without cuts. It is an injudicious practice, deprecated by Wagner himself, proved a mistake except in Baireuth conditions. Much good may it do those who do not care for bed when is in question a chance to hear one or two really strong episodes of the Ring, and some of the least enjoyable. In particular, the rich flow of *Wotan's* reminiscences is to be wholly unstayed, even if the clock hath stricken three. Now on Wednesday night of last week "Die Walküre" was presented, under conditions to enhance that loveliest drama of the Ring when the Cyclus comes. The production was one to remember. Mr. Schalk, the new conductor, proved himself a trustworthy and authoritative Wagnerian leader—one who should be able to save the effect of Mr. Grau's Wagner season from the *alla mancina* ways of Mancinelli. The *Siegmund* of Andreas Dippel showed how a pleasing German tenor can develop into a "heroic" one in his voice and art. Madame Nordica sang *Brünnhilde* with a breadth of feeling for the dramatic stature of the rôle that she did not exhibit two years ago. Madame Eames was so lovely

"Die Walküre" and Anton Van Rooy as *Wotan*.



W. H. CRANE IN "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY,"
Now playing at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

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long cut in the opening of the Beethoven Violin Concerto; who introduces a lesser one in Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido" air; who consummates a real editorial condensation of Schubert's C major symphony; and who (last but not least) judiciously compresses to limits of truer art Wagner's tiresome trick of saying great things over and over. We need not regulate music by a stop-watch. A symphony concert is not to be given as one boils eggs. But much great music is like the beard of Polonius.

Interesting Incidents Abroad.

The musical winter abroad is one of somewhat more than normal brilliancy of incident. In Italy have been produced within a few weeks several new operas by Italy's bright young men of distinction, including the "Stella" of Camillo de Nardis and the "Fedora" of Giordano (composer of "Andrea Chenier"), each having its première at Milan, as also the "Arlesiana" of Cilea. At Rome has been sung Mascagni's "Iris," so long promised. The last seems to be the least excellent. In Paris there has been no new operatic or concert work to mark the new season, though important novelties and valuable revivals are in preparing. The great incident, however, is the opening of the new Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique, at last, with "La Dame Blanche" as a suitable choice from the repertory, and a most august audience.

The Paris Opera Comique proves in its rich completeness quite as elegant a structure as could be wished. It has cost a pretty penny, and in erection it has dragged interminably. It ought to be good. But when I saw its interior, by special permission, last year, I was struck by its promise of overdecoration, its cramped auditorium and fatiguing seats, its dubious chance of possessing a properly lighted stage (that rarest boon in France, where few stages have any decent system of illumination), and its Parisian fussery. The placing of the building, to begin with, is undignified and huddled. Of course it is a handsome theatre, and M. Carré will give it a fine musical policy. But what a pity that it is not more perfect! It is curious that the old Opéra Comique ended existence in a hideous tragedy of fire, and the new one's ghostly façade looked down on a political riot on the first night, when a Dreyfus-Picquart mob attacked their rulers and threw mud at the new municipal edifice.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

A MERRY Christmas, Dewey! Here's looking at you, man.
You've shown yourself a hero on the good old-fashioned plan.
May Santa Claus find time, sir, to take his pack and go
Out there, and smiling crown you with a wreath of mistletoe.

A Merry Christmas, Sampson! You are another chap
That stands before his people with a feather in his cap;
And Santa won't forget you; he has written down your name,
And soon will fill your stocking with an everlasting fame.

A Merry Christmas, Teddy! you and all your Riders Rough;
You seem to be the steady and the proper sort of stuff.
Keep on your roughish riding, do not let your spirits sag,
And Santa Claus will see that you're provided with a nag.

A Merry Christmas, you-uns that stood behind the guns!
The world is full of grateful love for him who never runs.
A merry Christmas to you too, ye chaps with hearts of gold,
Who never flagged an instant while stoking in the hold!

God bless you all, ye heroes, on the land or on the sea.
Your people's hearts are with you wherever you may be,
And in this time of peace on earth, ye fellows tried and true,
The happiest kind of Christmas every one is wishing you.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## JEANNE D'ARC.

IN advance of the actual canonization of Jeanne d'Arc as a saint of the Roman calendar, the feeling that a secular festival and holiday should be accorded the memory of France's greatest heroine gains ground everywhere. A law came before the Senate to decree May 8 as the formal annual anniversary. It has been decided, however, that there will be no celebrations till the May of 1899 or 1900, in order that the first occurrence may "find the country less disturbed by elections, citizens forgetful of small differences, and a suitably imposing programme adjusted." The burning of Jeanne occurred in 1431.

To-day, after nearly five centuries of neglect and obscurity, few figures of past French history and glory are growing more definite in the minds of the rising generation. The statues to Jeanne are going up by the dozens, all over France. The mere item of pilgrimages to the peaceful little hamlet of Domrémy (not a specially accessible place even from such relatively near centres as Nancy, Troyes, or Langres — all on the western France railway circuit) is significant of the devotion of the people to the mystic Pucelle.

## THE WEST INDIES.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

### WEST-INDIAN FRUIT AND BRITISH MARKETS.

WHY should not England enjoy West-Indian fruit? Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania have already successfully commenced to ruin English orchards by cheapening the fruit of temperate climates, and as yet we are only in "the days of small things." Blackmore, the novelist, has been growing fruit in England for market for some twenty years, but not long ago he presented the result of his lengthened experiments, and the conclusion of it all was that he had lost money by his fruit, but had gained a great deal of instructive amusement out of the cultivation. The colonial fruit-producer does not care much about instructive amusement as interest on his capital, and so he sends to "the old country" the harvests of his orchards, selected with the utmost judgment, picked with the greatest care, and packed with the utmost skill, and receives as his reward high prices for them in sordid pounds, shillings, and pence. "Colonel" North, the once notorious "Nitrate King," gave at his country place, in one of the great fruit-producing counties of England, a luncheon to some acquaintances with whom he wished to stand well, and was much surprised to find himself ridiculed afterwards for having at luncheon given his guests a dessert collected from Canada and the Antipodes, and after the meal, taking them for a stroll round his own fruit-gardens and hot-houses, to show them to what perfection the same dessert can be grown in England. But, after all, it is for the middle class and the lower in Great Britain that the cheap-fruit question is of greatest importance, and the colonies have long ago been assured that they cannot send home too much. Meanwhile, the British

(*Continued on page 1276.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

THE inspectors of the factories where the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is produced have access at all times to the dairymen's premises, with authority to exact every sanitary precaution. Such care results in a perfect infant food.—[*Adv.*]

"A CLEVER CHOICE."

FROM the fashionable Game of Questions: "Which is your preferred perfume? Acknowledge your preference." The lovely Miss Maud reflected an instant, and suddenly her large blue eyes brightened, her slender white hand traced without hesitation on the page: "First, it is the Funkia du Japon, flower of dreams and poetry; second, because it furnishes to ORIZA-LEGRAND a most subtle and penetrating perfume, to which he has left the attractive name of the flower," and the practical little miss looked altogether satisfied at her reply.—[*Adv.*]

GOOD alike for old and young; good alike for all seasons—ABBOTT'S—the Original Angostura Bitters. —[*Adv.*]

No Christmas Table is complete without Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the finest appetizer. —[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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(Continued from page 1275.)

public has been acquiring a taste not only for its own familiar fruits out of season, but for exotic products.

The first notable conquest was made by the tomato. I quite remember the time when tomatoes were a luxury. But within the last few years London has been so abundantly supplied with them that they sell for a penny a pound, or, if you buy a case of a few dozen, for less. They are grown on the Continent, and reach England most symmetrically packed, all of a size, in tissue-paper, but of a pallid, unwholesome color (without a touch of the true bright tomato scarlet), that is due, I am told, to their being ripened in their boxes by artificial means, and with scarcely any tomato flavor. But the artisan class took to them wonderfully; and not only may men be seen standing eating them by the side of the vendors' stalls, but trucks laden with boxes of tomatoes ply regularly in the cheapest streets.

The next alteration in the street fruit trade was the appearance of the banana, or plantain, from the Canary Islands. Messrs. Elder, Dempster, & Co., the firm that controls this trade, is of opinion, so I see from the papers, that in England only the better classes have as yet to be educated up to the banana; but I know that at one point, at any rate, in London—round the Liverpool railway station—the banana-truck is very much in evidence, and the purchasers are certainly not of "the upper classes." The fruit is small and poor in flavor, and (perhaps because he never sees them fresh) the artisan has come to suppose that bananas should be eaten over-ripe. The coster-monger himself seems to be of the same opinion, for he ostentatiously peels portions of selected fruit to prove to intending purchasers that his wares are honestly half rotten. But there need be no doubt about the fruit being popular, and, as with the tomato, the country cannot have too many of them fresh; and the more the banana trade expands, the better for the working-classes. When they once become familiar with this excellently wholesome fruit in a proper eatable condition, it will, I predict, be just as great a favorite in Great Britain as it is in the United States.

After the banana came the pineapple, and, at a half-penny a slice, it is in many parts of London a formidable rival of ice-cream in the fancies of office-boys and juvenile workers in general. But I do not think the trade is worth any serious attempt to popularize it. As it is, pineapples are sufficiently cheap. I have often bought one for a shilling quite good enough for making pine-apple ices, for flavoring cups, or adding a grace to a macedoine.*

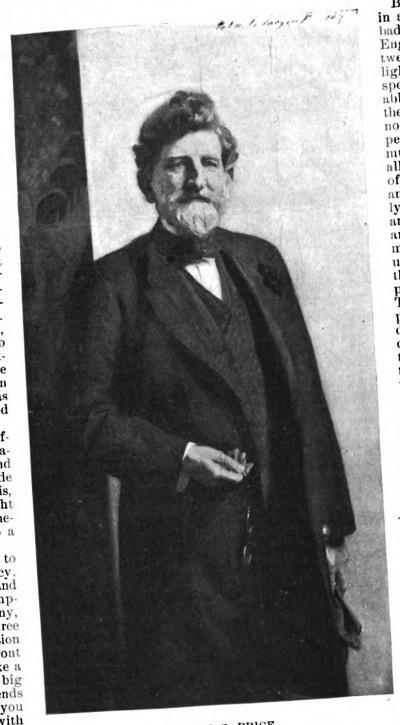
But, after all, such occasional uses will hardly suffice to make that fruit a "popular" one. That phrase, I fancy, must be reserved for the present for bananas, oranges, and cocoanuts. Oh, 'Arry, spending your 'oliday on 'Ampstead 'Eath, think of an island where you get for a penny, not "three shies" with a stick at a cocoanut, but three cocoanuts! What an eternity of Aunt Sally the vision opens up to your cockney mind! This morning, in front of my window, a black urchin ran up a palm-tree like a spider-monkey and threw down half a dozen nuts to his big friend below, who with his machete chopped off the ends and bored holes almost as quickly as a barman opens you an oyster, and there the two blackamoors stood, with their faces flat up to the sky, guzzling the sweet milk. When each had emptied a couple they drew their hands across their mouths, picked up another nut apiece, and strolled away. Stealing them? I suppose so. But what kind of theft is it when everybody sees you stealing and nobody seems to mind? It was only cocoanuts, after all. There were ten millions exported from Jamaica alone last year, and if there had been ships to carry them, there might have been fifty millions. The bulk of them, as indeed of all West Indian fruit, went to the United States, but there are indications that the coming changes in what were "the Spanish West Indies" are already beginning to affect the course of trade, and the West Indian fruit-grower, apprehensive of the approaching danger, seems to be turning in anxiety from the markets of America to those of England. The next few months will see trial shipments from several of the islands, and probably before the New-Year arrangements will have been made for commencing in 1902 or 1903 a regular fruit trade with "the mother-country." Naturally enough, the British West Indies are looking forward with great concern to the day when Cuba and Puerto Rico may shut them off from the American consumers, who hitherto have been their best customers. But whether the new trade that is to be opened up with England is to be in British or American hands is still a question to be decided. In some quarters it is taken for granted that the enterprise will be exclusively British, or indirectly encouraged, if not actually subsidized, at first, by the British government. But this I venture to think is a gratuitous assumption. The allied American fruit companies and other American West Indian syndicates are not at all likely to allow a vast trade to develop under their eyes without sharing in it. Nor is Captain Baker, for example, the kind of man to let the Jamaican fruit trade pass out of his hands simply because, in the natural course of events, the market is shifted from the United States to England. Indeed, I shall be very much surprised if the West Indies, Jamaica especially, do not in the future find that, as in the past, their best friends are Americans. That England should advantage by the products of her colonies in having a constant, abundant, and cheap fruit-supply is what no one can grudge her, but, all the same, it looks to me as if the control of the trade that is to be will remain in the hands that control the trade that now is.

PHIL ROBINSON.

* And here just a word as to a macedoine. Never mind what cookery books tell you. All their mixtures are abominations. Do this, and if your disposition is naturally grateful, thank me. Take a pine-apple and a basket of strawberries; cut the former into dice, the latter into halves, and put them with a couple of glasses of noyau into the ice-chest for half an hour. Take out the dish, sift sugar over it, pour half a pint of whipped cream upon it, and eat it.

## CALVIN S. BRICE.

THE sudden death in New York, on December 14, of Calvin Stewart Brice, brought to an end the life of a typically successful American—a life distinctive in ambition and achievement. The son of the poor clergyman of an Ohio village, Mr. Brice earned his education at Miami University, fought through our civil war, and at its close commenced the practice of law in Lima. He became at once identified, first as legal adviser and afterwards as financial director, with many growing railroad properties, notably the old Lake Erie and Louisville road, and his executive skill in the manipulation of such interests made him a striking and important figure in the world of finance. The field of his commercial operations extended far beyond the boundaries of the United States, and he



CALVIN S. BRICE.
Born, September 17, 1845. Died, December 14, 1898.
From the Painting by John S. Sargent.

leaves behind him a fortune estimated in the millions, representing the reward of resistless energy and wonderfully sagacious alertness.

In politics Mr. Brice was a Democrat of national prominence. He served for a time as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and in 1891 was elected to the United States Senate from his native State.

In 1870 he married Miss Catherine Olivia Meily, who survives him, as do also five children, the eldest of whom, Stewart Meily Brice, served as a captain in the Spanish war, and is at present a member of the municipal council of this city.

## A CHRISTMAS SNOWFLAKE.

THE snowflake is the ghost of summer's bee—
It drifts unto Her cheek and there reposes
And sighs with joy: "The winter's May to me
When winter boasts such dainty Christmas roses."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## MANILA.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

### THE CLIMATE AND THE PEOPLE.

THOSE of us who have spent weeks in the swamps and bamboo thickets, and, since the capitulation, have been confined to the limits of the military occupation, have about as much idea of the country, of the people, and of the general condition of life in these islands as an immigrant has of the State of New York when, after a sojourn on Ellis Island, he lands in the great metropolis, and finds language, dress, architecture, habits of life, entirely different from what he is accustomed to. With the exception of a single work on these islands, there has been no recent publication, either in book form or in newspaper or magazine articles, which gives the reader an adequate idea of the subject. The unanimous testimony of the authors whose descriptions were so scarefully studied by every one during the long voyage across the Pacific is against the climate. Their writings are full of accounts of the discomforts of life here, of the noxious reptiles and insects, and of the dangers of fever and other illnesses. One must believe, after reading half a score of articles, that the Philippines are a region to be avoided, that the traveller takes his life in his hands when he lands on these shores. The literature on the Micronesia is absolutely misleading, with the exception of the book above referred to, written by John Foreman; and the experience of thousands of Americans who have landed here this year, most of them living under conditions little calculated to endear one to the place, will undoubtedly show that a false impression has been given of the Philippines, which it will take some time to correct.

First as to the climate. The temperature from July to September did not vary more than 10°, day or night. My own thermometer registered once or twice as high as 88°, but never lower than 78°, except possibly in camp during one of the severe rain-storms at night, when I was unable to see the mercury. For two or three weeks before the assault the weather was indescribably bad, with frequent violent rain-storms and a long and heavy monsoon.

But it must be remembered that we were under canvas, in a swampy tract of land, and suffered more from the bad weather than we would have done elsewhere. The Englishmen in business, many of whom have spent from twenty to thirty years here, agree that it is the most delightful climate imaginable; that there is an endurable hot spell in the spring, but that the rest of the year is agreeable, particularly during the autumn and winter, when the average temperature is a few degrees lower than it is now, and the air seems more invigorating. As for the pests of insect life and the noxious reptiles we heard so much about, I have been away up country, have slept in all sorts of places, and have mingled with various classes of people, but have never suffered any inconvenience more annoying than that of mosquitoes, which are not particularly active or aggressive. The natives are exceedingly clean, and their huts are generally marvels of neatness. They are intelligent, bright, ready to learn, quick to acquire mechanical skill, and capable of intellectual development up to a certain point. The standard of education among them is, I am assured, very high, no less than eighty-six per cent. of the people knowing how to read and write. This figure seems exaggerated, but in my brief but comparatively varied experience here I have not yet had dealings with any native who could not write. They are diligent, frugal, and apparently contented; the women are treated with great consideration; they take great care of their children, and have a certain dignity and self-respect, particularly observable in the provinces, which are rather impressive. Exceedingly hospitable by instinct and tradition, it is a delight to travel among them, and if they are treated with justice I am convinced they are loyal and reliable servants. It is not difficult to see, however, that their amiable manners cover a disposition capable of any treachery or cruelty, and that if you scratch a native you will find a pure Malay. The revolutionists and all their leaders are from the lower classes of the population, not one among the active chiefs of the insurrection being of that stratum of Philippine society which calls itself, and with reason, cultivated. There are two or three hundred men prominent in business and in the professions who have received university educations, and who have travelled and know the world. Not one of these men has given any important aid to the revolution, although they all sympathize with the cause, which has for its chief purpose freedom from Spanish misrule. Now that it is comparatively certain that Spain will no longer have a foothold here, these men are coming fast to the front, and declare, as openly as they dare, that they are in favor of an American protectorate, because they are positive their people are incapable of self-government. The mass of the insurgents are bent on having the revolutionary government recognized, and this burning question will continue to agitate the country until the decision of the Paris Commission.

It is seldom that a landscape so beautiful to the eye suggests in such a stimulating degree possibilities of development, fairly enchanting the commercial and speculative mind. The great fertility of the soil and the extraordinary luxuriousness of the vegetation give the landscape a wealth of varied color which I have never before seen equalled. The general aspect of the country is by no means tropical. If one looks closely enough he will discover among the trees the little brown native huts, and here and there will be seen a feathery bamboo or a broad-leaved plantain; but for many miles around Manila the landscape resembles that of a fine valley somewhere on the continent of Europe, among mountains which do not rise above the line of vegetation.

Immense rice-fields on the broad plain north of the town stretch away to grand mountain ranges on either side like immense wheat-fields in the Northwest. A little further north the sugar-cane is cultivated, and then the cocoanut palm appears. A hundred miles or so north of Manila the country is quite different and much more tropical in appearance, on account of the groves of palm-trees and the great plantations of bananas. Still further north is the wonderful tobacco country, now almost inaccessible from the south on account of the high mountain ranges. The product is brought to Manila by steamers, but if the railway is extended over a low pass into the great tobacco valley in the northeastern province of Cagayan the shipment of this and other produce will be much facilitated. Not far from Manila, only two hours' trip in a steamer launch up the river Pasig, is the large lake, Laguna de Bay—one of the most beautiful sheets of water imaginable. It is surrounded for two-thirds of its extent with high mountains, some of them of the conventional volcanic shape, but other peaks as grand in line as any in the world.

There is a highly fertile region all around, with large and active population, and there are various summer resorts, hot springs, marvellous canyons and waterfalls, and several large country houses on immense estates close to the lake. From the eastern shore of the great sheet of water, which is perhaps twenty miles across in its widest part, it is but a dozen miles or so to the ocean, and from the summit of the ridge which divides the two waters from the salt the great expanse of the Pacific is overlooked, and the bold summits of the coast range mountains vanishing north and south in the distance. Under a proper government these islands would be a most charming region of the tropics. Of the commercial development of the archipelago I need not speak, beyond it has been often discussed. Without any doubt there are great possibilities here, and plenty of openings for investment of capital and the exercise of energy and enterprise. More encouraging opportunities certainly not now exist in the world, for the Spanish system of government has completely isolated this portion of its possessions from the influences which have so transformed the colonies of other nations, and the ground so fallow is ready, even eager, for the seed.

F. D. MILLET

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# AMATEUR SPORT

THE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1899 will probably not include a Harvard-Princeton game, and it probably will include one between Harvard and Univ. of Penn. It seems to me that, in the light of some of the experiences and revelations of this year, the arrangement for next year is eminently fair. Univ. of Penn. played a sportsmanlike game from first to last, through a season replete with trials of more than usual vexatiousness. The attitude of her coach, her graduate advisers, and her players in the face of a defeat, which she suspected might bear significantly on her future football relationship, was incomparable and manly.

On the other hand, the conduct, during the Yale-Princeton game at Princeton, of some of Princeton's coaches and old players, who swarmed unbidden and forbidden upon the side-lines, jarred most unpleasantly upon the nerves of the assembled sportsmen, among whom many were Harvard men. It is true the offenders were only a few, but they were adequate in numbers and sufficient in misbehavior to create prejudice. The sportsmanship of Princeton's alumni advisers is patent and unquestioned, but some means of controlling over-zealous coaches and hot-headed "old-player" spectators must be devised, not only at football but at baseball games, else Princeton will lose her rank in the estimation of sportsmen.

I have no doubt whatever that had Princeton equalled at Princeton the sportsmanly bearing exhibited by Univ. of Penn. at Cambridge, a Harvard-Princeton game would be on the '99 list of fixtures. All sportsmen, irrespective of university affiliations, will endorse Harvard's reasons for her choice, and commend the healthful spirit of sport for sport's sake which her action suggests. ". . . . if you win or if you lose . . . . be each, pray God, a gentleman."

INTER-COLLEGIATE POLITICIANS are waxing mysterious, and, according to the prophets, the boating season of '99 promises a literal labyrinth of agreements and stipulations and racing. Recently the sporting columns of the daily newspapers have quite bristled with alleged "ultimatums" from Cornell, and threats of all manner of dire happenings in the event of somebody not doing something upon which somebody else insists. The undergraduate correspondents must have their fling—sometimes abetted by heavier-witted though less courageous elders—and no doubt it all lends the interest of controversial excitement to a season largely given over to holiday feeding and mental lassitude.

Sportsmen need not despair. There is at least occasion for encouragement in the confident, not to say prescient, assurance of the politicians that Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Univ. of Penn., and Columbia will probably put crews on the water next year, as usual. Even at this moment, indeed, preparations for the boating season are going forward, with obvious indifference to the mental anguish and unwonted activity the politicians are enduring in the collaboration of ultimatums and schedules pleasing to their friends.

WHILE THE POLITICIANS ARE CHATTERING and scribbling, meantime, let us have a look at the situation from a more disinterested and perhaps less violent view-point. Harvard and Yale will have their eight-oared 'varsity boat-race—that is a surety, and will be always. If her ill-advised and over-enthusiastic friends do not wreck her chances, Harvard and Yale would not be adverse to admitting Cornell to their race. Not that a championship is involved, but a three-cornered race is not too cumbersome to handle nicely, and Cornell is assuredly a worthy boating rival. Probably, however, neither Harvard nor Yale will consent to entering a 'varsity race for which the entries exceed three; what they might do with their Freshman is another matter.

It is also more than likely, I think, and certainly so I hope, that Harvard and Yale will decide to row upon our classic course—the Thames. It would be too bad indeed were the college year deprived of the inspiriting scenes and the happy reunions annually witnessed at New London. It is the only boating event we have approaching the charm of Henley—let us preserve it.

APART FROM SENTIMENT, the Thames is more satisfactory than the Hudson to practise and to race on, despite its single bend, which really amounts to nothing, and the climate of New London and environs is better to train on than that obtaining at Poughkeepsie in June. The Hudson course is undoubtedly better for the spectators, but not for university men or the crews. All the reminiscent and classic university atmosphere is dissolved at Poughkeepsie, as it is at Saratoga, and instead we have simply an important boating event, which attracts special trains and countless hundreds of spectators, that overflow all vantage-points during the race and immediately after melt away—crews, coaches, old oars, college men, and spectators generally—leaving naught of their personality and interests stamped upon the surroundings.

THE DISPOSITION OF CORNELL in the boat-racing of next year depends, in my judgment, to a very considerable extent on her conception of her real interest and purpose, and, in recognition of the existing situation, a conservative expression of her desires. Cornell may elect to row Univ. of Penn. and Columbia at Poughkeepsie, or even at Saratoga, and utter no wish to enter the Harvard-Yale race at New London; or she may put one crew on the Hudson and another on the Thames; or she may take Univ. of Penn. and Columbia over to the Thames, and thus in two three-cornered races give the New London week additional air of inter-collegiate racing.

Cornell will very properly not again attempt two races in the one season with the same crew. In refusing to entertain such an idea all fair-minded men will uphold her. If she looks well into her future position in American boating, she will also not lower her standard of effort and endurance by reducing the 'varsity race from four to three miles. Nor is she likely, as her talkative friends insist she will, to issue demands on Harvard and Yale with relation to five-cornered boat-races, or to make rowing arrangements dependent upon agreements in other sports. The only questions open to discussion are two: first, whether Cornell believes she can, out of her abundant material, maintain two 'varsity crews; second, if not, whether her interests and desires will be best served by entering the one crew against Harvard and Yale, or against Univ. of Penn. and Columbia.

Those are the only questions undecided, and their settlement rests entirely with Cornell.

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*Discussion of All-America eleven, continued from last week.*

IT IS PRETTY HARD LINES on Corwin and Dudley and Durston that the combination of desperately hard luck, hurts that healed slowly, and uncertain management should have so completely shut them out of prominence in the season's summary. The football possibilities of these three are as brilliant as those of any half-backs in the country.

The handling of the Yale team this year was entirely in keeping with the semi-professional spirit that brought the men together for a considerable preliminary training season. The continuous work knocked the men to pieces, just as it used to do Univ. of Penn.'s, and the spirit of sport for its own sake fell before the urgent demands of a management that cared so little for the splendid traditions of Yale as to lower the tone of her sport and of her men by paying them board for an extra training season.

The spirit of the preliminary training season is contemptible; it is an attempt to get the better of your opponent by taking unusual practice—by practising in vacation-time for contests that are to come during term-time.

It is not the mode of sportsmen. That Yale fell a victim this year to its blandishments is indication of how far the new régime at New Haven has departed from the old and commendable and sportsmanly traditions of Yale. Let us hope for a return of the old order next year.

OF FULL-BACKS ELIGIBLE to the All-America team, Romeyn and Reid unquestionably excel all the others in the requirements of the position, although there are several good ones West in O'Dea, Caley, and Slaker; and East, great possibilities, I should say, in Outland. Reid is a stronger line-bucker than Romeyn, and it is said he is also a punter of distinct ability; but because of the West-Pointer's unquestioned strength in punting, his occasional scoring on goals, and also his strong running game, I consider him to be the man required.

Neither is there slightest hesitancy in picking Dibblee for the captain of the All-America team and for one of its backs. His quality of play since first he went to Harvard has been always of high class. He is one of the strongest men carrying a ball through a broken field that the game has developed, and, as a captain, ends his football career as one of the most competent and painstaking Harvard ever had. For the other half-back no man, in my judgment, is so fitted to stand alongside Dibblee as McBride. This is my deliberate judgment in the face of a majority probably disagreeing with me. McBride's standard of play is established too firmly to permit of him being overlooked because of a physical hurt that would have laid most men off altogether. And a man who can play, with a ruptured knee ligament, as hard and as well as did McBride is the man I want on my national team when he is fit and well. He has been really incapacitated all season, playing when he should have been on the side-lines, and his work, therefore, was far below his form. A short rest would speedily put him in shape. His great strength on the defensive, his fierce line-bucking, and his punting make him (despite his usual position being at full), next to Dibblee, the strongest half-back in college football.

THERE ARE SEVERAL STRONG HALF-BACKS, and the West puts forth three candidates for honors in Widman and McLean of Michigan, and Henry of Chicago. In the East, those whose work was most noticeable were, besides the men already named, Warren (Harvard), Waldron and Humphreys (West Point), Richardson (Brown), Cayou and Metoxen (Carlisle), Beardsley (Princeton), C. Young (Cornell). Of these Warren is quite the first, with Richardson second, and the West Point pair following; Widman comes next. Outland of Univ. of Penn., whom I should play at half rather than full back, is a stronger and more certain ground-gainer than any of these save Warren, and there is not much to choose between them on that score. On end-running Outland is the most brilliant of the lot. I prefer a more certain man on handling kicks, and therefore choose Warren as substitute back. Reid I should put in the other substitute half-back place, instead of at full-back, where O'Dea appears to be the strongest substitute available. Not only because of that goal from mid-field, for a single great play amounts to little in sizing up a candidate for national honors, else might Outland have a place for his clever running against Cornell, and Burnett for his long goal against Univ. of Penn—but on general play during the season. Kafer (Princeton) showed possibilities; with proper time for practice, he would, I fancy, be one of Princeton's best backs; he is a hard player, and safe.

THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION of Daly's right to the quarter-back position on the All-America eleven; his generalship, tackling, catching, running back kicks, and punting raise him above any other possible candidate. Kromer is second choice, and a stronger player in the position is rarely seen; he passes the ball quickly and safely, handles kicks well, runs strongly, and tackles hard. There would be no need of alarm were he to replace Daly in a hypothetical game in which the All-America team was engaged.

De Saulles was another of Yale's unfortunates whom injury kept from playing even within hailing distance of his established form, but even at the best this clever quarter has shown he must, unless revealing further development, have taken third place on the season's ranking. Daly quite surpassed him in punting, catching, and in the possibilities of his position, and Kromer, though perhaps not so clever in handling the ball, was equally so in running in on punts, more so in kicking, and a stronger, harder runner to stop.

CERTAINLY ELY, THE PLUCKY CHAP, deserves high credit for his work, not only under the circumstances, but because of its real excellence. To a lesser degree he had the Yale tendency to fumble; but his handling of the ball was very good, his defensive work clever and strong, and his two runs with the ball as brilliant as any seen this year. That one of them was done with a splintered rib indicates, in a measure, the spirit and nerve of this young man. Had Ely been put in at the very beginning of the Princeton game, it is my belief Yale would have won. A great deal of the fumbling was due to the unsteadiness which De Saulles's poor work, incident to a crippled condition,



B. H. DIBBLEE,
Harvard, Captain and Half-back.



C. D. DALY,
Harvard, Quarter-back.



C. A. ROMEYN,
West Point, Full-back.



M. L. McBRIDE,
Yale, Half-back.



T. T. HARE,
Univ. of Penn., Guard.

THE STAR GUARD AND THE BACK FIELD OF THE '98 ALL-AMERICA TEAM.

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imparted to the team. There was a marked improvement instantly Ely went into the place. But the mischief had already been done.

Duncan for Princeton did excellent all-round work in his position, being serviceable rather than brilliant; apparently he is a good dependable quarter. Hudson of the Carlisle team is a thoroughly good man, additionally valuable because of his kicking, but in the finer points of the game, and especially on the defensive, he is somewhat behind the others. There were no other quarters East or West up to the All-America standard.

Thus with the line-bucking and kicking of McBride and Romeyn (the one a left-foot and the other a right-foot kicker), the gains of Dibblee through broken fields, the generalship and running back of punted balls by Daly, and the well-known aggressive attack and determined defence of all four, I feel that the back field of this year's national team is the strongest, from an all-round point of view, I have yet had the privilege of choosing.

MORE THOROUGHLY GOOD MATERIAL, better drilled, more perfectly master of the details of the position, was in evidence at centre this season than is usual. Yet the year ends without giving us any one name so illustrious as to class with those great centres of the past—Corbin (Yale) and Lewis (Harvard). There was not a weak centre on the larger '98 'varsity teams, and but little to choose among Cunningham (Michigan), Overfield (Univ. of Penn.), Jaffray (Harvard), Burnett (Harvard), Cutten (Yale), were Dorner (Cornell), Burnett (Harvard), Cutten (Yale), and Booth (Princeton). Had Jaffray played through the second half of either the Univ. of Penn. or the Yale games, and his work maintained the level of the first half, his place on the national team would have been secured.

As it is, his play has been somewhat a feature of the season; his activity, immense strength, and height (6 ft. 4 in.) make him one of the most formidable opponents that ever lined up. The fact that Overfield, so outweighed and so outmuscled by this giant vis à-vis, yet kept his point of the line from becoming a "weak spot," conveys some idea of the capabilities of Overfield as a centre rusher. Overfield, in fact, is more learned in the *finesse* of centre play than any one of the candidates, and at all times is an active, tireless player.

But in the game of to-day, other things being fairly equal, weight of centre counts heavily, and for that reason centre position on the All-America team goes to Cunningham, who knows the game about as well as Overfield, and is heavier and stronger.

GOOD GUARDS HAVE BEEN PLENTIFUL this year, and one, Hare (Univ. of Penn), attained the right to be ranked with Heffelfinger (Yale), that first mighty exponent of the possibilities of a powerful, active, and heady guard. And neither Heffelfinger nor any other man ever gave such an exhibition of physical strength and magnificent line-bucking as did Hare in the Harvard game. He was practically the only man that could make any impression on Harvard's great defence, and time after time he was sent into the line and even around the ends. Indeed, Hare seemed always to be the man with the ball. He was also called on to do all the punting, and though he did it poorly, that he did it at all acceptably, in addition to line-bucking and interfering and end-running, emphasizes this man's wonderful endurance and all-round ability. I heartily congratulate Univ. of Penn. on having a player so skilled and a sportsman so keen to captain the team of '99.

In a class below Hare are Boal (Harvard), Brown (Yale), Burden (Harvard), McCracken (Univ. of Penn.); and in another may be included Marshall (Yale), B. Pierce (Carlisle), Crowdis (Princeton), Reed and Lueder (Cornell). There is very little difference one way or the other among the first three of this class; rarely do we see four as splendid specimens as Hare, Brown, Burden, Boal, of that type of college athlete and sportsman whom we all love;—three honored and beloved names of the same type stand out on my paper like lamps in the night as I write—Frank Hallowell, Herbert Alward, Marshall Newell—all three sons of Harvard, and the last two gone to their final resting-place.

Because of his physical strength, his gains with the ball, and his play in his position, Boal, I think, is clearly entitled to the other guard position on the national team, and Brown and Burden appear to be equally entitled to the vacancies on the substitute team. Reed has done better work than his college-mate Lueder, who all the season appears to have been satisfied with his own game, and though doing fairly well in big events, nevertheless f[illegible] considerably short of his capabilities.

FILLING TACKLE POSITIONS has given a severe wrench to my sentiments, which persistently demanded that Haughton be given one of the places. But Chamberlin and Hillebrand are so pre-eminent that even the marvellously well directed punting of Haughton is no warrant for displacing either of them. Moreover, the All-America team cannot afford to bring back a tackle to do the punting, and with Romeyn, McBride, and Daly in the back field, the '98 national team seems to need kicking ability least of all things.

Haughton is a first-class man in the position of tackle, though not so good as either of those chosen; but in running with the ball Haughton is of little value, while both Chamberlin and Hillebrand are strong ground-gainers.

In the actual playing of his position Haughton is no better than Donald (Harvard) or Foy (West Point). In fact, nothing but superior coaching has put any one of these tackles, in my opinion, ahead of Foy this year. So far as natural ability is concerned, the West-Pointer has no superiors playing the game to-day. Coaching is all he needs to make him one of the stars of American football.

And speaking of West Point suggests comment on the skill and patience and sportsmanship which Lieutenant Palmer Pierce, U.S.A., revealed in the fulfilment of the somewhat trying and intricate functions that obtain in the management of the Military Academy elevens. They have boards and red-tape and things at West Point which no manager elsewhere has to encounter, and that Mr. Pierce steered through them all without a clash, and with no civilian suspecting their existence, is evidence of executive and diplomatic ability.

Carnett (Univ. of Penn.) stands next to those already named, and in ground-gaining perhaps leads them all, though that happens because of Univ. of Penn.'s weak back field, and the consequent more frequent employment of line men in advancing the ball. Both Foy and Chamberlin are stronger ground-gainers than Carnett, and all are stronger on the defensive. Sweetland (Cornell), Geer (Princeton), Stillman (Yale), are about of a class in order of merit named. I am satisfied now, in the light of fuller observation, that my earlier comment this season on Sweetland did him injustice; certainly in the Univ. of Penn. game, which is Cornell's one of most importance, Sweetland's work shone above that of any other individual on the team. He seemed always to be with the ball, and he decidedly outplayed his vis-à-vis; what team-work Cornell revealed Sweetland fitted to his place harmoniously.

There were no guards or tackles in the West up to the All-America class.

THE BEST END OF THE YEAR was unquestionably Hallowell (a good old name for Harvard), who approached very near to the standard of that famous namesake of '94. He played a hard heady game throughout the season without injury and without serious fault; on the defensive he went into the play with rare precision and tackled unerringly; on kicks he got under the ball with speed and accuracy. There is not much to influence choice among Palmer and Poe (Princeton), Folwell (Univ. of Penn.), and Cochrane (Harvard). Palmer is the fastest, and in the style of game shown this year that appears to be one of the most important attributes of the end. He and Poe are also the lightest, and in the manner of game played a few years ago, I should displace them in favor of either Folwell or Cochrane. But the ends are not used, as formerly, on the defensive, and weight counts for less nowadays than speed and activity. Folwell was very strong on the defensive—perhaps the strongest of the lot. Poe was lucky in having the opportunity, and active enough to seize upon it, for making, on a fumble in the Yale game, a ninety-five-yard run which gave Princeton her only touch-down, and has tended to a popular overestimate of Poe's ability as an end rusher. Cochrane's work was very good indeed; were he a little more dependable always, he would have made the national team this year. When at his best, none is better save Hallowell.

Farley (Harvard), Hedges (Univ. of Penn.), Smith (West Point), Snow and Bennett (Michigan), are five other ends who have shown possibilities of high class; Farley looks like an especially promising end; Snow is the "find" of the Middle West.

Meretricious sporting columns of several members of the "yellow" class have attempted to sensationalize in the direction of football accidents in '98; as a matter of fact, the reports that come to me from California to Maine, and from Michigan to Mississippi emphasize a general increase in playing numbers and skill, and a decrease in accidents.

Before closing my review of the Eastern season I wish to single out for commendation Brown's adoption this year of the graduate coaching system; it is one that has done much for others, and will do a great deal for Brown. Besides it is after all the only manner of developing a genuine spirit of sport for its own sake.

COMPARATIVE SCORES OF THE MIDDLE-WESTERN FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1898.

| | Michigan. | Chicago. | Wisconsin. | Illinois. | Minnesota. | Northwestern. | Oberlin. | Purdue. | Notre Dame. | Beloit. | Chicago P. & S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Michigan | | 12–11, Nov. 24. | | 12–5, Nov. 12. | | 6–5, Nov. 5. | | | 23–0, Oct. 22. | 22–0, Nov. 19. | |
| | | | | | | 34–5, Oct. 22. | | 17–0, Nov. 5. | | 21–0, Oct. 15. | 22–0, Oct. 8. |
| Chicago | 11–12, Nov. 24. | | 6–0, Nov. 12. | | 29–0, Oct. 29. | 47–0, Nov. 24. | | | | 17–0, Oct. 22. | |
| Wisconsin | | 0–6, Nov. 12. | | | 11–10, Nov. 24. | | | | 0–5, Oct. 8. | | 6–11, Oct. 1. |
| Illinois | 5–12, Nov. 12. | | | | | 17–6, Nov. 12. | | | | 17–11, Oct. 8. | 11–8, Oct. 15. |
| Minnesota | | | 0–29, Oct. 29. | 10–11, Nov. 24. | 6–17, Nov. 12. | | | | | | |
| Northwestern | 5–6, Nov. 5. | 5–34, Oct. 22. | 0–47, Nov. 24. | | | | | 10–0, Nov. 24. | | | |
| Oberlin | | | | | | | 0–10, Nov. 24. | | | | |
| Purdue | | 0–17, Nov. 5. | | | | | | | | | |
| Notre Dame | 0–23, Oct. 22. | | | 5–0, Oct. 8. | | 11–17, Oct. 8. | | | | | |
| Beloit | 0–22, Nov. 19. | 0–21, Oct. 15. | 0–17, Oct. 22. | | | 2–11, Oct. 15. | | | | | |
| Chicago P. & S. | | 0–22, Oct. 5. | | 11–6, Oct. 1. | | | 0–5, Oct. 22. | | | | |
| Univ. of Cincinnati | | | | | | | | | | | |

Generally speaking, the West believed the odds overwhelmingly favored Chicago. Chicago had crushed Northwestern. A fortnight later Northwestern had all but beaten Michigan, 5–6. Man for man, Chicago was more experienced, and, save at the ends, had shown far better form than Michigan. And then there was the heretofore irresistible advantage of Herschberger. Until they met Chicago the Michigan team of '98 had had no crucial test. It was a pretty green team, all things considered, and the question was how it would hold together on defence. Practically half were Freshmen.

Chicago, on the other hand, had gone through a long schedule, mostly of victories by big scores, and had the prestige and experience acquired by her 11–28 game against Univ. of Penn.

Michigan's previous games had shown lack of team-work. Chicago had insensibly eased her practice in the last week, for the men, despite themselves, were confident of victory. But all that does not detract from Michigan's showing, or alter the fact that the eleven made remarkable improvement—in a word, secured team-play—in the last days of its practice.

If the first ten minutes of the game were inauspicious for Michigan's green team, there was no telling by how much she would lose. Chicago realized this, and, taking the ball from the kick-off, played her fastest game, reaching Michigan's thirty-five-yard mark under five minutes. Here Herschberger failed in his first attempt at kicking a goal from the field.

IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR CONTESTS, in many respects, the West has developed. The first half did not bring out the best football of which either team was capable. Fumbling by Chicago more than offset the start she had secured by cleverly executed trick plays, and the same fumbles, aided by Herschberger's poor punting at critical moments, led to Michigan's first touch-down. Herschberger tried twice for fairly easy goals from the field, one by drop-kick, and the other by placement-kick, and each time he failed. Then toward the end of the half, on his most difficult try for a goal, he scored from the forty-three-yard line in masterly style.

Toward the middle of the first half Chicago was forced to punt from her forty-yard line. Cavanaugh passed the ball several feet over Herschberger's head, and the full-back had but an instant to recover it when both Michigan ends were upon him. Herschberger made a mess of his next punt, and Michigan took the ball twenty yards for a touch-down. From this point Michigan's green men had no lack of self-confidence, and Chicago saw the possibility of defeat. Herschberger's handsome goal near the end of the first half gave Chicago new confidence, but this was more than offset by Widman's sixty-five-yard run in the second half for Michigan's second touch-down, and for which Herschberger and Chicago's left end must be held accountable. Both were inexcusably drawn into the centre.

WIDMAN'S RUN WAS STIRRING. He wriggled loose from two tacklers at the line, and outran three others before reaching Chicago's goal, with two Chicago men almost on him and another left under his feet five yards back. Clever work by the Michigan ends, Snow and Captain Bennett, overcame the advantage Chicago had in Herschberger's punting. Chicago's ends were never down in line, and McLean ran the ball back for Michigan a good distance every time.

Chicago's only touch-down, made with five minutes of the game left, was earned by the only lasting display the team made of its best offensive work. In fact, Chicago's exhibition in gathering herself together so close to the end of the game, and hammering through Michigan's left side for a touch-down, was, in a way, the feature of the day. Her full-back, Slaker, carried the ball in four out of five plays, that gained twenty-seven yards in all. That brace left her only one point behind.

The game was played on a dry field, in perfect weather, and before the most enthusiastic and best-informed crowd (10,000) a Western game has yet attracted. Not in the Coliseum this time, for that is gone, thankfully, but on Marshall Field, the grounds of Chicago University. The Chicago-Wisconsin game, twelve days earlier, drew an equal number of spectators.

ALL-WESTERN ELEVEN FOR '98.

O'Dea (Wisconsin), full-back.
Caley (Michigan) and Slaker (Chicago), half-backs.
Kennedy (Chicago), quarter-back.
Cunningham (Michigan), centre.
Rogers (Chicago) and Bunge (Beloit), guards.
Steckle (Michigan) and Bothne (Northwestern), tackles.
Snow (Michigan) and Bennett (Michigan), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

IN THE LINE.

McLain (Illinois), Webb (Chicago), Anderson (Wisconsin).

BACK OF THE LINE.

Ryan (Northwestern), McLean (Michigan), Widman (Michigan).

Western readers will remember that in choosing this eleven the same standard of eligibility, ethics, sportsmanship, etc., is required as obtains in the choice of the All-America team.

THE 1898 SCHEDULE OF FOOTBALL GAMES among the universities of the Middle West happened to be so arranged that those with mind ever turning to "championships" will this year have satisfying evidence to their liking. By winning from Chicago on Thanksgiving day, Michigan's unbeaten eleven earned the title to first honors in that section, though the score (12–11) indicates the margin for speculation among the unprejudiced.

*Further discussion of Middle-Western and Missouri Valley football continued next week.*

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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### WASHINGTON.

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December 27 is the date selected for the Personally Conducted Holiday Tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the National Capital, including the Congressional Library and the new Corcoran Art Gallery. Round-trip rate, covering all necessary expenses for the entire time absent, transportation, hotel accommodations, guides, etc., $14.50 from New York, $13.50 from Trenton, and $11.50 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—NO. 2193. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 31, 1898

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## "WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES,"

*A new Serial Story, by* H. G. WELLS, *author of "The War of the Worlds," will begin next week. "The Awkward Age," by* HENRY JAMES, *will be concluded in the same number, which will be sent free of charge to all whose subscriptions expire with the present volume.*

MR. BRYAN talks like the orator that he is when he advises that the treaty of peace be ratified, and that then Congress talk about the evil after the evil has been accomplished. We are more inclined to agree with what is said to be the attitude of Speaker REED, which is to fight the whole proposition while it is before the Senate. After the treaty is ratified, there is only one duty for patriotic citizens. We may intend to keep the Philippines for good and all, and in the end to obtain Cuba. Whether this is to be the end of our efforts or not, the first duty of the United States is to provide good government for our new possessions, whether the new governments are to be temporary or permanent, and this task will require all the political energy and intelligence of the country. Time devoted to discussion as to whether we had better hand back the islands after they have been taken by this treaty will be time wasted. Then they will be ours, to be governed by us permanently, or to be returned to the native populations when we are satisfied that these are prepared for self-government. It will be the duty of patriots, after the ratification of the treaty, to accept the task imposed upon the United States, as it was their duty to sustain the government after the war was declared.

ON another page of this issue of the WEEKLY will be found a picture of the Common Council of the city of Chicago. It was supposed for some time that this Council was controlled by a majority of its members, who constituted what was known as the "gang," and who were in turn controlled by the street railway companies, who were seeking a fifty-year franchise in the streets of the city. Mayor HARRISON has made a vigorous and successful war upon the combination, and the other day defeated the project of the railway companies by having it referred to the City Hall Committee, which never reports. Mayor HARRISON has always appeared to us to be a good deal of a demagogue, but he is certainly winning golden opinions from the best people of Chicago and Illinois generally, and seems to be the only man upon whom good citizens can unite with any hope of success in the war against ALTGELD and TANNER, whose control in the two parties, and whose kind of politics, have long disgraced the State of Illinois. We are in constant receipt of letters from Illinois from citizens of the best character, indicating that Mayor HARRISON, demagogue though he may have been and still may be, is so much superior to the present Governor and his predecessor that he may eventually become the reform candidate for the nomination against ALTGELD, and for election against TANNER. It is due to him to say that his successful struggle against the corrupt element of Chicago's Common Council is vastly to his credit for ability and fearlessness.

WE note that one of the leading reasons which have pushed this country towards the taking of the Philippines is the desire to share in the commercial partition of China. There are evidently two forces at work, one of which must triumph and the other fail, directed to the opening of China to European commerce. One of these is embodied in Russia, which, probably with France, is looking toward the physical dismemberment of the empire. The other is British, which is seeking to preserve the integrity of the empire, but to open it to commerce with all the nations of the world. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is the principal agent of England in this task, for he is moving among the merchants and treating with the political powers simply as the representative of Great Britain's commerce. We have information which leads us to believe that Lord BERESFORD is meeting with a good deal of difficulty, but on the whole is succeeding, and that he would be greatly aided if the political and diplomatic powers of his government would adopt a fixed policy toward China. Politically Russia has now a great advantage over England and all the other countries operating upon China; but if there should be a commercial alliance between the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Japan, which would guarantee the integrity of China and keep the door open to all, Russian designs would be defeated, and the cause of commerce and civilization would be enormously advanced. There is no way in which Mr. HAY may so distinguish his administration of the State Department as in bringing about such a commercial alliance, and we are sure that he would have the assistance and sympathy of Great Britain in his efforts, and the active aid of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD.

IT is perhaps well for Admiral SCHLEY that his report of the operations of his squadron was not made public until the sharp edge has been worn off the public's memory as to the actual facts in the case. This report is dated May 30, and makes no explanation of Admiral SCHLEY'S failure to leave Cienfuegos and go to Santiago beyond what is known through the official despatches already published. One paragraph alone is worthy of special mention. It seems to have been written to meet the criticism that was sure to be visited upon his signalled intention to leave CERVERA'S squadron unblockaded and to proceed to Key West for coal. Admiral SCHLEY repeats the story of his fears as to his inability to coal at sea—fears that turned out to be entirely unjustified—but adds that his intention in standing westward was "to bar any effort of the enemy to reach Havana by a dash through the Yucatan Passage." This only adds to the mystery surrounding the movements of SCHLEY'S squadron, which still seem to indicate that the admiral was more intent upon avoiding the enemy than finding him; nor does it meet the fatal fact that, contrary to his orders, Admiral SCHLEY signalled to his squadron to proceed to Key West, and telegraphed to the department as follows:

> Much to be regretted cannot obey order of department. Have striven earnestly. Forces to proceed for coal to Key West by way of Yucatan Passage. Cannot ascertain anything respecting enemy positively.

In view of the fact that the information sent him that the enemy was at Santiago was correct; that his denial of the information was not based upon any counter-information nor upon any serious investigation; that his own despatch to the department shows that he was not proceeding to the Yucatan Passage to establish a defence against the enemy, of whose location he professed not to be aware, but that he was on his way to Key West—Admiral SCHLEY'S report leaves him in even a worse position than the reports already published. This case is one to be greatly regretted, for, so far as we understand it, SCHLEY'S conduct is the one blot upon the otherwise magnificent record which the navy made in the war. His troubled conscience and his remorse are probably sufficient punishment for him; but it is for the interest of the country and of the navy, if SCHLEY has not a better defence than that which he has offered in his report, that no honors be visited upon him in obedience to the dictates of popular clamor. Discipline and enthusiasm in any military service are best stimulated by just rewards for honors fairly won, and are most easily destroyed and injured by unjust rewards, given either at the dictation of politicians or in obedience to noisy demands of people who do not fully understand the facts or comprehend their significance.

MEN who have been prominent in maintaining protective tariffs are now urging the necessity of keeping the Asiatic markets open to American commerce. If the Philippines are to be kept as closed markets to the rest of the world under a tariff framed in Washington for the purpose of securing the Philippine market to our manufacturers, such a policy is certain to fail. England has not obtained a supremacy in Asiatic markets through her free port of Hong-kong, and had it been a closed port, protected by a tariff that discouraged the commerce of other countries, that island would never have become of importance. Even as it is, open to the shipping and produce of the world, it is Asiatic merchandise and commerce that make it one of the greatest of ports. Where England has accomplished more has been in developing the trade and industry of her Indian Empire. It is no longer Manchester yarn and cloth that find favor on the continent of Asia, with its apparently little known and illimitable possibilities of consumption, but it is the yarn and cloth of India. The kindred tastes of Indian and Chinese have proved a far more potent instrument for gaining entrance to the interior markets than any temptations offered or concessions secured by London or Manchester. So Japan is in a position to secure a larger share of the continental market than the English could ever gain *vid* Hong-kong, or the French by way of Tongking. Possessed of the Philippines, our manufacturers would not be in the same position as the Indian or the Japanese with respect to the greatest market of Asia. The English mills have been beaten because they could not import their raw cotton from the United States or India, manufacture it into cloth or yarn, and export it to Bombay in the hope of being able to undersell the native manufacturer having his raw material at his door, and an abundance of low-priced labor. Even with Tagals in our mills the question of the cost of the raw material and transportation would be important; and if Indian cotton and Filipinos were used, where is the benefit to the American working-man? Cotton goods are only a type of all products designed for those Eastern markets. It has been shown again and again that American cottons cannot be sold in foreign markets in competition with the cottons of England or of Germany. Nor would a protected colony like the Philippines enable them to be sold in Asia without employing the cheapest materials and the cheapest labor, neither of which would be American. To open Asia other methods must be used. Germany has experienced no difficulty in building up an enormous export trade in directions where English goods were thought to enjoy a monopoly. Even in Asia the German merchant sells his wares in ever-increasing quantities. He has done this not by colonial settlements, but by an intelligent study of markets and their needs. This is the true way of obtaining "open markets."

## IMPERIALISM AND THE PEOPLE.

THE WEEKLY has been asked to explain why it has expressed the opinion that the annexation of the Philippines is "as honest an expression of humane sentiment on the part of the American people as the war itself." We had already stated that the fact that this sentiment was the expression of the majority of the people had been assumed by the President. Whether this assumption is correct we did not and do not know, but we still have confidence in our frequently stated opinion that even if the majority is now in favor of expansion discussion would probably change public opinion as it has frequently in the past turned back the spreading tide of error and led the people to a right and sane view, for there are no people in the world with whom reason is more potent than the native citizens of the United States, as it is a true that no people are sooner possessed of n and visionary notions, especially if there is a ton of romance in them, than some Americans who family roots have been longest in the soil.

From the beginning of the clamor for war until now that the treaty of peace has been sign HARPER'S WEEKLY has continually professed faith in the virtues of the people whose aro passions made the war possible, and whose ho able feelings have now induced the Presiden take the Philippines. It was opposed to the because it believed that the cause of it was inve by foolish men and grasping politicians and n papers, the last two for their own gain, the because they were easily deceived. It has against extension because it believes that th tempt to govern distant possessions and barb and alien people under our present system o ernment will bring harm to the republic, an discredit the cause of democracy throughou world. We are so confident in this belief th are ready to say that no man who believes mocracy intelligently—no man who knows tues, which ought to be perpetuated for th fare of humanity, and its limitations, that m good as well as for evil—can be an expan No movement that has ever yet been imag sordid politicians or grasping speculators, a has been fanned into flames by the public i in our view, so un-American as this reach after colonies. We believe that it is n Europe instead of moving along the line traditions and our history, and we deny dignation the paltry invention that our tions have made us morbid and small. WEEKLY regards the United States, as it

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it was before the war, as the finest political and social organization that man has ever invented.

While all this is true, it does not follow that the American people who are in favor of keeping the Philippines are greedy promise-breakers. There are thousands of them who believe that while expansion will do us great harm, and will tax our institutions and our system of government severely, there is no way of escape from the responsibilities that have been thrust upon us. They hold that we cannot give back to Spain that of which the natives have already taken an important part, and the whole of which they are likely to take if the United States troops and ships are withdrawn. They believe, too, that the rule of Spain there, as in Cuba, has been barbarous, and that the natives are not fit to govern themselves. There are Christian people, also, who believe that the rule of the United States will aid in the civilization and Christianization of the idolatrous savages of the islands. These people refuse to discuss the danger to our own institutions and civilization from expansion. They think, whatever that danger may be, American genius and perseverance and American character will overcome it. The President has heard these people, and he believes that they form the majority, and that their opinion stands for the opinion of the whole country. It is a dangerous assumption for him to make, because those who make the most uproar in this country are likely not to be the wisest, and are often really in the minority. If, for instance, the decision between Mr. McKINLEY and Mr. BRYAN, in 1896, had been made upon the basis of the noise that followed after railroad trains, Mr. BRYAN would now be in the White House. However that may be, most of the people who are expressing themselves in favor of expansion—we naturally bar the politicians, who are talking for their own advantage—are honest, patriotic, and generous, and chief among them are men and women of the purest American blood, from that old New England stock which supplied the incentive and the excitement for the abolition movement, and for all the chivalric causes which rank among the "fads" of a time, to develop occasionally into a noble forward impulse, by reason of which humanity is blessed. It is now as it was at the breaking out of the war. Notwithstanding the ignoble means by which the passions of the people were then aroused, those passions were righteous, and the people who were swayed by them conscientiously and firmly believed that they were engaged in the holy cause of humanity. And now the people who have called out to Mr. McKINLEY to take the Philippines, until he hears no other voice in the land, believe most sincerely that it is the duty of the country to take the islands in order to save the savages from the brutality of Spain and from their own barbarism. Let us repeat, we are not now speaking of the politicians and of those who see money for themselves in the Philippines, or of those who are looking forward to the building up in this country of a military empire, and who wish us to take our place side by side with the backward-trending governments of Continental Europe, and, with them, to participate in the partition of China and the looting of all the tropics, but we are speaking of the plain American citizen who believes in his country and his government, who thinks sincerely that we can undertake any task, and come out of it in the end to our own advantage and to the profit of all with whom we come in contact; who has faith in the efficacy of foreign missions, and who considers himself fully able to protect himself and his fellows from any evil that may come to him or his country. This man we respect most profoundly, and feel a warm attachment for, even when we differ from him radically, as we do on this subject of expansion. He is the man who is entitled to the credit of American progress, for he has developed himself to his best estate, and has flourished under institutions which have left him free to do so. He is the man who wears our uniform in both the regular and the volunteer services, and does his duty by his country, as he is willing to do it now by distant savages, whose very presence as parts of the United States will, we fear, greatly endanger his well-being. But that, in the end, the republic will accommodate itself to its changed conditions, will overcome the difficulties that will beset it at the outset, and will govern its distant colonies without surrendering any of its own democratic principles that are essential, we do not doubt, and have never doubted. The experiment will be costly, and the return may be nothing. We will probably go through much suffering from the militarism that must be established and from the wars that are likely to fall to our lot, but in the end we shall find again the pathway on which we were moving forward, and we shall resume the old route at the point at which we departed from it when expansion and imperialism were thrust upon us. Democracy is not to die out, nor its great exemplar to fall to pieces, because of the unfruitful experiment which we are about to make in Asiatic waters.

## LIKE THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALASIA.

WE have taken the Philippines from Spain; the question now is what are we going to do with them? In one form or another this question is being asked everywhere, and it must be admitted that none could be more timely or important; it may be added that none could be more significant. A few months ago we went to war that we might secure freedom and independence for the people of Cuba from the foreign control of Spain; we have ended it by taking upon our own shoulders the burden of something greater than Cuba, six thousand miles from our shores, without one clear idea of what we are going to do with it. Day by day, indeed, the public is regaled with the latest opinions of Senators and the most authentic intelligence as to the views of the Executive of the country on the subject, but so far the principal interest of these is to be found in their vagueness.

Nothing could illustrate this peculiarity better than one of the suggestions which have reappeared on several occasions as representing the mind of the President on the question how to deal with the Philippines. Let us give them a government—so the proposal runs—like that which England has given her Australian colonies, and let this country exercise no more control over the Filipinos in their exercise of self-government than Great Britain does over the people of Australia. At the first glance the proposal is an attractive one. The success of England's great colonizing experiments in the South Pacific is admitted. She has no anxieties about their present management or future prosperity, nor has she any reason to doubt their strong and loyal attachment to herself, which results, among other things, in securing her the lion's share of all they have to give in the way of trade and commerce. If such a state of things could only be brought about in the Philippines it is evident that a heavy blow would have been struck at all criticism of the policy of expansion, while many troublesome questions would die a natural death. Nothing could be more desirable; it is the more vexatious that nothing could be imagined more utterly impracticable and visionary.

To control the Philippines as England controls her Australasian colonies means to leave them uncontrolled. This is done safely by Great Britain because the people of Australasia are as thoroughly English as the people of England, and, in fact, represent the best and most capable type of the self-governing Briton. To-day England exercises no control over the taxation, the fiscal policy, or the internal affairs and legislation of Australia any more than the colonists of Australia do over what is done in England in those respects. She defends the commerce of Australia with her fleets, but she does not land a company of British soldiers in its territories, nor has she even nominally the smallest control over the local forces embodied in each of the colonies for local protection. The secret of the success of the English method in Australia is that she has been dealing with her own people, men who inherited her language, laws, and ideas.

It may be said emphatically that there is not one point of resemblance between the position of the Australian colonists and the mixed population of the Philippines. For the most part the Filipinos are simply savages, with a tincture of superstition. Possibly half a million out of seven millions and a half of the inhabitants have more or less idea of civilization as we understand the word, but that is the highest praise that can be fairly given them. They know nothing of liberty by experience, and, if possible, less than nothing of self-government; their leaders are generally half-castes, with a very full share of all the defects that so commonly cling to the race; they have not an idea of enlightened rule either for themselves or others, and, as a matter of course, they have neither regard nor affection for ourselves, except in so far as we are represented by the strong arm and the mailed fist. To talk of setting up any such relations between America and a people like this as exist between England and her colonies, inhabited by her most enterprising and energetic sons, is to talk something worse than nonsense. Only free men can use free institutions; only men with the unconscious training of generations of orderly, law-abiding citizens are capable of any such political relationships as exist between England and her Australian colonies. Not years, but centuries would be needed to bring the Filipinos to any such standard as this, and they must be centuries of just and enlightened and strong-handed guardianship. Not England in Australia, but England in India and Ceylon, must necessarily be the model of any effective dealing with the millions of the thousand islands, the control of which we have so light-heartedly made ourselves responsible for. There is nothing to be gained by shutting our eyes to facts, and less than nothing to be accomplished by blundering forward ignorantly. If we are finally to be committed to Oriental imperialism, the part of common-sense will be to set ourselves to the task of drilling a savage people into civilization.

## THE EDUCATIONAL CAREER.

THE presidency of Yale University recently became vacant through the resignation of Dr. DWIGHT. The question of the succession is attracting general attention, not only among the great number of alumni and friends of the institution, but also with the general public. It is widely felt to be a matter of far more than local concern, and there is national interest in the discussion now in progress.

This incident illustrates at once the changed position of the educator in the estimation of the public, and the possibilities of the educational career. Two or three generations ago a vacancy in the presidency of either Harvard or Yale meant simply the choice of a new man from a small class. The college president must be, first of all, a clergyman. Nobody who was not a clergyman was eligible to the position. Colleges had been established primarily for the training of youth to become ministers, and clergymen were considered the best persons to supervise such training. Young men often start out in life with an ambition to fill some particular position. The youth who aspired to a college presidency in the early part of this century knew that he must be ordained to the ministry before he could reach it.

The old tradition no longer rules. Harvard and Columbia and Cornell, not to go beyond universities in the East, have presidents who never acquired the right to prefix the title of "Reverend" to their names. Although clergymen constitute a majority of the Yale corporation, nobody supposes that they will insist upon having a clergyman as Dr. DWIGHT'S successor. The range of choice has been widened, until one finds lawyers and judges mentioned as possible candidates.

It is obvious therefore that the youth who has a taste for the educator's life may now look forward to the highest place in this field without the necessity of becoming a clergyman on the way. Nor is it reckoned essential that a college president shall be a profound student or a recognized authority in some department, as in the last century he had to be well versed in theology. CHARLES W. ELIOT has been the most successful college president of his generation, but although an excellent instructor, he was not a great light in chemistry when he was promoted from a professorship in that science to the charge of Harvard's wide interests, thirty years ago.

It is an infinitely wider and more attractive field which the modern university offers than that of the primitive college. This was at best little more than a training-school for the ministry, and the training which it gave was along pretty narrow lines. Our larger institutions are now coming to furnish really good instruction in a variety of subjects. Not only has the academical department been greatly broadened, but scientific, law, theological, and medical schools have sprung up or grown far beyond their old proportions, and the time is approaching when one may hope to pursue any branch of study in our chief universities.

As the institution becomes more dignified and effective, the place of the professor becomes more inviting, and what is perhaps most encouraging of all, the public is coming to regard the educator more highly. The remarkable increase in the custom of making large gifts to educational institutions in recent years, coming as such gifts often do from those who regret the lack of a college training themselves, is a proof that "practical men" are more and more realizing the necessity to the nation of intellectual training. The professor may still be dubbed by some "a mere doctrinaire," but the member of a college faculty who has something to say worth a hearing can command an audience.

In the new era upon which the nation is entering, the universities must have a wider scope and a wider influence if we are not to make shipwreck. "What will the university do for the community?" asked President ELIOT in his inaugural address at Cambridge nearly thirty years ago, and he thus answered his question: "First, it will make a rich return of learning, poetry, and piety. Secondly, it will foster the sense of public duty—that great virtue which makes republics possible." To become a leader in work which makes for such ends as these is a career that should satisfy a lofty ambition.

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Governor Johnston. President McKinley. Principal Booker T. Washington.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE PROCESSION—TUSKEGEE.




SOME OF THE TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE FLOATS IN THE PARADE—TUSKEGEE.



PRIZE-WINNING DECORATED CARRIAGE—ATLANTA.



GIRLS MARCHING IN REVIEW—TUSKEGEE.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S SOUTHERN TRIP—SCENES DURING HIS VISITS TO TUSKEGEE AND ATLANTA.—[SEE PAGE 1299.]

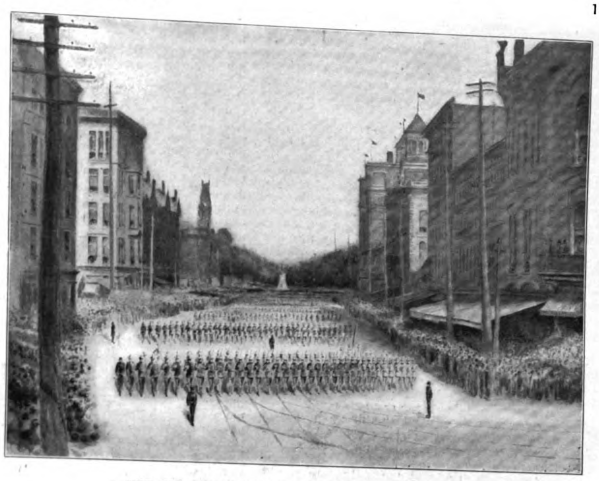
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PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE FLORAL PARADE.



THE PROCESSION COMING DOWN MARIETTA STREET.




ATLANTA FIRE DEPARTMENT FLOAT.



THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S SOUTHERN TRIP—THE CELEBRATION AT ATLANTA.—[See Page 1299.]

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# THE MONEY OF PUERTO RICO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Puerto Rico has been the financial plaything of Spain in the past. Many different monetary schemes have been foisted on the unresisting island, which—unlike its sister province, Cuba—has never had the courage to revolt against the outrages and impositions of political machinations.

The financial system has always been on a silver basis, though it is said that thirty years ago an exceedingly small amount of gold coin was in circulation.

Prior to 1874 the silver coin of the United States was the standard and current medium of exchange, but in that year a trick was played on poor Puerto Rico by a French banking firm, headed by a man named Hermua. The slaves of the island were freed by a governmental edict, and indemnity bonds were issued by Spain to the former slaveholders, payable upon presentation, at a definite amount per black head. Then, as now, the landholders —very few in proportion to the total population—held the major portion of the money in the island, the slave getting nothing for his labor, and the poor man practically living from hand to mouth.

To meet this bond issue the Spanish government resorted to a cash-raising scheme, by which an arrangement with the French banker Hermua and a few of his banking friends was effected, this firm agreeing to pay off the slave indemnity in silver coin. What nation's silver currency was to be the medium was not stated in the contract, and consequently Mexico's silver dollars were used, which possessed actually more weight in silver than the United States dollars, though worth only some sixty-two cents. The result was the flooding of Puerto Rico with depreciated Mexican silver, through which an immense profit was secured by the French firm, and possibly by the official circles of the law-makers of Spain.

The steps which naturally followed were the paying for all labor in cheap Mexican silver by the limited number of large money-holders on the island, the hoarding of American silver, and its ultimate exchange for Mexican silver, which to all intents and purposes expanded, for the time being, the currency of the island, and made it possible for land-owners to pay all their debts in Mexican silver, at an apparent profit to themselves.

Little thought seems to have been given to the complications which would arise in foreign exchange; but, for that matter, it is hardly probable that the tide of cheaper money could have been stemmed, as the natural law is for dearer money to disappear by hoarding or in exchange with foreign countries. It is said that many United States silver pieces were punctured to prevent their leaving the island, but it is difficult to see what beneficial result could arise from recourse to such a scheme. In two years' time the silver of Puerto Rico had changed from the United States to a Mexican silver basis.

For ten years the Mexican silver reigned supreme. There was a subsidiary copper currency, which was Spanish, but aside from this, all money was Mexican silver. By 1884 the Spanish government had evolved a new financial intrigue, which was to produce results advantageous to the official machine. All Mexican silver was called in by the home government, and a temporary paper exchange-note was issued, payable in a new silver currency, to be called the Puerto Rico peso. It was claimed to be distinctly honorable and patriotic for the Treasury Department of Spain to desire a silver piece for her colonies which should bear the stamp of the ruling country.

In round numbers, six million Mexican dollars were called in, and six million pesos were issued from the re-minting. The outrage lay in the fact that instead of each coin weighing as much as the original piece turned in, the new peso was almost a sixth lighter in weight, making a rake-off for the Spanish government of over a million, not counting the few odd hundred thousand dollars which were never paid. The uncomplaining islanders meekly accepted the new coin, without even a formal protest.

It was then made a penal offence to import the Mexican dollar to Puerto Rico, and the few remaining pieces had to be carefully examined as to date before being accepted in commercial exchange.

For fourteen years the peso has been the sole money of the island, but a new crisis has been reached to-day by the advent of the American army in the island and by the change of government. The new problem has perturbed the native population from end to end of the island, and a condition of unrest exists never before apparent during the many money jugglings which have hitherto been perpetrated.

A few days after General Miles had landed his troops on the southern coast of Puerto Rico, he issued a mandatory order, as military commander, that the prevailing rate of exchange should be two to one—that is, two Puerto-Rican pesos for one American silver dollar—on the assumption that a peso was worth in bullion value less than half of one dollar backed by a gold reserve in our Treasury. This was an apparently easy solution of the currency problem of Puerto Rico, unbacked as she was and is now by a superior money, but the righteousness and wisdom of such short-cuts in intricate financial tangles remain to be proved.

The six million silver pesos on the island have never, to any extent, found their way into foreign exchange, but have been confined solely to the island, representing for many commodities a definite purchasing power, quite on a par with American silver. This unique condition of affairs is largely due to the lack of a banking system approved by the Spanish government, and to a system of differential duties which favored Spain in every transaction, causing the people of Puerto Rico to import from Spain practically all the necessities of life, while the export trade from the island to other countries was paid in bills of exchange on the Spanish bank. It was a wheel within a wheel; taxation from the home government was quite sufficient to balance the profitable export trade with the imports from Spain in such a way that silver pesos never got further away than the Bank of Spain, from which they were placed in circulation again by the payment of the army and officials on the island, and by road, harbor, and fortification improvements carried on for the benefit of military and naval operations. Within the last few months the Puerto-Rican peso has been honored for the first time by Spain—from necessity, as the returning Spanish army has carried home, in wages and plunder, an unknown but large quantity of this silver, and, further, the Bank of San Juan, which was a repository of private funds and island municipal and school reserves, has been milked by Spain's officials. Ponce alone has lost, it is said, some sixty thousand pesos which were withdrawn and carried to Spain without due warrant.

The amount of actual money was so weighty in character and so limited in Puerto Rico that the banks of San Juan and Ponce, by permission of the respective municipal authorities of these towns, issued paper notes, negotiable and redeemable upon demand, with which the local business might be transacted. Neither of these paper issues had any protection from the government, and they were accepted hesitatingly, or not at all, by people residing outside of these cities. A false inflation of the paper currency of either bank was presumably prevented by a municipal law, which demanded a monthly statement of the assets, liabilities, and outstanding paper money. As any suspicion that these banks were using all their available funds and not holding sufficient reserve in silver to meet the outstanding paper would have resulted in a disastrous run upon them, it is difficult to understand what advantage the issue of paper obligations possessed, above the convenience of supplying a portable certificate in place of the weighty silver piece. One, five, and ten pesos were the usual issues, though at Ponce larger paper certificates, in the nature of a bond issue, transferable, but drawing an annual interest of one-half of one per cent., were held by the larger depositors.

I am told by native financial authorities that when, for specific purposes, the peso came from time to time to be exchanged for gold, the accepted rate was 150 in favor of gold, though at times it has been as low as 112. Again, it is said that to-day, since the honoring of the peso in Spain, it is possible, by shipping the silver peso to the United States, to arrange a draft exchange for Spanish gold at 150, with an added five per cent. commission, creating thus an exchange rate of 155. If this is strictly true, then the rate arbitrarily set by General Miles would seem to be unfair, and likely to prove a dire hardship to a million of helpless people, to whom we are holding out the promise of future prosperity and the happiness of a broad-gauge government, such as they have never before known.

In spite of the edict, and the fact that all the custom-houses on the island in the hands of military collectors of customs, as well as the new post-office, hold that a peso paid in duties and postage is only half the value of an American dollar, the business men of the island have been able to run this rate down as low as 150, and refuse to give in return for an American dollar more than one peso and a half Puerto-Rican.

Many interesting complications have arisen due to this varying exchange. For example: Ponce, which is perhaps the most Americanized city on the island in ways and means, led the crusade against two to one, and has set 150 as the prevailing rate. San Juan, the capital on the northern side, was slower in scaling down, and paid, for a week after the evacuation, 180 for American gold, 175 for all kinds of our paper certificates, and 165 for our silver. Why they should discriminate against one form of our currency more than another in San Juan remains to be explained. The rate there to-day has been reduced to a uniform 160; or ten centavos more is paid at the capital than at Ponce for the American dollar.

At Caguas the military commander demanded 175, notifying the alcalde that all stores would be closed unless this rate was allowed, and so it was paid under protest, until about November 1. The merchants all rightly insisted that they were injured by being forced to buy their supplies and to exchange their American money in San Juan at a rate of 160, while their selling price had been unjustly lowered some ten per cent. by their having to accept American silver at 175 upon demand. Colonel Eddy of the Forty-seventh New York ordered the Alcalde of Caguas to see that the same form of exchange is maintained, based on the precedent set by the Fourth Ohio and the First Kentucky, but the order was not enforced, and the prevailing rate has become 160.

At the island of Vieques the exchange has been kept at two to one by the order of volunteer captains in charge of single companies, though the natives of this island are obliged to purchase in cities like Ponce and San Juan at a high rate, and sell at home to Americans at a loss of twenty-five per cent.

These varying exchanges, pulled down by commercial natives and forced up by military orders, have caused a deep and pervading condition of unrest in the native's mind, as he has no stable medium of exchange, and cannot have one until the Congress of the United States shall have settled this problem.

The money-holder of the island desires that his silver shall remain as near as possible at a par with American silver; the few natives with large debts to pay wish that two to one might be the prevailing rate until the liquidation of their liabilities. Every American soldier is glad to get two pesos for a single dollar, and the postmaster grumbles because American silver is paid in for postage-stamps with greater frequency than hitherto, and in consequence he is no longer able to pay his board bills in Spanish money at a decided saving to himself.

It is possible that criticism and scandal may arise from the present monetary condition on the island, and unfortunately the most upright of men in public places are in a position to be questioned as to their disinterestedness and integrity. As an example it may be said that some 15,000 pesos were placed in the hands of a well-known firm of brokers doing business in Puerto Rico, who were selected by the President as Treasury agents and as a repository of customs collections. This firm agreed to favor all army officers, upon demand, with an exchange of two to one. This they did for several days, and then posted a notice that hereafter 160 would be the rate, explaining to military men that the original amount of Puerto-Rican silver deposited with them had become exhausted. It is quite likely that this was true; but if it was not, then this firm, which is only under obligation to return either the sums deposited with them in the original coin or their equivalent—half the amount in United States currency—has made by the transaction forty centavos on every dollar deposited.

The collectors of customs have kept long lists of names of military officers who desired to take advantage of the two-to-one valuation, and have personally disbursed their funds in exchange for American notes. Much complaint is heard in the ranks that a favored few are receiving this exchange, while the majority are forced to accept the rate set by the native tradespeople. Every customs official and every postmaster is open to the ugly imputation that he is conducting a brokerage business on his own behalf. There is nothing to prevent his doing so.

The prices of many commodities have risen in Puerto Rico, probably owing to the fact that the shopkeepers feel the need of protecting themselves against the new exchange in some way; it may be because of their ability to get more money out of the free-handed Americans. Both reasons are given by the soldiers who have lived on the island all summer, and it is further said that two prices exist—a higher one for the American and a lower one for the native; but the storekeepers deny both suggestions.

While it is probably true that the natives desire to reap as great a harvest of money as possible from the American curio-hunter, the matter of supply and demand is naturally controlling the situation. Never before has the demand for almost everything produced in Puerto Rico been so great. The Spanish soldier got eight pesos a month, when he was paid, while the ordinary private in our army gets a little over fifteen dollars, or, at the prevailing rate of exchange, three times the salary of the Spaniard, and it is paid regularly and spent freely. The Spanish officers received smaller salaries than our officers, and, besides, had the habit—most disastrous to their tradesmen—of ordering on credit and never paying; on the other hand, our officers are better livers, demand larger meals, and buy everything they see which is new and unique, paying promptly as they go.

The solution of this difficult money problem lies with Congress, and by quick and decisive action our legislators may relieve a condition which is fast making the people of our new province dissatisfied.

It may be pointed out that a serious injury would be done the Puerto-Ricans if Congress were to legislate upon the financial situation from a stand-point of bullion value. The peso is a little lighter than our dollar, and it is said that it is of less fineness, while its actual bullion value is said to be about forty-six cents at the present time. It differs from our dollar, however, weight for weight, fineness for fineness, only something like ten per cent.

If the bullion value alone were to be allowed, the money of Puerto Rico would be suddenly contracted by one-half; that is, a people to-day possessing six million silver pieces, with which they purchase their comforts and pay the laborer his daily wage, would to-morrow be reduced to three million dollars. Men who now are fairly well off would then be poor, with but one-half their accumulated savings.

It may be argued that a financial readjustment must be passed through in Puerto Rico, and that prevailing prices increase or decline to meet changes in money values, but the fact that Puerto Rico has had but six million pesos to carry on the commercial transactions of a population of a million souls, of which amount one-half is held by two banks, should not be lost sight of. The dearth of money has been the curse of the island, and among a large proportion of the poorer element the primitive method of exchanging commodity for commodity has been resorted to, whereby the poor man suffered, as usual, being forced to take, in return for his agricultural products, whatever might be offered him in manufactured articles by his more opulent neighbor, the tradesman.

Under such circumstances any policy which tends still further to decrease the purchasing power of their silver or contract their circulating medium must do a serious injustice to the natives of this island, to whom we offer the protection of a liberal government. It also means the crushing out of commercial activity among the indigenous population, and the aggrandizement of every moneyed American who may desire to invest his capital in this rich and fertile region.

As financiers, are we willing to further oppress a people who have suffered much already at the hands of rapacious rulers? Rather, as generous Americans, we should seek to so legislate as to supply the needs and insure the commercial success of these new wards of our nation.

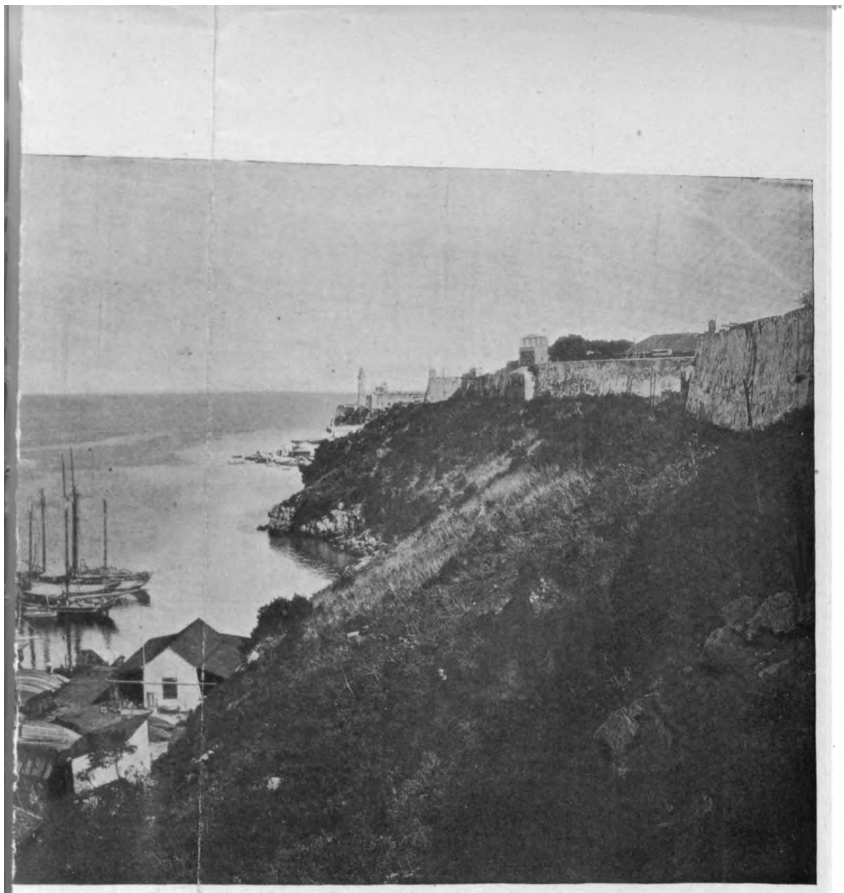
An equable solution of the problem, and one which may be reached with no particular generosity on the part of our nation, lies in the reminting, as soon as possible, of the Puerto-Rican pesos into silver dollars bearing the American eagle. Allowing 386 grains of silver for the Puerto-Rican peso and 412½ grains for the American dollar, there is a difference of some eight per cent. A fair mintage charge could hardly bring the difference between the two pieces up to more than fifteen per cent. If such a proposition were to be considered and such a law enacted, Puerto Rico would suffer a fifteen-per-cent. depreciation of her currency in remintage, securing in exchange a stable financial system endorsed by the government of the United States.

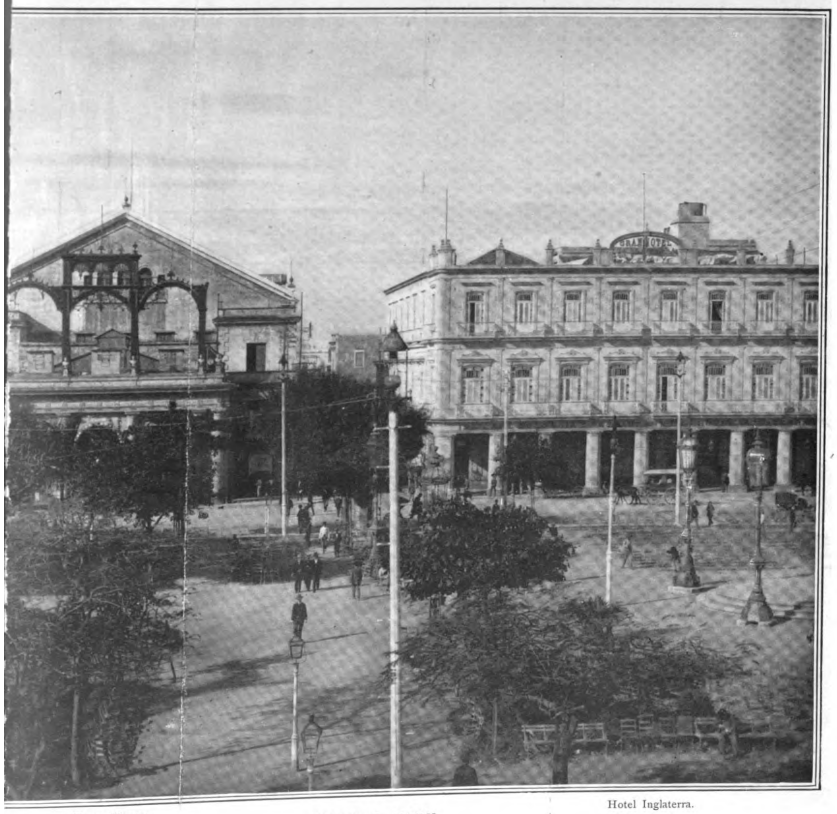
Unless we repudiate Puerto Rico's silver, any plan which is adopted must necessarily result in the ultimate absorption of the present currency of the island by the United States Treasury. This money will be returned to our Treasury through the custom-houses and post-offices at the present high rate of profit to our government—which now receives, through an arbitrary ruling, two pieces of their silver in exchange for each one of its own, though, value for value in bullion, their respective values differ but a few cents—or it will be returned at a margin of gain.

Spain has been held to be a robber because, in 1884, she recoined the Mexican silver dollar in current circulation into a lighter piece bearing her stamp, appropriating the margin for her own enrichment. What argument can be advanced to defend our government against the severest criticism for having, through military power, set an arbitrary rate of exchange, whereby every peso collected at fifty cents by our Treasury may be reminted, after the addition of five cents' worth of silver, into one of our own silver dollars?

William Dinwiddie

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

AN anonymous Boston correspondent writes on a postal-card to the artificer of this department:

You seem to have very correct instincts. I cannot but notice how important a part of "this busy world" Boston is to you.

It may be "correct instincts" or it may possibly be a symptom of the poverty of an ill-furnished mind. A conscience which sometimes suffers from self-reproach because of excessive attention paid to Boston concerns in this page of the WEEKLY excuses itself with the assurance hopefully entertained that, after all, Boston is by all odds the most interesting city of its species in the United States, and perhaps in the world. The species does not include New York or Chicago, but it does include, in a way, half a dozen very lively and important towns.

There are five cities in the country (including Brooklyn) which have more people in them than Boston has, and another (Baltimore) has almost as many, but there is no city, not even New York, which has so many Boston people in it. It must be that which makes Boston so irrepressibly important. Out of her population of half a million there must be nearly 400,000 Boston people, the majority of whom sing praises to Heaven night and morning that they are not as other folks are, and that they live in Boston, conveniently grouped to set an example to the world. Quality counts for a great deal, and Boston abounds in quality. It is a handsome, lively, self-conceited town which takes itself seriously. Life is not so interesting in America that Americans can afford to ignore such a place, or fail to inform themselves from time to time of what agitates the minds of its respected inhabitants.

What saved Mr. Savage Landor's life in Tibet was the seemingly unimportant circumstance that his fingers were webbed somewhat higher than those of ordinary men. The Tibetans, who are incorrigible cranks, discovered this peculiarity in him after they had mauled, seared, and tortured him very nearly to death, and found in it a sudden and conclusive reason for letting him live, as a person under special divine protection. It seems to have been a mistake in policy, for the stories Mr. Landor brought back to England with him are understood to have impressed his countrymen with the need of carrying the blessing of British civilization to the Lamas and their misguided parishioners. It will have to be carried a long distance up hill; but if the British make the campaign, which is said to be part of their next summer's programme, it will be the making of a great deal of interesting reading. Mr. Landor did not get to Lhassa, the capital of Tibet, but if British soldiers undertake to reach that city, there is little doubt that they will succeed. Meanwhile Mr. Landor's book, *In the Forbidden Land* (Harper's), gives pretty much all the modern information about Tibet that is available

For an effete and tired-out continent Asia is doing pretty well by literature in these days. Besides this literary crop which Mr. Landor has gathered, with such terrible toil in its inhospitable highlands, there is the other notable book of travels of the season, Mr. Sven Hedin's *Through Asia* (Harper's). Last year Asia gave us Lord Roberts's *Thirty Years in India*. Most important of all, from the purely literary stand-point, Asia has given us Kipling. For so old a country it has done well

On December 1 the undergraduates of Princeton stigmatized hazing in formal resolutions as a demoralizing practice prejudicial to the interests and reputation of the university, and abolished it. By the same process they declared that Freshmen and other undergraduates would be expected to observe the customs of the university, and provided for a committee to see that they did. This committee is to consist of the vice-presidents of the two upper classes, the chief editor of the *Princetonian*, and the manager and assistant manager of the baseball team. It will have authority to summon and try all Freshmen accused of violating customs, and all Sophomores accused of hazing, and may summon any witnesses desired. When guilt is proven it will devise due punishment. A number of customs which have affected Princeton Freshmen were thus recorded in a recent issue of the New York *Sun*:

In the past a Freshman was not permitted to wear golf trousers, nor sport the colors, to carry a cane, to wear duck trousers until the first Harvard game, to smoke a pipe, to enter the grand stand at the baseball grounds, to be seen on the streets after nine o'clock at night, to enter any saloon or pool-room, to play ball or loaf on the campus, and, finally, he was expected to yield the sidewalk to everybody but the townspeople.

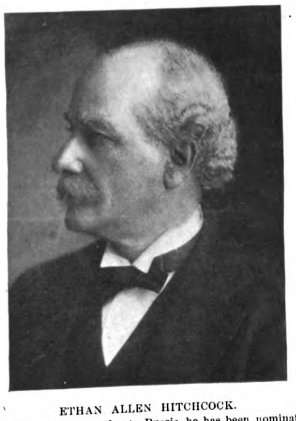
The prevalence of such customs, if they do prevail, indicates that Princeton, for an old college, is remarkably successful in keeping her youth.

A favorite anecdote about the late Calvin S. Brice represented that he was one of the enthusiasts who pulled on the rope which brought down the Vendôme Column in Paris. The story runs that, being at that time at a time of life when purposes are still unsettled, he had thoughts of becoming a socialist or communist or something for the general good, but that his experience in Paris convinced him that the individual good was better worth pursuit, so he bought a steerage ticket, came back to Ohio, and applied himself with great assiduity and success to the problem of getting ahead.

None of the obituary notices of Mr. Brice which the newspapers have published take note of this picturesque incident or admit that he went abroad in early life. Indeed, his time is so well accounted for that it is hard to find a vacancy into which this bit of biography may be inserted. He was born in Denmark, Ohio, in 1845, began his collegiate course at Miami University when he was fourteen, enlisted in the Union army at fifteen, graduated from Miami at seventeen (June, 1863), served a year or two in the war, came out a lieutenant-colonel, and took his degree in the Law School of Michigan University in 1866. Then he was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati, and practised law for ten years, in the course of which it is possible that he found time to slip over to Paris, view the results of the Franco-Prussian war, lend a hand incidentally on that Vendôme Column rope, and so on back the cheapest way to Ohio.

Mr. Brice had no prejudice in favor of the beaten track, and seems never to have refrained for conventional reasons from taking a hand in any enterprise that seemed to him likely to be interesting or profitable. He was an unusually striking man to look at, and it is said that in appearance he was very like St.-Gaudens, the sculptor. Certainly there was a remarkable appearance of mental vigor about him, and of shrewdness and resourcefulness. When sporting blood is allied to a powerful imagination and the gift of making accurate calculations, the combination is strong. One of Mr. Brice's obituarians has said that he got rich in violation of all the rules—that he borrowed all he could at the start, never saved his pennies or bothered himself with economies, but spent all he could when he was poor and all he wanted to when he got rich, never fretting his mind about small sums, but concentrating it on the acquisition of big ones. No doubt it is safer to take this information with some salt, but Mr. Brice undoubtedly had a gift for boring with the large auger, and when one has that it is unintelligent of him to put in his time with gimlets. The only small thing which he seems to have neglected to his hurt was the cold he took a week before his death.

Macaulay's forecast of the time when the New-Zealander should moralize on the broken arch of London Bridge predisposed the contemporary mind to the idea that the New-Zealander was slow to ripen, and would not come to his maturity for a long, long time to come. London Bridge is still in use and good repair, but the New-Zealander is already moralizing on the imperfection of things British, and shows no hesitation about showing his grandmother how the details of civilization ought to be worked out. The idea of an old-age pension is familiar in England, where both parties have discussed its advantages, and where Mr. Chamberlain, in particular, has shown a strong disposition to bring it to actual experiment. In England, however, it is still only a dream, and one that does not offer much promise of early fulfilment. It is in New Zealand that it is really to be tried. New Zealand nowadays has all the most modern ideas, and a fine audacity in putting them to the test. Her Legislature has passed a bill providing that all persons of good character who have lived in the colony twenty-five years and are over sixty-five years old shall be paid one shilling a day, provided their income does not exceed thirteen shillings a week, and that they are not Chinese. The idea is that if the aged poor must be provided for any way, it is more satisfactory and little more expensive to pension them than to maintain them in poor-houses. The New-Zealanders exclude the Chinese from the benefits of their new law because they don't want the Chinese to come to them; they insist upon a residence of twenty-five years because, while they are willing to support their own poor, they don't want to make their island a resort for poor persons from other parts of the British Empire. Great interest is felt everywhere in their experiment, and all Europe will watch the working of it. The objections in England to old-age pensions have been that they might discourage thrift and promote imposture, teach people to rely on the government for support, and put a heavier burden on the state than it could carry. There seems to be a sentiment in England that the repulsiveness of poor-houses and the extreme unwillingness of decent indigents to go to them have a wholesome effect. Perhaps they do discourage the self-respecting poor from holding hog-gishly to the vital spark, but one would like to see the other method tried.



ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK.

At present our Ambassador to Russia, he has been nominated by the President to be Secretary of the Interior to succeed Cornelius N. Bliss, resigned.

Mr. Julian Ralph is more kinds of a literary person than the ordinary mind can readily keep track of. We know him as an eminent reporter, as a lively correspondent, as a writer of magazine articles, and lately as a story-writer. But how many of us have been used to think of him as a traveller? Traveller he is, though, for the Royal Geographical Society of London has elected him a fellow, this distinction being allotted to him on the strength of two books. He is the author of *Alone in China*, which the *Spectator* has said is a necessary aid to an understanding of the Celestial Kingdom, and of *On Canada's Frontier*, in which the chapter on Canada's El Dorado still ranks as the soundest and shrewdest study of British Columbia. He can add F. R. G. S. to his name now whenever he likes. The letters are inconvenient for every day use, but they look well on the title-pages of stories of travel and studies of foreign lands. It isn't so much where a man goes that affects the Royal Geographers as what he sees there and what he has to say about it when he gets back. Wherever Mr. Ralph goes he sees all there is in sight, and all that he sees he makes visible to his readers.

One wishes Mr. Ralph might have been spared to go with Captain Borchgrevink's expedition, which started on December 19 from Hobart, Tasmania, for the south pole, for no one has succeeded as yet in making any particularly lively reading about the antarctic continent. Borchgrevink's expedition is the one which sailed last August from London at the cost of Sir George Newnes. A Belgian expedition, which passed the Strait of Magellan a year ago on the way to the antarctic should have come back to Melbourne last spring, but has not been heard of. If it has wintered safely on the antarctic continent, it is the first to do so.

In 1900 a strong German expedition will start for the antarctic, and the Royal Geographical Society greatly wishes to send a British expedition the same year. The society has raised £5000 towards the cost of it.

Warszawiak, the converted Jew, seems to be the Dreyfus of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He still clamors for more trials, and one of the reasons given for the delay in calling a successor to Dr. Hall is the need of first disposing of his case. The Presbyterian Synod has ordered the session of the Fifth Avenue Church to try him again, but on appeal to the General Assembly a stay was granted, which, in the opinion of the New York Presbytery, vacated the Synod's order. Meanwhile Warszawiak has gone into bankruptcy. He will probably have a new trial, which will be a sore one to the session, if only on account of the labor of it. One could almost believe the rumor that there are members of the session who privately feel that Warszawiak's conversion was an exceptionally inscrutable and perplexing providence, and are ready to doubt if it would not have been just as well for all hands if he had continued impenitent. A good many Jews have been successfully Christianized, as the late Lord Beaconsfield, and, presumably, the potent American family of Leiters, but the conversion of Jews as a missionary enterprise seems, so far as vulgar knowledge of it goes, not to be a particularly hopeful form of religious endeavor.

However, as the Warszawiak case now stands, there is doubt in the public mind whether the accused has not suffered injustice, and it would seem as if the synods and presbyteries and sessions involved were bound to clear the matter up, at whatever cost of time and trouble.

Last Thursday Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson received at his home in Cambridge the friends who came to congratulate him on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. Colonel Higginson might hope to be the dean of the active men of letters in America if it were not that Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Dr. Henry M. Field were born the year before him. Our Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard is his junior by a year or two.

The engrossing topic of interest in New York is the grip. Assurance is given that it has not been so prevalent for nine years as now, and the newspapers estimate (loosely) that there are 100,000 cases of it in town. Every one who has not got it watches his symptoms and wonders how long he will escape. In spite of it, the streets are full of people and the shops of buyers. New York seems somewhat more given over to the plague than other places, but it has by no means a monopoly of it. Vassar College has had it very extensively, and Yale College has reported four or five hundred cases. Washington complains too, and, indeed, the outcry is so widespread as to disturb the underpinning of the theory that it is a special judgment on Gotham for having such filthy streets. In quality it is light and comparatively harmless.

It is true, as has been reported, that a book on India by Lord Curzon, which was to have been issued by the Messrs. Harper, has been withdrawn by the author. It had been arranged that Harper & Brothers should publish the work, both in London and in New York. The withdrawal was sudden and unexpected, and is understood to have been due to the opinion of some one of the highest authority in matters of state that it would be inexpedient for the new Viceroy of India to publish a book on India on the eve of his departure to govern that dependency. The book, delayed for these reasons, will doubtless eventually see the light.

What are we to think of the recent newspaper stories about Lieutenant Hobson and the armies of women he has kissed in the West? Hobson has been ordered to Manila. He was with the President at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee on December 15. From there he went to Chicago, where he lectured on December 18. The newspapers aver that at the reception which he held after his lecture he kissed about one hundred and sixty young women. Thence he went west to San Francisco, and various despatches declare that he kissed his way across the continent, favoring some four or five hundred girls at Kansas City, hundreds more at Topeka, and so on, until his record when he reached the other shore must have run high up into the thousands.

Sometimes the stories that come East from the Mississippi and the district beyond are colored by the imagination. A year or two ago, for example, there were all those stories about the air-ships which were seen in flocks and coveys from Oregon to Texas, yet never materialized. Maybe these tales about Hobson are fables too, or are so greatly exaggerated as to be almost fabulous. We must hope so. Promiscuous kissing by the square rod is dreadfully unsanitary, for one thing; nor is the motive for it obvious, unless, to be sure, one is in politics, which Hobson is not, so far as is known.

For half a year Hobson has been the most petted and belauded young man of his age in the United States. Everything conceivable has been done to turn his head and make him foolish. If he has been spoiled it is not surprising, but it is a great pity, for when he started in the *Merrimac* to block the channel at Santiago he was a fine young fellow and a good officer. Here's hoping that at Manila he may have a sufficiently protracted rest from ovations and all manner of disconcerting nonsense.

E. S. MARTIN.

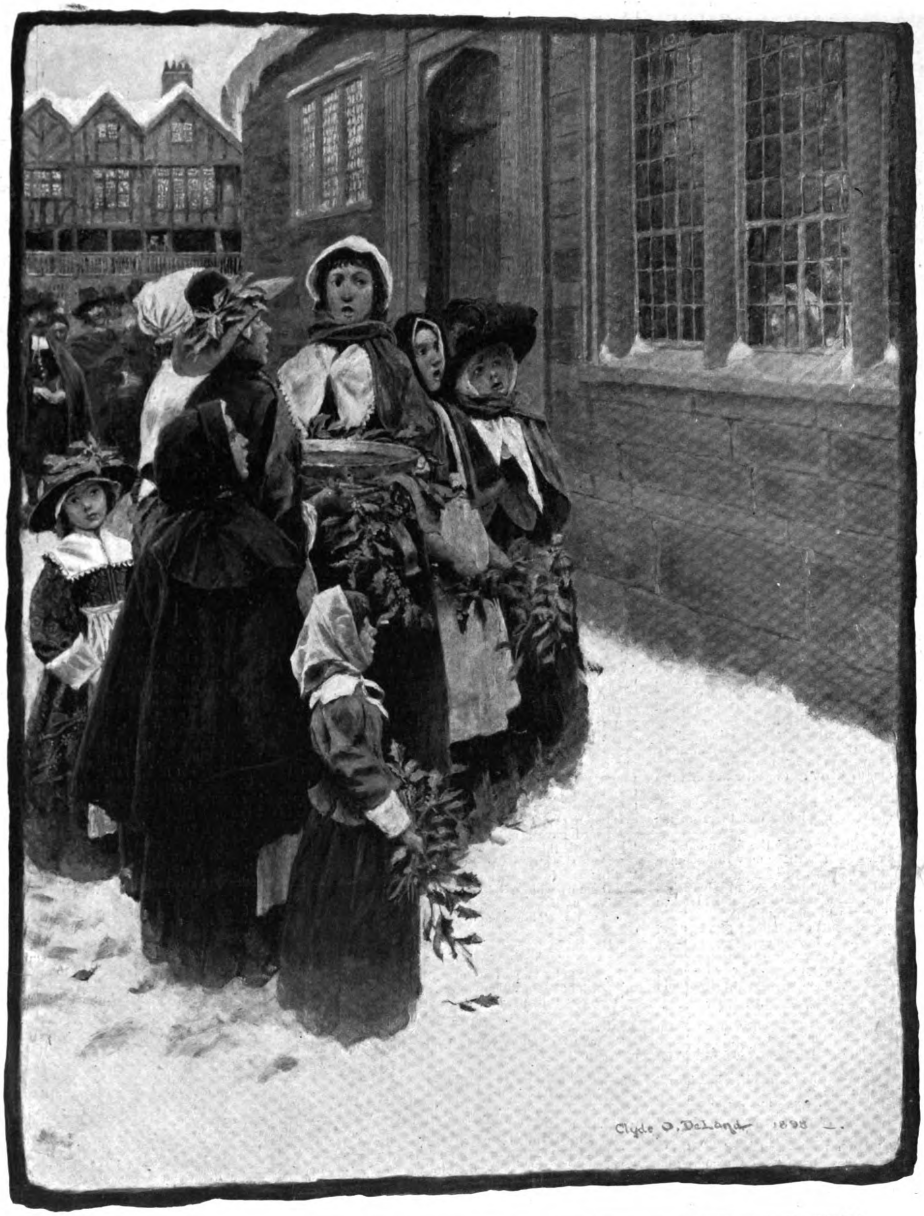
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THE COMMON COUNCIL OF CHICAGO—THE STORM CENTRE OF THE RECENT FIGHT AGAINST THE SURFACE-RAILROAD RING.
From a Photograph by George R. Lawrence.

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# A NEW YEAR'S WASSAIL.

Wassal, wassal, to our Town;
The Cup is white and the Ale is brown;
The Cup is made of the ashen Tree,
And so is the Ale of the good Barley.
Little Maid, little Maid, turn the Pin,
Open the Door and let Us in;
God be here, God be there,
I wish You all A Happy New Year.

[See Page 1296.]

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# THE AWKWARD AGE.*

**A Novel.**

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

### XXXII.

MRS. BROOK remained alone for ten minutes, at the end of which her reflections—they would have been seen to be deep—were interrupted by the entrance of her husband. The interruption was indeed not so great as if the couple had not met, as they almost invariably met, in silence: she took, at all events, to begin with, no more account of his presence than to hand him a cup of tea accompanied with nothing but cream and sugar. Her having no word for him, however, committed her no more to implying that he had come in only for his refreshment than it would have committed her to say: "Here it is, Edward dear—just as you like it; so take it and sit down and be quiet." No spectator worth his salt could have seen them more than a little together without feeling how everything that, under his eyes or not, she either did or omitted rested on a profound acquaintance with his ways. They formed, Edward's ways, a chapter by themselves, of which Mrs. Brook was completely mistress, and in respect to which the only drawback was that a part of her credit was, by the nature of the case, predestined to remain obscure. So many of them were so queer that no one but she *could* know them, and know thereby into what crannies her reckoning had to penetrate. It was one of them, for instance, that if he was often most silent when most primed with matter, so when he had nothing to say he was always silent too—a peculiarity misleading, until mastered, for a lady who could have allowed in the latter case for almost any variety of remark. "What do you think," he said at last, "of his turning up to-day?"

"Of old Van's?"

"Oh, has *he* turned up?"

"Half an hour ago, and asking almost in his first breath for Nanda. I sent him up to her and he's with her now." If Edward had his ways she had also some of her own; one of which, in talk with him, if talk it could be called, was never to produce anything till the need was marked. She had thus a card or two always in reserve, for it was her theory that she never knew what might happen. It nevertheless did occur that he sometimes went, as she would have called it, one better.

"He's not with her now. I've just been with her."

"Then he didn't go up?" Mrs. Brook was immensely interested. "He left me, you know, to do so."

"Know?—how should I know? I left her five minutes ago."

"Then he went out without seeing her." Mrs. Brook took it in. "He changed his mind out there on the stairs."

"Well," said Edward, "it won't be the first mind that *has* been changed there. It's about the only thing a man *can* change."

"Do you refer particularly to *my* stairs?" she asked with her whimsical woe. But meanwhile she had taken it in. "Then whom were you speaking of?"

"Mr. Longdon's coming to tea with her. She has had a note."

"But when did he come to town?"

"Last night, I believe. The note, an hour or two ago, announced him—brought by hand and hoping she would be at home."

Mrs. Brook thought again. "I'm glad she is. He's too sweet. By hand!—it must have been so he sent them to mamma. He wouldn't for the world wire."

"Oh, Nanda has often wired to *him*," her father returned.

"Then she ought to be ashamed of herself. But how," said Mrs. Brook, "do you know?"

"Oh, I know when we're in a thing like this."

"Yet you complain of her want of intimacy with you! It turns out that you're as thick as thieves."

Edward looked at this charge as he looked at all old friends, without a sign—to call a sign—of recognition. "I don't know of whose want of intimacy with me I've ever complained. There isn't much more of it, that I can see, that any of them could put on. What do you suppose I'd have them do? If I, on my side, don't get very far, I may have alluded to *that*."

"Oh, but you do," Mrs. Brook declared. "You think you don't, but you get very far indeed. You're always, as I said just now bringing out something that you've got somewhere."

"Yes, and seeing you flare up at it. What I bring out is only what they tell me."

This limitation offered, however, for Mrs. Brook, no difficulty. "Ah, but it seems to me that with the things people nowadays tell one—! What more do you want?"

"Well"—and Edward, from his chair, fixed the fire a while—"the difference must be in what they tell *you*."

"Things that are better?"

"Yes—worse. I dare say," he went on, "what I give them—"

"Isn't as bad as what I do? Oh, we must each do our best. But when I hear from you," Mrs. Brook pursued, "that Nanda has ever permitted herself anything so dreadful as to wire to him, it comes over me afresh that *I* would have been the perfect one to deal with him if his detestation of me hadn't prevented." She was by this time also—but on her feet—before the fire, into which, like her husband, she gazed. "*I* would never have wired. I would have gone in for little delicacies and odd things she has never thought of."

"Oh, she doesn't go in for what you do," Edward assented.

"She's as bleak as a chimney-top when the fire's out, and if it hadn't been, after all, for mamma—" And she lost herself again in the reasons of things.

Her husband's silence seemed to mark for an instant a deference to her allusion, but there was a limit even to this combination. "You make your mother, I think, keep it up pretty well. But if she *hadn't*, as you say, done so—"

"Why, we shouldn't have been anywhere."

"Well, where are we now? That's what *I* want to know."

Following her own train, she had at first no heed for his inquiry. "Without his hatred he would have liked me." But she came back, with a sigh, to the actual. "No matter. We must deal with what we've got."

"What *have* we got?" Edward continued.

Again with no err for his question, his wife turned away, only, however, after taking a few vague steps, to approach him with new decision. "If Mr. Longdon is due, will you do me a favor? Will you go back to Nanda—before he arrives—and let her know, though not, of course, as from *me*, that Van has been here half an hour, has had it put well before him that she's up there and at liberty, and has left the house without seeing her?"

Edward Brookenham made no motion. "You don't like better to do it yourself?"

"If I liked better," said Mrs. Brook, "I would have already done it. The way to make it not come from me is surely not for me to give it to her. Besides, I want to be here to receive him first."

"Then can't she know it afterwards?"

"After Mr. Longdon has gone? The whole point is that she should know it in time to let *him* know it."

Edward still communed with the fire. "And what's the point of *that?*" Her impatience, which visibly increased, carried her away again, and by the time she reached the window he had launched another question. "Are you in such a hurry she should know that Van doesn't want her?"

"What do you call a hurry, when I've waited nearly a year? Nanda may know or not as she likes—may know whenever: if she doesn't know pretty well by this time she's too stupid for it to matter. My only pressure's for Mr. Longdon. She'll have it there for him when he arrives."

"You mean she'll make haste to tell him?"

Mrs. Brook, for a moment, raised her eyes to some upper immensity. "She'll mention it."

Her husband, on the other hand, with his legs outstretched, looked straight at the toes of his boots. "Are you very sure?" Then as he remained without an answer: "Why should she if he hasn't told *her*—"

"Of the way I so long ago let you know that he had put the matter to Van? It's not out between them in words, no doubt; but I fancy that, for things to pass, they've not to dot their i's quite so much, my dear, as we two. Without a syllable said to her, she's yet aware in every fibre of her little being of what has taken place."

Edward gave a still longer space to taking this in. "Poor little thing!"

"Does she strike you as so poor," Mrs. Brook asked, "with so awfully much done for her?"

"Done by whom?"

It was as if she had not heard the question that she spoke again. "She has got what every woman, young or old, wants."

"Really?"

Edward's tone was of wonder, but she simply went on. "She has got a man of her own."

"Well, but if he's the wrong one?"

"Do you call Mr. Longdon so very wrong? I wish," she declared with a strange sigh, "that *I* had had a Mr. Longdon!"

"I wish very much you had. I wouldn't have taken it like Van."

"Oh, it took Van," Mrs. Brook replied, "to put *them* where they are."

"But where *are* they? That's exactly it. In *these* three months, for instance," Edward demanded, "how has their connection profited?"

Mrs. Brook turned it over. "Profited which?"

"Well, one cares most for one's child."

"Then she has become for him what we've most hoped her to be—an object of compassion still more marked."

"Is that what you've hoped her to be?"

Mrs. Brook was obviously, for herself, so lucid that her renewed expression of impatience had plenty of point. "How can you ask after seeing what I did—"

"That night at Mrs. Grendon's? Well, it's the first time I *have* asked it."

Mrs. Brook had a silence more pregnant. "It's for being with *us* that he pities her."

Edward thought. "With me too?"

"Not so much—but still you help."

"I thought you thought I didn't—that night."

"At Tishy's? Oh, you didn't matter," said Mrs. Brook. "Everything, every one helps. Harold distinctly"—she seemed to figure it all out—"and even the poor children, I dare say, a little. Oh, but every one"—she warmed to the vision—"it's perfect. Jane immensely, *par exemple*. Almost the others who come to the house. Cashmore, Carrie, Tishy, Fanny—bless their hearts all!—each in their degree."

Edward Brookenham, under the influence of this demonstration, had gradually risen from his seat, and as his wife approached that part of her process which might be expected to furnish the proof he placed himself before her with his back to the fire. "And Mitchy, I suppose?"

But he was out. "No. Mitchy's different."

He wondered. "Different?"

"Not a help. Quite a drawback." Then as his face told how these *were* involutions, "you needn't understand, but you can believe me," she added. "The one who does most is of course Van himself." It was a statement by which his failure to apprehend was not diminished, and she completed her operation. "By not liking her."

Edward's gloom, on this, was not quite blankness, yet it was dense. "Do you like his not liking her?"

"Dear no. No better than *he* does."

"And he doesn't—?"

"Oh, he hates it."

"Of course I haven't asked him," Edward appeared to say more to himself than to his wife."

"And of course *I* haven't," she returned—not at all in this case, plainly, for herself. "But I know it. He'd like her if he could, but he can't. That," Mrs. Brook wound up, "is what makes it sure."

There was at last in Edward's gravity a positive pathos. "Sure he won't propose?"

"Sure Mr. Longdon won't now throw her over."

"Of course if it *is* sure—"

"Well?"

"Why, it is. But of course if it isn't—"

"Well?"

"Why, she won't have anything. Anything but *us*," he continued to reflect. "Unless, you know, you're working it on a certainty—"

"That's just what I *am* working it on. I did nothing till I knew I was safe."

"'Safe'?" he ambiguously echoed, while, on this, their eyes met longer.

"Safe. I knew he would stick."

"But how did you know Van wouldn't?"

"No matter 'how'—but better still. He hasn't stuck." She said it very simply, but she turned away from him. His eyes, for a little, followed her. "We don't *know*, after all, the old chap's means."

"I don't know what you mean by 'we' don't. Nanda does."

"But where's the support if she doesn't tell us?"

Mrs. Brook, who had faced about, again turned from him. "I hope you don't forget," she remarked with superiority, "that we don't ask her."

"*You* don't?" Edward gloomed.

"Never. But I trust her."

"Yes," he mused afresh, "one must trust one's child. Does Van?" he then inquired.

"Does he trust her?"

"Does he know anything of the general figure?"

She hesitated. "Everything. It's high."

"He has told you so?"

Mrs. Brook, supremely impatient now, seemed to demur even to the question. "We ask *him* even less."

"Then how do we know?"

She was weary of explaining. "Because that's just why he hates it."

There was no end, however, apparently, to what Edward could take. "But hates what?"

"Why, not liking her."

Edward kept his back to the fire and his dead eyes on the cornice and the ceiling. "I shouldn't think it would be so difficult."

"Well, you see it isn't. Mr. Longdon can manage it."

"I don't see what the devil's the matter with her," he coldly continued.

"Ah, that may not prevent—! It's fortunately the source, at any rate, of half Mr. Longdon's interest."

"But what the hell *is* it?" he drearily demanded.

She faltered a little, but she brought it out. "It's *me*."

"And what's the matter with 'you'?"

She made, at this, a movement that drew his eyes to her own, and for a moment she dimly smiled at him. "That's the nicest thing you ever said to me. But ever, *ever*, you know."

"Is it?" She had her hand on his sleeve, and he looked almost awkward.

"Quite the very nicest. Consider that fact well, and, even if you only said it by accident, don't be funny—as you know you sometimes *can* be—and take it back. It's all right. It's charming, isn't it? when our troubles bring us more together. Now go up to her."

Edward kept a queer face, into which this succession of remarks introduced no light; but he finally moved, and it was only when he had almost reached the door that he stopped again. "Of course you know he has sent her no end of books."

"Mr. Longdon—of late? Oh yes, a deluge, so that her room looks like a bookseller's back shop; and all, in the loveliest bindings, the most standard English works. I not only know it, naturally, but I know—what you don't—why."

"Why'?" Edward echoed. "Why but that—unless he should send her money—it's about the only kindness he can show her at a distance?"

Mrs. Brook hesitated; then, with a little suppressed sigh: "That's it."

But it still held him. "And perhaps he does send her money."

"No. Not now."

Edward lingered. "Then is he taking it out—"

"In books only?" It was wonderful—with its effect on him now visible—how she possessed her subject. "Yes, that's his delicacy—for the present."

"And you're not afraid for the future—?"

"Of his considering that the books will have worked it off? No. They're thrown in."

Just perceptibly cheered, he reached the door, where, however, he had another pause. "You don't think I had better see Van?"

She stared. "What for?"

"Why, to ask what the devil he means."

"If you should do anything so hideously vulgar," she instantly replied, "I would leave your house the next hour. Do you expect," she asked, "to be able to force your child down his throat?"

He was clearly not prepared with an account of his expectations, but he had a general memory that imposed itself. "Then why in the world did he make up to us?"

"He didn't. We made up to *him*."

"But why in the world—?"

"Well," said Mrs. Brook, really to finish, "we were in love with him."

"Oh!" Edward jerked. He had by this time opened the door, and the sound was partly the effect of the disclosure of a servant preceding a visitor. His greeting of the visitor before edging past and away was, however, of the briefest and might have implied that they had met but yesterday. "How d'ye do, Mitchy?—At home? Oh, rather!"

* Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

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XXXIII.

Very different was Mrs. Brook's welcome of the restored wanderer, to whom, in a brief space, she addressed every expression of surprise and delight, though marking indeed at last, as a qualification of these things, her regret that he declined to partake of her tea or to allow her to make him what she called "snug for a talk" in his customary corner of her sofa. He pleaded frankly agitation and embarrassment, reminded her even that he was awfully shy and that after separations, complications, whatever might at any time happen, he was conscious of the dust that had settled on intercourse and that he couldn't blow away in a single breath. She was only, according to her nature, to indulge him if, while he walked about and changed his place, he came to the surface but in patches and pieces. There was so much he wanted to know that—well, as they had arrived only the night before, she could judge. There was knowledge, it became clear, that Mrs. Brook almost equally craved, so that it even looked at first, as if, on either side, confidence might be choked by curiosity. This disaster was finally barred by the fact that the spirit of inquiry found for Mitchy material that was comparatively plastic. That was after all apparent enough when, at the end of a few vain passes, he brought out sociably: "Well, has he done it?"

Still indeed there was something in Mrs. Brook's face that seemed to reply "Oh come—don't rush it, you know!" and something in the movement with which she turned away that described the state of their question as by no means so simple as that. On his refusal of tea she had rung for the removal of the table, and the bell was at this moment answered by the two men. Little ensued then, for some minutes, while the servants were present; she spoke only as the butler was about to close the door. "If Mr. Longdon presently comes show him into Mr. Brookenham's room if Mr. Brookenham isn't there. If he is, show him into the dining-room, and in either case let me immediately know."

The man waited, expressionless. "And in case of his asking for Miss Brookenham—?"

"He won't!" she replied with a sharpness before which her interlocutor retired. "He will!" she then added in quite another tone to Mitchy. "That is, you know, he perfectly *may*. But oh the subtlety of servants!" she sighed.

Mitchy was now all there. "Mr. Longdon's in town then?"

"For the first time since you went away. He's to call this afternoon."

"And you want to see him alone?"

Mrs. Brook thought. "I don't think I want to see him at all."

"Then your keeping him below—?"

"Is so that he shan't burst in till I know. It's *you*, my dear, I want to see."

Mitchy glared about. "Well, don't take it ill if, in return for that, I say that I myself want to see every one. I could have done even, just now, with a little more of Edward."

Mrs. Brook, in her own manner and with a slow head-shake, looked lovely. "*I* couldn't." Then she puzzled it out with a pause: "It even does come over me that if you don't mind—"

"What, my dear woman," said Mitchy, encouragingly, "did I *ever* mind? I assure you," he laughed, "I haven't come back to begin!"

At this suddenly, dropping everything else, she laid her hand on him. "Mitchy love, *are* you happy?"

So for a moment they stood confronted. "Not perhaps as *you* would have tried to make me."

"Well, you've still *got* me, you know."

"Oh," said Mitchy, "I've got a great deal. How, if I really look at it, can a man of my peculiar nature—it *is*, you know, awfully peculiar—*not* be happy? Think, if one is driven to it, for instance, of the breadth of my sympathies."

Mrs. Brook, as a result of thinking, appeared for a little to demur. "Yes—but one mustn't be too much driven to it. It's by one's sympathies that one suffers. If you should do that, I couldn't bear it."

She clearly evoked for Mitchy a definite image. "It *would* be funny, wouldn't it? But you wouldn't have to. I'd go off and do it alone somewhere—in a dark room, I think, or on a desert island; at any rate where nobody should see. Where's the harm, moreover," he went on, "of any suffering that doesn't bore one, as I'm sure, however much its outer aspect might amuse some others, mine wouldn't bore me? What I should do in my desert island or my dark room, I feel, would be just to dance about with the thrill of it—which is exactly the exhibition of ludicrous gambols that I would fain have arranged to spare you. I assure you, dear Mrs. Brook," he wound up, "that I'm not in the least bored now. Everything is so interesting."

"You're beautiful!" she vaguely interposed.

But he pursued without heeding: "Was it perhaps what you had in your head that *I* should see him—?"

She came back but slowly, however, to the moment. "Mr. Longdon? Well, yes. You know he can't bear *me*—"

"Yes, yes"—Mitchy was almost eager.

It had already sent her off again. "You're too lovely. You *have* come back the same. It seemed to me," she after an instant explained, "that I wanted him to be seen—"

"Without inconvenience, as it were, either to himself or to you? Then," said Mitchy, who visibly felt that he had taken her up successfully, "it strikes me that I'm absolutely your man. It's delicious to come back to a use."

But she was much more dim about it. "Oh, what you've come back to!"

"It's just what I'm trying to get at. Van is still then where I left him?"

She was just silent. "Did you really believe he would move?"

Mitchy took a few turns, speaking almost with his back presented. "Well, with all the reasons—!" After which, while she watched him, he was before her again with a question. "Is it utterly off?"

"When was it ever really on?"

"Oh, I know your view, and that. I think," said Mitchy, "is the most extraordinary part of it. I can tell you it would have put *me* on."

"My view?" Mrs. Brook thought. "Have you forgotten that I had for you too a view that didn't?"

"Ah, but we didn't differ, you and I. It wasn't a defiance and a prophecy. You wanted *me*."

"I did indeed!" Mrs. Brook said simply.

"And you didn't want him. For *her*, I mean. So you risked showing it."

She looked surprised. "*Did* I?"

Again they were face to face. "Your candor's divine!"

She wondered. "Do you mean it was even then?"

Mitchy smiled at her till he was red. "It's exquisite now."

"Well," she presently returned, "I knew my Van!"

"*I* thought I knew 'yours' too," Mitchy said. Their eyes met a minute, and he added: "But I didn't." Then he exclaimed: "How you've worked it!"

She looked barely conscious. "'Worked it?'" After which, with a slightly sharper note: "How do you know—while you've been amusing yourself in places that I'd give my head to see again, but never shall—what I've been doing?"

"Well, I saw, you know, that night at Tishy's, just before we left England, your wonderful start. I got a look at your attitude, as it were, and your system."

Her eyes were now far away, and she spoke, after an instant, without moving them. "And didn't I, by the same token, get a look at yours?"

"Mine?" Mitchy thought, but seemed to doubt. "My dear child, I hadn't any then."

"You mean that it has formed itself—your system—since?"

He shook his head with decision. "I assure you I'm quite at sea. I've never had, and I have as little as ever now, anything but my general philosophy, which I won't attempt at present to go into and of which, moreover, I think you've had, first and last, your glimpses. What I made out in you that night was a perfect policy."

Mrs. Brook had another of her infantine stares. "Every one, that night, seems to have made out something! All I can say is, at any rate," she went on, "that in that case you were all far deeper than I was."

"It was just a blind instinct, without a programme or a scheme? Perhaps then, since it has so perfectly succeeded, the name doesn't matter. I'm lost, as I tell you," Mitchy declared, "in admiration of its success."

She looked, as before, so young, yet so grave. "What do you call its success?"

"Let me ask you rather—may'n't I?—what *you* call its failure."

Mrs. Brook, who had been standing for some minutes, seated herself, at this, as if to respond to his call. But the next moment she had fallen back into thought. "Have you often heard from him?"

"Never once."

"And have you written?"

"Not a word either. I left it, you see." Mitchy smiled, "all to *you*." After which he continued: "Has he been with you much?"

She just hesitated. "As little as possible. But, as it happens, he was here just now."

Her visitor fairly flushed. "And I've only missed him?"

Her pause again was of the briefest. "You wouldn't if he *had* gone up."

"'Gone up?'"

"To Nanda, who has now her own sitting-room, as you know, for whom he immediately asked, and for whose benefit, whatever you may think, I was, at the end of a quarter of an hour *I* assure you, perfectly ready to release him. He changed his mind, however, and went away without seeing her."

Mitchy showed the deepest interest. "And what made him change his mind?"

"Well, I'm thinking it out."

He appeared to watch this labor. "But with no light yet?"

"When it comes I'll tell you."

He hung fire, once more, but an instant. "You didn't, yourself, work the thing again?"

She rose, at this, in strange sincerity. "I think, you know, you go very far."

"Why, didn't we just now settle," he promptly replied, "that it's all instinctive and unconscious? If it was so that night at Tishy's—"

"Ah, *voyons, voyons*," she broke in, "what did I do even then?"

He laughed out at something in her tone. "You'd like it again all pictured—?"

"I'm not afraid."

"Why, you just simply—publicly—took her back."

"And where was the monstrosity of that?"

"In the one little right place. In your removal of every doubt—"

"Well, of what?" He had appeared not quite to know how to put it.

But he saw at last. "Why, of what we may still hope to do for her. Thanks to your care, there were specimens." Then as she had the look of trying vainly to focus a few, "I can't recover them one by one," he pursued, "but the whole thing was quite lurid enough to do us all credit."

She met him after a little, but at such an odd point. "Excuse me if I scarcely see how much of the credit was yours. For the first time since I've known you, you went in for decency."

Mitchy's surprise showed as real. "It struck you as decency—?"

Since he wished she thought it over. "Oh, your behavior—"

"My behavior was—my condition. Do you call *that* decent? No, you're quite out." He spoke, in his good-nature, with an approach to reproof. "How can I ever—"

But it had already brought her quite round, and to a firmer earth that she clearly preferred to tread. "Are things really bad with you, Mitch?"

"Well, I'll tell you how they are. But not now."

"Some other time?—on your honor?"

"You shall have them all. Don't be afraid."

She dimly smiled. "It will be like old times."

He rather demurred. "For you perhaps. But not for me."

In spite of what he said it did hold her, and her hand again almost caressed him. "But—till you do tell me—is it very, very dreadful?"

"That's just, perhaps, what I may have to get you to decide."

"Then shall I help you?" she eagerly asked.

"I think it will be quite in your line."

At the thought of her line—it sounded somehow so general—she released him a little with a sigh, yet still looking round, as it were, for possibilities. "Jane, you know, is in a state."

"Yes, Jane's in a state. That's a comfort!"

She continued in a manner to cling to him. "But is it your only one?"

He was very kind and patient. "Not perhaps quite."

"*I'm* a little of one?"

"My dear child, as you see."

Yes, she saw, but was still launched. "And shall you have recourse—?"

"To what?" he asked as she appeared to falter.

"I don't mean to anything violent. But shall you tell Nanda?"

Mitchy wondered. "Tell her—?"

"Well, everything. I think, you know," Mrs. Brook musingly observed, "that it would really serve her right."

Mitchy's silence, which lasted a minute, seemed to take the idea, but not perhaps quite to know what to do with it. "Ah, I'm afraid I shall never really serve her right!"

Just as he spoke the butler reappeared; at the sight of whom Mrs. Brook immediately guessed. "Mr. Longdon?"

"In Mr. Brookenham's room, ma'am. Mr. Brookenham has gone out."

"And where has he gone?"

"I think, ma'am, only for some evening papers."

She had an intense look for Mitchy; then she said to the man: "Ask him to wait three minutes—I'll ring;" turning again to her visitor as soon as they were alone. "You don't know how I'm trusting you!"

"Trusting me?"

"Why, if he comes up to you."

Mitchy thought. "Hadn't I better go down?"

"No—you may have Edward back. If you see him, you must see him here. If I don't myself, it's for a reason."

Mitchy again just sounded her. "His not, as you awhile ago hinted—"

"Yes, caring for what I say." She had a pause, but she brought it out. "He doesn't believe a word—"

"Of what you tell him?" Mitchy was splendid. "I see. And you want something said to him."

"Yes, that he'll take from *you*. Only it's for you," Mrs. Brook went on, "really and honestly, and as I trust you, to give it. But the comfort of you is that you'll do so if you promise."

Mitchy was infinitely struck. "But I haven't promised, eh? Of course I can't till I know what it is."

"It's to put before him—"

"Oh, I see: the situation."

"What has happened here to-day. Van's marked retreat, and how, with the time that has passed, it makes us at last know where we are. You of course, for yourself," Mrs. Brook wound up, "see that."

"Where we are?" Mitchy took a turn and came back. "But what then did Van come for? If you speak of a retreat, there must have been an advance."

"Oh," said Mrs. Brook, "he simply wanted not to look too brutal. After so much absence he *could* come."

"Well, if he established that he wasn't brutal, where was the retreat?"

"In his not going up to Nanda. He came—frankly—to do that, but made up his mind on second thoughts that he couldn't risk even being civil to her."

Mitchy had visibly warmed to his work. "Well, and what made the difference?"

She wondered. "What difference?"

"Why, of the effect, as you say, of his second thoughts. Thoughts of what?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Brook suddenly and as if it were quite simple—"I know *that!* Suspicions."

"And of whom?"

"Why, of *you*, you goose. Of your not having done—"

"Well, what?" he persisted as she paused.

"How shall I say it? The best thing for yourself. And of Nanda's feeling that. Don't you see?"

In the effort of seeing, or perhaps indeed in the full act of it, poor Mitchy glared as never before. "Do you mean Van's *jealous* of me?"

Pressed as she was, there was something in his face that momentarily hushed her. "There it is!" she achieved, however, at last.

"Of *me?*" Mitchy went on.

What was in his face so suddenly and strangely was the look of rising tears—at sight of which, as from a compunction as prompt, she showed a lovely flush. "There it is, there it is," she repeated. "You ask me for a reason, and it's the only one I see. Of course if you don't care," she added, "he needn't come up. He can go straight to Nanda."

Mitchy had turned away again as with the impulse of hiding the tears that had risen and that had not wholly disappeared even by the time he faced about. "Did Nanda know he was to come?"

"Mr. Longdon?"

"No, no. Was she expecting Van—?"

"My dear man," Mrs. Brook mildly wailed, "when can she have *not* been?"

Mitchy looked hard for an instant at the floor. "I mean does she know he has been and gone?"

Mrs. Brook, from where she stood and through the window, looked rather at the sky. "Her father will have told her."

"Her father?" Mitchy frankly wondered. "Is *he* in it?"

Mrs. Brook, at this, had a longer pause. "You assume, I suppose, Mitchy dear," she then quavered, that I put him up—"

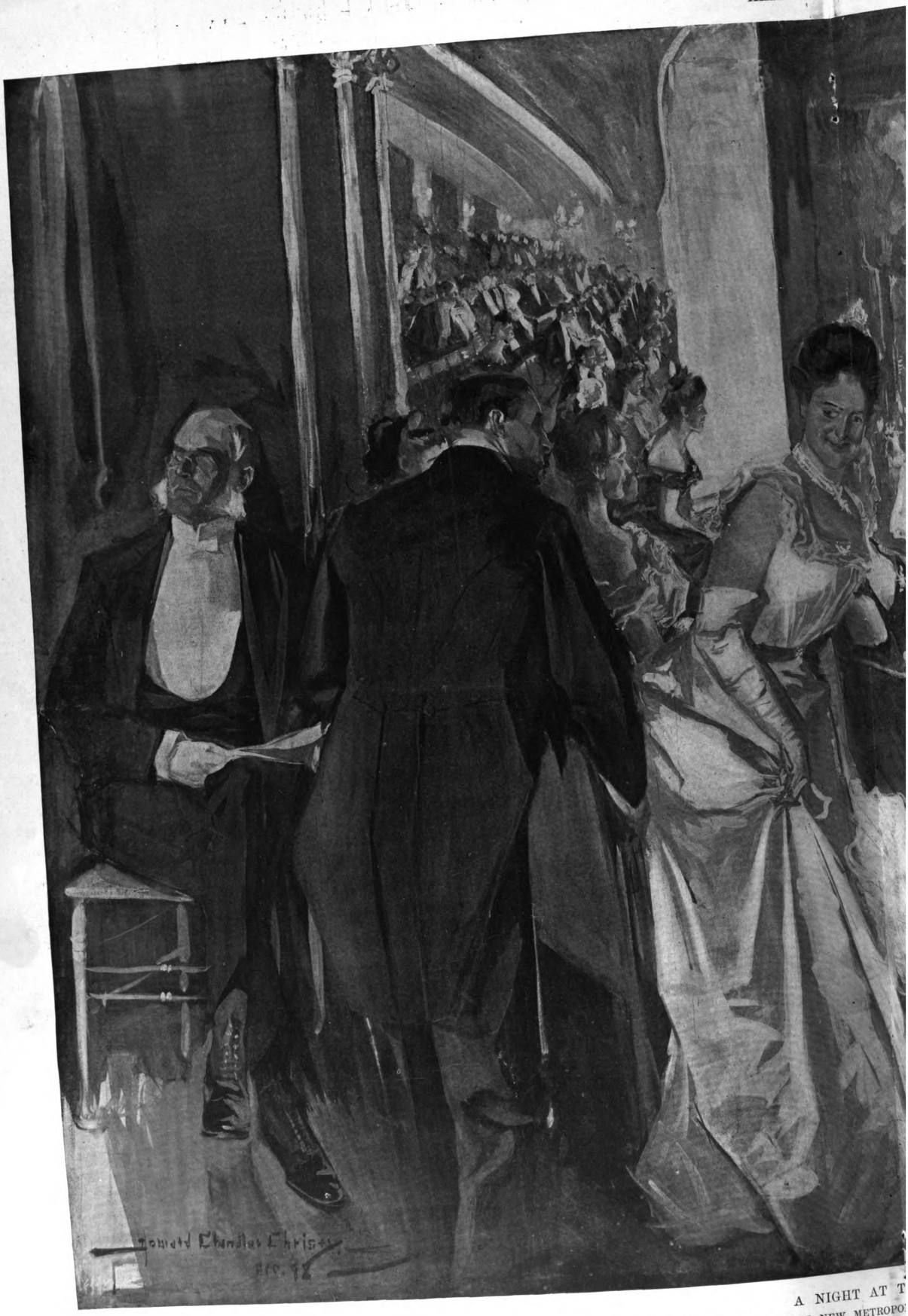
"Put Edward up?" he broke in.

"No—that of course. Put Van up to ideas—"

He caught it again. "About *me*—what you call his suspicions?" He seemed to weigh the charge, but it ended, while he passed his hand hard over his eyes, in weariness and in the nearest approach to coldness he had ever shown Mrs. Brook. "It doesn't matter. It's every one's fate to be, in one way or another, the subject of ideas. Do then," he continued, "let Mr. Longdon come up."

She instantly rang the bell. "Then I'll go to Nanda. But don't look frightened," she added as she came back,

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A NIGHT AT T

A PRESENTATION OF "LOHENGRIN" AT THE NEW METROPO

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A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.

N" AT THE NEW METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

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o what we may—Edward or I—do next. It's only l her that he'll be with her."

Good. I'll tell Tatton," Mitchy replied.

ll, however, she lingered. "Shall you ever care for

nore?"

e had almost the air, as he waited for her to go, of master of the house, for she had made herself before , as he stood with his back to the fire, as humble as a gated visitor. "Oh, just as much. Where's the dif- nce? Aren't our ties in fact rather multiplied?"

That's the way *I* want to feel it. And from the mo- t you recognize with me—"

Yes?"

Well, that he never, you know, really *would*—"

He took her mercifully up. "There's no harm done?" chy thought of it. "Nanda will be rich. Toward t made her still hover. "Nanda will be rich. Toward at you *can* help, and it's really, I may now tell you, at it came into my head you should see our friend re *for*."

He maintained his waiting attitude. "Thanks, thanks." "You're our guardian angel!" she exclaimed.

At this he laughed out. "Wait till you see what Mr. ongdon does!"

But she took no notice. "I want you to see before I o that I've done nothing for myself. Van, after all—" he mused.

"Well?"

"Only hates me. It isn't as with you," she said. "I've eally lost *him*."

Mitchy, for an instant, with the eyes that had shown his ears, glared away into space. "He can't, very positive- y, you know, now like *any* of us. He misses a fortune."

"There it is!" Mrs. Brook once more observed. Then she had a comparative brightness. "I'm so glad *you* don't!" He gave another laugh, but she was already facing Mr. Tatton, who had again answered the bell. "Show Mr. Longdon up."

"I'm to tell him, then, it's at your request?" Mitchy asked when the butler had gone.

"That you receive him? Oh yes. He'll be the last to quarrel with that. But there's one more thing."

It was something over which, of a sudden, she had one of her returns of anxiety. "I've been trying for months and months to remember to find out from you—"

"Well, what?" he inquired, as she looked odd.

"Why, if Harold ever gave back to you, as he swore to me on his honor he would, that five-pound note—"

"But which, dear lady?" The sense of other incon- gruities than those they had been dealing with seemed to arrive now for Mitchy's said.

"The one that, ages ago, one day when you and Van were here, we had the joke about. You produced it, in sport, as a 'fine' for something, and put it on that table; after which, before I knew what you were about, before I could run after you, you had gone off and ridiculously left it. Of course, the next minute—and again before I could turn round—Harold had pounced on it, and I tried in vain to recover it from him. But all I could get him to do—"

"Was to promise to restore it straight to its owner?" Mitchy had listened so much less in surprise than in amusement that he had apparently, after a moment, re- established the scene. "Oh, I recollect—he did settle with me. *That's* all right."

She fixed him from the door of the next room. "You got every penny?"

"Every penny. But fancy your bringing it up!"

"Ah, I always do, you know, *some* day."

"Yes, you're of a rigor—! But be at peace. Harold's *en regle*," he went on, "and I quite meant to have asked you about him."

Mrs. Brook, promptly, was all for this. "Oh, it's all right."

Mitchy came nearer. "Lady Fanny—?"

"Yes—*has* staid for him."

"Ah," said Mitchy, "I knew you'd do it! But hush—they re coming!" On which, while she whisked away, he went back to the fire.

## XXXIV.

Ten minutes of talk with Mr. Longdon by Mrs. Brook- enham's hearth elapsed, for Mitchy, without his arriving at the right moment to take up the business so richly put before him in his previous interview. No less time in- deed could have sufficed to bring him into closer relation with this affair, and nothing, at first, could have been more marked than the earnestness of his care not to show impatience of inquiries that were, for a person of his old friend's general style, simple recognitions and decencies. There was a limit to the mere allusiveness with which, in Mr. Longdon's school of manners, a foreign tour might be treated, and Mitchy, no doubt, plentifully showed that none of his frequent returns had encountered a curiosity at once so explicit and so discreet. To belong to a circle in which most of the members might be at any moment on the other side of the globe was inevitably to fall into the habit of few questions, as well as into that of making up for their fewness by their freedom. This interlocu- tor, in short, while Mrs. Brook's representative privately thought over all he had in hand, went at some length and very charmingly—since it was but a tribute to common courtesy—into the Virgilian associations of the Bay of Naples. Finally, however, he started, his eye on the clock. "I'm afraid that, though our hostess doesn't ap- pear, I mustn't forget myself. I too came back but yes- terday and I've an engagement—for which I'm already late—with Miss Brookenham, who has been so good as to ask me to tea."

The divided mind, the express civility, the decent "Miss Brookenham," the escape from their hostess— these were all things Mitchy could quickly take in, and they gave him in a moment his light for not missing his occasion. "I see, I see—I shall make you keep Nanda waiting. But there's something I shall ask you to take from me as quite a sufficient basis for that: which is sim- ply that after all, you know—for I think you do know, don't you?—I'm nearly as much attached to her as you are."

Mr. Longdon had looked suddenly apprehensive and even a trifle embarrassed, but he spoke with due presence of mind. "Of course I understand that perfectly. If you hadn't liked her so much—"

"Well?" said Mitchy, as he checked himself.

"I would never, last year, have gone to stay with you."

"Thank you!" Mitchy laughed.

"Though I like you also—and extremely," Mr. Long- don gravely pursued, "for yourself."

Mitchy made a sign of acknowledgment. "You like me better for *her* than you do for anybody else *but* myself."

"You put it, I think, correctly. Of course I've not seen so much of Nanda—if between my age and hers, that is, any real contact is possible—without knowing that she now regards you as one of the very best of her friends, treating you, I almost fancy, with a degree of confidence—"

Mitchy gave a laugh of interruption. "That she doesn't show even to you?"

Mr. Longdon's poised glasses faced him. "Even! I don't mind," the old man went on, "as the opportunity has come up, telling you frankly—and as from my time of life to your own—all the comfort I take in the sense that in any case of need or trouble she might look to you for whatever advice or support the affair might demand."

"She has told you she feels I'd be there?" Mitchy after an instant asked.

"I'm not sure," his friend replied, "that I ought quite to mention anything she has 'told' me. I speak of what I've made out for myself."

"Then I thank you more than I can say for your pen- etration. Her mother, I should let you know," Mitchy continued, "is with her just now."

Mr. Longdon, with a jerk, took off his glasses. "Has anything happened to her?"

"To account for the fact I refer to?" Mitchy said in amusement at his start. "She's not ill, that I know of, thank goodness, and she has not broken her leg. But something, none the less, has happened to her—that, I think, I may say. To tell you all, in a word, it's the rea- son, such as it is, of my being here to meet you. Mrs. Brook asked me to wait. She'll see you herself some other time."

Mr. Longdon wondered. "And Nanda too?"

"Oh, that must be between yourselves. Only, while I keep you here—"

"She understands my delay?"

Mitchy thought. "Mrs. Brook must have explained." Then as his companion took this in silence, "But you don't like it?" he inquired.

"It only comes to me that Mrs. Brook's explanations—"

"Are often odd? Oh yes. But Nanda, you know, allows for that oddity. And Mrs. Brook, by the same token," Mitchy developed, "knows herself—no one better —what may frequently be thought of it. That's precisely the reason of her desire that you should have, on this oc- casion, explanations from a source that she's so good as to pronounce, for the immediate purpose, superior. As for Nanda," he wound up, "to be aware that we're here to- gether won't strike her as so bad a sign."

"No," Mr. Longdon attentively assented; "she'll hard- ly fear we're plotting her ruin. But what has happened to her?" he more sharply demanded.

"Well," said Mitchy, "it's you, I think, who will have to give it a name. I know you know what I've known."

Mr. Longdon, with his nippers again placed, hesitated. "Yes, I know."

"And you've accepted it."

"How could I help it? To reckon with such clever- ness—"

"Was beyond you? Ah, it wasn't my cleverness," Mitchy said. "There's a greater than mine. There's a greater even than Van's. That's the whole point," he went on while his friend looked at him hard. "You don't even like it just a little?"

Mr. Longdon wondered. "The existence of such an element—?"

"No; the existence, simply, of my knowledge of your idea."

"I suppose I'm bound to keep in mind in fairness the existence of my own knowledge of yours."

But Mitchy gave that the go-by. "Oh, I've so many 'ideas'! I'm always getting hold of some new one and, for the most part, trying it—generally to let it go as a failure. Yes, I had one six months ago. I tried that. I'm trying it still."

"Then I hope," said Mr. Longdon, with a gayety slightly strained, "that, contrary to your usual rule, it's a success."

It was a gayety, for that matter, that Mitchy's could match. "It does promise well! But I've another idea even now, and it's just what I'm again trying."

"On me?" Mr. Longdon still somewhat extravagantly smiled.

Mitchy thought. "Well, on two or three persons, of whom you *are* the first for me to tackle. But what I must begin with is having from you that you recognize she trusts us."

"Nanda?"

Mitchy's idea, after an instant, had visibly gone further. "Both of them—the two women, up there, at present so strangely together. Mrs. Brook must too, immensely. But for that you won't care."

Mr. Longdon had relapsed into an anxiety more natural than his expression of a moment before. "It's about time! But if Nanda didn't trust us," he went on, "her case would indeed be a sorry one. She has nobody else."

"Yes." Mitchy's concurrence was grave. "Only you and me."

"Only you and me."

The eyes of the two men met over it in a pause ter- minated at last by Mitchy's saying: "We must make it all up to her."

"Is that your idea?"

"Ah," said Mitchy gently, "don't laugh at it."

His friend's gray gloom again covered him. "But what *can*—?" Then as Mitchy showed a face that seemed to wince with a silent "What *could*?" the old man com- pleted his objection. "Think of the magnitude of the loss."

"Oh, I don't for a moment suggest," Mitchy hastened to reply, "that it isn't immense."

"She does care for him, you know," said Mr. Longdon.

Mitchy, at this, gave a long, wide glare. "Know—?"

he ever so delicately murmured.

His irony had quite touched. "But of course you know! You know everything—Nanda and you."

There was a tone in it that moved a spring, and Mitchy laughed out. "I like your putting me with her! But we're all together. With Nanda," he next added, "it *is* deep."

His companion took it from him. "Deep."

"And yet somehow it isn't abject."

The old man wondered. "'Abject'?"

"I mean it isn't, pitiful. In its way," Mitchy devel- oped, "it's happy."

This too, though rather ruefully, Mr. Longdon could take from him. "Yes—in its way."

"Any passion so great, so complete," Mitchy went on, "*is*—satisfied or unsatisfied—a life." Mr. Longdon looked so interested that his fellow-visitor, evidently touched by what was now an appeal and a dependence, grew still more bland, or at least more assured, for affirmation. "She's not *too* sorry for herself."

"Ah, she's so proud!"

"Yes, but that's a help."

"Oh—not for *us*!"

It arrested Mitchy, but his ingenuity could only re- bound. "In *one* way: that of reducing us to feel that the desire to 'make up' to her is—well, mainly for *our* relief. If she 'trusts' us, as I said just now, it isn't for *that* she does so." As his friend appeared to wait then to hear, it was presently with positive joy that he showed he could meet the last difficulty. "What she trusts us to do"—oh, Mitchy had worked it out!—"is to let *him* off."

"Let him off?" It still left Mr. Longdon dim.

"Easily. That's all."

"But what would letting him off hard be? It seems to me he's—on any terms—already beyond us. He *is* off."

Mr. Longdon had given it a sound that suddenly made Mitchy appear to collapse under a sharper sense of the matter. "He *is* off," he moodily echoed.

His companion, again a little bewildered, watched him; then with impatience: "Do, please, tell me what has happened."

He quickly pulled himself round. "Well, he was, after a long absence, here a while since, as if expressly to see her. But after spending half an hour, he went away with- out it."

Mr. Longdon's watch continued. "He spent the half- hour with her mother instead?"

"Oh, 'instead'—it was hardly that. He at all events dropped his iden."

"And what had it been, his idea?"

"You speak as if he had as many as I!" Mitchy re- plied. "In a manner indeed he has," he continued as if for himself. "But they're of a different kind," he said to Mr. Longdon.

"What had it been, his idea?" the old man, however, simply repeated.

Mitchy's confession, at this, seemed to explain his pre- vious evasion. "We shall never know."

Mr. Longdon hesitated. "He won't tell *you*?"

"Me?" Mitchy had a pause. "Less than any one."

Many things they had not spoken had already passed between them, and something, evidently, to the sense of each, passed during the moment that followed this. "While you were abroad," Mr. Longdon presently asked, "did you hear from him?"

"Never. And I wrote nothing."

"Like me," said Mr. Longdon. "I've neither written nor heard."

"Ah, but with you it will be different." Mr. Long- don, as if with the outbreak of an agitation hitherto con- trolled, had turned abruptly away and, with the usual swing of his glass, begun almost wildly to wander. "You *will* hear."

"I shall be curious."

"Oh, but what Nanda wants, you know, is that you shouldn't be too much so."

Mr. Longdon thoughtfully rambled. "Too much—?"

"To let him off, as we were saying, easily."

The elder man, for a while, said nothing more, but he at last came back. "She'd like me actually to give him something?"

"I dare say!"

"Money?"

Mitchy smiled. "A handsome present." They were face to face again, with more mute interchange. "She doesn't want *him* to have lost—!" Mr. Longdon, how- ever, on this, once more broke off while Mitchy's eyes fol- lowed him. "Doesn't it give a sort of measure of what she may feel—?"

He had paused, working it out again, with the effect of his friend's returning afresh to be fed with his light. "Doesn't what give it?"

"Why, the fact that we still like him."

Mr. Longdon stared. "Do *you* still like him?"

"If I didn't how should I mind—?" But on the utter- ance of it Mitchy fairly pulled up.

His companion, after another look, laid a mild hand on his shoulder. "What is it you mind?"

"From *him*? Oh, nothing!" He could trust himself again. "There are people like that—great cases of priv- ilege."

"He *is* one!" Mr. Longdon mused.

"There it is. They go through life, somehow, guaran- teed. They can't help pleasing."

"Ah," Mr. Longdon murmured, "if it hadn't been for that—!"

"They hold, they keep every one," Mitchy went on. "It's the sacred awe."

The companions, for a little, seemed to stand together in this element; after which the elder turned once more away and appeared to continue to walk in it. "Poor Nanda!" then, in a far-off sigh, came across from him to Mitchy. Mitchy, on this, turned vaguely around to the fire, into which he remained gazing till he heard again Mr. Longdon's voice. "I knew it, of course, after all. It was what I came up for. That night, before you went, at Mrs. Grendon's—"

"Yes?"—Mitchy was with him again.

"Well, it made me see the future. It was then already too late."

Mitchy assented with emphasis. "Too late. She was spoiled for him."

If Mr. Longdon had to take it, he took it at least quiet- ly, only saying after a time: "And her mother *isn't*?"

"Oh yes. Quite."

"And does she know it?"

"Yes, but doesn't mind. She resembles you and me. She 'still likes' him."

"But what good will that do her?"

Mitchy sketched a shrug. "What good does it do *us*?" Mr. Longdon thought. "We can at least respect our- selves."

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*Can* we?" Mitchy smiled.

"And *he* can respect us," his friend, as if not hearing him, went on.

Mitchy seemed almost to demur. "He must think us queer."

"Well, Mrs. Brook's worse than 'queer.' He can't respect *her*."

"Oh, that will be perhaps," Mitchy laughed, "what she'll get just most out of!" It was the first time, however, of Mr. Longdon's showing that, even after a minute, he had not understood him; so that, as quickly as possible, he passed to another point. "If you do anything, may I be in it?"

"But what can I do? If it's over it's over."

"For *him*, yes. But not for her or for you or for me."

"Oh, I'm not for long!" the old man wearily said, turning the next moment to the door, at which one of the footmen had appeared.

"Mrs. Brookenham's compliments, please sir," this messenger articulated, "and Miss Brookenham is now alone."

"Thanks—I'll come up."

The servant withdrew, and the eyes of the two visitors again met for a minute, after which Mitchy looked about for his hat. "Good-by. I'll go."

Mr. Longdon watched him while, having found his hat, he looked about for his stick. "You want to be in *everything*?"

Mitchy, without answering, smoothed his hat down; then he replied: "You say you're not for long, but you won't abandon her."

"Oh, I mean I shan't last forever."

"Well, since you so expressed it yourself, that's what I mean too. I assure you *I* shan't desert her. And if I can help you—"

"Help me?" Mr. Longdon interrupted, looking at him hard.

It made him a little awkward. "Help you to help her, you know—!"

"You're very wonderful," Mr. Longdon presently returned. "A year and a half ago you wanted to help me to help Mr. Vanderbank."

"Well," said Mitchy, "you can't quite say I haven't."

"But your ideas of help are of a splendor!"

"Oh, I've told you about my ideas." Mitchy was almost apologetic.

Mr. Longdon hesitated. "I suppose I'm not indiscreet then in recognizing your marriage as one of them. And that, with a responsibility so great already assumed, you appear fairly eager for another—"

"Makes me out a kind of monster of benevolence?" Mitchy looked at it with a flushed face. "The two responsibilities are very much one and the same. My marriage has brought me, as it were, only nearer to Nanda. My wife and she, don't you see? are particular friends."

Mr. Longdon, on his side, turned a trifle pale; he looked rather hard at the floor. "I see—I see." Then he raised his eyes. "But—to an old fellow like me—it's all so strange."

"It *is* strange." Mitchy spoke very kindly. "But it's all right."

Mr. Longdon gave a head-shake that was both sad and sharp. "It's all wrong. But *you're* all right!" he added in a different tone as he walked hastily away.

## XXXV.

Nanda Brookenham, for a fortnight after Mr. Longdon's return, had found much to think of; but the bustle of business became, visibly for us, particularly great with her on a certain Friday afternoon in June. She was in unusual possession of that chamber of comfort in which so much of her life had lately been passed, the redecorated and redelicated room, upstairs, in which she had enjoyed a due measure both of solitude and society. Passing the objects about her in review, she gave especial attention to her rather marked wealth of books; changed repeatedly, for five minutes, the position of various volumes, transferred to tables those that were on shelves and rearranged shelves with an eye to the effect of backs. She was flagrantly engaged throughout indeed in the study of effect, which moreover, had the law of an extreme freshness not inveterately prevailed there, might have been observed to be traceable in the very detail of her own appearance. "Company," in short, was in the air and expectation in the picture. The flowers on the little tables bloomed with a consciousness sharply taken up by the glitter of knickknacks and reproduced, in turn, in the light exuberance of cushions on sofas, and the measured drop of blinds in windows. The friends in the photographs in particular were highly prepared, with small intense faces, each, that happened in every case to be turned to the door. The pair of eyes most dilated perhaps was that of old Van, present under a polished glass and in a frame of gilt-edged morocco that spoke out, across the room, of Piccadilly and Christmas, and visibly widening his gaze at the opening of the door, the announcement of a name by a footman and the entrance of a gentleman remarkably like him save as the resemblance was, on the gentleman's part, flattered. Vanderbank had not been in the room ten seconds before he showed that he had arrived to be kind. Kindness therefore becomes for us, by a quick turn of the glass that reflects the whole scene, the high pitch of the concert—a kindness that almost immediately filled the place, to the exclusion of everything else, with a familiar, friendly voice, a brightness of good looks and good intentions, a constant, though perhaps sometimes misapplied, laugh, a superabundance, almost, of interest, inattention and movement.

The first thing the young man said was that he was tremendously glad she had written. "I think it was most particularly nice of you." And this thought, precisely, seemed, as he spoke, a flower of the general bloom—as if the niceness he had brought in was so great that it straightway converted everything to its image. "The only thing that upset me a little," he went on, "was your saying that, before writing it, you had so hesitated and waited. I hope very much, you know, that you'll never do anything of that kind again. If you've ever the slightest desire to see me—for no matter what reason; if there's ever the smallest thing of any sort that I can do for you, I promise you I shan't easily forgive you if you stand on ceremony. It seems to me that when people have known each other as long as you and I, there's one comfort at least they may treat themselves to. I mean of course," Van developed, "that of being easy and frank and natural. There are such a lot of relations in which one isn't, in which it doesn't pay, in which 'ease,' in fact, would be the greatest of troubles and 'nature' the greatest of falsities. However," he continued, while he suddenly got up to change the place in which he had put his hat, "I don't really know why I'm preaching at such a rate, for I've a perfect consciousness of not myself requiring it. One does, half the time, preach more or less for one's self, eh? I'm not mistaken, at all events, I think, about the right thing with *you*. And a hint's enough for you, I'm sure, on the right thing with me." He had been looking all round while he talked, and had twice shifted his seat; so that it was quite in consonance with his general admiring notice that the next impression he broke out with should have achieved some air of relevance. "What extraordinarily lovely flowers you have and how charming you've made everything! You're always doing something—women are always changing the position of their furniture. If you happen to come in in the dark—no matter how well you know the place—you sit down on a teacup or a puppy-dog. But of course, you'll say, one doesn't come in in the dark, or at least, if one does, deserves what one gets. Only you know the way some women keep their rooms. I'm bound to say *you* don't, do you?—you don't go in for flower-pots in the windows and curtains on curtains. Why *should* you? You *have* got a lot to show!" He rose, with this, for the third time, as the better to command the scene. "What I mean is that sofa—which, by-the-way, is awfully good: you do, my dear Nanda, go it! It certainly was *here*, the last time, wasn't it? and this thing was there. The last time—I mean the last time I was up here—was fearfully long ago: when, by-the-way, *was* it? But you see I *have* been and that I remember it. And you've a lot more things now. You're laying up treasure. Really, the increase of luxury—! What an awfully jolly lot of books—have you read them all? Where did you learn so much about bindings?"

He continued to talk; he took things up and put them down; Nanda sat in her place, where her stillness, fixed and colorless, contrasted with his rather flushed freedom, and appeared only to wait, half in surprise, half in surrender, for the flow of his suggestiveness to run its course, so that, having herself provoked the occasion, she might do a little more to meet it. It was by no means, however, that his presence, in any degree, ceased to prevail; for there were minutes during which her face, the only thing in her that moved, turning with his turns and following his glances, actually had a look inconsistent with anything but submission to almost any accident. It might have expressed a desire for his talk to last and last, an acceptance of any treatment of the hour or any version, or want of version, of her act that would best suit his ease, even in fact a resigned prevision of the occurrence of something that would leave her, quenched and blank, with the appearance of having made him come simply that she might look at him. She might indeed well have been aware of an inability to look at him little enough to make it flagrant that she had appealed to him for something quite different. Keeping the situation meanwhile thus in his hands, he recognized, over the chimney, a new alteration. "There used to be a big print—wasn't there? a thing of the fifties—we had lots of them at home; some place or other 'in the olden time,' and virtue? It isn't Esmeralda—Esmeralda had a poodle, hadn't she?—or have I got my heroines mixed? You're up here yourself like a heroine; you're perched in your tower or what do you call it?—your bower. You quite hang over the place, you know—the great wicked city, the wonderful London sky and the monuments looming through: or am I again only muddling up my Zola? You must have the sunsets—haven't you? No—what am I talking about? Of course you look north. Well, they strike me as about the only thing you haven't. At the same time, it's not only because I envy you that I feel humiliated. I ought to have sent you some flowers." He smote himself with horror, throwing back his head with a sudden thought. "Why in goodness, when I got your note, didn't I for once in my life do something really graceful? I simply liked it and answered it. Here I am. But I've brought nothing. I haven't even brought a box of sweets. I'm not a man of the world."

"Most of the flowers here," Nanda at last said, "come from Mr. Longdon. Don't you remember his garden?"

Vanderbank, in quick response, called it up. "Dear yes—wasn't it charming? And that morning you and I spent there"—he was so careful to be easy about it—"talking under the trees."

"You had gone out to be quiet and read—"

"And you came out to look after me. Well, I remember," Van went on, "that we had some good talk."

The talk, Nanda's face implied, had become dim to her; but there were other things. "You know he's a great gardener—I mean really one of the greatest. His garden is like a dinner in a house where the person—the person of the house—thoroughly knows and cares."

"I see. And he sends you dishes from the table."

"Often—every week. That is, now that he's in town, his gardener does it."

"Charming of them both!" Vanderbank exclaimed. "But his gardener—that extraordinarily tall fellow with the long red beard—was almost as nice as himself. I had talks with *him* too, and I remember every word he said. I remember he told me you asked questions that showed a deal of study.' But I thought I had never seen, all round, such a charming lot of people—I mean as those, down there, that our friend has got about him. It's an awfully good note for a man, pleasant servants, I always think, don't you? Mr. Longdon's—and quite without their saying anything; just from the sort of type and manner they had—struck me as a kind of chorus of praise. The same with Mitchy's, at Merle, I remember," Van rambled on. "Mitchy's the sort of chap who might have awful ones, but I recollect telling him that one quite felt as if it were with *them* one had come to stay. Good note, good note," he cheerfully repeated. "I'm bound to say, you know," he continued in this key, "that you've a jolly sense for getting in with people who make you comfortable. Then, by-the-way, he's still in town?"

Nanda hesitated. "Do you mean Mr. Mitchy?"

"Oh, *he* is, I know—I met them two nights ago; and by-the-way again—don't let me forget—I want to speak to you about his wife. But I've not seen, do you know? Mr. Longdon—which is really too awful. Twice, thrice I think, have I at moments like this one snatched myself from pressure; but there's no finding the old demon at any earthly hour. When do *you* go—or does he only come here? Of course I see you've got the place arranged for him. When I asked at his hotel at what hour he ever *was* in, blest if the fellow didn't say 'Very often, sir, about ten!' And when I said 'Ten P.M.?' he quite laughed at my innocence over a person of such habits. What *are* his habits then now, and what are you putting him up to? Seriously," Vanderbank pursued, "I *am* awfully sorry, and I wonder if, the first time you've a chance, you'd kindly tell him you've heard me say so and that I mean yet to run him to earth. The same, really, with the Mitchys. I didn't, somehow, the other night, in such a lot of people, get at them. But I sat opposite to Aggie all through dinner, and that puts me in mind. I should like volumes from you about Aggie, please. It's too revolting of me not to go to see her. But every one knows I'm busy. We're up to our necks!"

"I can't tell you," said Nanda, "how kind I think it of you to have found, with all you have to do, a moment for *this*. But please, without delay, let me tell you—"

Practically, however, he would let her tell him nothing; his almost aggressive friendly optimism clung so to references of short range. "Don't mention it, please. It's too charming of you to squeeze me in. To see *you*, moreover, does me good. Quite distinct good. And your writing me touched me—oh, but really. There were all sorts of old things in it." Then he broke out, once more, on her books, one of which, for some minutes past, he had held in his hand. "I see you go in for sets—and, my dear child, upon my word, I see, *big* sets. What's this?—'Vol. 23: The British Poets.' Vol. 23 is delightful—do tell me about Vol. 23. Are you doing much in the British Poets? But when the deuce, you wonderful being, do you find time to read? *I* don't find any—it's too hideous. One relapses, in London, into illiteracy and barbarism. I have to keep up a false glitter to hide, in conversation, my rapidly increasing ignorance: I should be so ashamed, after all, to see other people *not* shocked by it. But teach me, teach me!" he gayly went on.

"The British Poets," Nanda immediately answered, "were given me by Mr. Longdon, who has given me all the good books I have except a few—those in that top row—that have been given me at different times by Mr. Mitchy. Mr. Mitchy has sent me flowers too, as well as Mr. Longdon. And they're both—since we've spoken of my seeing them—coming, by appointment, this afternoon: not together, but Mr. Mitchy at 5.30 and Mr. Longdon at 6.30."

She had spoken as with conscious promptitude, making up for what she had not yet succeeded in saying by a quick, complete statement of her case. She was evidently also going on with more, but her actual visitor, with a laugh, had already taken her up. "You *are* making a day of it, and you run us like railway trains!" He looked at his watch. "Have *I* then time?"

"It seems to me I should say 'Have *I*?' But it's not half past four," Nanda went on, "and though I've something very particular, of course, to say to you, it won't take long. They don't bring tea till five, and you must surely stay till that. I had already written to you when they each, for the same reason, proposed this afternoon. They go out of town to-morrow for Sunday."

"Oh, I see—and they have to see you first. What an influence you exert, you know, on people's behavior!"

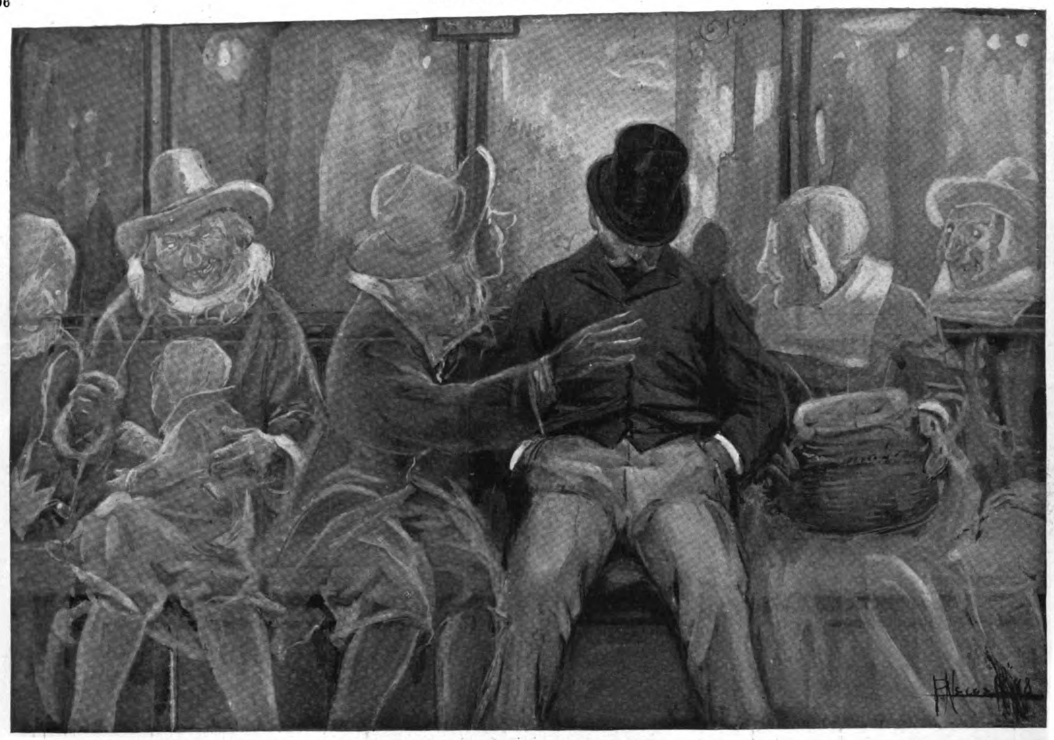
She continued as literal as her friend was facetious: "Well, it just happened so, and it didn't matter, since, on my asking you, don't you know? to choose your time, you had taken, as suiting you best, this comparatively early hour."

"Oh, perfectly." But he again had his watch out. "I've a job, perversely—that was my reason—on the other side of the world; which, by-the-way, I'm afraid, won't permit me to wait for tea. My tea doesn't matter." The watch went back to his pocket. "I'm sorry to say I must be off before five. It has been delightful at all events to see you again."

He was on his feet as he spoke, and though he had been half the time on his feet his last words gave the effect of his moving almost immediately to the door. It appeared to come out with them rather clearer than before that he was embarrassed enough really to need help, and it was doubtless the measure she after an instant took of this that enabled Nanda, with a quietness all her own, to draw to herself a little more of the situation. The quietness was plainly determined for her by a quick vision of its being the best assistance she could show. Had he an inward terror that explained his superficial nervousness, the incoherence of a loquacity designed, it would seem, to check, in each direction, her advance? He only fed it, in that case, by allowing his precautionary benevolence to put him in so much deeper. Where indeed could he have supposed that she wanted to come out, and what that she could ever do for him would really be so beautiful as this present chance to smooth his confusion and add as much as possible to that refined satisfaction with himself which would proceed from his having dealt with a difficult hour in a gallant and delicate way? To force upon him an awkwardness was like forcing a disfigurement or a hurt, so that at the end of a minute during which the expression of her face became a kind of uplifted view of her opportunity, she arrived at the appearance of having changed places with him and of their being together precisely in order that he—not she—should be let down easily. Some such quick passage of things is at any rate no more than a fair translation of the expression just mentioned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE LAST CAR—DEADHEAD PASSENGERS.

DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

## WASSAILING.

IN England the customs surrounding the birth of a new year have for many ages been observed with singularly festive demonstrations, and many interesting ceremonies and superstitions connected with it are preserved from ancient times to the present day.

Hence wassailing, an ancient Anglo-Saxon ceremony, and one of the most universal and picturesque of New-Year's customs, is still practised in many parts of England. The name is derived from *wes hâl*, meaning "be of good health"—literally, "be hale"—and was used as a salutation of good-will in drinking and toasting on festive occasions, the usual form of reply being *drinc hâl*, meaning broadly, "drink, and good luck be with you."

One of the earliest mentions of this custom is found in the well-known interview between Hengist's daughter Rowena and his guest, King Vortigern. Rowena presented a cup of wine to Vortigern, with the expression, "Louerd King, waes heal!" and Vortigern, who knew no English, was told to reply, "Drinc heal!"

The *Antiquarian Repertory* (ed. 1775) contains a woodcut representing the support of an old chimney-piece which belonged to an ancient mansion built by a family, by name Hawks, in the County of Kent. The engraving represents a large oak beam upon which is carved a double-handled bowl placed between the words "Wass heil" and "Drinc heile." On the bowl are carved two hawks, and running in a conventional design around the whole is the branch of an apple-tree—alluding, presumedly, to the component parts of the bowl's contents.

The ceremony of wassailing, as it was performed at the court of Henry VII., is very interestingly described in the Collection of Ordinances for the Government of the Royal Household. We find that each person is provided with a separate cup with which to pledge the others, and that "When the steward came in at the doore he was to crie three tymes, *Wassel, Wassel, Wassel;* and then the chappell (chaplain) was to answer with a songe."

In the homes of the middle and better classes of people in England the family were used to assemble around a bowl of wassail, from which each in succession would drink the health of the circle, and then give expression to the words "Wass heil."

It was at this period that maidens of the poorer class were wont to go from door to door bearing a bowl decorated with holly and parti-colored ribbons and filled with a mixture of spiced and sweetened ale, together with a goodly number of roasted apples. This beverage was sometimes called "lambs' wool," on account of its mildness and softness. At each house a carol, such as that quoted beneath the picture on page 1289, would be sung, intended to persuade the householder visited into giving some small pecuniary return for a sip of their sloppy libation, supposed to bring good luck during the new year. In case the invitation and music proved ineffectual in procuring the desired recognition, the song was very quickly changed to malicious anathemas.

Wassailing was also practised in monasteries, as we learn from *Archæologia* (xi., 420) that the "Poculum Charitatis," or wassail bowl was placed on the abbot's table at the upper end of the refectory, to be circulated amongst the community at his discretion. The ceremony of the "Loving-Cup," which is still kept up at the corporation feasts of London, resembles the wassailing of the monasteries in its general form. First the master drinks, standing, to the general health from a flagon full of sweetened and spiced wine, and then passes it to the warden on his left, who drinks in a like manner to the man on his left, and so on around the table—each one, when pledging, standing up while his neighbor drinks to him.

The observance of New-Year's day in Scotland was formerly celebrated with much hilarity and revelry. Promptly at midnight the family would engage in a general health-drinking and hand-shaking around a bowl of wassail, during which the following song was often sung:

> Weel may we a' be,
> Ill may we never see;
> Here's to the King
> And the gude companie! etc.

When the singing was concluded, certain of the family would proceed into the street, loaded down with a supply of such provisions as buns, bread, cheese, etc., and a kettle of hot wassail, known also as the *hot pint*, their purpose being to visit the house of a neighbor, and there to exchange greetings and sips from the convivial kettle. If they happened to be the first to enter the house since the New-Year, additional significance was attached to their visit as an omen of good luck.

In the year 1812 a gang of young ruffians in Edinburgh dealt a lasting blow to this popular custom by forming themselves into squads to rob the people who might be abroad on New-Year's eve. Several gentlemen were robbed and severely beaten. The affair caused great indignation, three of the rascals were executed, and from that time the old custom began rapidly to decline, until it practically died out.

C. O. DELAND.

## THE LAST SHOT OF THE BLOCKADE.

EVENING colors was sounding on the vessels of the fleet in Guantanamo Bay, and the anchor lights were being sent aloft, when the ever-restless *Scorpion* weighed anchor and started on duty for Santiago.

Down through the long line of battle-ships and cruisers, tugs and yachts, colliers and schooners, she steamed, and rounding the shoals of Sotarenta Point, stood west-southwest along the coast.

The last tints of a glorious Cuban sunset were gradually deepening into shade when the white sides of a strange vessel were discerned far away on the port bow. Standing rapidly to the eastward, she was about ten miles off shore. What was she?

In a moment the *Scorpion* changed course and headed for her.

Darkness came on, and the stranger's lights alone were visible. On our quarter, miles away, Guantanamo Bay twinkled faintly as the flag-ship signalled to the fleet at anchor.

"We are not gaining," said the commanding officer.

"She must be a swift one," thought we, "to show her heels to the *Scorpion*."

"Put on the blowers," was the order, and faster still we sped under the forced air impetus.

Oh, the language that was coming up the ventilators from the fire-room below!

"Now we're catching her!" sang out the oracle to the men at the furnaces.

"Fire the blank charge!" came from the bridge. One was always ready with us.

Bang! went the 6-pounder, and at once the stranger stopped her engines a few hundred yards ahead.

Half-speed, on our engine telegraphs, and just abreast of her the *Scorpion* was dead in the water.

"What vessel is that?" megaphoned our captain.

And back across the dark space came the answer in clear tones, "His Imperial Majesty's cruiser *Geier*."

"All right," said the *Scorpion*. "Good-night!" and we headed away for the westward.

So the last shot was a blank shot. The next morning, in Santiago Harbor, the news of peace reached us. On August 13 it was.

Now the *Geier* was a modern 1800-ton cruiser, with plenty of speed, and a main battery of eight 4.1 guns rapid-fire, and no end of machine-guns, and a protective deck to boot.

Of course, while the *Scorpion's* battery is perfect in its way and in its own sphere, perhaps it was better, after all, that the *stranger* proved a *friend*.

But the philosopher down forward is not yet appeased, for, says he, "she had no darned right to hang around *our* waters and *our* shipping at night-time, nohow!"

W. T. CLUVERIUS,
Ensign, U.S.N.

## "NOT INTO TEMPTATION!"

THOU great, unchanged, eternal One!
Thou God of Nations, filled with awe,
We thank Thee for the course we run
'Neath Thy unalterable law.

We feel that so far on our way
Thy guiding care had but to bless
A life which ever forward lay
And ever looked to righteousness.

We give Thee songs of praise that Thou
Hath so disposed us for our weal,
And all thanksgiving even now
For our unconquerable zeal.

But from this zeal has grown such might,
With no grave errors to retrieve,
That time may come, may be in sight,
When we the old-time way would leave,

And reaching out our cleanly hands
Across the seas, across the zones,
Follow the lead of other lands
To spoil the weak, outwit the drones,

And strong, resourceful, fearing naught,
From shore to shore our sway extend,
Till o'ergrown empire, weak, distraught,
Has but disunion for an end.

Show Thou the fathers' path and lead
Where no world-circling ills beset!
Stay us in every outward greed!
Stay us, great God, ere we regret!

CHALMERS ROBERTS.



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The Triumph of the Amateur Comedy Club of New York.

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THE recent performance of the Amateur Comedy Club of New York is of extraordinary merit of its kind, and in a manner marks an era in the development of the club. At its inception in the season of 1884–5 the Amateur Comedy Club was one of a considerable number in the metropolis that were devoted to the giving of so-called amateur plays, and the standard of all of these clubs was not noticeably above that of common or garden private theatricals. In the course of time the club gathered to itself most of the fashion and most of the talent among the young people in New York who are interested in things of the stage; and as rival clubs dropped out of existence its productions became at once more fashionable and more perfect. Of late years the club has given only such comedies as have succeeded in the downtown theatres—old Daly adaptations, Mr. Sothern's old plays, and even a minor piece by Pinero. In several seasons, and notably the present, the performances have approached so near to the professional standard that at times one could easily be persuaded that he was seeing the work of men and women born to the stage.

The Triumph of the Amateur Comedy Club of New York.

This same old paradox with regard to the amateur and the professional actor has seldom been presented in a more concrete form. Of the world the people of the theatre live in *Rose Trelawny* says: "It isn't *the* world we live in, merely *a* world —such a queer little one. I was less than a month in Cavendish Square, and very few people came there; but they were *real* people—*real*." Yet it is the profession of the people of this queer little world of the stage to embody the manners of that remote, almost inconceivable real world. That is why there are stage types, and why there are so few of them, almost, that any manual of the theatre will glibly name them for you. It is beyond the range of possibility that the people of the stage should present truly the manners they have so little inkling of. The art of the stock actor is skilfully to vitalize and diversify the traditional types he has known from the cradle. When by the grace of Heaven some one gives us a touch of real feeling expressed in the manner of the real world, we are so grateful that we say he has genius. The case of the amateur is quite the reverse. He knows only Cavendish Square; he *is* Cavendish Square; and all he imagines of dramatic art is his gleanings from this theatre and from that. His ideal is to act like an actor. In almost every first-rate amateur company you will find several highly developed imitations of that species of English accent that our native actors imitate from the poor devils of English actors who come to us because they have failed at portraying English manners at home. How many removes from anything real does that make? I have seen an amateur imitate Sothern so glibly that one would say he was Sothern, if one did not miss the frequent touch of truth that redeems Sothern's manner; and I was not surprised to learn that the actor frankly owned up that he was intending to imitate Sothern. So the nearer the amateur comes to his ideal, the further he is from anything that we can admit to be art. I don't wish to be whimsical, but there are times when the most accomplished amateur company makes me sigh for the good old days of undergraduate tomfooleries and of sure-enough amateur plays. One could not applaud his friends in those days, but one could laugh at them with all his heart, and nothing could have been better fun short of the work of those real actors that express real passions in something that approximates the manner of real life.

The Paradox of the Accomplished Amateur.

A recent squabble among the leading dramatic critics of the metropolis has been the means of affording very interesting data as to the manners and the scholarship of the censors of the stage. The squabble began with an error as to the text of Shakspere in the *Commercial Advertiser*, the dramatic department of which has been of late conducted on rather independent lines by Mr. Norman Hapgood, a young writer, who has made his mark by contributing dramatic and political articles to the leading English reviews. The *Commercial Advertiser* criticised Miss Mary Shaw for not knowing her part of *Rosalind*, because to Celia's question, "Is all this for your father?" she replied, "Some of it is for my *child's father*"—that is, for *Orlando*, whom she thus thinks her future husband—instead of the familiar emendation, "for my father's child"—that is, herself. The *Advertiser* acknowledged its error by printing a letter from Mr. Ticknor of Boston, who pointed out that Miss Shaw's reading is the Folio reading, and is supported by the best editors. The paper also made due acknowledgments to Miss Shaw as "one of the most correct actresses in this country." On the Sunday following an article in the *Times* signed Edward A. Dithmar rehearsed these facts, called Mr. Hapgood a "critic (Heaven save the mark!)," and charged him with having "assailed for ignorance and carelessness" an actor who "adheres to the purest and most respected text." All this would have been much better if it had appeared before Mr. Hapgood's acknowledgments. The etiquette of schoolboys requires that when a fellow has cried *peccavi* you let him up, and few rules are better among comrades in any stage of life.

Comradeship and Criticism.



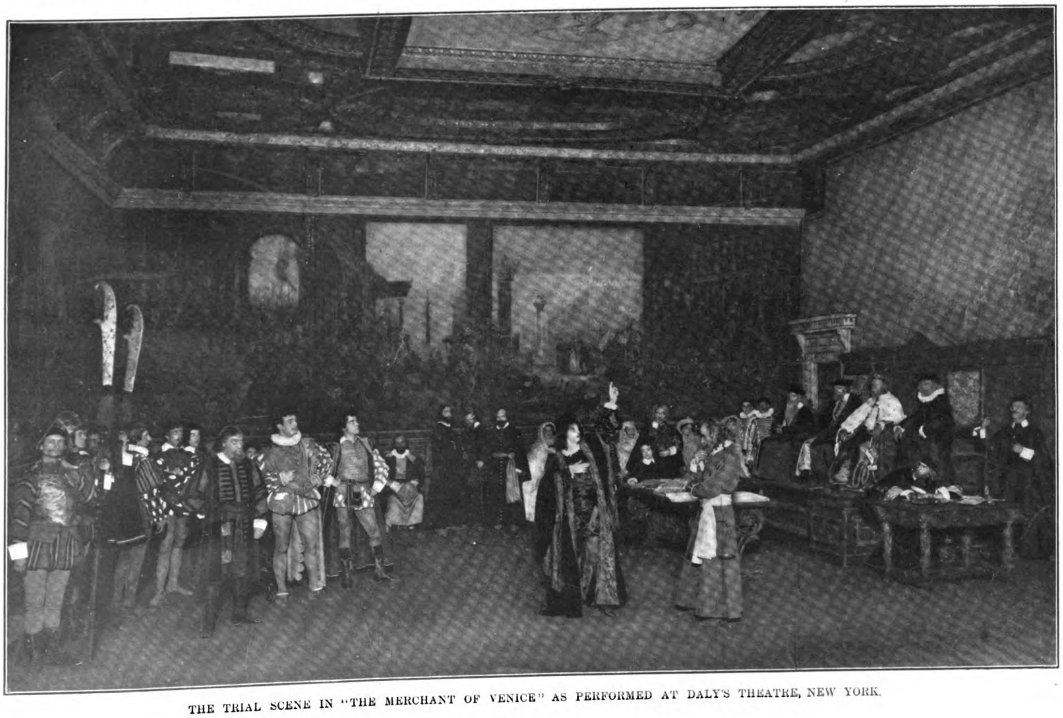
EDITH CRANE AS *MILADI* IN "THE KING'S MUSKETEER,"
As performed by E. A. Sothern's Company.

The climax of this incident involved the dean of American critics. When Miss Julia Arthur played *Rosalind* she had apparently profited by Miss Shaw's triumph over her censor. When Mr. William Winter reviewed her performance in the *Tribune*, he did not profit by the younger critic's fall. This is what he wrote: "The young actress, furthermore, was so oppressed with agitation that she had but slight control of herself. In the colloquy with *Celia*, after the wrestling, she made *Rosalind* say, 'Some of it is for my child's father,' and the excitement which could cause a break like that would mar anything." Mr. Winter was duly rebuked by a correspondent of the Baltimore *News*. He excused himself as follows: "Surely it was more gracious and more kind, in reviewing Miss Arthur's performance of *Rosalind*, to ascribe a foolish and vulgar misreading rather to nervous prostration than to deliberate design. An accidental error is of no importance, but an error indicative of a coarse taste and a dull mind may carry with it a deep significance, and may be attended with lasting consequences. . . . It is no defence to cite the Folio text, because the blunder in the Folio text is palpable." The final word in the controversy, thus far, comes from Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard, who, since the death of Professor Child, is acknowledged to be the soundest and most learned of our scholars in English. As to Miss Arthur's alleged vulgarity, he remarks: "But, some one says 'child's father' is indelicate. I think not. At all events, the most fastidious of Elizabethan ladies would not have objected to it. It means no more than 'the man I hope to marry.' *Celia* and *Rosalind* are alone, and they are bosom-friends. Have we got so far from honest plain-speaking nowadays that a heroine may not tell her adopted sister that she hopes to marry and have children? But grant a slight indelicacy (which I do not, in fact, grant for a moment), what then? Elsewhere *Rosalind* does not shrink from such things. The speaker of v. ii., 12–15, was not likely to hesitate at 'child's father.'" His verdict as to the alleged folly and dulness of Miss Arthur's reading "child's father" is as follows: "There is no ground whatever for suspecting that 'child's father' is not what Shakspere wrote. On the contrary, the context is altogether in favor of its correctness." Of the two most prominent critics in New York, it seems one has thrashed a younger comrade for a fault already owned up to; the other has sought to screen himself from the consequences of his own error by insinuating that a young woman who is an earnest artist has a coarse, vulgar taste and a dull mind.

Gallantry and Criticism.

This attack upon Miss Arthur as a Shakesperean actress has the appearance of being made in behalf of Miss Ada Rehan. If it is, nothing could be more prejudicial to Miss Rehan. Miss Arthur has youth, good looks, an abundant fortune, and a vigorous ambition to excel in the highest forms of the drama. In her New York season, which is now drawing to a close, she has presented "Ingomar," "As You Like It," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "Mercedes,"

Miss Rehan and Miss Arthur.



THE TRIAL SCENE IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AS PERFORMED AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

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GRACE ROMAINE,
Contralto, of the Castle Square Opera Company.

and an intended performance of "Infidele" was prevented only by ill-health. In all these performances she has acted creditably; in none of them has she shown more than a touch of native talent or a flash of dramatic fire. With Miss Rehan's advantages of hard and thorough training, there is no saying what she may not do; but to attack her as a present rival is as inapt as it is otherwise objectionable. JOHN CORBIN.




## 1898: A REVIEW.

—Makes a swanlike end, fading in music.—*The Merchant of Venice.*

It is the final musical witness for the year on the part of these weekly columns of record and comment. As is usual—indeed inevitable, so long as our American climate and our American routines of life are as they are—my editorial retrospect over music's course for the twelve-month must be begun at just about the middle of one local "season," and closed as another closes. This at first sight rather detracts from the completeness of even a sketch. On the other hand, the old informal break in summer-time, coming between "season" and "season," of recent years has become reduced to almost its least term. Only for a few hot weeks, at most, comes the check to concerts and operas and new artists to be heard, and to interests immediate in music's movement here. A large fraction of this same period happens to be one not at all idle abroad. The spring and earlier summer in England, France, and Germany have many things to say to American musical people, just when we are blessed with a bit of something like leisure to read of them or to betake ourselves towards them. There is really no untimeliness in a year-end retrospect as compared with one at the waning of a season.

Orchestral and Choral Interests in 1898.

The opening of 1898 found one of the most brilliant of our concert seasons in full course. That course was sustained to the end, and it has been even more effectively carried out this winter. The Astoria concerts, under the late Anton Seidl, were potent social and musical attractions, with at least a show of novelty. These concerts, however, have not been resumed this winter, owing to the failure of the impresario in charge of them. As to other serial concerts, choral or orchestral, early in 1898, the long succession from the Philharmonic Society's fifty-sixth season, the Symphony Society of New York, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Chicago Orchestra, the Chickering Hall group, the Paur Orchestra, the Kneisel Quartet, and the exceptionally fine choral evenings of the Musical Art Society may be particularized. A significant loss came in the withdrawal this autumn from the concert-field of the Symphony Society of New York, after twenty years of work. The matinée concerts of the new Paur Orchestra and those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra enlarged on this deficiency. A bustling effort toward that much-mooted thing, an endowed local symphony band, was active in the year's start—as so often before then. The lamentable death of Mr. Anton Seidl set aside the plan for a time. It will probably be developed (with more wisdom) before another year passes. The death of Mr. Seidl was, for a time, a grave disturbance to other plans for the present winter. Mr. Emil Paur's residence in town has originated a new concert series of high merit, and given to the Philharmonic Society a conductor of sterling value to it in its present status. Mr. William Gericke's return to the leadership of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since October affords great pleasure, far and wide, along that great musical factor's lines of work; and, Mr. Gericke's recent severe illness having proved brief, there is likely to be no interruption to his services. The Opera House receives a new leader in Franz Schalk, a fairly trustworthy and firm one. The Oratorio Society has formally received Mr. Frank Damrosch as its leader. Mr. Walter Damrosch has resigned all his New York charges, at least *pro tempore*, and is now to be identified with Philadelphia's opera and concert affairs rather than with those special to this city. The marked advance in performance on the part of a small orchestra newly made a part of the "National" Conservatory of Music in this city is to be recorded and praised.

Opera in New York in 1898.

The Metropolitan Opera House was closed as this year began. The acting impresario for that house, Mr. Maurice Grau, decided early in the year 1897 to give no season until the time for one of 1898–9. Mr. Walter Damrosch and Mr. Charles A. Ellis, however, were on hand as lessees under Mr. Grau. Their company, made up for the most part of singers well known to this country, gave representations in Italian, French, and German for five weeks, including a familiar Wagnerian repertory. No new scores were sung. Later in the spring an interesting but exasperatingly unequal troupe of Italian singers—called now the "Boggetto," now the "Royal Grand," now by some other name—came to Wallack's Theatre by way of the far West. It gave New York a first hearing of two of Puccini's works. This organization returned in October, sang at the Casino, and was dissolved into bankruptcy. In November, Mr. Grau returned to the Metropolitan with a magnificent company, unquestionably the finest and largest ever grouped for a season at any one house; and with many fine artists new to New York, over and above the dazzling circle of those already heard here under the same conditions and manager. This season at the Metropolitan is now in its fifth week. It has an *ensemble* effect of extraordinary richness, though thus far it is lacking in all novelty of repertory. A fuller summary of it may be deferred. As to other opera, the best of the performances (in English only) of the Castle Square Opera Company, singing at the American Theatre, have reached a plane of art and of worth as an element of musical education in the community to call for high praise. In light opera in English decidedly good things have come in the way of "The Charlatan," "The Jolly Musketeer," "The Fortune-Teller," "The Little Corporal," and two musical plays "A Dangerous Maid" and "A Runaway Girl."

New Music in 1898.

The register of large concert works that have been heard in this city for the first time in 1898 cannot be presented even approximately, so long is it. Those of the greater interest and highest form have not been necessarily of the first import. Chiefly in concert-music have such been found. Mr. Horatio Parker's sacred oratorio "Saint Christopher"; Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic suite "Sherzad"; Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; a fine piano-forte concerto by Stenhammer; Mrs. Beach's "Gaelic" Symphony; the opera by Puccini "La Bohême"; and "Manon Lescaut"—are some notable matters of last spring. Mr. Paur and Mr. Theodore Thomas have presented several concert-scores by Franck, Dubois, Bourgoult-Ducoudray, and their elegant, if not always eloquent, school. I may direct attention here to the fact that the year has elicited in Europe a small outputting of noteworthy music. The activity of Europe in 1898 has proved itself chiefly Italian and French; operatic in accent; and either transitional or downright decadent—as your prejudices or convictions may decide it. Perhaps the aspect of 1898 will be more favorable to the world's musical vitality.

Singers and Players New to Us in 1898.

Either at the beginning or at the end, this year has been so rich in its artistic guest-roll that I hesitate to cite it at all. There is, however, less injustice to the many than justice to the few to mention the first visits to America of the admirable operatic singers Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink (though her actual début has been postponed by an illness), and of Henri Albers, Albert Saléza, Ernest van Dyck, Albert Alvarez, and Anton von Rooy. Andreas Dippel, the Viennese tenor whose emphatic success as *Siegfried* has just been an incident, comes to us practically a new and finer personality in Wagner's music. Madame Marcella Sembrich is again a singer at the Metropolitan, with a dazzling endowment of gifts that have been so particularly recognized this winter as to make her appearance exceptionally distinctive in the season. In concert, have taken place since January last the first American appearances of the pianists Pugno and Siloti (Emil Saur is yet to be heard), the reentrées of Josef Hofmann, of Rosenthal, of Adele aus der Ohe, and of Madame Madeline Schiller; and the début of the violinist Burmester.



LOUISE MEISSLINGER,
Mezzo-soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.

Musical Necrology of 1898.

The regretted and sudden death of Mr. Seidl has already been noted. The deaths of Eduard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, and of Max Alvary, the admired German tenor, removed an old musician and a youthful one, of wide fame. It is worth while to notice that in 1898 have occurred no deaths in the general world-list of composers that mean a great musical loss; possibly because there are now no more just such men alive.

Two Mozart Nights.

The foregoing notes have exacted all my space for a review. The course of the season that takes in part of the new year is now strong. It could not be continued more graciously than in two Mozartian incidents which must be added to my record, whatever others lapse—that memorable and exquisite performance of "The Wedding of Figaro" recent at the Metropolitan, and the latest concert of the Kneisel Quartet, at which the composer's Quartet in F for an oboe and strings (one violin omitted) was given. The latter work had probably never been given in this country until the other evening, and it is little known in Europe. It is perfect Mozart—serene, masterful, the soul of harmony in every measure—and a delicate thing divine. The month's concerts of the Philharmonic Society presented Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and an orchestral novelty by Charpentier, "Impressions d'Italie." This is a descriptive matter, written with a boisterous mastery of instrumentation rather than refinement in its five pictures, and an excellent illustration of the mannerism of one of the more distinguished among the new French music-makers. Madame Josephine Jacoby was the soloist, a contralto of superior merit among our American concert artists.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



ANDREAS DIPPEL,
Tenor, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.
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MARCELLA SEMBRICH,
Soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.
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# THE PRESIDENT AT ATLANTA AND TUSKEGEE.

BY THOMAS J. CALLOWAY, VICE-PRINCIPAL OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S faith and interest in the elevation of the negroes were very firmly registered when, on the 16th of this month, he spent the greater part of a day in visiting and addressing the teachers and students of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama. His visit South was primarily to participate in the Peace Jubilee at Atlanta, Georgia, and a journey of eighteen hours along the eastern slope of the lower Alleghanies brought the Southern Railway's special train of the President and party to Atlanta early Wednesday morning, December 14. In the accompanying party were Mrs. McKinley, Secretary and Mrs. Gage, Secretary and Mrs. Alger, Secretary and Miss Long, Postmaster-General and Mrs. Smith, Secretary and Miss Wilson, Secretary and Mrs. Porter, Assistant-Secretary Cortelyou, General and Miss Wheeler, General Shafter, General and Mrs. Lawton, and Captain Scherer, press correspondents, messengers, and maids. Wednesday and Thursday, 14th and 15th, were given over to the programme of the civic and military parades, addresses, and demonstrations in Atlanta, closing Thursday night with a banquet, in which veterans of the gray wove laurels of good cheer for a reunited blue, in response to President McKinley's magnanimous utterance that "we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers." After which the party passed from Atlanta into the "Black Belt," *en route* to Tuskegee.

The distance of a hundred and forty miles into this "Black Belt" furnishes an ample study and evidences of the seriousness of the negro problem in this country. Near one station a negro owns a plantation of eleven hundred acres, well stocked and managed. Half a dozen others own small farms of less value. On the other hand, hundreds in this community and thousands in the section are tenants living in one-room cabins, with families as high as thirteen to fifteen in number. In one settlement there are nearly thirty of these cabins, made of logs, with large apertures between the logs, permitting draughts that mean consumption and pneumonia. There is scarcely a picture on the wall, save an occasional advertising chromo, and patent-medicine almanacs seem the only excuses for books to furnish mental food to families, whose kitchen, dining, bed, and sitting room, for all ages and sexes, is a single four-wall enclosure. On the other hand, there are clocks worth five dollars which have cost fourteen dollars from smooth-tongued agents, who collected the money by instalments. Likewise there are sewing-machines with no evidence of their need from the scanty clothing to be seen. With no mule or horse to draw them, some of these people own buggies. The fact is everywhere apparent that the first principle of "getting on in the world" has not been learned. These people, who as slaves were fed and clothed by a master, find it a hard lesson to learn the white man's economy for future wants and the necessity of owning land. Their crops even are mortgaged before planting, in order to draw from the merchant rations and clothing, which the merchant sells to them at a profit of from 12 to 180 per cent. over usual retail prices. Mules are rented to cultivate crops: an old man told me that he has paid $14 a year rent for a mule for seven years, when the mule might have been bought in the first place for $50. The moral status is as unsatisfactory as the industrial. The camp-meetings prove attractions for lewdness, drunkenness, and gambling, the preachers often winking at these evils if financial returns are increased. Men who have gone to coal-mines, public works, and large commercial centres to get better wages have learned the games of dice and cards, and returning, have taught them to their fellows, who revel by night amidst the fumes of cheap whiskey and tobacco, while women and children are half clothed and half fed.

It is significant, however, that everywhere the people are at work, practically all the unskilled labor and much of the mechanical work done in the South being performed by negroes. But the difficulty seems to be that the people do not know how to utilize the results of their labor. They are anxious to learn, and will always seek the school-house. Last year 27,435 negro teachers enrolled 2,816,340 negro children in the public schools of the South, and 1795 teachers instructed 45,402 negro boys and girls in 169 normal, industrial, and collegiate schools. Of these the Tuskegee Institute is one of the best known. Founded by Booker T. Washington, July 4, 1881, in a frame church and cabin, with one teacher and thirty pupils, and no property, the school has grown during the seventeen years to the large proportions of 90 teachers, 1000 students, 2267 acres of land, 37 buildings, 26 industries, the equipment, with land and buildings, teaching the value of $300,000. The students, of both sexes, are from 21 States, Cuba, and Puerto Rico, and receive an education in English, with religious and industrial training.

The visit to this institution of the President and most of the cabinet was an event of tremendous interest to teachers, students, and citizens, white and black, in the community. After the party had breakfasted on the train a start was made at half past eight o'clock for the institute through the streets of Tuskegee, whose score of large columned mansions bespeak the magnificence of *ante bellum* living in this "Heart of the South." As the carriages approached the school campus, a mile away, the thirty-seven buildings, erected by students in carpentry and brick masonry in their self-help education, were a welcome sight in happy contrast to the fields of waste and decay surrounding the town. Upon entering the gate the grounds were observed to be beautifully arranged, and ornamented by students in horticulture. The buildings, plans for most of which, including the largest, were drawn in the architectural and mechanical-drawing department of the institute, were well arranged and strikingly commodious. Bricks, of which students in the brick-yard have made this year a million, were being put into the Armstrong Slater Memorial Industrial Building. Logs, cut by students, were being sawed in the saw-mill into lumber by other students. The wheelwright, blacksmith, and harness shops exhibited beautiful and substantial buggies and wagons constructed by these black boys. Still other students exhibited well-fitting suits of clothes made by them in the tailor shop; circulars, books, etc., printed by them in the printing-office; shoes produced by them in the shoe-shop; steam-engines, etc., manufactured in machine, foundry, and plumbing shops; while all tin vessels used are made by students in the tinning department, and the painting and plastering are done by students in those trades. Handsome dresses and fancy articles were seen representing the work of girls who are students in plain sewing, dress-making, and millinery shops, while other girls are being taught nurse-training, housekeeping, cooking, and laundry-work, the last being carried on in a three-story brick building devoted wholly to hand laundry-work. A farm of 700 acres is cultivated by students in agriculture, whose instructor is a graduate of Iowa Agricultural College, and crops of corn, oats, pumpkins, etc., have been harvested for food. Fifty acres are planted in grape-vines and fruit trees, partly from which three thousand

(*Continued on page 1300.*)

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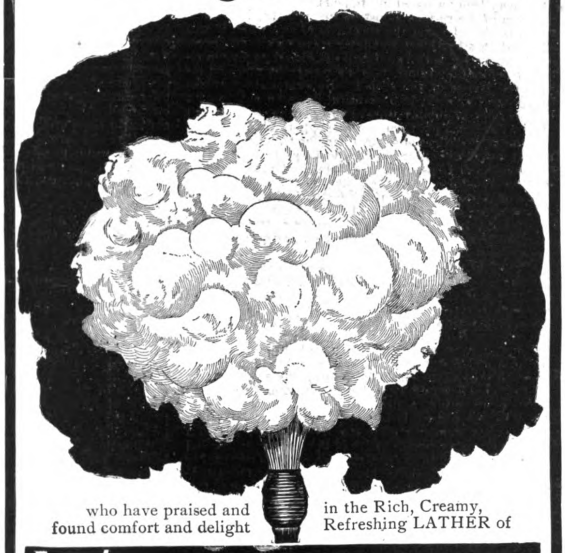
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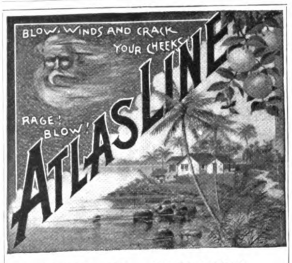


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(Continued from page 1299.)

gallons of fruit have been canned during the past summer and are stored in the cellar of the boarding department. Sixty Jersey cows furnish milk, butter, and cheese, the creamery being handled by students.

Each of the various industries has as its head a teacher who is skilled along the special line, and when it was learned that President McKinley was to visit Tuskegee, the faculty decided to prepare floats which, passing in review before the visitors, would show the literary and industrial phases of the school. Hence for three weeks plans were wrought into beautiful floats, consisting of a frame-work of lumber dressed in cedar, moss, pine, and ivy. The broad platform gave the opportunity to exhibit innumerable devices of student handicraft. A reviewing-stand was arranged for the President's party, and for the Governor and Legislature of Alabama, who attended in a body. When President McKinley, with Governor Johnston of Alabama on his right, stood in the front row to view Washington on his left, stood in the front row to view the parade, the appearance was an evidence of the present achievement in the solution of the racial problem and a prophecy of hope and ultimate success.

Promptly at nine o'clock seven hundred young men in double file, bearing each a sugar-cane surmounted with a palm leaf, began to pass in review, keeping step to the students' brass band, and following were four hundred girls, each with a sugar-cane, on top of which was a boll of cotton. Every face in this long procession was a ray of hope, in every eye was the sparkle of purpose, and both in form and feature did the lessons of life's seriousness show their imprint. Then began the magnificent pageant of forty-five floats drawn by horses, mules, and oxen, each float representing a different phase of the institute. While a pen picture is impossible, it is safe to say that no tableaux were ever more effective in conveying to a vast audience a concrete vision of the aims, methods, and results of an institution's work. From floats contrasting old and new methods of butter-making to the artistic floats of physics, electricity, and architecture, every feature of the institute was exhibited in an entertaining style. But to those who have watched and aided the transition from the rude cabin homes and ignorant and crude farming to the skill and training displayed, the tableaux were an inadequate exhibition of the manhood and womanhood awakened in those young men and women.

At ten-thirty o'clock the large brick chapel was filled with the full Senate and House of Representatives of the Legislature of Alabama, white and black citizens of the community, teachers and students. There were about two hundred white ladies in attendance, who, with their escorts or alone, had mingled on the grounds freely and promiscuously during the parades, and now struggled good-naturedly for seats. There was no repulsiveness anywhere apparent, and any one who may have thought the races are living here in perpetual enmity was amply convinced otherwise. The troubles which recently occurred in the Carolinas are not possible in such an atmosphere of tolerant disposition as at Tuskegee. A few of these white people are contributors to Tuskegee Institute, and others, as trustees of the school and officers of the State, are contributing their influence to its success.

In the audience was one man who, as an owner of 400 slaves, was reared in all the convictions of his section. A few years ago a negro boy left his plantation, came to Tuskegee, completed the course there, and returning, exhibited such a marked improvement as to convince the planter of the value of negro education, and to turn his life into one of perfect sympathy and co-operation, so that he now gives annually his money and still more largely gives his influence.

Of such remarkable composition was the audience to which President McKinley spoke, and no audience ever welcomed him more warmly. While his speech was mainly of a congratulatory nature upon the aims and methods of the institute, in which he remarked that it "is ideal in conception," he thus touched the negro problem, already overshadowing the South, and destined to more largely tax the American people:

"One thing I like about this institution is that its policy has been generous and progressive; it is not so self-centred or interested in its own pursuits and ambitions as to ignore what is going on in the rest of the country or make it difficult for outsiders to share the local advantages. I allude especially to the spirit in which the annual conferences have been here held by leading colored citizens and educators, with the intention of improving the condition of their less fortunate brothers and sisters. Here, we can see, is an immense field, and one which cannot too soon or too carefully be utilized. The conferences have grown in popularity, and are well calculated not only to encourage colored men and colored women in their individual efforts, but to cultivate and promote an amicable relationship between the two races—a problem whose solution was never more needed than at the present time. Patience, moderation, self-control, knowledge, character, will surely win you victories and realize the best aspirations of your people. An evidence of the soundness of the purposes of this institution is that those in charge of its management evidently do not believe in attempting the unattainable, and their instruction in self-reliance and practical industry is most valuable."

The general awakening of the negro masses referred to by the President as being made through the Tuskegee Institute, and which the visit of himself and cabinet will immensely stimulate, is a special work of national value. The last week in each February a farmers' conference is held, and the people are urged to improve their homes, buy land, cease mortgaging their crops, lengthen their school terms, demand good moral character and fitness in their teachers and preachers, etc. This agitation has spread from this centre to all the South, and the results are already to be seen.

Principal Booker T. Washington has received many words of praise and endorsement, more than any other living man of his race, but it is doubtful if any man has ever received a higher testimonial from the Executive of the nation, speaking as its representative, and fully aware of the significance of his utterance, than when he said in his address:

"To speak of Tuskegee without paying special tribute to Booker T. Washington's genius and perseverance would be impossible. The inception of this noble enterprise was his, and he deserves high credit for it. His was the enthusiasm and enterprise which made its steady progress possible and established in the institution its present high standard of accomplishment. He has won a worthy reputation as one of the great leaders of his race, widely known, and much respected at home and abroad as an accomplished educator, a great orator, and a true philanthropist."

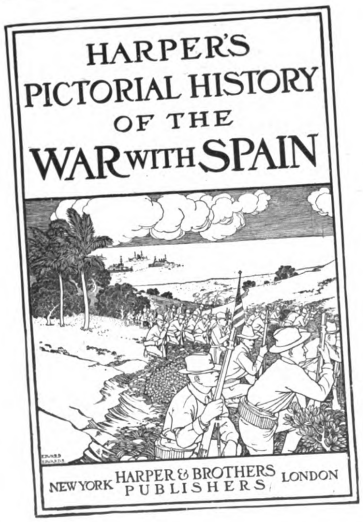

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# AMATEUR SPORT

A CONFERENCE OF FACULTY ADVISERS and other friends of amateur sport is soon to gather for final consideration of suggestions, earlier made, looking to the maintenance of sport in a reasonable and healthful position in Eastern university life. There are many minor questions of eligibility, conflicting rules, and the like, that will assert themselves, and in due course receive attention, but the imperilling need to wholesome life in college sport is unflinching and impartial revision of the regulations that permit of the following abuses:

(1) Misappropriation for athletic purposes of the scholarships for "indigent students."
(2) Illegitimate recruiting of athletes
(3) Practice with professional teams—in baseball, for example.
(4) Preliminary training or practice.
(5) Indifference to scholarship standard for athletes.
(6) Undergraduate speculation in football tickets.

How much of real benefit could be accomplished if the members of this university committee would address themselves to these matters with a mind utterly free from prejudice, and with the single purpose in view of giving college sport the high tone it must carry or else retrograde!

I SHOULD NOT LIKE TO SAY how often my mail brings me letters from the Middle West (by which term, for my present purpose, I include the Missouri Valley section), calling attention to Western athletes who, by agents, sometimes unofficial, at other times avowedly official, have been lured to Eastern institutions by promises, moving though mysterious, and variously outraging the ethics of amateur sport.

A clever quarter-back, earning the price of his course in a Western college by selling papers, is reported by the local Western press as "called" and "cared for," and sure enough we see him captaining the college team of an Eastern university (barred from the 'varsity by the one-year-residence rule), and observe no Eastern repetition of the Western struggle for tuition

Another, the mainstay of his Western college team, and who, by-the-way, had played professional baseball, journeys East to unusual football honor and a simon-pure athletic reputation. Yet others are transported East to attain distinction and creature comforts they did not enjoy in the West.

THE QUESTION OF THIS CLASS OF MAN being paid money is not at all raised in this argument. Neither I nor any one familiar with college sport would even suggest it. But it is a fact beyond dispute that illegitimate means of recruiting are employed, and that under the guise of "indigent students" men have been permitted to enter, and, indeed, on occasions have been maintained because of their ability in football, in baseball, or in track athletics.

There is, in honest truth, very little of this sort of thing being done nowadays, and it is confined to only a very few institutions; but for every real case there are a hundred suspected ones. The departure of a Western athlete for the East sets the entire West ringing with charges of professionalism against the East. Only occasionally have the charges been well founded, but the remembrance of those lingers.

There is no worthier fund in university life than that devoted to helping needy fellows through college; and undoubtedly many an honest, deserving student has been also an athlete. But when, term after term, a majority of the 'varsity team are supported in college through aid from that fund, there seems good ground for the assumption that either poverty and exceptional athletic ability travel hand in hand or else the fund is misappropriated.

PRELIMINARY FOOTBALL TRAINING has been so frequently discussed in this department that its readers must be familiar with all I could say against the pernicious practice. In a word, it is contemptible in spirit—neither sportsmanly nor honest—for its sole purpose is getting advantage of your opponent by extra work which you hope he may not secure. It is, besides, totally against the idea and purpose of college sport, which suggests competition and practice during the regular terms of the college year. If all agree to abandon the practice, none will have any of the advantages it is alleged to bestow. Thus far the advantages appear to be proverbial rather than actual.

Generally speaking, the Eastern and a majority of the Middle-Western (east of the Mississippi) universities insist upon their athletes living up to the requirements of a scholarship standard. But I have observed this year a tendency in some quarters, East and West, to unusual and harmful lenience, not only in the first instance, but in the last, when the delinquent should have been kept from the team, instead of being railroaded on to it by superficial class-room work and an indulgent professor.



KROMER.
Quarter and Capt., West Point.



FOY,
Right Tackle, West Point.




THE DEAF-MUTE ELEVEN OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE.
Photographed by Buckmyer.

Speculation in football tickets has become really a scandal. It is difficult to conceive of undergraduates entering into traffic with speculators, but they do it.

Perhaps numbering tickets and registering their disposition may correct this spreading evil.

Univ. of Penn. has already forbidden play with professional teams to her baseball nines; and I commend the same course to Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, not to mention all the others.



NEIL SNOW,
Right End, Univ. of Mich., 1898.



DANA T. SMITH,
Captain, Sewanee.

*Review of Middle-Western Football, continued from Last Week.*

APART FROM MICHIGAN AND CHICAGO, Wisconsin was the only team to show a record worthy of consideration among the leaders. It has only its 0-6 defeat by Chicago, whereas it wound up the season brilliantly by beating Northwestern, 47-0. Wisconsin, like Michigan, was obliged to work up new material, and was coming on rapidly at the close of the season. Her captain, Patrick O'Dea, was put forth as a rival of Herschberger in the kicking department, and it is probable he can take the Chicago man into a back lot and beat him out at the punting or drop-kicking game. In a game, however, his superiority over the back upon whom Chicago has relied so completely is not so noticeable. Against Northwestern, when O'Dea drop-kicked a goal, with sixty-two yards to cover and the ball cleared the bar by four feet, a Northwestern man had broken through and was all but successful in blocking. O'Dea had to swing far to one side to avoid him. No one suspected more than a punt at that distance. It was the most notable drop-kick goal of this season, and one of the most remarkable performances of its kind in football annals. In 1891 J. E. Duffy made the first score Michigan ever had secured from Cornell up to that time by drop-kicking a goal from the field just at the centre a few minutes before the call of time. This took place at Detroit, and stood as the record feat of the West until O'Dea's performance this year.

CHICAGO BEAT WISCONSIN, 6-0. The greatest of kicking games had been expected; but the field was very soft, and neither Herschberger nor O'Dea came near his best form. The only touch-down was made early in the first half, Chicago playing straight football through Wisconsin's line. Wisconsin's lighter team was the more heavily handicapped by the wet field, but its defence was at times brilliant. A fortnight before the game with Chicago there had been serious talk at Madison of disbanding the team. While Chicago was playing Univ. of Penn., Wisconsin was having difficulty with Whitewater Normal School. More energy was being put into the chase for evidence against Chicago players than into all the practice. Though the score greatly flatters Wisconsin, it represents a remarkable brace on her part, and she took defeat far more handsomely than did Chicago in the previous year.

ILLINOIS STARTED POORLY, due to arranging several hard games at the beginning against veteran teams, such as that of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago, and the Notre Dame University, both of which defeated Illinois. Later the green material at Champaign began to round to, and a stubborn defence in the mud at Detroit enabled Illinois to hold Michigan to two touch-downs, and to score one touch-down on a fumble and fifty-yard run. Illinois did her best playing of the season, perhaps, when she held the Carlisle Indians down to one touch-down in each half at Chicago, November 19. Neither team played well in the first half, but Illinois should have done all the scoring but for a case of stage-fright, the Indians making their first touch-down easily on a blocked kick. Carlisle did her only good playing of the day during the latter part of the second half, and then showed line-bucking somewhere near her reputation. The team was not well generalled, had poor interference, handled punts badly, and in general revealed nothing with which to win out but brute strength and better condition, though three men were removed from the game.

NORTHWESTERN HAD A "FLUKY" TEAM. It put up a stubborn defence against Michigan, and was aided by the latter's poor generalship and lack of team-work. Its collapse came at Minneapolis, before the Minnesota University team, which had been playing raggedly all the season. The next week Wisconsin finished it up.

Minnesota and Illinois proved to be closely matched on Thanksgiving day, when the one point gained by the only goal kicked on four touch-downs gave Illinois the game, 11-10. Minnesota seemed to come along slowly with the



ORMOND SIMKINS,
Full-back, Sewanee.



P. J. O'DEA,
Full-back and Captain, Univ. of Wis., 1898.

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Univ. of Penn. methods. The injury that put captain and quarter-back Cole out of it early in the season was a serious handicap.

Purdue is the only other one of the Middle-Western universities that is represented in the faculty agreement as to eligibility. Purdue has rather dropped out of it the past season. She played only Chicago, being beaten, 17–0, the week after Chicago had played Univ. of Penn., and when the Chicago team was admittedly out in the best of shape.

It is a great pleasure to be able to comment on an awakening by the faculty at Notre Dame to some sense of its responsibility in the athletics of that institution. A faculty committee has been appointed, and the beginning of a more healthful spirit seems visible in the student body.

It remains to be seen how sincere is the promise, or how substantial the resulting evidence of conversion.

Oberlin became noticeable by holding down Cornell to six points, and by beating Purdue, 10–0, Thanksgiving day. The team was coached in Univ. of Penn. tactics, and used the Princeton close formation as well as the guards back system.

Considering its students (male) number less than 500, its showing for the season was highly creditable, and its schedule worthy of publication:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| October | 1.—Oberlin..... 29 | Baldwin University ..... | 0 |
| October | 8.—Oberlin..... 6 | Marietta College ..... | 0 |
| October | 15.—Oberlin..... 48 | Ohio Wesleyan University ..... | 0 |
| October | 22.—Oberlin..... 5 | University of Cincinnati ..... | 0 |
| October | 29.—Oberlin..... 0 | Cornell University ..... | 6 |
| November | 5.—Oberlin..... 11 | Western Reserve University.... | 0 |
| November | 12.—Oberlin..... 33 | Case School of Science..... | 0 |
| November | 24.—Oberlin..... 10 | Purdue University ..... | 0 |
| | Oberlin.....142 | Opponents..... | 6 |

In the section where Oberlin is located—the Ohio, that is so thickly strewn with colleges—there are many football teams, with some few of merit—Western Reserve University (or Adelbert College) of Cleveland, and Case School of Applied Science, of the same city. Michigan beat Adelbert 18–0, and Case 32–5, while Oberlin beat Adelbert 11–0, and Case 33–0. Adelbert in turn beat Case by a score of 29–0.

Carlisle, I hear, is next year to lose five of her strongest players; Hudson, Rodgers, and Cayou have entered Dickinson College, and Bemus Pierce and Metoxen will return to their homes. We trust Carlisle School will sustain its interest in football, and seek to develop the game more generally among the members of the academy. It is not well to place all reliance on stars.

Indiana University defeated De Pauw, a former team of prominence, by 32–0. Earlier in the season De Pauw was beaten by Illinois, 16–0.

The Rush Medical College team is another one deserving mention for the good games of its veteran team early in the season.

Knox College, of Galesburg, Illinois, surprised Beloit's eleven by beating it, 18–0, on Thanksgiving day. There were some substitutes in the Beloit line-up, however, and they were not in as good shape after the 22–0 beating they had been given five days before by Michigan. But that does not detract from Knox's good work, which was so excellent that had full time obtained Beloit would have been defeated by even a larger score, as she was being completely outplayed.

Football has had considerable attention the past two seasons at Cincinnati, due to the fostering of the game by the University of Cincinnati, the teams of which were coached by Fennell, formerly of Cornell. The progress they have made was shown by beating Dartmouth, 17–12, at Cincinnati on Thanksgiving day. Oberlin made a score of 5–0 on Cincinnati on October 22, in a game over which there was some dispute. On Thanksgiving day, too, Cincinnati was held to 11–11 by Indiana University, another eleven that became prominent this autumn.

Chicago has been greatly stronger, until this season, back of the line than in it. Nowhere has faster or more related work been developed among the backs. For two years, at least, Michigan has worked for the specific end of meeting Chicago's game, and has developed more rapidly in the way of defensive work in the line and at the ends. This year her line, except the tackles, outclassed Chicago at stopping plays. That there has been no characteristic method of line attack developed is not remarkable. Stagg stands for a high development of the mass-on-tackle play, though he used it not much this season. In this work Eastern precedents have been closely followed, especially at Wisconsin. Illinois last year made the Princeton revolving wedge her strong card of offence. Knipe at Iowa is the only coach who has taught Univ. of Penn.'s guards-back play in any thorough fashion. With it he humbled Northwestern last year, but by others it has been used only in desultory fashion. Purdue had a predilection for tandem plays, having had Balliett and Church for coaches, but the preference to develop a fast interference for the backs without bringing any men out of the line seems universal. Chicago used her ends on offence more than any other team. On the whole there was less use of trick plays. Wisconsin alone used the quarter-back kick to advantage.

One feature of the season's play in the Middle West was the increased amount of kicking, and the better quality of performances in that line. It is no longer uncommon for university elevens in that section to employ the kicking game with good judgment. Even preparatory-school elevens show good work in this direction nowadays. The number of young teams that have sprung up like mushrooms in small towns and big cities, more especially Chicago and Detroit, is altogether a feature of the past two years.

Herschberger has been so prominent a figure in the kicking department of Western football the past three seasons that his feats have naturally bestirred emulation. He himself did some great work this year, though he was more successful earlier than toward the end of the season. One of his best performances was 15 out of 21 points Chicago scored on Beloit made by three place-kick goals. His drop-kick goal on Michigan was even a better performance, however. The first score of the season on

COMPARATIVE SCORES OF THE MISSOURI VALLEY FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1898

| | Univ. of Nebraska. | Univ. of Kansas. | Univ. of Missouri. | Univ. of Iowa. | Univ. of Medics. | Ames. | Drake Univ. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Univ. of Nebraska | | 18–6, Nov. 5. | 47–6, Oct. 24. | 5–6, Nov. 24. | 0–24, Nov. 7. | 23–11, Oct. 15. | 5–6, Nov. 12. |
| Univ. of Kansas | 6–18, Nov. 5. | | 12–0, Nov. 24. | | 6–0, Oct. 5. 6–0, Nov. 12. | 11–6, Oct. 15. | |
| Univ. of Missouri | 6–47, Oct. 24. | 0–12, Nov. 24. | | | 0–16, Oct. 8. 15–5, Oct. 18. | | |
| Univ. of Iowa | 6–5, Nov. 24. | | | | | | 5–18, Oct. 15. |
| Univ. of Medics | 24–0, Nov. 7. | 0–6, Oct. 5. 0–6, Nov. 12. | 16–0, Oct. 8. 5–15, Oct. 18. | | | | |
| Ames | 11–23, Oct. 15. | 6–11, Oct. 15. | | | | | 17–6, Oct. 29 |
| Drake Univ. | 6–5, Nov. 12 | | | 18–5, Oct. 15. | | 6–17, Oct. 29. | |

Michigan was made by a drop-kick from the forty-yard line that Quarrie of the Case School team made at Ann Arbor. In the game which Notre Dame won from Illinois University the second week of the season the only score at all was a place-kick goal by Notre Dame.

Graduate coaching has come also to be a feature in the Middle West, but there is far from being at any of the universities such bands of skilled coachers as congregate at the Eastern institutions. Two to four or five men is about the limit during an entire season. In some respects this is a drawback, and in others an advantage. It certainly permits of uniformity in policy, and is all right if the coaches are able.

The Middle-Western teams do not entirely rely upon the East for their plays, as they once did. A. A. Stagg is of course resourceful and independent, so that Chicago University has not, at any time since he was engaged, merely copied the East. The same is true to some slight extent with the other leading teams of the Middle West.

One of the tricks Stagg sprung in the Michigan-Chicago game this year was novel and successful. It was a "fake" kick followed by a double pass. The kicker drew back at the signal, but started to run when he got the ball, as in the old-fashioned bluff of this sort. He was no sooner under headway in one direction, however, with the opponents, ends and all, steering across the field after him, than one of the other backs received the ball from a pass behind him and started around the end on a wide run in the opposite direction. This trick worked for thirty-two yards straight off in the game with Michigan. Later Michigan's ends got it down, but it was Chicago's most conspicuous ground-gainer, for all that. It was nearly worked once by a triple pass, three men being downed in turn before the play was stopped. All this raised the query in the West, if Stagg had not the idea of developing plays to include passing the ball on the run, somewhat after the manner of English Rugby?

Comment has already been made on the Middle-Western individual players in choosing the All-America and All-Western teams. In fact, barring five—Herschberger, Burnett, Holmes, Clarke, and Cavanaugh, who were ineligible to the national or Western team — there are none in the West worthy of especial mention who are not considered in the All-Western eleven.

O'Dea has no rival with Herschberger ineligible, and should even have a place in the back field were the clever Chicago punter in the field. So also would Caley, a powerful running back and the strongest line-bucker in the West this year, and the strongest the West has produced since Van Doozer of Northwestern. There is little difference among Slaker, McLean, and Widman—McLean is the best of the three on defensive work. Perry (Northwestern) is a full-back of promise. With Clarke out, there was no really first-class quarter-back; but Kennedy and Wilmarth were quite the best of those remaining.

So, too, in ends; Snow and Bennett quite outclassed the field. Hamill at one time seemed a likely candidate, being fast and excellent on offence, but he developed a marvellous unreliability, though it is only fair to say that a lame shoulder lessened some of his keenness for hard tackling. Anderson (Wisconsin) earned a right to second choice; he has played four years, and maintained an excellent uniform standard of work. Snow's speed, judgment, and reliability in the Chicago game appear to have made him the star end of the West, though Bennett has the greater experience and is a steady, most serviceable player.

Cunningham well deserves the centre place, both because of his work in the position, and for his sportsmanship; McLain of Illinois would be a serviceable substitute, though not in the same class with Cunningham. Little of Northwestern and Eggeman of Notre Dame are remaining, of about even merit for third choice.

There were no really first-class guards, though Caley would make one if he continued in that position. Bunge is a promising man. Beloit played him at tackle, but he would be better at guard, where his weight and strength and speed would be most serviceable. Rogers is not entitled to consideration, and is withdrawn from the candidates for the All-Western eleven. France of Michigan is a coming guard.

Eligible tackles are scarce, but Steckle is entitled to first choice on the year's performance. He is both aggressive and an excellent ground-gainer. Of the remaining available ones, Bothne is the best.

Making up an All-Western team prompts the thought that although several of the elevens did excellent work—yet the number of first-class eligible candidates for the composite team—is surprisingly small.

The Missouri Valley football season ended in the triumph of Iowa over Nebraska, which for the second year had won the pennant of the Western Inter-collegiate Football Association, composed of Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska State universities. After defeating with ease (47–6), the raw Missouri team, Nebraska moved on Lawrence, Kansas, where the great battle of the West was fought with Kansas University, November 5. A fine back field and good generalship enabled the well-balanced Nebraska eleven to win decisively, 18–6, against the superior line of Kansas, in a contest that was particularly exhausting and crippling to the Nebraskans. Hitherto unbeaten, they were routed, 0–24, two days later by the University Medical College of Kansas City, and subsequently beaten in turn by Drake University, of Des Moines, and Iowa State University, before their very busy season closed. Even Captain Melford, Nebraska's accurate goal-kicker, fell off in form, and failed to tie Iowa Thanksgiving day at Omaha on his try-at-goal.

Kansas suffered the fewest defeats, losing only to Nebraska; Missouri lost to the University Medics, to Nebraska, to Washington University (or St. Louis), and to Kansas; Iowa lost to Chicago University, 0–33, to Drake, 5–18, and was tied by Grinnell 5–5. Drake defeated Grinnell, 18–12. Both Ames and Grinnell beat Minnesota, the former, 6–0, October 22, and the latter, 16–6, a week previous.

The standard of play showed no advance. All the elevens revealed better developed systems of attack than resistance, and in most games, even one-sided ones, both teams scored. Nebraska, under the coaching of F. H. Yost (Lafayette), and the University Medics, after the coming of Coach C. S. Morris, the ex-Yale quarter, played clean, hard football. David L. Fultz, Brown's ex-captain, did much with Missouri's eleven in bringing it to creditable form for Thanksgiving, after a disheartening season. Behind the line and in defensive play Kansas did not equal former elevens, though possessing an effective offence and exceptional weight, 178 to 180 pounds to the man. But in kicking Kansas showed pronounced superiority over previous teams, through the clever work of Captain Moses, who defeated Ames by a field goal. Pennsylvania tactics continued at Kansas University, which Dr. Wylie G. Woodruff had in hand for the second season, as they did under Dr. Knipe at Iowa, where they had been installed the year previous by Wagenhurst.

The game was played generally throughout the Missouri Valley by hundreds of minor colleges, academies, high-schools, athletic clubs, and "town" teams. Haskell Indian Institute, of Lawrence, Kansas, put a light eleven in the field, under William Walker's coaching, that played the game persistently, and over an extensive area, travelling from Indianapolis to Denver on its tours. They lost to Kansas, 0–30, October 8, and 5–12, October 13; to Purdue, 0–5, October 18, and 0–13, October 22; to Indianapolis Athletic Club, 0–12, October 20; to University Medical College, 0–46, October 31; and defeated Denver Athletic Club, 12–5, November 5.

Strict amateur rules did not obtain, but none protested, nor was the amateur status improved over last season. The University Medical College, though constantly receiving seasoned recruits from universities, played at least two who were students in name only in Lewis, half-back, and Ryus, quarter. In Pendleton guard, and Captain Heller, half, the Medics again had two men who have coached professionally. Hamill, the greatest of Missouri Valley forwards, played his fifth year a guard for Kansas University, of which he became a member in 1892. He also, according to common repute, has played professionally. In a minor match Kansas put in Walker, an alumnus and professional coach, at centre, under protest, and the Athletic Association of the university disconcurred in the act. Coach Fultz played at half for Missouri in the ante-association contests, and Kramer, who has played on various minor Eastern teams, went into one game under an assumed name before he had enrolled. Pendleton, Heller, Hamill, and Fultz showed the best game in their positions in this field. At Nebraska University, whose greater enrolment gives an advantage over all contestants, the rules of amateur sport seemed most closely observed, the faculty several times keeping men out of important games for failing to reach the requisite scholarship standard.

*Further discussion of Missouri Valley ethics and a review of the Southern football season continued next week. Also comment on Gallaudet.* Caspar Whitney

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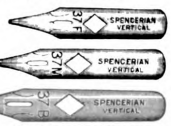
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